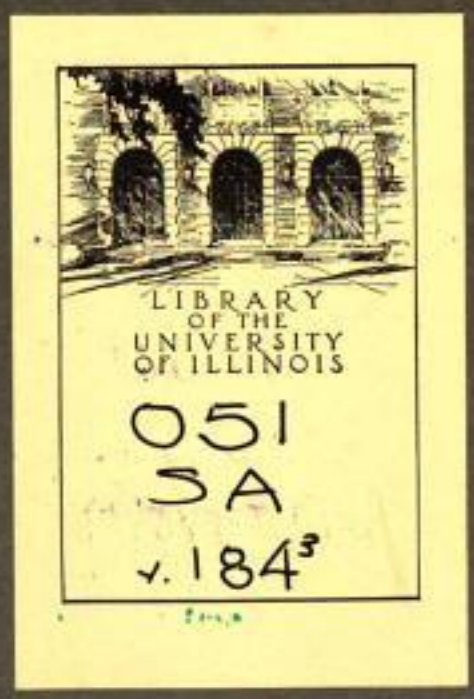
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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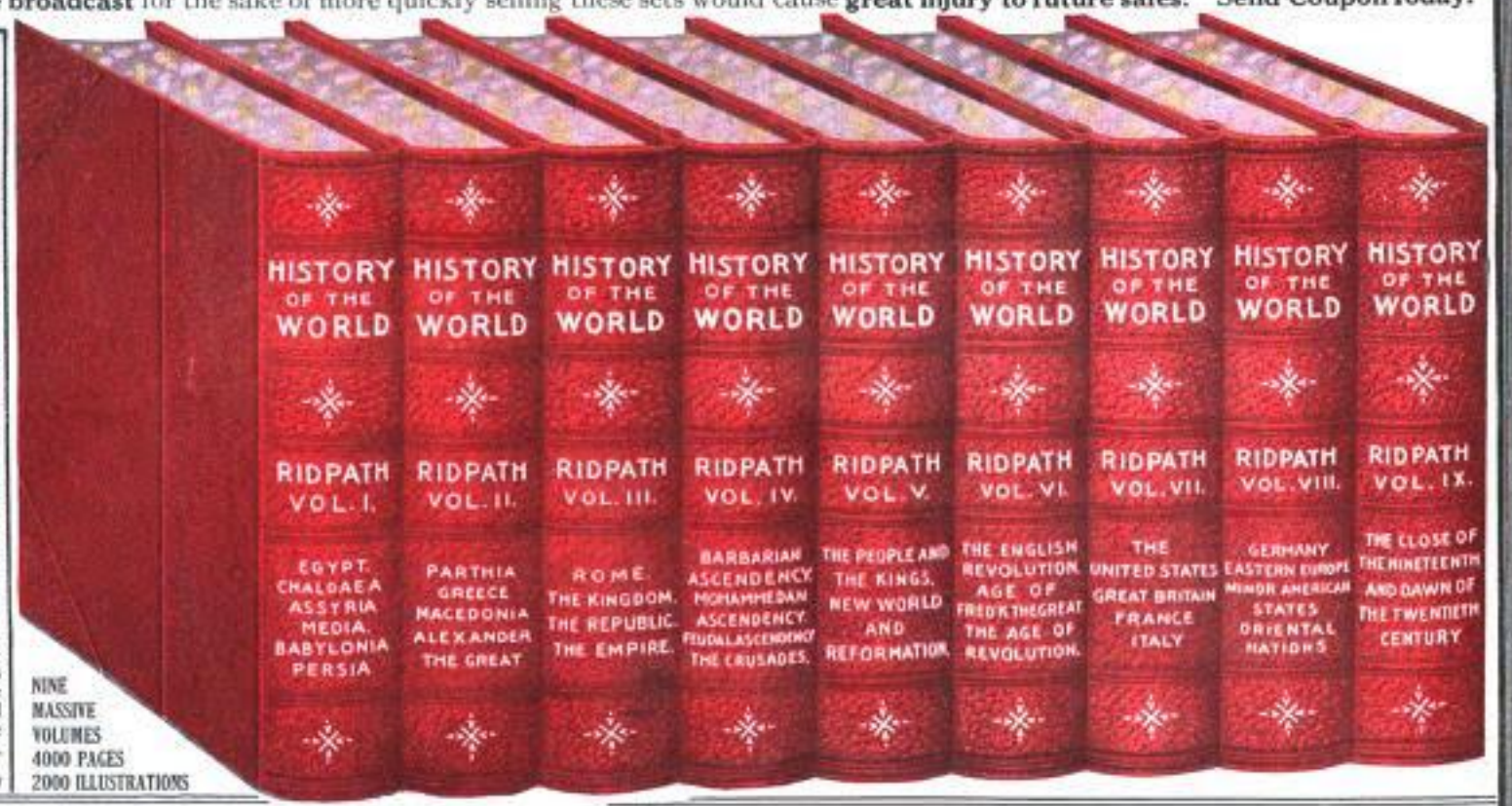
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THE LIGHTED WAY

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

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Time Dragged So Slowly in That Great Bare Room

MR. WEATHERLEY, sole proprietor of the firm of Samuel Weatherley & Co., wholesale provision merchants of Tooley Street, London, paused suddenly on his way from his private office to the street. There was something which until that second had entirely slipped his memory. It was not his umbrella, for that, neatly tucked up, was already under his arm. Nor was it his newspaper, for that, together with the supplement, was sticking out of his overcoat pocket, the shape of which it completely ruined. As a matter of fact it was more important than either of these—it was a commission from his wife.

Very slowly he retraced his steps until he stood outside the glass-inclosed cage where twelve of the hardest worked clerks in London bent over their ledgers and invoices. With his forefinger—a fat, pudgy forefinger—he tapped upon a pane of glass. An anxious errand boy bolted through the doorway.

"Tell Mr. Jarvis to step this way," his employer ordered.

Mr. Jarvis heard the message and came hurrying out. He was an undersized man, with somewhat prominent eyes concealed by gold-rimmed spectacles. He was possessed of extraordinary talents with regard to the details of the business. He was withal an expert and careful financier. Hence his hold upon the confidence of his employer.

The latter addressed him with a curious and altogether unusual hesitation in his manner.

"Mr. Jarvis," he began, "there is a matter—a little matter—upon which I—er—wish to consult you."

"Those American invoices ——"

"Nothing to do with business at all," Mr. Weatherley interrupted ruthlessly. "A little private matter."

"Indeed, sir?" Mr. Jarvis interjected.

"The fact is," Mr. Weatherley blundered on with considerable awkwardness, for he hated the whole affair, "my wife—Mrs. Weatherley, you know—is giving a party this evening—having some friends to dinner first, and then some other people coming to bridge. We are a man short for dinner. Mrs. Weatherley told me to get some one at the club—telephoned down here just an hour ago." Mr. Weatherley paused. Mr. Jarvis did his best to grasp the situation, but failed. All that he could do was to maintain his attitude of intelligent interest.

"I don't know any one at the club," his employer continued irritably. "I feel like a fish out of water there, and that's the truth, Mr. Jarvis. It's a good club. I got elected there—well, never mind how—but it's one thing to be a member of a club and quite another to get to know the men there. You understand that, Mr. Jarvis."

Mr. Jarvis, however, did not understand it. He could conceive of no spot in the city of London or its immediate neighborhood where Mr. Samuel Weatherley, head of the firm of Samuel Weatherley & Co., could find himself among his social superiors. He knew the capital of the firm and its status. He was ignorant of the other things that counted—as ignorant as his master had been until a year ago he had paid a business visit in search of certain edibles to an island in the Mediterranean Sea. He was to have returned in triumph to Tooley Street and launched upon the provision-buying world a new cheese of astounding flavor—instead of which he brought home a wife.

"Anything I can do, sir?" Mr. Jarvis began a little vaguely.

"My idea was," Mr. Weatherley proceeded, "that one of my own young men—there are twelve of them in there, ain't there?" he added, jerking his head in the direction of the office—"might do. What do you think?"

Mr. Jarvis nodded thoughtfully.

"It would be a great honor, sir," he declared, "a very great honor indeed."

Mr. Weatherley did not contradict him. As a matter of fact, he was of the same opinion.

"The question is which," he continued.

Mr. Jarvis began to understand why he had been consulted. His fingers involuntarily straightened his tie.

"If I could be of any use personally, sir ——"

His employer shook his head.

"My wife would expect me to bring a single man, Jarvis," he said; "and, besides, I don't suppose you play bridge."

"Cards are not much in my line," Mr. Jarvis admitted, "not having, as a rule, the time to spare; but I can take a hand at loo if desired."

"My wife's friends all play bridge," Mr. Weatherley declared a little brusquely. "There's only one young man in the office, Jarvis, who from his appearance struck me as being likely."

"Mr. Stephen Tidey, of course, sir," the confidential clerk agreed. "Most suitable thing, sir, and I'm sure his father would accept it as a high compliment. Mr. Stephen Tidey, Senior, sir, as you may be aware, is next on the list for the shrievalty. Shall I call him out, sir?"

Mr. Weatherley looked through the glass and met the glance, instantly lowered, of the young man in question. Mr. Stephen Tidey, Junior, was short and stout, reflecting in his physique his aldermanic father. His complexion was poor, however, and his neck thick, and he wore a necktie of red silk drawn through a diamond ring. There was nothing in his appearance that grated particularly upon Mr. Weatherley's sense of seemliness; but he shook his head. He was beginning to recognize his wife's point of view even though it still seemed strange.

"I wasn't thinking of young Tidey at all," he declared bluntly; "I was thinking of that young fellow at the end of the desk there—chap with a queer name—Chetwode I think you call him."

Mr. Jarvis, human automaton though he was, permitted himself an exclamation of surprise.

"Young Chetwode! Surely you're not in earnest, sir!"

"Why not?" Mr. Weatherley demanded. "There's nothing against him, is there?"

"Nothing against him precisely," Mr. Jarvis confessed, "but he's at the lowest desk in the office, bar Smithers. His salary is only twenty-eight shillings a week, and we know nothing whatever about him except that his references were satisfactory. It isn't to be supposed that he would feel at home in your house, sir. But with Mr. Tidey, sir, it's quite different. They live in a very beautiful house at Sydenham now—quite a small palace in its way, I've been told."

Mr. Weatherley was getting a little impatient.

"Send Chetwode out for a moment anyway," he directed. "I'll speak to him here."

Mr. Jarvis obeyed in silence. He entered the office and touched the young man in question upon the shoulder.

"Mr. Weatherley wishes to speak to you outside, Chetwode," he announced. "Make haste, please."

Arnold Chetwode put down his pen and rose to his feet. There was nothing flurried about his manner, nothing whatever to indicate on his part any knowledge of the fact that this was the voice of Fate beating upon his ear. He did not even show the ordinary interest of a youthful employee summoned for the first time to an audience with his chief. Standing for a moment by the side of the senior clerk in the middle of the office, tall and straight, with deep brown hair, excellent features and the remnants of a healthy tan still visible on his forehead and neck, he looked curiously out of place in this

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unwholesome, gaslit building with its atmosphere of cheese and bacon. He would have been noticeably good-looking upon the cricket field or among any gathering of people belonging to the other side of life. Here he seemed almost a curiously incongruous figure. He passed through the glass-paned door and stood respectfully before his employer. Mr. Weatherley—it was absurd, but he scarcely knew how to make his suggestion—fidgeted for a moment and coughed. The young man, who among many other quite unusual qualities was possessed of a considerable amount of tact, looked down upon his employer with a little well-assumed anxiety. As a matter of fact, he really was exceedingly anxious not to lose his place.

"I understood from Mr. Jarvis that you wished to speak to me, sir," he remarked. "I hope that my work has given satisfaction. I know that I am quite inexperienced, but I don't think that I have made any mistakes."

Mr. Weatherley was, to tell the truth, thankful for the opening.

"I have had no complaints, Chetwode," he admitted, struggling for that note of condescension that he felt to be in order—"no complaints at all. I was wondering if you—you happened to play bridge?"

Once more this extraordinary young man showed himself to be possessed of gifts quite unusual at his age. Not by the flicker of an eyelid did he show the least surprise or amusement.

"Bridge, sir," he repeated. "Yes, I have played at—I have played occasionally."

"My wife is giving a small dinner party this evening," Mr. Weatherley continued, moving his umbrella from one hand to the other and speaking very rapidly—"bridge afterward. We happen to be a man short. I was to have called at the club to try and pick up some one—find I shan't have time—meeting at the Cannon Street Hotel to attend. Would you—er—fill the vacant place? Save me the trouble of looking about." It was out at last and Mr. Weatherley felt unaccountably relieved. He felt at the same time a certain measure of annoyance with his junior clerk for his unaltered composure.

"I shall be very pleased, sir," he answered without hesitation. "About eight, I suppose?"

Again Mr. Weatherley's relief was tempered with a certain amount of annoyance. This young man's *savoir faire* was out of place. He should have imagined a sort of high-tea supper at seven o'clock, and been gently corrected by his courteous employer. As it was, Mr. Weatherley felt dimly confident that this junior clerk of his was decidedly more accustomed to eight o'clock dinners than he was himself.

"A quarter to tonight," he replied. "People coming for bridge afterward, you see. I live up Hampstead way—Pelham Lodge—quite close to the tube station."

Mr. Weatherley omitted the directions he had been about to give respecting toilet and turned away. His youthful employee's manners to the last were all that could be desired.

"I am much obliged to you, sir," he said. "I shall take care to be punctual."

Mr. Weatherley grunted and walked out into the street. Here his behavior was a little singular. He walked up toward London Bridge, exchanging greetings with a good many acquaintances on the way. Opposite the London and Westminster Bank he paused for a moment and looked searchingly around. Satisfied that he was unobserved, he stepped quickly into a very handsome motor car that was drawn up close to the curb. With a sigh of relief he sat as far back among the cushions as possible and held the tube to his mouth.

"Get along home," he ordered tersely.

Arnold Chetwode, after his interview with his employer, returned unruffled to his place. Mr. Jarvis bustled in after him. He was annoyed, but he wished to conceal the fact. Besides he still had an arrow in his quiver. He came and stood over his subordinate.

"Congratulate you, I'm sure, Chetwode," he said smoothly. "First time any one except myself has been to the house since Mr. Weatherley's marriage."

Mr. Jarvis had taken the letters there one morning when his employer had been unwell, and had waited in the hall. He did not, however, mention that fact.

"Indeed?" Chetwode murmured with his eye upon his work.

"You understand, of course," Mr. Jarvis continued, "that it will be an evening dress affair. Mrs. Weatherley has the name of being very particular."

He glanced covertly at the young man, who was already immersed in his work.



There Was Something Which Until That Second Had Entirely Slipped His Memory

"Evening dress," Chetwode remarked with a becoming show of interest. "Well, I dare say I can manage something. If I wear a black coat and a white silk bow, and stick a red handkerchief in underneath my waistcoat, I dare say I shall be all right. Mr. Weatherley can't expect much from me in that way, can he?"

The senior clerk was secretly delighted. It was not for him to acquaint this young countryman with the necessities of London life. He turned away and took up a bundle of letters.

"Can't say, I'm sure, what the governor expects," the senior clerk replied falsely. "You'll have to do the best you can, I suppose. Better get on with those invoices now."

Once more the office resounded to the hum of its varied labors. Mr. Jarvis, dictating letters to a typist, smiled occasionally as he pictured the arrival of this over-favored young man in the drawing room of Mrs. Weatherley attired in the nondescript fashion that his words had suggested. One or two of the clerks ventured upon a chaffing remark. To all appearance the person most absorbed in his work was the young man who had been singled out for such special favor.

II

IN THE topmost chamber of the last of a row of gray-stone, somber houses in Adam Street a girl with a thin but beautiful face and expectant eyes sat close to the bare, uncurtained window from which it was possible to command a view of the street below. A book that she had apparently been reading had fallen neglected on to the floor. Steadfastly she watched the passersby. Her delicate, expressive features were more than once illuminated with joy, only to be clouded a moment later with disappointment. The color came and went in her cheeks, as though indeed she were more sensitive than her years. Occasionally she glanced around at the clock. Time dragged so slowly in that great bare room with its obvious touch of poverty!

At last a tall figure came striding along the pavement below. This time no mistake was possible. There was a fluttering handkerchief from above, an answering wave of the hand. The girl drew a sigh of inexpressible content. She moved away from the window and faced the door. With lifted head she waited for the sound of footsteps upon the stairs. They arrived at last. The door was thrown open. Arnold Chetwode came hastily across the room and gripped the two hands that were held out to him. Then he bent down and kissed her forehead.

"Dear little Ruth!" he exclaimed. "I hope you were careful crossing the landing."

The girl leaned back in her chair. Her eyes were fixed anxiously upon his face. She completely ignored his question.

"The news at once!" she insisted. "Tell it me, Arnold."

He was a little taken aback.

"How did you know that I had any?" he asked.

She smiled delightedly.

"Know, indeed! I knew it directly I saw you. I knew it every time your foot touched the stairs. What is it, Arnold? The cheese didn't smell so bad today? Or you've had a raise? Quick! I must hear all about it."

Chetwode was already on his knees, dragging out an old trunk from underneath the faded cupboard.

"I am going to dine with old Weatherley," he announced.

The girl smiled a little wistfully.

"How funny! But you will get a good dinner, won't you, Arnold? Eat ever so much, dear. Yesterday I fancied that you were getting thin. I do wish I could see what you have in the middle of the day."

"Little mother!" he laughed. "Today I gorged myself on poached eggs. What did Isaac give you?"

"Mutton stew and heaps of it," the girl replied quickly. "Tonight I shall have a bowl of milk as soon as you are gone. Have you everything you ought to have to wear, Arnie?"

"Everything," he declared, rising to his feet with a sigh of relief. "It's so long since I looked at my clothes that to tell you the truth I was a little anxious. They may be old-fashioned, but they came from a good man to start with."

"What made Mr. Weatherley ask you?" she demanded.

"Wanted one of his clerks to fill up and found that I played bridge," Arnold answered. "It's rather a bore, isn't it, but after all he is my employer."

"Of course, dear, you must go and behave your very nicest," she replied. "Tell me, when have you to start?"

"I ought to be dressing in a quarter of an hour," he said. "What shall we do till then?"

"Whatever you like," she murmured.

"I am coming to sit at the window with you," he said. "We'll look down at the river and you shall tell me stories about the ships."

She laughed and took his hand as he dragged a chair over to her side. He put his arm around her and her head fell naturally back upon his shoulder. Her eyes sought his. He was leaning forward, gazing down between the curving line of lampposts, across the belt of black river with its flecks of yellow light. But Ruth watched him only.

"Don't think that I am foolish, dear," she begged. "Tonight I cannot look upon the river at all. I feel that there is something new here—here in this room. Don't you feel it? Can't you feel that you are going to a tragedy? Life is going to be different, Arnold, to be different always."

He drew himself up. A flicker of passion flamed in his own deep gray eyes.

"Different, child? Of course it's going to be different. If there weren't something else in front do you think one could live? Do you think one could be content to struggle through this miserable quagmire if one didn't believe that there was something else on the other side of the hill? Some day I'll take you over to Berlin or Vienna or one of those wonderful places. We'll leave Isaac to grub along and sow red fire in Hyde Park. We'll find the doctors. We shall teach you to walk again without that stick. No more gloominess, please."

She pressed his hand tightly. "Dear Arnold," she whispered softly, "I can't look out of the room tonight! The fancies won't come. Promise me one thing."

"I promise," he agreed.

"Tell me everything—don't keep anything back."

"On my honor," he declared, smiling. "I will bring the menu of the dinner if there is one, and a photograph of Mrs. Cheesemonger if I can steal it. Now I am going to help you back into your room."

"Don't bother," she begged. "Open the door and I can get there quite easily."

He set the door open and, crossing the bare stone landing, opened the door of another room similar to his. They were somber apartments at the top of the deserted house that had once been a nobleman's residence. The doors were still heavy, though blistered with time and lack of varnish. There were the remains of paneling upon the walls and frescoes upon the ceiling.

"Come and see me before you go," she pleaded; "I am all alone. Isaac has gone to a meeting somewhere."

He promised and returned to his own apartment. With the help of a candle that he stuck upon the mantelpiece

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and a cracked mirror he first of all shaved, then disappeared for a few minutes behind a piece of faded curtain and washed vigorously. Afterward he changed his clothes, putting on a dress-suit produced from the trunk. When he had finished he stepped back and laughed softly to himself.

His clothes were well cut. His studs, which had very many times been on the point of visiting the pawnbroker's, were correct and good. He was indeed an incongruous figure as he stood there and, with a candle carefully held away from him in his hand, looked at his own reflection. For some reason or other he was feeling elated. Ruth's words had lingered in his brain. One could never tell which way new experiences might come!

He found her waiting in the darkness. Her long arms were wound for a moment around his neck, a sudden passion shook her.

"Arnold—dear Arnold," she sobbed, "I want to go too! Take me with you, dear!"

He was a little startled. It was not often that she was hysterical. He looked down into her convulsed face. She choked for a moment and then, although it was not altogether a successful effort, she laughed.

"Don't mind me," she begged. "I am a little mad tonight. I think that the twilight here has got upon my nerves. Light the lamp, please, won't you, Arnold? Light the lamp and leave me alone for a moment while you do it."

He obeyed, fetching some matches from his own room and setting the lamp when it was lit on the table by her side. There were no tears left in her eyes now. Her lips were tremulous, but an unusual spot of color was burning in her cheeks. He saw that while he had been dressing she had tied a piece of deep blue ribbon, the color he liked best, around her hair.

"See, I am myself now. Good night and good luck to you, Arnold! Eat a good dinner, mind, and remember your promise."

"There is nothing more that I can do for you?" he asked.

"Nothing," she replied. "Besides, I can hear Uncle Isaac coming."

The door was suddenly opened. A thin, undersized man in worn black clothes and with a somber hat of soft black felt still upon his head came into the room. His dark hair was tinged with gray and he walked with a pronounced stoop. In his shabby clothes, fitting loosely upon his diminutive stature, he should have been an insignificant figure, but somehow or other he was nothing of the sort. His thin lips curved into a discontented droop. His cheeks were hollow and his eyes shone with the brightness of the fanatic. Arnold greeted him familiarly.

"Hullo, Isaac!" he exclaimed. "You are just in time to save Ruth from being left all alone."

The newcomer came to a standstill. He looked at the speaker from head to foot with an expression of growing disgust, and he spat upon the floor.

"What livery's that?" he demanded.

Arnold laughed good-naturedly.

"Come, Isaac," he protested, "I don't often inflict it upon you, do I? It's something that belongs to the world on the other side, you know. We all of us have to look over the fence now and then. I have to cross the borderland tonight for an hour or so."

Isaac threw open the door by which he had entered.

"Get out of here!" he ordered. "If you were one of us I'd call you a traitor for wearing the rags. As it is, I say that no one is welcomed under my roof who looks as you look now. Why, confound you, I believe you're a gentleman!"

Arnold laughed softly.

"My dear Isaac," he retorted, "I am as I was born and made. You can't blame me for that, can you? Besides ——"

He broke off suddenly. A little murmur from the girl behind reminded him of her presence. He passed on to the door.

"Good night, Isaac," he said; "look after Ruth. She's lonely tonight."

"I'll look after her," was the grim reply. "As for you, get you gone. There was one of your sort came to the meeting of Jameson's molders this afternoon. He had a question to ask and I answered him. He wanted to know wherein wealth was a sin and I told him."

Arnold Chetwode was young and his sense of humor triumphant. He turned on the threshold and looked into the shadowy room dimly lighted with its cheap lamp. He kissed his hands to Ruth.

"My dear Isaac," he declared lightly, "you are talking like an ass. I have two shillings and a penny ha'penny in my pocket, which has to last me till Saturday, and I earn my twenty-eight shillings a week in old Weatherley's counting house as honestly as you earn your wage by thundering from labor platforms and articles in the Clarion.

"My clothes are part of the livery of civilization. The journalist who reports a lord mayor's dinner has to wear them. Some day when you've got your seat in Parliament you'll wear them yourself. Good night!"

He paused before closing the door. Ruth's kiss came wafted to him from the shadows where her great eyes were burning like stars. Her uncle had turned his back upon him. The word he muttered sounded like a malediction, but Arnold Chetwode went down the stone steps blithely. It was an untrodden land, this, into which he was to pass.

III

FROM the first nothing about that evening was as Arnold had expected. He took the tube to Hampstead Station and, the night being dry, he walked to Pelham Lodge without detriment to his carefully polished patent-leather shoes. The neighborhood was entirely strange to him, and he was surprised to find that the house that was pointed out to him by a policeman was situated in grounds of not inconsiderable extent and was approached by a short drive. Directly he rang the bell he was admitted, not by a flamboyant parlor-maid but by a quiet, sad-faced butler in plain dark livery who might have been major-domo to a duke. The house was even larger than he had expected and was handsomely furnished in an extremely subdued style. It was dimly, almost insufficiently lighted and there was a faint but not unpleasant odor in the drawing room that reminded him of incense. The room itself almost took his breath away. It was entirely French. The hangings, carpet and upholstery were all of a subdued rose color and white. Arnold, who for a young man was exceedingly susceptible to impressions, looked around him with an air almost of wonder. It was fortunate, perhaps, that the room was empty.

"Mr. and Mrs. Weatherley will be downstairs in one moment, sir," the man announced. "Mr. Weatherley was a little late home from the city."

Arnold nodded and stood upon the hearthrug looking around him. He was quite content to spend a few moments alone to admire the drooping clusters of roses, the elegance with which every article of furniture and appointment of the room seemed to fit into its place. Somehow or other, too, nothing appeared new. Everything seemed subdued by time into its proper tone. He began to wonder what sort of a woman the presiding genius over such perfection could be. Then with a quaint transition of thought he remembered the little counting house in Tooley Street, the smell of cheeses and Mr. Weatherley's half nervous invitation. His lips twitched and he began to smile. These things seemed to belong to a world so far away.

Presently he heard footsteps outside, and voices. The door was opened, but the person outside did not immediately enter. Apparently she had turned round to listen to the man who was still some distance behind. Arnold recognized his employer's voice.

"I am sorry that you are displeased, my dear Fenella, but I assure you that I did the best I could. It is true that the young man is in my office, but I am convinced that you will find him presentable."

A peal of the softest and most musical laughter that Arnold had ever heard in his life effectually stopped Mr. Weatherley's protestations. Yet for all its softness and for all its music there was a different note underneath, something a little bitter, unutterably scornful.

"My dear Samuel, it is true, without doubt, that you did your best. I do not blame you at all. It was I who was foolish to leave such a matter in your hands. It was not likely that among your acquaintances there was one whom I would have cared to welcome to my house. But that you should have gone

(Continued on Page 24)



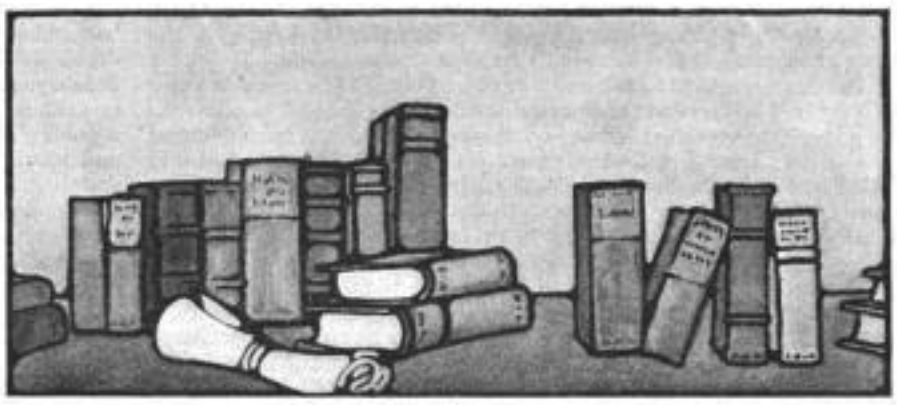
"I Looked Through the Curtains. Then I Saw a Man's Hand Upon the Jill"

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Modern Business and Medieval Law

By Albert J. Beveridge







THE people need relief, not sham battles. Business needs certainty, not confusion. But the people have no relief; business no certainty. Business—the commercial activities of all the people—goes on because of our inconceivably vast resources, the necessity of supplying ninety million of people, whose productive energy no folly of legislation can entirely neutralize.

But if we were Germany, with her sixty-five million people in a land smaller than Texas, having much poorer natural resources than Texas, we should, under our present policy, be in sorry case. Diminutive Germany, using her miserly resources with common sense, equals us in domestic prosperity, excels us in comparative foreign trade, shames us with both when we consider our infinite natural advantages over her.

True, Germany has her business troubles also; but, all things considered, they are insignificant—nothing at all—compared with ours. We have only ninety million of people; but if we had as many people to the square mile as Germany has we should have more than a billion people. Think what our condition would be in that case! Think what it would be if we had only five hundred million of people! Yet Germany, with more than ten times our population and less than one-tenth of our natural wealth—considering comparative areas—gets along better than we do.

What is the matter? Our unscientific tariff, for one thing. For another, the fact that politicians in and out of power "play the game" for little partisan advantages and to the people's hurt. But principally, the attempt to fasten onto this most modern and active of nations the economic methods of Europe in the time of King James. For that is precisely what our so-called antitrust law tries to do.

The Sherman Law has been on the Nation's statute books for almost a quarter of a century. Yet during that time the growth of trusts has been greater than in any other similar number of years in the world's history. Indeed, the years covered by this antitrust law will be known as the trust period in American annals.

How Judicial Minds Change

DURING this time five administrations have invoked this antitrust law—four of them Republican and one Democratic. Eight attorneys-general have dealt with the statute—two of them Democratic and six of them Republican. More than one hundred legal actions, civil and criminal, have been commenced and decided under this national ordinance against the trusts; almost one hundred laborious and frequently learned opinions have been delivered by many courts in applying it to various phases of the trust evil.

Yet after almost a quarter of a century of legal warfare under this law, not only do we see trusts more numerous and powerful than ever but we see lawyers, business men, laborers, the whole people more confused as to its meaning and effect than at any time since the hour it was enacted. What is far worse, the Nation stares in the face the fact that these trusts are still almost entirely free from national control or regulation of any kind. Except for such incidental regulation as our railway law affords, trusts do practically as they like. Their evils are entirely unchecked, except in detached instances.

At several stages of the long series of decisions under this antitrust law the people were told that a decisive victory had been won against organized capital; yet in every instance these so-called victories have turned to what has been little better than defeat. When the Supreme Court rendered its decisions in the Trans-Missouri Freight Association and Addyston Pipe and Steel cases, showers of editorials, both legal and lay, declared that at last the trusts were checked and competition was restored. But aggregated wealth, resorting to newer and simpler devices, continued to grow stronger, as though stimulated instead of repressed by those decisions.

Again, when Morgan and Hill's Northern Securities Company was "dissolved," we were told that we had entered the promised land of liberty from trust abuses. Yet that decision ended in nothing practical; for harmony in the operation of the Great Northern Railway and the Northern Pacific Railway, which the Northern Securities Company was created to effect, went right on and exists today.

And finally we have the fresh decisions of the Supreme Court in the historic Oil and Tobacco Trust cases. Again we were authoritatively informed that at last these great combinations were to be dissolved; and that unrestricted competition, the end of the commercial rainbow which our modern ancients had so long been chasing, actually had been overtaken.

To reach these latter decisions the Supreme Court had to and did reverse itself, and practically inserted into the law the word "reasonable," which Congress had refused to do. But so necessary was it to clear up the whole matter, in order that the people might know where they are under this law, that nobody would have complained of the insertion if these decisions in reality had accomplished that desired purpose. Twenty years had accustomed the people to the twistings and turnings of courts and public men as to the meaning and effect of the antitrust statute; and the people, though surprised, were not shocked at this legal somersault. They were quite prepared for Mr. Taft's sudden about-face. In his special message in January, 1910, he said of the proposition to insert the word "reasonable" into the law:

"This is to put into the hands of the courts a power impossible to exercise on any consistent principle which will insure the uniformity of decisions essential to just judgment. It is to thrust upon the courts a burden that they have no precedents to enable them to carry and to give them a power approaching the arbitrary, the abuse of which might involve our whole judicial system in disaster."

Thus wrote President Taft in 1910. But when the Supreme Court, reversing itself, did the precise thing the President that year denounced as dangerous, even though done by Congress, he proclaimed in many speeches the wisdom and correctness of these trust decisions. He even went so far as to declare that the Sherman Law now needs no amendment, and that, standing untouched as it is, it must be enforced against all violators—which would be all right if this course had done any good during the last twenty-five years, and if a person had any way of telling whether he was a violator or not.

Thus we see how judges on the bench and presidents on the stump march uphill and down again in trying to make head or tail out of this law. If such men do not know where they are from year to year—almost from month to month—under this law, is it any wonder that the people and business in general are desperate with confusion, uncertainty, suspense? The people are sick of this eternal chasing the devil round the stump and never touching him—sick of getting nothing done, sick of being laughed at by the whole civilized world because of our childishness in dealing with this problem which other nations have handled successfully.

Here are the Oil and Tobacco Trusts "dissolved" chiefly in legal fiction but not in practical effect; here is competition "restored" largely in assertion but not in fruit-bearing fact. The independent tobacco manufacturers, in protesting against the plan for the reorganization of the Tobacco Trust—which now has been adopted—declared: "The plan would result in legalizing monopolies instead of restoring competition. Its effect would be more injurious than the continuance of the present illegal monopoly." Their attorney asserted, as to one important item, that if it left the United Cigar Stores Company intact "the Supreme Court's decisions might as well have been a sheet of blank paper."

Indeed, the practical result of the "dissolution" of the Oil and Tobacco Trusts more than justifies the master-key sentence of Justice Harlan's dissenting opinion in the Standard Oil case: "The subsidiary companies are in effect informed [by the Supreme Court] that, although the New Jersey corporation [the Standard Oil Company] . . . must go out of existence, *they* may join in an agreement *to restrain commerce* among the states, if such restraint be not '*undue*.'" The italics are Justice Harlan's. And, indeed, can anybody deny that, so far as the people are concerned, both trusts will go on substantially as before?

Establishing an Autocracy

LET us then frankly and briefly look at the situation that faces us. After nearly twenty-five years of the long-drawn-out battle under this antitrust law, we find the end of these latest cases to be that, whereas before their "reorganization" these mighty corporations theoretically were under the ban of the antitrust law and in possible danger from the courts, under this latest interpretation of the law and the course pursued under it they now can proceed with the express written approval of our judicial tribunals.

This last is the most serious phase of the whole tragic comedy. It has been said by those favoring this policy that complete national control of these corporations, rather than their "dissolution" and the "restoration of competition," would be state socialism. But where does the Supreme Court's trust decisions and the policy followed under them leave us, from the point of view of state socialism? Just here: Business can go on or not go on only as and *in just the manner* that some Federal officer decides. That these officers are judges makes the matter worse; because, though presumedly learned in the legal precedents of bygone ages, they are not business men and have had no wide, practical experience in business.

Any interstate business is liable at any moment to have all parts of its machinery submitted to these inexpert Federal officers, who may order a cog taken out here and placed yonder; who may either rearrange the whole mechanism or permit it to remain as its designers built it or destroy it altogether. And no interstate business can know whether it is thus to be torn to pieces and "reorganized," because it cannot determine whether it is in reasonable or unreasonable restraint of competition until some Federal judge so declares.

This is far worse than anything the most extreme state socialist ever proposed, in that it is an equal government autocracy over business, but wholly unscientific, utterly without system. The government autocracy proposed by state socialism has at least the merit of being logical and clear. But the government autocracy over commerce that is now being established in this country is as irresponsible and haphazard as the irades of an Abdul Hamid.

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Not only is this shown in the reorganization of the Oil and Tobacco Trusts, but by the fact that some business enterprises not in court have been asked publicly by the Nation's highest officials to make such new detailed business plans as the Attorney-General may approve, or suffer a suit to dissolve them and force such a reorganization as some Federal judges may approve. No socialist ever dreamed of a scheme so eccentric, czarlike and bizarre. It is a practical return to the capricious granting of privileges of Queen Elizabeth, which led to the passage of the very statute of which the Sherman Law is the reënactment. If such whimsical power as is now being exercised should become our settled policy, every business, little and big, would be liable to destruction; and a venal or ambitious president, by secret threats of its exercise, could force into his campaign coffers a corruption fund that would make the history of debauchery look noble in comparison.

This, then, is the net result of nearly twenty-five years of the Sherman Antitrust Law. Does it not appear to you that this test of experience justifies the harsh words spoken by some of the ablest men in public life when it was first presented in the Senate?

Does it not, for example, confirm the burning denunciation by Senator Orville H. Platt, of Connecticut, who I think is admitted by all to have been one of the ablest minds, if not the ablest, in American legislative life since the Civil War? In speaking of this bill as reported by Senator Sherman, Senator Platt said: "There is in this bill nothing at all which will meet the evils complained of. The people who are suffering from the abuses of unlawful associated corporations are asking relief; and when they ask for bread, the Senator from Ohio proposes to give them a stone; when they ask for a fish, he proposes to give them a serpent."

Or this from Senator George, of Mississippi: "The people call to us for redress. . . . Are Senators willing to give these crying and supplicating millions a mere sham?"

Though all the Senators but one voted for the bill as it finally was reported and became law, yet it is well known that most of them did so with grave misgiving. They did it because of the fierce demand of the whole nation for *some* relief; and because at that time nothing better had been thought of than the ancient method of ruthless knock-down-and-drag-out commercial riot called unlimited competition.

At that time not one present-day work on modern economics had been written, no constructive thought, from the viewpoint of those modern industrial forces that have revolutionized trade, had been devoted to the subject by our lawmakers. So nothing was conceived of to end the evils of the purely modern development of industry better than the statute to insure competition enacted by the British Parliament in the reign of James I, about three hundred years before. It is a fact known to few that our antitrust law is the substantial reënactment of this mediæval law of the seventeenth century, before the steamship, railway, telegraph and telephone were even dreamed of.

Americans Bound by James' Laws

INDEED Senator Sherman himself, in opening the debate on the bill, declared that it "does not announce new principles of law, but applies old and well-recognized principles of the common law to our state and Federal Government. Similar contracts . . . now by common law are null and void. . . . The purpose of this bill is to enable the courts of the United States to apply the same remedies against combinations which injuriously affect the interests of the United States."

So we see that the Sherman Law was admitted by its original author to be an application to the conditions of today of legislation enacted to meet the conditions of centuries before in England, a country at that time primitive and comparatively insignificant. Yet today the railroad and the telegraph bind together our ninety millions more closely than the few inhabitants of any English county were bound in King James' time. The steamship and cable have bound the whole commercial world far more closely together than England and Scotland were bound in the time of Lord Bacon. It was to these new conditions, created by the miracle wrought by steam and electricity, that the ancient idea of primitive, haphazard, unregulated competition as the only cure for the evils of trusts was applied.

The truth is that most of our public men have been so absorbed in playing politics that they have had no time or inclination for thorough study of this grave economic question. They have accepted the thinking of men who have been dead for ages upon conditions as unlike those of today as a two-wheeled oxcart is unlike an aeroplane. Their mental attitude is precisely that of a certain fanatical Dukhobor, who rejected the American self-binding harvester as the invention of Satan and stubbornly stuck to the hand-sickle used by his Slavic ancestors on the steppes of Russia a thousand years ago. So we still have this medieval law applied to modern conditions and, under it, sometimes a policy of puzzled inaction, sometimes a policy of terrific prosecution, at all times a fruitless agitation that does not get anywhere.

And what has it all come to? Absolutely no benefit to the people, the utter confusion of business, that uncertainty which is the paralysis of commerce and, finally, a deep and dangerous distrust by the average citizen of all public officials and especially of the courts. But that is not the worst. The existence of this law has prevented the enactment of any statute sternly and rigidly regulating these corporations, forbidding and punishing their oppression of the people, making them the servants instead of masters of our millions. But for the Sherman Law these trusts could and would have been made the Nation's industrial slaves; by reason of the Sherman Law they now are to the Nation what the monster was to Frankenstein.

The people were told that the Sherman Law was an all-sufficient remedy for their wrongs. Here and there a voice protested; but it was as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness." The general chorus, with a succession of political choruses chanting "Put somebody in jail," was to the effect that the Sherman Law could end all trusts and their nefarious doings if only it was enforced. Of course if that was true, national regulation and control of these corporations were not necessary or desirable.

Suppose we had provided merely that our railway systems should be dissolved and had refused to enact the rate and other railway regulations now on the statute books—refused to create the Interstate Commerce Commission or to give it any power. Yet this is the exact course we have pursued in regard to the trusts.

Either the policy of dissolving the trusts and restoring competition under the Sherman Law is or is not genuine—that is, it will or will not be successful. If successful—if these corporations in truth and fact are dissolved and competition in truth and fact is restored—then we shall have a period of profound business disturbance throughout the length and breadth of the land while this long readjustment is going on—a disturbance injuring all business. For the Nation's commercial activities are inextricably interwoven. The little business concerns of the country especially will, and already do, feel most seriously the effect of this policy, since they have but a narrow margin of capital to go on. The big concerns, even if "dissolved," can weather the storm.

Therefore, if this ancient and reactionary law is kept at work, and unlimited, artificial, lawmade competition actually is restored for a time, the mighty economic forces which at bottom created these great modern organizations of industry will in the end create them again. For the aggregation of capital engaged in industry is caused primarily by natural forces called into action by modern conditions. That phenomenon is not peculiar to this republic. In other countries, notably England and Germany, trusts exist, and in the latter country they are encouraged to do business, but are rigidly regulated and sternly controlled by the government.

So when these years of business depression are over we shall again be under the sovereignty of these same trusts with all their evils unabated—but minus any national control or regulation of them. Our work will have to be done all over again; and done over with public opinion weary, disheartened, discouraged, disgusted.

If, on the other hand, the trusts are not really dissolved and competition not really restored, then the whole thing is a sham. The people have been fooled and betrayed; business has been upset for nothing, and we have the old order existing in its full power—but again minus any national regulation and control; again minus anything that will relieve the people from the injuries these colossi of capital have inflicted upon them, or that will heal business of that creeping paralysis which this policy is causing throughout the body of American trade.

In short, whether the policy is successful or not successful, the people are still without relief, business without a chart to steer by. Yet genuine relief and a plain chart to steer by are what the people and business must have. To paraphrase the great utterances of Senator Platt, of Connecticut—"The people want bread and not a stone; a fish and not a serpent."

Whether the policy of dissolving the trusts and restoring competition by the Sherman Law is or is not successful, will it remedy any wrong the people suffer from trust abuses?

Will it prevent the watering of a single issue of stock? Nobody pretends that it will.

Will that policy reduce the cost of living? Unless history is false, that policy will increase it.

Will it prevent those malign activities in politics and legislation which the agents of trusts have practiced? On the contrary, that policy will strengthen the empire of that invisible government by giving it greater inducements to protect itself.

The Only Practical Remedy

SHOULD we, then, longer temporize? Should we longer follow this policy of disappointment? Should we not think this problem out for ourselves in the light of existing facts, instead of letting dead men do our thinking for us in the light of bygone ages?

What is a trust? What forces created it? What good does it do? What wrongs does it practice? Why has the Sherman Law always failed and why must it always continue to fail to remedy those wrongs or solve the problem?

In examining these questions, I am aware that I am repeating the substance of what I have contended for during the whole twelve years of my public life. In my Nebraska speech on the trust question, in 1900, I showed that the trusts are a natural evolution of modern industrial conditions, and said:

> There is only one possible way of regulating trusts. That is by the Congress of the Republic controlling corporations.

Again in 1902, as chairman of the Indiana Republican State Convention, in my speech opening the Republican state campaign, devoted largely to the trust question, I took the same position and said:

> That law—the Sherman Law—will reach them—trust evils—if it is sufficiently broad, wise and modern. If it does reach them, but in reaching them lays the ax to the root of our industrial development itself, the effect of that will be clear to the whole people; and that ancient law will be repealed or modified.

Five years ago in my debate with Mr. Bryan on the trust question I gave all the facts that could be collected down to that time, showing how and why trusts have developed, pointing out their benefits, and describing their evils and the absolute necessity for their national control and regulation. In that debate I suggested a national incorporation law and simpler remedies. So, though in this article I only restate the position I have taken for years, I am doing it because the question has finally come to a focus and is a burning issue of the day, and the hour of action at last has struck.

In its purely economic aspects every form of what is known as a trust is merely the greater saving of human energy, the more perfect using of resources, the simpler and more effective organization of effort. The saving of energy, the using of resources, the organizing of effort

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The Moving Picture Writes

AND THE BELLA HIRSHKIND HOME NEARLY MAKES A HAUL



"I Seen the Other Evening a Filium by the Name The Return of Enoch Aaron"

By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

WHEN Max Schindelberger opened the door leading into the office of Lesengeld & Belz his manner was that of the local millionaire's wife bearing delicacies to a bedridden laundress, for Max felt that he was slumming.

"Is Mr. Lesengeld disengaged?" he asked in the orotund voice of one accustomed to being addressed as Brother President three nights out of every week, and he cast so benevolent a smile on the stenographer that she bridled immediately.

"Mis-ter Lesengeld," she called, and in response B. Lesengeld projected his torso from an adjacent doorway.

"Miss Schimpf," he said pleadingly, "do me the favor and don't make such a *Geschrei* every time somebody comes in the office. Goes through me like a knife yet."

Max Schindelberger's smile took on the quality of indulgency as he advanced slowly toward B. Lesengeld.

"How do you do, Mr. Lesengeld?" he said, proffering his hand; and after glancing suspiciously at the extended palm Lesengeld took it in a limp clasp.

"I already suscribed to that—now—asylum, ain't it?" Lesengeld began, for his experienced eye had at once noted the fraternal society charm, the I. O. M. A. lapel button, and the white tie that proclaimed Max to be a philanthropist.

Max laughed as heartily as he could.

"Ain't it funny," he said, "how just so soon as anybody sees me they think I am going to do something charitable? As a matter of fact, Mr. Lesengeld, I am coming here to see you on a business matter which really it ain't my business at all."

Lesengeld grudgingly held open the door, and Max squeezed past him.

"You got a comfortable place here, Mr. Lesengeld," he began, "plain and old-fashioned, but comfortable."

Lesengeld removed some dusty papers from a chair.

"It suits me," he said. "Take a seat, Mr. ——"

"Schindelberger," Max said as he sat down.

"Used to was Schindelberger, Steinfeld & Company in the underwear business?"

Max nodded and his smile began to fade.

"My partner Belz got a couple of the composition notes in the middle compartment in our safe for six years already," Lesengeld continued. "He keeps 'em for sowveneers, on account the feller he took 'em off of—a relation from his wife's—was no good neither, which you was telling me you wanted to see me about a business matter."

Max Schindelberger cleared his throat.

"Anybody could have reverses in business," he said.

"Sure, I know," Lesengeld commented. "Only there is two kinds of reverses, Mr. Schindelberger, reverses from up to down and reverses from down to up, like when a feller couldn't pay his composition notes, Mr. Schindelberger, and two years later is buying elevator apartments yet in his wife's name, Mr. Schindelberger." He tapped the desk impatiently. "Which you was saying," he added, "that you wanted to see me about a business matter."

Max coughed away a slight huskiness. When he had started from his luxuriously appointed office on lower Nassau Street to visit Mr. Lesengeld on East Broadway he had felt a trifle sorry for Lesengeld, so soon to feel the embarrassment and awkwardness incidental to meeting for the first time, and all combined under one frockcoat, the District Grand Master of the I. O. M. A., the President of the Bella Hirshkind Home for Indigent Females, and director and trustee of three orphan asylums and of an eye, ear and throat infirmary. With the first reference to the defunct underwear business, however, Max began to lose the sense of confidence that the dignity of his various offices lent him; and by the time Lesengeld had mentioned the elevator apartment houses he had assumed to Max all the majesty of, say, for example, the Federal Grand Master of the I. O. M. A., with Jacob H. Schiff and Andrew Carnegie thrown in for good measure.

"The fact is," Max stammered, "I called to see you about the three-thousand-dollar mortgage you are holding on Rudnik's house—the second mortgage."

Lesengeld nodded.

"First mortgages I ain't got any," he said, "and if you are coming to insinivate that I am a second-mortgage shark, Mr. Schindelberger, go ahead and do so. I am dealing in second mortgages now twenty years already, and I hear myself called a shark so often, Mr. Schindelberger, that it sounds like it would be a compliment already. I come pretty near getting it printed on my letterheads."

"I didn't said you was a second-mortgage shark, Mr. Lesengeld; a man could be a whole lot worse as a second-mortgage shark, understand me, and do a charity once in awhile anyhow. You know what it stands in *Gemara* yet?"

Schindelberger settled himself in his chair preparatory to intoning a Talmudical quotation, but Lesengeld forestalled him.

"Sure, I know," he said, "it stands in *Gemara* a whole lot about charity, Mr. Schindelberger, but it don't say no more about second mortgages as it does about composition notes, for instance. So if you are coming to me to ask me I should give Rudnik an extension on his Clinton Street house, you could learn *Gemara* to me till I would become so big a *Melammed* as you are, understand me, and it wouldn't make no difference. I never extend no mortgages for nobody."

"But, Mr. Lesengeld, you got to remember this is an exception, otherwise I wouldn't bother myself I should come up here at all. I am interesting myself in this here matter on account Rudnik is an old man, understand me, and all he's got in the world is the Clinton Street house; and furthermore he will make a will leaving it to the Bella Hirshkind Home for Indignant Females, which if you want to go ahead and rob a lot of poor old widders of a few thousand dollars, go ahead, Mr. Lesengeld."

He started to rise from his chair, but he thought better of it as Lesengeld began to speak.

"Don't make me no bluffs, Schindelberger," Lesengeld cried, "because, in the first place, if Rudnik wills his house to the Bella Hirshkind Home, what is that my business? And, in the second place, Belz's wife's mother's a cousin got a sister which for years Belz makes a standing offer of five hundred dollars some one should marry her, and finally he gets her into the Home as single as the day she was born already."

"One or two ain't widders," Schindelberger admitted, "but they're all old, and when you say what is it your business that Rudnik leaves his house to charity, sure it ain't. *Aber* it's your business if you try to take the house away from charity. Even if you would be dealing in second mortgages, Mr. Lesengeld, that ain't no reason why you shouldn't got a heart once in a while."

"What d'ye mean I ain't got a heart?" Lesengeld demanded. "I got just so much a heart as you got it, Mr. Schindelberger. Why, last night I went on a moving pictures, understand me, where a little girl gets her father he should give her mother another show, *verstehst du*, and I assure you I cried like a baby, such a soft heart I got it." He had risen from his chair and was pacing excitedly up and down the little room. "The dirty dawg wants to put her out of the house already on account she is kissing her brother which he is just come home from twenty years on the Pacific Coast," he continued; "and people calls me a shark yet, Mr. Schindelberger, which my wife and me is married twenty-five years next *Sucos Halamode* and never so much as an unkind breath between us."

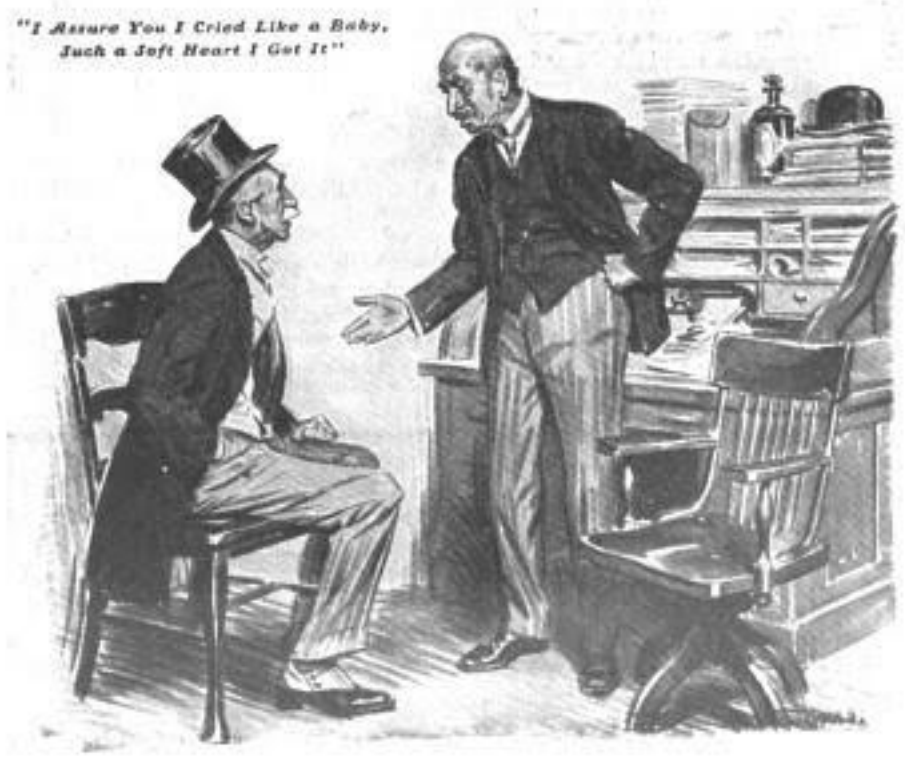
"That's all right, Mr. Lesengeld," Schindelberger said. "I don't doubt your word for a minute, but when it comes to foreclosing a mortgage on a house which it, so to speak, belongs to a home for poor widders and a couple of old maids, understand me, then that's something else again."

"Who says I'm going to foreclose the mortgage?" Lesengeld demanded.

"You didn't said you was going to foreclose it," Schindelberger replied, "but you says you ain't never extended no mortgages for nobody."

"Which I never did," Lesengeld agreed; "but that ain't saying I ain't never going to. Seemingly also you seem to forget I got a partner, Mr. Schindelberger, which people calls him just so much a shark as me, Mr. Schindelberger."

"*Aber* you are just telling me your partner is putting into the Bella Hirshkind Home a relation from his wife's already, and if he wouldn't be willing to extend the



"I Assure You I Cried Like a Baby, Such a Soft Heart I Got It"

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mortgage, Mr. Lesengeld, who would? Because I needn't got to tell you, Mr. Lesengeld, the way business is so rotten nowadays people don't give up so easy no more; and if it wouldn't be that the Bella Hirshkind Home gets from somebody a whole lot of assistance soon it would bust up sure, and Belz would quick find himself stuck with his wife's relation again, and don't you forget it."

"But ——" Lesengeld began.

"But nothing, Mr. Lesengeld!" Schindelberger cried. "Here's where the Bella Hirshkind Home is got a show to make a big haul, so to speak, because this here Rudnik has got something the matter with his liver which it is only a question of time, understand me, on account the feller is an old bachelor without anybody to look after him, and he eats all the time in twenty-five-cent regular dinners. I give him at the outside six months."

"But are you sure the feller makes a will leaving his house to the Bella Hirshkind Home?" Lesengeld asked.

"What d'ye mean am I sure?" Schindelberger exclaimed. "Of course I ain't sure. That's why I am coming up here this morning. If you would extend first the mortgage on that house, Mr. Lesengeld, Rudnik makes the will, otherwise not; because it would cost anyhow fifteen dollars for a lawyer he should draw up the will, ain't it, and what's the use we should spend the money if you take away from him the house?"

"But if I would extend first the mortgage, Schindelberger, might the feller wouldn't make the will maybe."

Schindelberger clucked his tongue impatiently.

"Just because I am so charitable I don't got to be a fool exactly," he said. "If you would extend the mortgage, Mr. Lesengeld, I would bring Rudnik up here with a lawyer, and before the extension agreement is signed Rudnik would sign his will and put it in your safe to keep."

Lesengeld hesitated for a minute.

"I'll tell you, Schindelberger," he said at length; "give me a little time I should think this matter over. My partner is up in the Bronix and wouldn't be back till tomorrow."

"But all I want is your word, Mr. Lesengeld," Schindelberger protested, "because might if I would go back and tell Rudnik you wouldn't extend the mortgage he would go right away to the river and jump in maybe."

"Yow, he would jump in!" Lesengeld cried. "Only the other day I seen on a moving pictures a fillum which they called it Life is Sweet, where an old man eighty years old jumps into the river on account his grandson died in an elegant furnished apartment already; and when a young feller rescues him he gives him for ten thousand dollars a check, which I wouldn't believe it at all if I didn't seen the check with my own eyes yet. I was terrible broke up about the grandson, Mr. Schindelberger, *aber* when I seen the check I didn't got no more sympathy for the old man at all. Fifty dollars would of been plenty, especially when the young feller turns out to be the son of the old man's boy which he ain't heard from in years."

"Sure, I know," Schindelberger agreed, "*aber* such things only happen in moving pictures, Mr. Lesengeld, and if Rudnik would jump in the river, understand me, the least that happens him is he would get drownded and the Bella Hirshkind Home would go *Mechulla* sure."

"Well, I'll tell you," Lesengeld said; "you could say to Rudnik that I says I would extend the mortgage supposing my partner is agreeable, on consideration he would leave the house to the Bella Hirshkind Home, and Rudnik is to pay three hundred and fifty dollars to my lawyer for drawing the extension agreement."

"*Aber*, Mr. Lesengeld ——" Schindelberger began. He was about to protest against the size of the bonus demanded under the guise of counsel fee when he was interrupted by a resounding, "*Koosh!*" from Lesengeld.

"That is my last word and the very best I could do," Lesengeld concluded, "except I would get my lawyer to fix up the will and *schenk* it to you free for nothing."

II

"I DON'T know what comes over you lately, Belz," Lesengeld complained the following morning. "Every day you come down looking like a bear *mit* a spoiled tail."

"I got a right to look that way," Belz replied. "If you would got such a wife's relation like I got it, Lesengeld, there'd be no sitting in the same office with you at all. When it isn't one thing it's another. Yesterday my wife's mother's a sister's cousin gets a day off and comes round and gets dinner with us. I think I told you about her before—Miss Blooma Duckman. Nothing suits that woman at all. The way she acts you would think she lives in the bridal soot at the Waldorfer, and she gets my wife so mad, understand me, that she throws away a whole dish of *Tzimmus* in the garbage can already—which I got to admit that the woman is right, Lesengeld—my wife don't make the finest *Tzimmus* in the world."

"Suppose she don't," Lesengeld commented. "Ain't it better she should spoil some *Tzimmus* which all it's got into it is carrots, potatoes and a little chuck? If it would be that she makes a failure *mit Gänse oder* chickens which it really costs money, understand me, then you got a right to kick."

"That's what I says," Belz replied, "*aber* that Miss Duckman takes everything so particular. She kicks about it all the way up in the subway, which the next time I get one of my wife's relations in a Home, either it would be so far away she couldn't come to see us at all or it would be so near by that I don't got to lose a night's rest seeing her home. I didn't get to bed till pretty near two o'clock."

He stifled a yawn as he sat down at his desk.

"All the same, Lesengeld," he added, "they certainly got a nice place up there for them old women. There's lots of respectable business men pays ten dollars a week for their wives in the Catskills already which they don't got it so comfortable. Ain't it a shame, Lesengeld, that with a charity like that which is really a charity, people don't support it better as they do?"

"I bet yer!" Lesengeld cried. "The way some people acts not only they ain't got no hearts, y'understand, but they ain't got no sense neither. I seen a case yesterday where an old *Rosher* actually refuses to pay a month's rent for his son's widder *mit* a little boy, to save 'em being put out on the sidewalk. Afterward he goes broke, understand me, and when the boy grows up he's got the nerve to make a touch from him a couple of dollars and the boy goes to work and gives it to him. If I would be the boy the old man could starve to death; I wouldn't give him not one cent. They call us sharks, Belz, but compared with such a *Haman* we ain't even sardines."

"Sure, I know," Belz said as he consulted the firm's diary; "and if you wouldn't waste your time going on so many moving pictures, Lesengeld, might you would attend to business maybe. Yesterday was ten days that feller Rudnik's mortgage is past due, and what did you done about it? Nothing, I suppose."

"Suppose again, Belz," Lesengeld retorted. "A feller was in here to see me about it and I agreed we would give Rudnik an extension."

"What!" Belz cried. "You agreed you would give him an extension! Are you crazy *oder* what? The way money is so tight nowadays and real estate gone to helland-all, we as good as could get a deed of that house from that feller."

"Sure we could," Lesengeld replied calmly, "but we ain't going to. Once in a while, Belz, even in the second-mortgage business circumstances alters cases, and this here is one of them cases; so before you are calling me all kinds of suckers, understand me, you should be so good and listen to what I got to tell you."

Belz shrugged his shoulders resignedly.

"Go as far as you like," he said, "*aber* if it's something which you seen it on a moving pictures, Lesengeld, I don't want to hear it at all."

"It didn't happen on a moving pictures, Belz, but just the same if even you would seen it on a moving pictures you would say to yourself that with a couple of fellers like you and me, which a few hundred dollars one way or the other wouldn't make or break us, understand me, we would be all kinds of crooks and highwaymen if we would went to work and turn a lot of old widders out into the street."

"Lesengeld," Belz shouted impatiently, "do me the favor and don't make no speeches. What has turning a lot of old widders into the street got to do with Rudnik's mortgage?"

"It's got a whole lot to do with it," Lesengeld replied, "because Rudnik's house he is leaving to a Home for old women, and if we take away the house from him then the Home wouldn't get his house, and the Home is in such shape, Belz, that if they wouldn't make a big killing in the way of a legacy soon they would bust up sure."

"And that's all the reason why we should extend the mortgage on Rudnik?" Belz demanded.

"That's all the reason," Lesengeld answered; "with three hundred and fifty dollars a bonus."

"Then all I could say is," Belz declared, "we wouldn't do nothing of the kind. What is three hundred and fifty dollars a bonus in these times, Lesengeld?"

"But the Home," Lesengeld protested.

"The Home should bust up," Belz cried. "What do I care about the Home?"

"*Aber* the widders?" Lesengeld insisted. "If the Home busts up the widders is thrown into the street. Ain't it?"

"What is that my fault, Lesengeld? Did I make 'em widders?"

"Sure, I know, Belz; *aber* one or two of 'em ain't widders. One or two of 'em is old maids and they would got to go and live back with their relations. Especially," he concluded with a twinkle in his eye—"especially one of 'em by the name Blooma Duckman."

"Do you mean to told me," Belz faltered, "that them now—widders is in the Bella Hirshkind Home?"

"For Indignant Females," Lesengeld added, "which Max Schindelberger is president from it also."

Belz nodded and remained silent for at least five minutes.

"I'll tell you, Lesengeld," he said at last, "after all it's a hard thing a woman should be left a widder."

"You bet your life it's a hard thing, Belz!" Lesengeld agreed fervently. "Last week I seen it a woman she is kissing her husband goodby, and the baby also kisses him goodby—decent, respectable, hard-working people, understand me—and not two minutes later he gets run down by a trollyer car. The next week they take away from her the furniture, understand me, and she puts the baby into a day nursery, and what happens after that I didn't wait to see at all. Costs me ten cents yet in a drug-store for some mathematic spirits of ammonia for Mrs. Lesengeld—she carries on so terrible about it."

Belz sighed tremulously.

"All right, Lesengeld," he said; "write Rudnik we would extend the mortgage and he should call here tomorrow."

III

"IF I GOT to lose the house I got to lose it," Harris Rudnik declared as he sat in B. Lesengeld's revolving chair on the following morning. "I ain't got long to live anyhow."

He tucked his hands into his coat pocket and glared balefully at Schindelberger, who shrugged his shoulders.



"Nu, Belz, Ain't You Going to Congradulate Me?"

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"That's the way he is talking right along," he said. "Did you ever hear the like? Mind you, it ain't that he's got anybody he should leave the house to, Mr. Belz, but he ain't got no use for women."

"What d'ye mean I ain't got no use for women?" Rudnik cried. "I got just so much use for women as you got it, *aber* not for a lot of women which all their lives men makes suckers of themselves working their heads off they should keep 'em in luxury, understand me, and then when the men dies, y'understand, right away the widders is put in homes and other men which ain't related to 'em at all must got to leave 'em their hard-earned *Geld*, Mr. Belz, so they could sit with their hands folded doing nothing."

"What are you talking nonsense doing nothing!" Schindelberger retorted. "Them old women works like anything up there. I told you before a dozen times, Rudnik, them women is making underwear and jelly and stockings and *Gott weiss was noch*."

Rudnik turned appealingly to Belz.

"Mr. Belz," he said, "do me the favor and let me leave my money to a *Talmud Torah oder* a Free Loan Association."

"Free Loan Association!" Lesengeld and Belz exclaimed with one voice.

"An idee!" Belz shouted. "What d'ye take us for, Rudnik? You are going too far."

"Cutthroats!" Lesengeld muttered hoarsely. "Stealing bread out of people's mouths yet. A lot of people goes to them *Roshoyim* and fools 'em into lending 'em money they should play *Stuss* and *Tarrok*, while their families is starving yet. If you want to leave your house to a Free Loan Association, Rudnik, you might just so well blow it up *mit* dynamite and be done with it."

"*Aber* a *Talmud Torah* School," Rudnik cried; "that's something which you couldn't got no objection to."

"Don't talk like a fool, Rudnik!" Schindelberger interrupted. "When you got a chance to leave your money to a Home for widders, what are you fooling away your time making suggestions like *Talmud Torah* Schools for? A young feller would get along in business if he never seen even the outside of a *Talmud Torah, aber* if the widders lose their Home, understand me, they would starve to death."

"Yow, they would starve to death!" Rudnik said. "You could trust a widder she wouldn't starve, Mr. Schindelberger. Them which didn't got no relations they could easy find suckers to give 'em money, and them which did got relations, their families should look after 'em."

Belz grew crimson with pent-up indignation.

"Loafer!" he roared. "What d'ye mean their families should look after 'em?"

Belz walked furiously up and down the office and glowered at the trembling and confused Rudnik.

"Seemingly you ain't got no feelings at all, Rudnik," he continued. "Schindelberger tells you over and over again they are working them poor widders to death up there, and yet you want to take away the roofs from their backs even."

"No, I didn't, Mr. Belz," Rudnik said. "I didn't say nothing about a roof at all. Why, I ain't even seen the Home, Mr. Belz. Could you expect me I should leave my money to a Home without I should see it even?"

"My worries if you seen it *oder* not!" Belz retorted. "The thing is, Rudnik, before we would extend for you the mortgage you must got to make, not a will but a deed, which you deed the house to the Bella Hirshkind Home, keeping for yourself all the income from the house for your life, because otherwise if a man makes a will he could always make another will, *aber* once you give a deed it is fixed *und fertig*."

This ultimatum was the result of a conference between Belz and his counsel the previous evening, and he had timed its announcement to the moment when he deemed his victim to be sufficiently intimidated. Nevertheless, the shock of its disclosure spurred the drooping Rudnik to a fresh outburst.

"What!" he shouted. "I should drive myself out of my house for a lot of widders!"

"*Koosh!*" Schindelberger bellowed. "They ain't all widders. Two of 'em is old maids, Rudnik, and even if they would be all widders you must got to do as Mr. Belz says, otherwise you would drive yourself out of your house anyway. Because in these times not only you couldn't raise no new second mortgage on the house, but if Lesengeld and Belz forecloses on you the house would hardly bring in auction the amount of the first mortgage even."

Rudnik sat back in his chair and plucked at his scant gray beard. He recognized the force of Schindelberger's argument and deemed it the part of discretion to temporize with his mortgagees.

"Why didn't you told me there is a couple old maids up there?" he said to Schindelberger. "Old maids is horses of another color; so come on, Mr. Schindelberger, do me the favor and go up with me so I could anyhow see the Home first."

He slid out of his chair and smiled at Schindelberger, who stared frigidly in return.

"You got a big idee of yourself, Rudnik, I must say," he commented. "What do you think I ain't got nothing better to do as escort you up to the Bella Hirshkind Home?"

"Rudnik is right, Schindelberger," Lesengeld said; "you should ought to show him the Home before he leaves his house to it."

"I would show him nothing!" Schindelberger cried. "Here is my card to give to the superintendent, and all he is got to do is to go up on the subway from the bridge. Get off at Bronix Park and take a Mount Vernon car to Ammerman Avenue. Then you walk six blocks east and follow the New Haven tracks toward the trestle. The Home is the first house you come to. You couldn't miss it."

Rudnik took the card and started for the door, while Belz nodded sadly at his partner.

"And you are kicking I am cranky yesterday morning," he said. "In the daytime is all right going up there, but in the night, Lesengeld, a bloodhound could get twisted. Every time I go up there I think wonder I get back home at all."



"I Guess You are Trying to Make Me a Compliment"

"I bet yer," Lesengeld said. "The other evening I seen a fillum by the name Lawst in the Jungle, and ——"

"Excuse me, gentlemen," Schindelberger interrupted, "I got a little business to attend to by my office, and if it's all the same to you I would come here with Rudnik tomorrow morning ten o'clock."

"By the name Lawst in the Jungle," Lesengeld repeated with an admonitory glare at Schindelberger, "which a young feller gets ate up with a tiger already; and I says to Mrs. Lesengeld: 'Mommer,' I says, 'people could say all they want to how fine it is to live in the country,' I says, 'give me New York City every time,' I says to my wife."

IV

HARRIS RUDNIK had been encouraged to misogyny by cross eyes and a pockmarked complexion. Nevertheless, he was neither so confirmed in his hatred of the sex nor so discouraged by his physical deformities as to neglect shaving himself and changing into a clean collar and his Sabbath blacks before he began his journey to the Bella Hirshkind Home. Thus when he alighted from the Mount Vernon car at Ammerman Avenue he presented, at least from the rear, so spruce an appearance as to attract the notice of no less a person than Miss Blooma Duckman herself.

Miss Duckman was returning from an errand on which she had been dispatched by the superintendent of the Home, for of all the inmates she was not only the youngest but the spryest, and although she was at least half a block behind Harris when she first caught sight of him she had no difficulty in overtaking him before he reached the railroad track.

"Excuse me," she said as he hesitated at the side of the track, "are you maybe looking for the Bella Hirshkind Home?"

Harris started and blushed, but at length his misogyny asserted itself and he turned a beetling frown on Miss Duckman.

"What d'ye mean am I looking for the Bella Hirshkind Home?" he said. "Do you suppose I come up here all the way from Brooklyn Bridge to watch the trains go by?"

"I thought maybe you didn't know the way," Miss Duckman suggested. "You go along that there path and it's the first house you are coming to."

She pointed to the path skirting the railroad track, and Harris began to perspire as he found himself surrendering to an impulse of politeness toward this very young old lady. He conquered it immediately, however, and cleared his throat raspingly.

"I couldn't swim exactly," he retorted as he surveyed the miry trail indicated by Miss Duckman, "so I guess I'll walk along the railroad."

"You could do that too," Miss Duckman said, "*aber* I ain't allowed to, on account the rules of the Home says we shouldn't walk along the tracks."

Harris raised his eyebrows.

"You don't mean to told me you are one of them indignant females?" he exclaimed.

"I belong in the Home," Miss Duckman replied, coloring slightly, and Rudnik felt himself being overcome by a wave of remorse for his bluntness. He therefore searched his mind for a sufficiently gruff rejoinder, and finding none he shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," he said at last, "there's worser places, lady."

Miss Duckman nodded.

"Maybe," she murmured; "and anyhow I ain't so bad off as some of them other ladies up there which they used to got husbands and homes of their own."

"Ain't you a widder too?" Rudnik asked, his curiosity again getting the upper hand.

"I ain't never been married," Miss Duckman answered as she drew her shawl primly about her.

"Well, you ain't missed much," Rudnik declared, "so far as I could see."

"Why," Miss Duckman exclaimed, "ain't you never been married neither?"

Rudnik blinked solemnly before replying.

"You're just like a whole lot of ladies," he said; "you must got to find out everything." He turned away and stepped briskly on to the railroad track.

"But ain't you married?" Miss Duckman insisted.

"No," he growled as he started off. "*Gott sei Dank.*"

For a brief interval Miss Duckman stood and watched his progress along the ties, and then she gathered her parcels more firmly in her arms and began to negotiate the quagmire that led to the Home. She had not proceeded more than a hundred feet, however, when a locomotive whistle sounded in the distance.

"Hey, mister!" she shouted; but even if Rudnik heard the warning it served only to hasten his footsteps. Consequently the train was almost upon him before he became aware of it, and even as he leaped wildly to one side the edge of the cowcatcher struck him a glancing blow. Miss Duckman dropped her bundles and plunged through the mud to where Rudnik lay, while the train, which was composed of empty freight cars, slid to a grinding stop a short distance up the track.

She was kneeling recklessly in the mud supporting Rudnik with both her hands when the engineer and the fireman reached them.

"Is your husband hurted bad?" the engineer asked Miss Duckman.

The tears were rolling down Miss Duckman's worn cheeks, and her lips trembled so that she could not reply. Nevertheless, at the word "husband" her maidenly heart gave a tremendous bound, and when the engineer and the fireman lifted Rudnik gently into the caboose her confusion was such that without protest she permitted the conductor to assist her carefully up the car steps.

"Sit ye down on that stool there, lady," he said. "As far as I can see your man ain't got no bones broken."

"But——" Miss Duckman protested.

"Now, me dear lady," the conductor interrupted, "don't ye go worritin' yerself. I've got me orders if anybody gets hit be the train to take him to the nearest company's doctor in the direction I'm goin'. See? And if you was Mister and Missus Vanderbilt, they couldn't treat you no better up to the Emergency Hospital."

(Continued on Page 30)

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THE CALL

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

XX

IF UNA'S acceptance of Ruthven's invitation was a surprise to her, their belated supper together was an even greater one.

Una Carberry had been only too well initiated into the Philistine's attitude toward the stage-woman. She had known too many years on the road, facing the sallies of the managers of second-class hotels, discouraging the distasteful attentions of travelers, countering the advances of provincial stagedoor Lotharios who showed a fixed determination to regard the children of dramatic amusement as roving and most irresponsible daughters of Eve.



Una Grew to Like That Picture

She had looked for, during that supper, some outcroppings of this sort. Ruthven had shown no trace of them. There was, in fact, a certain old-fashioned pomposity about his attentions, a ponderous dignity which made his services something more than gallantry. If she had at first been needlessly afraid of him she had later been needlessly afraid for him. He was no experienced and artful "masher." He was aldermanic in his sobriety. During all that supper, even after his second glass of wine, he was as decorous as an undertaker. There was a rough honesty about the man, his companion decided, for all his uncouth doggedness. And there had been something flattering to her even in that doggedness.

It was Una who was facetious. She was desperately, experimentally light-hearted. She was studiously and expositionally gay. She wished to satisfy herself as to her own capabilities. She wished to see how thick the shell of age had fixed itself about her.

Her host found her gayety reassuring. He talked more freely as the supper proceeded. She could afford to lapse off-handedly into the backwaters of personalities. He had defied her to guess his age; but to do this she had discreetly refused.

"I'm not so old as I look," he said with his slow smile.

She essayed a shudder of mock horror. Her companion, with his childlike directness, was puzzled by it. She felt the need of explaining.

"But I'm older than I look," she cried. "Much older!"

She enjoyed the expostulatory cloud of denial that gathered on his honest face.

"Why, you didn't look much more than a girl the other night in that balcony scene!"

Una sat up, inwardly repeating the phrase: "Much more than a girl!" And one of her managers had implied that she was getting a little on for Juliet! For the second time an invisible spear stabbed through her heart. She was now no longer young! No longer young!

"Oh, it's terrible to be old!" she cried with a grimace that was not all mockery. "We women are such cowards!"

"You've nothing to be afraid of," he solemnly declared.

"Oh, I hate myself sometimes!"

"And I like you," he quietly confessed. "I like you a lot!"

She looked across the table at him. She tried to drive the wings of solemnity away by her ripple of laughter.

"So do other people," she protested. "We had nearly ten hundred dollars in the house last night." She stopped and laughed again. "That's what they brought me here for—to be liked!"

"I know it," he admitted a little disconsolately. "But I don't mean that way."

The ice, she felt, was growing perilously thin for so ponderous a figure; but the very risk, the very uncertainty of the situation, had its unexpected relish. And she was not unconscious of the fact that at a word she could draw him up short.

"That's the only way we can be liked," she went on. "Instead of staying a person, we grow into a sort of institution. You admire us about the same as you do a public library!"

"Oh, no, I don't!" was Ruthven's prompt retort.

"And we ourselves get the institutional feeling," Una went on. "We have to satisfy ourselves with a sort of denatured affection—the kind you really can't swallow, but is good for keeping the pot boiling."

His slow smile showed his appreciation of the figure—and she had once suspected he was a little stupid! She found herself relishing the chance of being candid with him.

"Then I can't see what you get out of it," he told her, studying her smiling face with his solemn eyes.

"Exactly what the little girl with the rag doll gets out of her makeshift," was Una's answer; "only we have the disadvantage of knowing the doll's nothing more than a doll!"

A look of surprise crept into Ruthven's face.

"You don't mean to say you're ever dissatisfied?" he asked.

"One gets tired of the hard work," Una acknowledged.

His look of surprise was superseded by one of hope. He spoke quietly, yet there was an undertone of eagerness in his voice.

"It's funny," he said, "but I never thought of acting as being hard work!"

She could afford to smile at his mistake.

"Well, take the part of Juliet, that you saw me play a couple of weeks ago. We put on a condensed version. My part was cut down to about seven thousand words. That means I had to learn off, by rote, not only those seven thousand words, but also the cues that led up to them, the movements with which they must be spoken, the steps and gestures which must fit in with the steps and gestures of the people on the stage with me. And the same week that those seven thousand words were being recited by me twice a day, before an audience, our company was coming together every morning at ten o'clock and I was reciting another part, a part of over seven thousand words. That's my part of Louise, for The Two Orphans—the part the audience is seeing this week. Besides making myself letter-perfect in that part, I was studying out the stage business, making sure each member of my company was doing what was needed, deciding on costumes and scenery, ordering props and revising the time or the tone of the performance as a whole. Besides that, too, at night, after I'd gone home from the theater, I was studying the script of Frou-Frou, which we'll put on next week. By Monday or Tuesday I'll have to know by heart practically that entire part of Frou-Frou. And she has to speak enough lines to fill six or seven solid columns of newspaper type. And that keeps up, of course, as long as the season lasts—week by week and month by month."

She enjoyed his stare of wonder.

"I should think you'd go mad!" he murmured.

"No; it's not that which worries stock actresses; it's the terrible fear that some day they may lose their memory. We always get to believe that some day our memories will just lie down between the shafts, like an overworked horse, and refuse to budge again!"

A slow look of pity surged up into the man's honest face.

"I used to think I worked hard," he finally said; "but what you've just been saying makes me think it was mostly soldiering."

She surrendered to a rising curiosity to know more about him, about what his life had been. There was something appealing about the sheer ponderous honesty of his face. She abhorred handsome men, she told herself; she had seen and known and worked with too many stage fops who were the center of their own little universe of egoism. She liked strength, resolute and self-reliant strength—and William Ruthven, she felt assured, was the possessor of that strength.

"What did your work used to be?" she asked.

"Nothing very romantic," he confessed. "I own the Ruthven Plow Works here. It took about fifteen years of good hard grinding to get 'em built up."

"And you've been successful, of course?"

"Oh, I guess I've made enough money to worry along on. My old-maid sister—she runs the house for me—says I've made too much. It makes me discontented."

"I suppose that means you're very rich."

"Not what you New York folks would call rich! But I've got a mighty comfortable home up here on Elmwood Avenue and a stockfarm out at Cedar Valley. I keep that just to play with; but, somehow or other, it just won't let me lose money on it!"

The wide-set hazel eyes were studying him with their pensively abstracted stare. He was carefully folding and refolding his table napkin. The quietness with which he spoke, as he went on again, seemed an achieved calmness—something sternly imposed on an ardor that might prove too apparent.

"I've been a widower for over eleven years," he said, not raising his eyes as he spoke. "I've got friends—and all that. I've traveled round a good bit. And I guess I've had a good enough time, as things go. But I've been lonesome somehow. I've wanted something!"

He lifted his eyes at this point, and his level gaze met that of the woman across the table from him.

"I never knew what it was I wanted until you came to this town and I watched you night after night. Then I found out what it was."

"Well?" she said, afraid to smile for fear of seeming to mock his solemnity.

"I knew I wanted you," he said.

His grave eyes were staring deep into her own.

"Me?" she laughed a little nervously.

He placed one large hand on the folded white napkin and leaned back in his chair.

"I wanted to know if you wouldn't marry me," he said, his deep voice slightly tremulous, as though the continued calmness of his face was something coerced and conscious.

There was no gayety in her quick little defensive laugh.

"But you don't know me," she argued.

"Oh, yes, I do," he proclaimed. "I know you well enough. I've watched you night after night. I've seen



"A Couple More Seasons of This Cheap Road Work'll Put the Indian Mark on You"

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you do all those pieces of yours—every one of them. And I can't just explain it to you, but you've grown to stand for something I've been missing out of life—the other things; the things money and work and a fat stockfarm don't seem to bring in!"

She could feel her heart go down, stop by stop, against her will. Her shoulders heaved with a sigh which she could not control.

It was the old, the eternal error again. It was the never-ending mistake of confusing the stage rôle with the woman herself, of identifying the romance behind the footlights with its mere interpreter. It was the mistake which the uninitiated were forever making. She herself had nothing to do with this strange hunger of his; she was merely the vessel which carried the sacred oil. It was Juliet, bathed in the moonlit loveliness of a midnight garden, to whom his work-calloused heart had gone out. It was not to Una Carberry; it was not to the work-wearied body of the aging and disillusioned woman who wore the cap of Juliet. It was to the spirit of youth and romance—the spirit to which she was little more than a bond-servant.

Her face must have clouded involuntarily, for the man facing her moved in his chair and spoke again.

"You don't think you could do it?" he was asking in the same quiet voice as before. Yet this time a touch of pain seemed to make his calmness almost tragic.

"It's not a matter of whether I could or not," she told him with the sharpness of the indeterminate answering pain cutting through her. "It's because I wouldn't!"

"Why?" he demanded.

"Can't you see why? How it wouldn't be fair to you from any standpoint! How you'd find me out sometime and how it would be too late when you did find me out!"

"Find out what?" Ruthven asked her with his unimaginative directness.

"That I'd cheated you out of what you were looking for! That I wasn't what you took me for! That you'd carried home a heroine out of a book-story and found her nothing more than a woman with a sixty-dollar wig on—and the wrinkles beginning to show! It's not even good business! It'd be so much easier to buy the wig, for example!"

"It's not a question of business," he protested, disregarding her perverse and ironic bitterness. "It's something outside of business."

"That's exactly why it wouldn't be fair. It would be worse than buying a pig in a poke, as they say. It would only turn out that I wasn't at all what you expected!"

For all her bitterness there was a hunger which she could not explain eating at her heart. A sense of desolation settled about her—a desolation which she had felt more and more at times when she had allowed herself to be idle.

"I'd risk that," Ruthven was saying.

He hesitated a moment. Then he looked up with the eyes of a man steeled to face life's direst extremity. Again Una was touched with vague admiration at the thought of his doggedness. It would have been uncouth in a figure less suggestive of latent strength.

"Is there any one else?" he asked.

"There's nobody else," she answered him quite solemnly. "Of course there's nobody else." Then she added, she scarcely knew why: "You see, I have to work so hard! I've so much to do, so much to accomplish, before I—I get too terribly old!"

A silence fell over them. They seemed strangely like lifelong friends slowly approaching their friendship's first great understanding.

"Then I'm going to ask you just one thing," he finally said. "I'm going to ask it now, because in a couple of days I'll be away from Chesterville for the summer and you'll be gone before I get back. I'm going to ask you not to forget me. I'm ——"

"There's no danger of that!" she interrupted.

"Why?" he demanded.

"You have been so kind," was her answer.

"That's not what I mean," he went on with his painstaking and deliberate directness of manner. "I want you to remember that I'm always here."

He paused as though afraid of making a misstep.

"If anything should ever happen to make you change your mind; if you came to see differently or got tired of this work of yours, or got sick, or—or needed a change or anything, I want you to let me know. And this offer of mine will always stand good. I can wait if I have to. I ought to wait, I suppose. But I'd like to show you how good and square I could be to a little woman like you!"

Una, watching him, shook her head slowly from side to side. The homeliness of that phrase, "good and square," seemed to impress her. The quiet sobriety of this strange suitor seemed to dignify his importunacy into something touched with beauty. Yet it was absurd, impossible, from first to last.

"Can't you promise me that much?" he asked.

"It isn't fair," she replied.

"Why isn't it?"



"We'll Be Failures Together!"

She leaned forward a little in her chair, studying his weather-ruddied face with her shadowy hazel eyes from which the last trace of hardness had melted. He was very tanned, was her inapposite thought; so deep was that coloring of wind and sun that it would hide like a mask any emotion beneath it. He would always be inarticulate. Neither his voice nor his features could ever quite show what he felt. He might at that very moment, she told herself, be sitting before her the apparent picture of full-blooded health and at the same time be suffering keenly. She found a wayward relish in her woman's prerogative of holding a man's happiness balanced in the palm of her hand. The sense of power, the thought of controlling a strong man's joy or sorrow, was sweet in her breast; but she had to think of ways for making her answer to him less painful.

"Tell me," she said, "have you a place at your plow works where you keep the broken-down machinery—where you store away all the worn-out stuff?"

"Yes," he said, plainly puzzled.

"What do you call it?"

"The boneyard."

"The boneyard," she repeated. "That's the exact word I wanted. And that's what you've just offered to be for me. When I'm old and worn-out, when I'm good for nothing, you say you'll take me in!"

"You'll never be good for nothing!"

"When I've finished with my work—when I've eaten my pie, as they say—you'll let me run aground and lie there at your side door in my worthless old age!"

"Oh, I'd take you now if I could get you," Ruthven declared with his solemn smile. "But that's asking too much!"

"Just as the other would be asking too much," she added, "on my part!"

"That's where you're wrong," he persisted. "I think slowly. I guess I move slowly too. But I don't move until I know I'm right. You'll always mean a lot to me. I'll always want you. And I'd always be getting the best of the bargain."

She touched her fingers to her eyelashes as she laughed. He could never quite convince himself that it was a tear she had wiped away.

"You're too big-hearted," she said; "you're too good, too fine, to be imposed on!"

"Will you remember what I've said?" he asked as she pushed back her chair and looked dazedly about her like a sleepwalker returning to wakefulness.

"I'll remember," she said. An impulse which she could neither control nor fathom prompted her to hold out her hand to him.

He stood up, and there was something old-world in his ceremoniousness before he took her hand. His great fingers closed on her palm and held it while his eyes rested on her face.

Una permitted no emotion to show itself; she imposed on herself a rigorous justice; but he continued to hold her hand—a little hungrily, as though by that contact he were tapping some hidden and mystic reservoir of happiness.

Her fingers were conscious of the strength and warmth infolding them, draining something away from them, it seemed, which left her less able to depend on her own powers. It left her with that renewed sense of desolation which made all the future seem so ineffectual, so empty of purpose and promise. And when she withdrew her hand it was as though a circuit had been broken.

XXI

UNA'S talk with William Ruthven remained perplexingly fixed in her mind. Even during the rest of her busy summer season in Chesterville, in odd places and at unexpected moments, some phrase or speech of that strange night would flash up in her memory.

It was the same during her four busy weeks in New York, when the roar and dust of Broadway caused the green lawns and the quiet avenues of the smaller inland city to take on a beauty which she had not altogether appreciated. And during the winter, through the dully active and listlessly crowded months on the "road," she carried the memory of that talk in her breast secretly, bringing it to the light only furtively, as a young lover might look at a portrait-locket and then hide it hurriedly away.

The compact was ridiculous, she kept assuring herself. It was not even a compact. It was a pretty bit of sentiment too delicate for everyday handling—something to be kept in a cabinet by itself, like a piece of rare china. She would in all likelihood play no more summer stock engagements at Chesterville. It was unlikely that she and Ruthven would ever meet again. Yet she always found something consolatory in his "boneyard" idea. It kept recurring to her more often than she would have been willing to admit.

She faced the hardships of road life with less resentment. She took up her work with the veiled happiness of a child who remembers that she has a chocolate bar hidden away; but it was only a chocolate bar, she kept telling herself. It was a sweetmeat—nothing more. It was not to be confounded with the sterner issues of life.

These sterner issues of life went on, as such things must, companioned by the old vicissitudes, the old exactions, the old disappointments. The Una Carberry Company traveled from town to town and from city to city, going through the revolutions of its four-act romantic drama with the regularity and the monotony of a clock that has been duly wound up. And the mainspring of that well-ordered mechanism was always Una herself. She watched carefully for any signs of her company going stale; she insisted always on the best they could give; she became more and more exacting of her fellow workers, more and more careful of her expenditures. She was accepted as a wealthy woman by this time. Her supporting company had heard rumors of investments in Western real estate, of a stock or two in which their star had dabbled when a friendly tip had come from her business associates; but these were rumors and nothing more, for Una permitted no intrusions into her personal affairs. Her career became more and more isolated; she became more and more cut off from those easy-going and improvident associates who could not quite understand her.

Once, when some of her stage photographs turned out unexpectedly flattering, Una sent one to Ruthven. He sent back a carefully written letter, thanking her; and with the letter he sent, in turn, a photograph of his Elmwood Avenue home.

Una studied this picture with much care. It was a large, many-windowed house with wide verandas, partly screened by maples and beeches and elms. It looked provincial in its commodiousness, with its parklike lawns and its red-brick garage showing from the row of silver birches in the rear. There was also a grapevine pergola and a movable lawn fountain. Yet it was strangely appealing, with the flat sunlight on its many-angled side walls of cobblestone and cedar shingles. And beside the anomalous porte-cochère stood Ruthven himself, in light flannels, with a Great Dane resting its nose in his hand.

Una grew to like that picture. She had it cut down and mounted in a silver frame, carrying it in the top tray of her theatrical trunk and unpacking it, night by night, with her makeup box. She found herself susceptible to the sense of peace which seemed to dwell in it. She fell into the habit of turning to it in her hours of greatest worry or weariness. She grew to like the sunny, cedar-shingled façade, the shadow-dappled lawn, the solemn dog so adoringly regarding the solemn figure in flannels. It tranquilized her.

Yet some timidity or some fear which she could not define kept her from writing to Ruthven. She seemed to dread the thought of exploring a treasure chest which might, in the end, prove empty.

Once, when her company had figured in a mildly exciting railway accident and exaggerated accounts of it had crept into the newspaper dispatches, there had been an exchange of telegrams between her and Ruthven. At Christmas-time he sent her a large box of roses. With the roses came another box—a small jeweler's case; and this Una opened with an oddly uncontrolled fluttering of the breath.

It held a small baroque pearl pendant, hung on the frailest of gold chains. She held it up to the light, happy—and yet in some vague way disappointed. The smallness

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of the box had for a moment misled her. She had been foolish enough to think that it might hold a ring.

It was at the end of March that the dull routine of her roadwork was broken by the advent of Weinert, the New York manager. He sat out in front for two performances, studying Una and her work. She responded to his presence there almost unconsciously, struggling to lift her rôle out of that mediocrity, that obviousness, which satisfied the simpler-minded audience of the road.

He made no appointment with her—he said nothing; but he met her the next morning apparently by accident at the railway station as she and her company made ready for their next jump.

He shook hands without enthusiasm. Then he looked from her to the company scattered about the bald platform. Those birds of plumage, so brilliant under the calciums, looked dishearteningly gray-tinted and neutral and draggled under the searching light of open day. Weinert seemed troubled in soul.

"Do you know where two years more of this is going to land you?" he demanded.

"Where will it land me?" asked Una, half challenging, half defensive.

"With the buckwheats for life!" was Weinert's retort.

"Would you mind speaking English?" she mildly suggested, fixing him with her level glance. She knew that behind that apparently artless derogation lay some ulterior motive. She resented his circuitiveness.

"I mean a couple more seasons of this cheap road work'll put the Indian mark on you. It always does. You can't get away from it!"

"Did I say I was trying to get away from it?"

Weinert stopped and looked about the bald and barren station platform again, at the lounging group, the pile of battered trunks and prop cases, the lonely tracks circling out into sordid and lonely-looking suburbs.

"You don't mean to say you're going to be satisfied with this?" he demanded.

"Why shouldn't I be?"

"Because you're able to do the other kind of work. Because you ought to be doing the other kind of work!"

"And?" prompted Una.

He saw the mockery in her worldly-wise smile. It enlightened him on more things than one; but, above all, it made him feel the futility of further equivocation.

"Miss Carberry, I've just bought the rights to a great play—a play by a big man; a play that's good for a solid year on Broadway."

"They always are!" remarked the woman at his side.

"But this play's different. It's got an idea behind it—it's original. And I'll tell you why. It's about a good woman!"

He seemed disappointed at her silence, puzzled that the novelty of the thing should so miss fire.

"I'm so sure of that play I'm going to put every dollar I own into it. And what's more, I'm coming to you first—to give you a chance for that part!"

"Why to me?" she asked. She found of late that she was growing more and more diffident as to the future. An autumnal sense of finality had grown up within her. She had begun to feel that day by day and month by month she was approaching some dim and undefined end.

"Because there's just one type of woman can play that part," Weinert was saying. "And that type isn't common. I've dug out three women. You're one of the three. You don't rank as high as the other two, but you're younger."

"What terms do you offer?"

He hesitated in the face of such immediacy.

"I'd rather you'd take the play along with you and read it. Then you'll see the sort of chance I am giving you."

"I'm sorry, but I shouldn't be able to read the play without knowing the terms first."

Discretion settled like a lowering drop across Weinert's sage and wrinkled face.

"What would you play the part for if I took you in off the road, gave you a crackerjack company and guaranteed a Broadway production by the end of next October?"

Una weighed the matter for one brief moment.

"My lowest terms would be two hundred and fifty dollars a week, with a percentage after the first four weeks' run."

Weinert sorrowfully shook his head.

"That would be out of the question!"

"Then we're only wasting time, I'm afraid."

He opened the handbag he carried as she turned back toward the depot. Her train had pulled in.

"Won't you take this copy of the play and read it? Go through it first and then let me know how you feel about it."

"That would be foolish when I know we couldn't agree on terms," was her answer.

"Make it two hundred a week and the thing's settled. That will mean Broadway, your own company and a production by October."

She was on the carsteps by this time, smiling pensively down on him.

"You see even Broadway by October and my own company don't excite me."

"But, good Heavens, woman, you don't even know what you're throwing down!"

"But I know what I want," was her answer.

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want money," she calmly replied; "for that's the only thing I'll ever get out of life."

Weinert contemplated her out of narrowed eyes.

"Say, you're not losing your ambition, are you?"

"I'm changing it," was her answer.

"Then here's the thing you want!" he exclaimed as he thrust the play into her hand.

"But what's the use when you haven't met my terms?"

"Oh, I'll give you your two hundred and fifty a week if you've got to have it," he admitted. "And I'll meet you in St. Louis a week from Sunday."

She knew that she had won. She knew that a new door of opportunity was being opened to her—that the Ultima Thule of all her career at last lay before her eyes; but no answering thrill of triumph crept through her tired and listless body.

XXII

WEINERT, like other astute and active theatrical managers, believed in taking Time by the forelock. While spring was ripening into summer and Una was still "on the corkscrew route" with her road company, he began his publicity work with an occasional discreet paragraph as to his coming production and Broadway's new star.

It was at Zanesville, at the end of an afternoon of ceaseless rain, that Una sat in her hotel room turning over the pages of a New York weekly paper Weinert had sent to her. She had read with a somewhat weary smile the overlaudatory press notice he had "planted" there. She had stared without emotion at the photographic reproduction of her own face. The paragraph, she felt, was as overflattering as the picture. Yet it was the same photograph, she remembered, that she had sent to William Ruthven.

She fell to thinking, as she turned from the outer world of driving rain to the disconsolate gray walls of her hotel room, of her life and what she had passed through. She pitied herself as a woman whose youth had been wasted. Another year had slipped away. In three days' time her company would disband. She would no longer have hard work to narcotize her discontent into quiescence.

She turned back to the picture of herself. She looked at the other pictures that stared out at her from other pages. The fact that they seemed unhappy and aggressive faces brought to her the thought that happy lives have no history.

Then, as she listlessly fluttered over the pages, her breath caught in her throat and the slow rise and fall of her breast was momentarily suspended—for there, facing her from the printed page on which her hand rested, was a picture of William Ruthven.

It was several seconds before her glance moved on to the inscription below the picture. Then she read the words: "William Ruthven, manager of the Chesterville Chilled Plow Works. Still another victim of the Implement Trust. He fought the combine and was forced out of business."

Una stared down at these words as though the message they carried were something that could percolate only a little at a time into her consciousness. Then she sat staring out through the rainswept window-panes, convincing herself of everything those words could mean. She turned back to the article which accompanied the scattered pictures of "Independent Plowmakers." She could not follow the intricacies of the Trust movement which had resulted in the obliteration of Ruthven. She only knew that he had met with misfortune—that he had been driven to the wall.

She had always prided herself on her practicality. She had always flattered herself that she was able to meet emergencies without hesitation. And the more she thought over it, the more she saw she was face to face with a great opportunity. A road to her one object in life seemed suddenly blazed through a thousand entangling timidities. She was possessed by a feeling of gratitude. At last, she acknowledged, all her sordid life of self-seeking could be redeemed; all her years of effort could be rationalized—could be given a meaning and a purpose. Ruthven's compact with her would no longer be one of sentiment. She could go to him now without any thought of imposition. She was being saved by a God-sent chance. It was an illusion, a theatricality, that had first exacted from him his strange promise to her. And now she could meet him without fear on that upper plane of emotionalism. He had forced on her brow a crown which could only have weighed her down; he had insisted on attributes which were of the theater and not of her. And now she could face him with the most appeasingly theatrical movement that could be conjured up. She would be the Good Fairy of the romance that no longer lived in a world of everyday work. She would step in and save him from his enemies.

She was filled with a joyous calm by this time, confident of herself, conscious of a solemn obligation to be fulfilled.

She made a strict appraisal of her available money. The largeness of the sum surprised her a little. Then she sent a telegram to Ruthven.

"A lucky accident will take me to Chesterville tomorrow afternoon at five," her message read. "Please meet me if you can."

She drove to the theater in a cab that night, through the driving rain. She made up with a preoccupation that might have been regarded as somnambulism. The "house," on account of the bad weather, was exceptionally small. To this she gave no thought. She went through her part automatically, with a dreamy unconcern for its dog-eared heroics, its saccharine absurdities, its tawdry imitation of life.

"It's a good thing the madam's on her last lap o' the tank route," Pop Wharton, the character man of the company, confided to Una's understudy, "or another night o' that trancework'd see you out there eating scenery!"

"She's even letting Baddie crab her points," murmured that mystified young lady as she stood watching the stage from the wings.

At the end of the performance Una called her company together, explained that she was unable to play the last two performances, surrendered her part to the trembling-fingered understudy and calmly and methodically packed her trunks.

She went back to her hotel and walked her room for an hour in a dull fever of restlessness. She tried not to think of the past. She struggled to escape from that sorrow which imposes itself on anything done for the last time, that valedictory regret which must mark any great divide in life. She remembered that she had felt much the same way when she stood on the gloomy stairs below Hempel's studio and called back that forlorn "Goodby!" to him.

With the thought of Hempel, too, awoke the memory that she had once come too late in her quest for possible happiness. Would she be too late this time?

A keen rapier of pain went through her breast at the mere suggestion of it. Ruthven was in

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"Has Anything—Happened?"

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An Old Woman and a New One In the Old World

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

FROM the time we landed in Liverpool, throughout the summer, Peggy looked forward to Paris. She is descended from the South Carolina Huguenots on her mother's side of the house and she has always claimed that her entire capillary circulation was French. She imagined that she would feel at home in France. I had my misgivings. After a woman is old enough to consent to wear a bonnet tied under her double chin with black ribbons, her mind becomes a sort of patchwork of memories and anxieties which she retains from what she has read and seen. Consequently the impressions I held of the French people were a rather fearful panorama of the Revolution, mixed with extraordinary varieties of fashions, and punctuated here and there with the frisky figures of Frenchmen that we see in America wearing curled whiskers and variegated socks. If you think about it the history of France is not the history of a sane people, but of a nation periodically subject to the most dangerous aberrations. And the fashions we get from Paris are not fashions most becoming to virtue and modesty, but they are designed chiefly to minimize the effects of both these qualities in the characters of those who wear them. Still I bore with Peggy's enthusiasms all the way from Berlin.



A Long, Looped, Winding Necklace of Gayly Dressed Women

We arrived in the Gare du Nord late at night—and received our first shock. Peggy pulled down the window of our compartment, stuck her nice little head out and beckoned to a porter. But just as he was about to enter the corridor he was appropriated by a Frenchman, who gave him his suitcase as delicately as if he had been a girl unable to carry it. My niece was indignant, but she made haste to summon another porter. This one was taken in the same manner by another Frenchman, who had calmly waited, observing her efforts, and had profited by them without making any himself. When the third porter walked off with the kit of a little spider-legged artist who had occupied the same compartment with us I came to my American senses.

"Get out of the way, Peggy," I exclaimed, following the Frenchman with our largest bag.

As he stepped down from the train I dropped the bag on him. There was a yell, a great commotion, and the greatest splutter of languages I have ever heard, on the ground outside. But I paid no attention; my dander was up! I stepped back, gathered up our rugs and the other bag and dropped them after the first. Then I stood in the doorway and watched that little man on his all fours, with his legs tangled up in our shawlstraps, struggling to rise. The dim light of the station showed a wide fan of faces circling round him, everybody gesticulating, everybody talking, everybody seriously concerned, nobody laughing except me. I had to laugh. He was so small, so indignant.

"Come on, Peggy," I said, descending carelessly upon our luggage and the Frenchman.

For the first time during our pilgrimage I realized that there was some advantage in not knowing the language of the country we were in. I suppose I should have been overcome if I could have understood the vituperations that followed us as we made our way to the cab rank, accompanied at last by a porter loaded with our rugs and bags. This was our advent into Paris; not graceful, but emphatic. And may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if I ever repent of it!

Peggy was queerly silent as we drove along the streets to our *pension*. I do not know if she was ashamed of France or ashamed of me. But I made a note then in my mind that while she was looking up the advanced French woman I should endeavor to discover, if possible, the explanation of the French man.

To come into an ordinary French home is like entering a red gloom. The people are so fond of this color that even the soldiers wear red breeches. Once I saw in Paris what I never expected to see in this world—men whose lips were painted a bright feminine vermilion. Peggy stared that night at her inflated bed, covered with a carmine spread embroidered in deeper red. The chairs had red tidies and the table wore a red cloth. My own room was an exact copy. Through the red-curtained windows we looked upon a tiny garden outlined with an ivy-hung wall, and the blossoms with which the white walks were bordered glistened in the nightless city like wavering drops of blood. We were served with wine and bread, and retired to a kind of glowing, dreamless sleep.



I Had to Laugh. He Was So Small, So Indignant

The Remains of the Revolution

AT FIVE o'clock in the morning I was awakened by the passing of a light back and forth outside my window. I arose and parted the curtains enough to see two very old, bent women, with white caps on their heads, nodding and whispering together over the garbage can. They were the famous ragpickers of Paris. Every morning at this hour hundreds of them creep swiftly down into the city from Grennelle, where most of them live, it is said, in the cleanest houses in France, to overhaul the ash barrels and garbage cans. It gave me a gruesome feeling when I learned afterward that the most valuable thing they find is gray hair. From that day as long as we remained in France I kept my combings strictly to myself. These were the first French women I saw—awful, aged, dim figures flitting about noiseless in the gray dawn, with little lanterns in their hands and baskets on their arms. Their sisters may be seen everywhere under the eaves of overhanging houses in the narrow streets, pushing fruitcarts, washing dogs under the Solferino bridge, selling tightly wadded bouquets, or sitting beside old bookstalls along the banks of the Seine. They are never idle, always knitting if they are not selling something. One knows immediately that they are the same kind of women who sat in front of the guillotine more than a hundred years ago, knitting in a red thread for every head that fell into the bloody basket. Their features have not changed to this day. They all have whiskers, a black smear upon the upper lip, noses that squint fearfully at the corners, red skins, and fierce black eyes that glare at every passer-by through the rheum of age.

Two hours later I again started from my bed. It seemed to me that the world was coming to an end. The street was suddenly filled with a tremendous noise, the house trembled, far and near there was the sound of cries, broken snatches of frightful singing. I ran into Peggy's room and beheld her calmly sleeping, one arm thrown over her head, both of her black braids languidly crossed on her bosom. If the crack of doom comes at seven o'clock in the morning

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Gabriel will be obliged to send extra angels to call the young people in time to dress for Judgment. They will sleep on through his loudest trumpeting!

"Peggy," I cried, shaking her, "get up! Something has happened!"

She started, raised herself upon one elbow, dazed with sleep.

"What is it?" she murmured.

"I do not know, but listen!" for the din was increasing, the ground giving out a hollow, rumbling, reverberating sound. There was a clashing of heavy metal. I rang the bell. The maid appeared, calm, smiling.

"*Déjeuner?*" she inquired.

It was some time before I understood that the pandemonium we had heard was only Paris waking up, throwing back the iron shutters of its windows, pouring into the streets, beginning the life of the day. Nothing that we ever hear of the French people can prepare nervous Americans for the noise they make merely living. They do everything with a bang. And the fact that the ground upon which this city stands is tunneled with a thousand great sewers makes the passing of an omnibus almost as distracting as an earthquake. Add to this the fact that every cabhorse wears a cowbell, and that those who have anything to do with the traffic are either singing or yelling, and you receive some impression of one part of the "gayety" of Paris. Everybody to his own notion, as the old lady said when she kissed the cow; but for me, I should infinitely prefer to live and die in a lazy, peaceful Southern town, where the signs of a new day are an opal dawn, the soft cooing of pigeons under the eaves, and with the sunrise the laughter of young children, than to be the grandest lady in such a bedlam city.

But it is not for me to describe Paris—this has been better done many a time in literature. One thing, however, the stranger must observe is the barrenness of the earth in all public places, as if it were now too old and desolate to grow grass, as if the streams of humanity that poured through the streets seared them. The very leaves of the trees are brown and parched even in midsummer, and the splendid forest of the Bois does not atone for it. One feels the fever of man everywhere. His breath has scorched the land there. All the great buildings and monuments stand out in a brazen, greenless glare. One's attention is also attracted by the fact that so much that is historical in Paris has been restored, not on account of the decay incident to age, but because in fits of national rage the French themselves have damaged and destroyed their own works. They appear to have been especially fierce about the nether extremities of the human figure. For example, I was astonished by the number of comparatively modern statues in the Louvre that had artificial legs, fresh white ones soldered on to the gray marble. We were always informed that the original limbs disappeared during the Revolution. It is only when one passes along some of the streets in the older part of the town and peeps over the vine-covered walls that one seems to look far down into the green heart of old monarchical France, across marble fountains half hidden in the shrubbery, into the gravely proud doorways that seem forever closed to the life of the republic. Inside dwell the royalist aristocrats, as remote from the France of today as the eighteenth century is from the twentieth.

Matching Peggy's Stockings

BUT during this first week we hurried by all these things on our way to the shops. This is the first inspiration of every American upon coming to Paris. It is the triumph of their commercial enterprise that the merchants and modistes of the place have imbued with the buying spirit every man and woman who visits it. I could not see that the shops presented any better or more attractive appearance than those of New York. This I have observed, however, that shops everywhere cater more to the extravagance and varied tastes of women than they do to the honest necessities of life. The difference between those in Paris and those at home is in the spirit of the people who serve in them. The sympathy, admiration and flattery of a Parisian shopgirl surpass anything of the kind known in America, where a "saleslady" is apt to give herself airs at your expense if you are not in a hurry to make your choice of a bargain. The sight of Peggy choosing her first frock at a fashionable modiste's in Paris was an occasion to be remembered. We were attended by two beautifully gowned shopgirls, each concerned to convince her that in that particular creation she was probably the most beautiful girl in France at that moment. She stood bemused between two mirrors, while a blonde girl knelt, studying the doubtful hem of the long train and another stood at a distance with her face rapt in an ecstasy and her hands raised like human accents as she exclaimed:

"Mon Dieu! but mademoiselle is a dream!"

Women show their weakness and strength in a queer way when they are contending with the desire to be beautiful at any cost. I sat watching Peggy's struggle with her decent upbringing and that indecently lovely gown. Jacob never wrestled harder with his angel than she did with her modesty. I reckon it is the occasion where many and many an American girl falls—sinks in the scale of things, I mean, to a mere sex valuation of herself. For this is certain—the more fashionable women's clothes are the more do they emphasize the physical at the expense of those virtues that should outlast all fashions.

"I just can't!" she sighed at last.

"I wouldn't, Peggy," I exclaimed. "You may be a dream in that dress, but you would never show to an



"Mademoiselle is a Dream!"

advantage morally in it. Dreams are irresponsible figments, neither moral nor immoral, merely unmoral. I'd stick to the American definition of womanhood, if I were you, and remain definitely moral."

We had many adventures that day, but none that startled my niece more than when she asked to see some silk hose. The clerk, who was a man this time, walked round the counter, bent his knees before Peggy, bowed his head low and inspected the stockings she had on.

"The kind you wear, mademoiselle, will be twelve francs," he announced nonchalantly, before she could recover from her indignant astonishment and kick him.

We left Paris at the end of two weeks and traveled leisurely about through France, which shone white and green and golden in the blond sunlight. We discovered that the people of the different provinces differed like separate nations, but all were touched with the same Latin brush. When you get to the real bottom of the contrast the women of Brittany do not differ so much from those of Normandy as does the cut of their caps. They are stingier, while those of Normandy are merely cleverer at getting sous, not at keeping them. We saw the beautiful old *châteaux* and admired the lonely, low, long-bodied cottages with their thatched roofs, hidden behind rows of Lombardy poplars and orchards and vineyards. The peasant women always manage to embolden themselves with some amazing dash of colors. They are often dirty, but never ragged. France must be the only country in the world where dirt and thrift go hand in hand. In America it is only the lazy and shiftless who submit to habitual filth, but in France your grand dame may have a dingy skin. A certain great lady of Paris, having engaged a peasant girl from one of the provinces as a nurse for her children, was advised by their English governess to see that the girl had a good tubbing.

"But," said madame, "it would kill her!"

The French housewife is always busy, apparently cleaning, but as a rule she never achieves that glistening, dustless orderliness common to the home of the average self-respecting American or English woman, to say nothing of the pluperfectly clean houses of the Dutch and the Germans. Part of this is due to the clutter of small objects in every French chamber and salon. These are always so full of ornaments, bric-à-brac, and so forth, that really there is no room for conversation. You must talk across tabourets, vases and little naked statues everywhere.

Contempt for American Frankness

WE WERE told over and over again upon our return to Paris that we could not judge the French by those we met and those we saw in public places. The real French people, our informants said, were away on their estates, and when they were at home they never mingled with the people, to say nothing of foreigners. In France the class that has the momentary advantage through the possession of wealth and power uses this to segregate itself and assume the airs of superiority that distinguish the same sort of persons in America, and everywhere else. But you may always judge a nation by the people who are most in evidence—the poor and the middle class. They are the majority. They retain and exemplify its real characteristics, while the exclusive class only resembles the same class in every other country. They are not national, but a sort of international dry rot with which we are all afflicted. We should not wish or expect America to be judged by her decadent idle rich, whose exclusiveness conceals many vices that the average citizen would never practice. The same is true in France. She is entitled to leave a better impression than her merely rich people give.

After our return to Paris we were some time in getting down to the study of the woman question. We found it very difficult to get any information, or rather Peggy did. In vain she struggled with the officials who had, or were supposed to have, the various statistics concerning social conditions at their tongues' ends. The trouble was that the French people are secretive, like little children with bad consciences. They not only do not wish to inform a stranger about their social conditions and subconditions, but they do all they can to mislead, hinder and confuse such insulting foreign curiosity. The French as a nation have a contempt for the frankness of Americans.

"It is foolish," said madame, our hostess, when Peggy complained of the reticence of the clerks in the Musée Social, where she had gone to find out something about the number of women who did this and that in France and where she was politely circumvented at every turn—"It is *plus* foolish to tell about ourselves. We do not do it. To be always, always speaking the truth like the Americans; to be giving ourselves away! It is like offering a diagram of your fortifications to the enemy. We do not commit that indiscretion, ma'mselle, even if we commit all the others!"

Still, Peggy went on painstakingly from one place to another, from one official to another. Later I shall set down some of the things she learned, but for the present I shall give some of my own impressions merely as an observer of the women of France, and of a few other things incidental to their condition. But you must bear this in mind: One candle always casts larger shadows and more of them than many candles. And the one taper mind does the same thing—makes fantastic, hobgoblin shadows of the impressions it receives. I have always thought that this is why the average passionate reformer is such a foolish, partial person. His little ego flame fluttering in the

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THE BRAND DOCTOR

By Rufus Steele

ILLUSTRATED BY P. V. E. IVORY

THE odds against a rustler dying of old age were always so long that mighty few men openly made rustling their profession, even in its best-paying days. Probably the census man never turned up one single professional who admitted it in all the Pacific states. It was a side line. Rustling was a more or less promising game for a man to hang to up to a certain point; beyond that point it was likely to hang him. Successful rustlers were men who could tell with some certainty which side of the point any bunch of horses or steers happened to be ranging on. It wasn't the danger alone that kept the rustling trade from being overcrowded—it was the fact that most of the men who rode the unfenced plains found it more natural to respect a brand than not to.

It was some kind of an accident usually that set a man to rustling; and certainly accidents of a violent kind made lots of men quit it. If the pedler hadn't come into my stable and nagged me, probably I never would have tampered with a brand or driven off an animal that didn't belong to me. In the same way, after the double accident to Jeff Cull's lower members years later, I knew my rustling days had come to a peaceful end. Rest in peace; that's all there was left for me to do—you see me doing it.

An Oregon mist had kept up all day. The road was heavy and nobody traveled who could put it off until tomorrow. I spent the day building an easy runway to get bales of hay down from the loft of my little public stable without having to use the rope and pulley.

He got in at mid-afternoon, this German pedler, cussing the weather and mostly the mud that clung to his tires like it wouldn't let the wheels go round.

"No man could done it but me!" said the pedler. "No man could got through dose bad places in the road mit a ton and a half of tribleblated kettles and pans in the wagon—no man but me, what knows horses and how for to drive like me. Ernst and Yake is fine horses; but some other man, now, he could not pull it through even mit dot Ernst and Yake. You now—you never could. Ain't it? I know dot Ernst and Yake like they was men already; I know what they think even. I know them horses anywhere in the world, if they was painted green even. Such varts they have on the legs! In the dark even I know them by the feel."

The Pedler Who Knew it All

NOW what could a foreign pedler know about horses? He drove a good team of bays and he overfed them till they weighed two hundred more than roadhorses ought to weigh. When I went up in the loft to shoot a bale of oat-hay down the new slide the pedler kept right on talking, only this time he wasn't telling me how much he knew about the horses—he was telling Ernst and Yake how much more he knew about horses than a country stable buck ever could learn. I took a good while to find the right bale and let him run off at the head until he was through. Of course, maybe he didn't know I could hear his gab. When I came down he says:

"Ernst and Yake is fed. Where do I get mine eatings yet?"

"You get your rolled oats when I go to the shack and cook it," I told him.

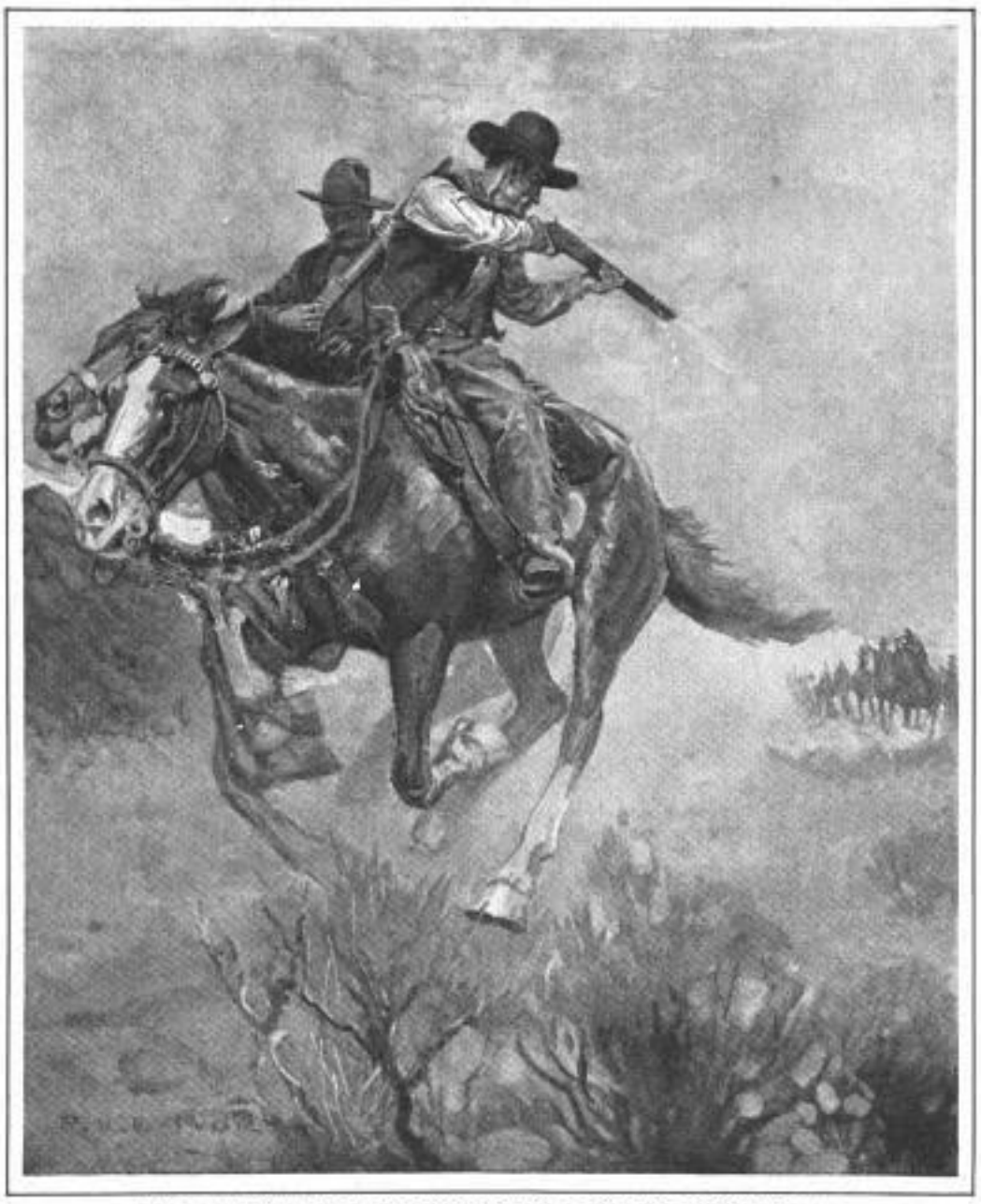
"And dot is ven?"

"That is when I get this new hayslide finished. I find I didn't build it strong enough today—not by a good deal."

The pedler, being hungry, offered to help me and I let him. I let him help me drag in long scantlings and nail them underneath to strengthen the slide, and other scantlings to stand upright for braces; and last of all we nailed heavy cleats across all the way up the slide, though the pedler said: "What fools! Dot bale of hay could as easy slide up as down mit dese cleats on!"

In the morning the pedler's horses were gone. Ernst and Yake had been stolen. *"Mein Gott! Mein Gott!"* the pedler wept; and he was near crazy with anger and sorrow. The mist had changed to a downpour that would wipe out any track a horsethief would allow his prizes to leave along the way. We telephoned the sheriff, forty miles away, and gave him the brand and color. When we could find no trace of the big hoofs on the road in either direction the pedler thought the thieves must have fled up the river. So I locked the stable tight—to protect the hayloft; my own horses were at a stack in the corral—and we took saddle horses and a pack animal, and loaded up with guns and ammunition, and went into the rough, roadless country up the river. It was no use; every track we found proved old and a false scent. We came home worn out at the end of the third day. That night somebody stole some of the pedler's tins from his wagon. Next day he was ready to move on at any cost if he could only find a way to move. He must have a new Ernst and Yake. Couldn't I—wouldn't I take pity on a poor pedler and find a good span of horses that he could buy? I was willing to do my best and in the afternoon I sent for him to come to the stable to see a team of roadsters. They were bays, like Ernst and Yake, but a good hundred pounds lighter. Ernst and Yake had long manes, short bushy tails, warts on the legs, long teeth; and each had a white hind foot. The new span had roached manes, long, thin tails, all brown feet, short teeth, and clean legs, free of warts. The pedler's horses were branded with a small "D"; each of these was a "BB." The pedler, being a judge of horses, examined their limbs, hoofs and mouths, and estimated by the teeth that they were several years younger than the horses he had lost. He admitted they were in better shape for hard roadwork than his own lamented team, and cheerfully paid me three hundred and fifty dollars for the span. The pedler had got back his smile as he drove away.

It was Ernst and Yake he bought back from me! Four days in the loft without a mouthful of hay had reduced them nicely. Trimming down the teeth with the chain cutter was almost as easy as roaching the manes. Pulling out some of the hair of the bushy tails made the tails seem longer. A dark stain took the white stockings off the hind feet. The warts on the legs were not difficult—since boyhood I had known how to use the acid so that no part of a wart remained after two days—and no sore, either. "Hair branding" had changed the small "D" each horse wore to "BB"; with a knifeblade I had plucked out hair so as to form the new letters and curled the edges just like the iron had curled the hair in the original brand. In completing a nice job I had even made small barbed-wire scars by using a little acid, but the pedler overlooked these. Months later the hair brand would grow fainter, the hind feet whiter, the manes longer. The pedler might then jump to conclusions from his reading of the signs; some day he would pull up his team with a jerk, get down and go over his horses a square inch at a time. Then he would find those barbed-wire scars, such as Ernst and Yake never had; and the unchanging scars would wipe that mean suspicion out of his mind.



I Peppered Away Fast Enough for Us Both and Got Two of Their Horses

At one time I was punching for the Flying Circle when we moved to the Green Valley Range for the rodeo. Green Valley was considered about the safest range in the country. It was forty miles long, ten miles wide; and you couldn't get stock into it or out of it except at the ends. There was always a lookout at each end, so the outfits that grazed the valley never bothered their heads about rustlers. Rustlers weren't committing suicide, they said. The Flying Circle cattle were all in the lower end of the valley. The boss got us busy and we ironed a lot of our calves that there couldn't be any dispute about while waiting for the other outfits to come along. The boss was also the owner. The funny way I saw him looking at some unbranded heifers belonging to another outfit one day set me thinking. When he was standing by the branding fire alone I spurred out and dropped my rope on one of the heifers and dragged it in to the fire.

"Just having a little fun," I sung out to the boss. "Brought you a nice heifer to have ironed."

The Ironing Process

I SAT still in the saddle looking at him. With a single movement I could swish my rope loose and let the heifer go tearing off through the sage. I made as if to swish my rope and said to the boss: "This one ought to be worth a ten spot." He gave me a straight look then. I didn't swish the rope—not until ten minutes later—for the boss said: "Yes, Lengthy; I'll give you a ten spot for that one and for every one you bring in without starting a rumpus." He yanked his iron out of the coals and went over to the critter, while I took a short turn round the horn and looked the other way.

A little river ran straight down the valley. The rodeo always moved up the west side, branding everything under a year old according to the mark on the cow it followed; then crossed the river and worked down the east side. The day after the heifer episode I was bitten by a scorpion, and the boss told me to head for the home ranch and take care of myself. When I was out of sight of the outfit the scorpion bite got well. I circled and got up river ahead of the rodeo. I rode the range and cut out yearlings that had missed the last branding, until I had fifty of them. I put in a busy day making the bunch swim the river to the east side and a busy week keeping them in hand.

When I was sure the rodeo had passed by I crossed the restless young critters back to the west side and took my time ironing them with the flying circle—the boss' brand. Being just an ordinary puncher, of course I wasn't in the habit of inviting suspicion by loping round with a branding iron dangling from my saddle strings. Instead, I was

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getting a corn on my ankle from an iron ring that nestled down inside my bootleg—an iron ring filed to a sharp outer edge so it would make a clean mark and not blotch. I would rope a calf and drag it up to the fire, then snake the ring out of the coals and handle it by thrusting two green willow sticks through and twisting the ends—a simple enough trick with practice.

Handling half a hundred yearlings all by myself was a slick and risky thing to do—maybe that's why I was willing to take a chance at it. I didn't care so much about the five hundred dollars the boss slipped me when I told him that next visit he would find fifty head more than he expected wearing his brand in Green Valley. I gave every dollar of the money to a monte game in Cheyenne in one night—I remember a woman was throwing the cards.

. . . . . .

"Broomtail" Bowen took me in as his pardner. His nickname was a mighty good one, for when he wasn't rustling cattle he was rustling broomtail mustangs. "Broomtail" Bowen could do more funny things about brands and still contrive to keep up his standing in the range country and his friendship with the sheriff than any man I ever knew. I woke up to him when he played a game on a horsewrangler named Naylor. This Naylor lived at his ranch-house twenty miles from the railroad. He had a dozen horses in the barn-corral and seven of them were horses of good breeding. One night seven horses disappeared from the corral—the seven good ones.

So many bands of horses were being moved over the roads that Naylor gave up trying to track the rustler. Instead, he made for the railroad station, where horses were being shipped to Ogden and Kansas City, and got himself a front seat on the fence so as to size up every horse that took the runway into a car. Naylor's forty-five was in nice working order. He didn't find his horses; he didn't even see any horses like them except some in a bunch of twenty that were trotted through the chute just as the horsetrain was due to pull out. Naylor's lost animals carried his iron "TN." The horses that resembled his were "JM." His brand might have been enlarged into the other with a running iron, but even the lightest running iron makes a sore that doesn't heal in two days. Yet those were his stolen horses that Naylor watched a squint-eyed man yipyip up the runway into the car.



Handling Half a Hundred Yearlings All by Myself Was a Slick and Risky Thing to Do

"Broomtail" Bowen's Little Game

HAIR branding! The slickest I had ever seen. I found out that the squint-eye was "Broomtail" Bowen of the Horseshoe cow outfit. In a couple of days I showed up at Horseshoe headquarters and took on at punching. I was sent out to join Bowen. "What's your shine?" he asked me—meaning was I best with my rope or what.

"Hair branding," I answered him—and that was about the last thing a sane man would confess in the range country.

"What's your name?" asked "Broomtail" Bowen, trying to find out whether I was crazy.

"Pardner!" I told him, smiling.

"All right, pardner," he said, taking in the situation like the sensible man he was; "but hair branding isn't any good off a horse range, and this happens to be a cow ranch. However, maybe we can find some other method just as good."

We did. Last summer was our busy season—"Broomtail" Bowen's and mine. We looked after the outer rim of the range—just us two. We would down a critter that wore the horseshoe and rebrand, making "O" out of the horseshoe and tacking on "H" to make "OH." We used care in setting the iron to the critter through a wet barley sack, turning out a beautiful brand with the raised skin and curled hair edges—that would heal completely in a week! It might not last more than three months, but we only asked it to last three weeks.

At the roundup, when the owners were on hand to boss the cutting out for beef sales, our punchers brought in more than a hundred head that carried this "OH" brand. One of our owners showed a circular letter from a stranger outfit two counties away asking that a lookout be kept for a big bunch of strays. The iron they gave was "OH." Our owners were strictly square; and when the roundup was over they sent Bowen and me to take the strays home. We took them to a distant railroad station and shipped them into the city, where they brought a good price.

Bowen was a real rope artist. Nothing he shot his loop at ever got away. When we left the Horseshoe outfit we put in a season rustling horses. We had three carloads of "tops" within half a day of the railroad when the sheriff of the county rode into camp. It took Bowen about a minute to find out that the officer was on the trail of half the bunch we were keeping in a near-by cañon until the rebranding sores healed. "Broomtail" and the sheriff sat round the fire most of the night discussing ways to nail the rustlers and recover the horses. Bowen was a most ingenious man, with many bright ideas. Before they rolled over in the blankets the sheriff had persuaded him to join in the chase and had sworn him in as a deputy. After breakfast they were off for a three days' trip back into the mountains, where Bowen led along a fresh trail made plainly by a band of horses being moved in a hurry. They overtook the band, routed the rustlers after some poor shooting, in which nobody was hit, and captured a nice bunch of stolen mustangs. The sheriff said they were not the band he was trailing, but he knew by the brand that they were horses with a reward hanging over them; so he was satisfied. He and Bowen drove the horses home and divided the reward. Bowen was glad to have been of assistance to the sheriff, and while he kept the officer busy in the mountains I slipped the three carloads of horseflesh out of our cañon and safely aboard a train for St. Louis.

When we separated "Broomtail" Bowen changed the scene of operations. He gathered a few horses here and a few there and was trying to keep them covered until he could ship. He had the animals in a corral in the woods that he rented from a half-witted fellow when he learned that the sheriff was on his trail. Bowen was a humorist. He called the half-wit out and said to him:

"I've got to go away for a day and I want you to look after my horses. If anybody comes snooping round here and wants to know who owns them just say that you do—that you are in full charge." Then Bowen changed counties.

Next morning the sheriff rode up and said: "Fine bunch of horses—whose are they?"

"All mine," declared the looney—"I'm in full charge."

The sheriff flashed his gun.

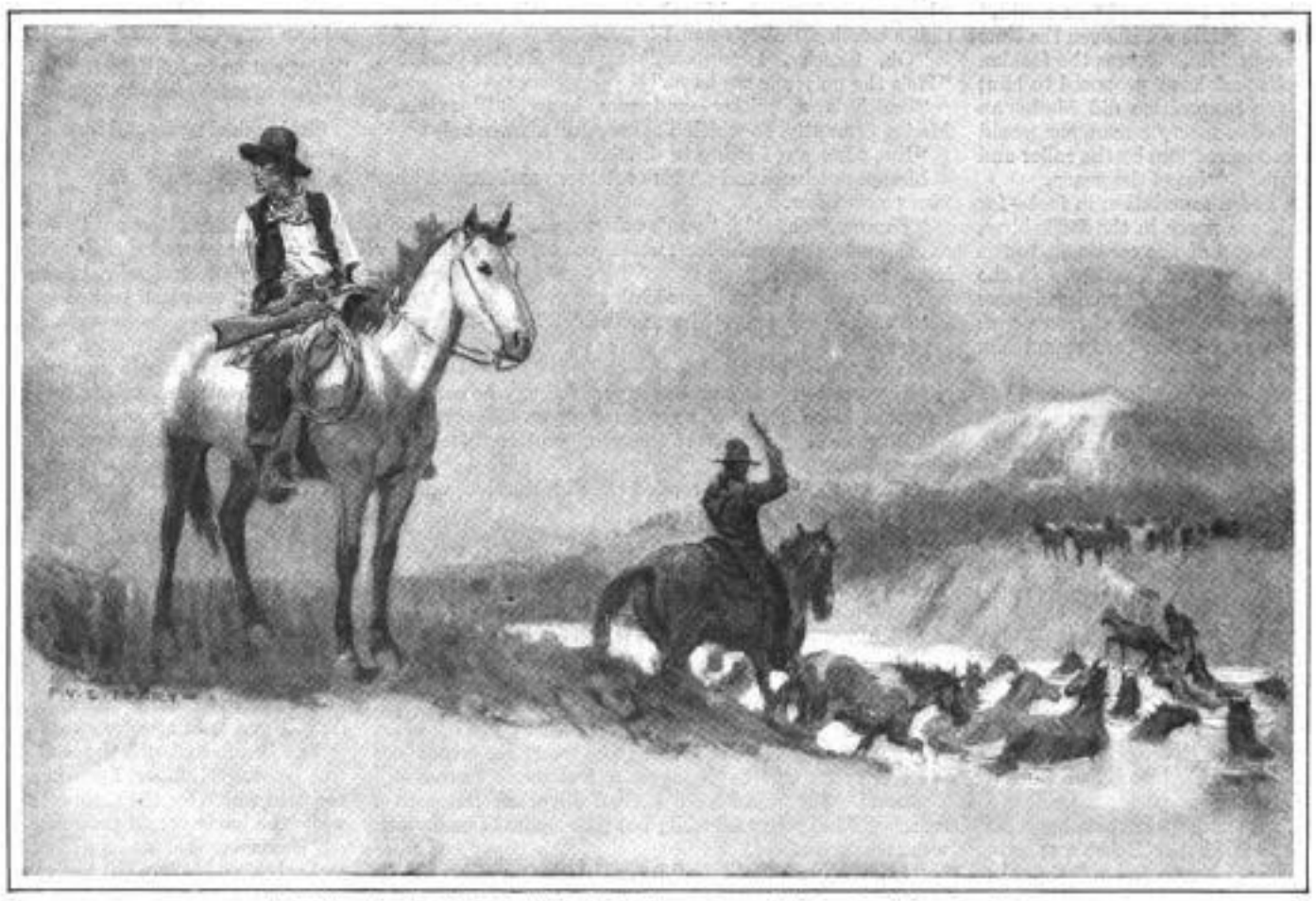
"You are the man I'm looking for!" he hollered. "Put out your wrists for the cuffs!"

A Lightning-Change Artist

FATE plays jokes on the rustler just the same as on people who don't have to step so lively in making a living. Fate played it low on me once when I was getting out of the state with a pardner to set up elsewhere. No man likes to go to a new range without taking along something to show; so we had gone on to the grazing lands and gathered up twenty head of good saddle stock, every one branded with a "U." We were almost out of the state when my pardner, who had doubled on the back trail to see whether there were any signs of life, caught up and reported that a posse was coming along about ten miles behind. Our hope of avoiding trouble lay in doing some fancy hair branding and doing it mighty quick.

We got our horses into some outfit's old night corral and began to use our ropes and then our pocketknives. We plucked, snipped and curled hair the fastest we had ever done until every one of those "U" brands read "4." The job would answer if the posse weren't sure they were on the right trail and would be satisfied to inspect the brand as they loped by—in case they overtook us. We got out of the old corral and hustled the band

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Watching the Back Trail While My Pardner Stampeded the Band Into the Water

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MADGE FIREBOOT'S HUSBAND

By PHILIP CURTISS

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

WHEN Madge Fireboot married Arthur Stone the great world simply lay back and gasped; the little world, which aped the great, gasped twice; while the tiny worlds which radiated in all directions from the other two fairly wriggled with emotion. It was a tremendous upheaval in the ocean of society, that sent its waves and circles through bay and harbor until it was finally reflected, by rockings and shakings, in every little creek and inlet on tidewater.

It was not that there was anything the matter with Arthur Stone—in fact, that was just where the wonder lay; for, if Madge Fireboot had come home, some evening, with an Austrian riding master, an aviator, or the leader of the Black Hand for a husband, society would simply have settled back complacently with an "I told you so!" attitude and reflected how nice it was for proper spheres to fit into each other.

For Madge was a dynamite bomb, a lyddite shell, a cordite cartridge in a society of naturally high explosives. As a hoyden of a child she startled a community not easily startled by galloping madly and wild-haired through its streets. She played baseball with boys long after such things were considered decorous, and when other maidens were politely introduced to society she entered with a running broad jump, the momentum of which carried her name over half the telegraph lines of the United States, and acquired such a reputation for her that when the society columns could think of nothing else to do they printed her picture in every costume, from ball gowns to bathing suits, with plates that were kept in stock for emergencies.

Madge, in short, was the kind of girl who was destined to elope with either a chauffeur or a royal duke. An intermediate destiny did not enter into the range of possibilities.

So when, one day, quiet, unobtrusive little cards appeared, announcing her marriage to Mr. Arthur Brainbridge Stone, of Chester, Massachusetts, society gulped and then asked who in the world he was! In due course of time he appeared, not with one of Madge's wild leaps, but quietly, naturally, officially—like a new postman—and entered into his duties as Madge Fireboot's husband.

He didn't shoot—much; though Madge shot better than most men. He didn't swim—much; though Madge could do double dives off the raft with the youngsters. He didn't drink—much; though most of the men of Madge's world took their meals after the manner of a chaser. He was big, but without the bigness that convinces; he was good-looking because he wasn't bad-looking; and when he talked it was as if to say: "My little body is aweary of this world."

Where Madge got him was a puzzle which even the time and the place could not quite explain. It was the fashion to say that Madge herself must have proposed to him; though, to tell the truth, the supposition did Madge an injustice—for, had she wanted to marry a man, she would not have proposed to him, but seized him by the collar and marched him off to the nearest justice of the peace.

In short, this latter idea had a foundation in fact—for three months before, at a house party in the Berkshires, Madge, who leaped from one end of the continent to the other, like a glorified grasshopper, had seen Stone in the corner watching the world with pathetic, bewildered gaze; and, breaking through the perpetual circle of men which surrounded her, she had wound a silken cord round him and tethered him in matrimony.

Meantime the entire masculine half of the Beach, which, in the end, half expected to marry its ex-playmate, looked on aghast and mourned for the waste of Madge's talents.

"Here come Mr. and Mrs. Madge Fireboot!" whimsically remarked Tom Taylor as he and Lorimer strolled listlessly along the boardwalk after dinner and the trim, aggressive figure of Madge, with the bulking, uncertain outline of her husband, loomed out of the darkness. It was typical of the two that, whereas Madge had not even a wrap over her evening gown and the wind was blowing her hair every which way, her husband was wound gloomily in a huge tweed coat, while a golf cap surmounted the big black cigar that was apparently the only instrument on which he performed with any aptitude.

Married life, however, had not changed perceptibly Madge's range of activities; and, exactly as of old, she fell into line arm in arm with Taylor, while Lorimer followed at a distance with the silent partner.

"Tommy," said Madge, who had always acted as a sort of power behind the throne in all the Beach's sporting activities and apparently continued to do so, "whom are you going to play against Longmouth tomorrow?"



When the Society Columns Could Think of Nothing Else to Do They Printed Her Picture

"You know that Mercer broke his collarbone at Point Judith?" asked Taylor, who talked to Madge exactly as he would to a trainer.

"Yes, I do know it," replied Madge decisively. "And who goes in instead of him? You haven't got anybody that's worth a tinker's dam!"

"Oh, Smithy, I suppose," replied Taylor wearily. "He's the only one we have."

"Smithy's a quitter—and you know it!" rejoined Madge promptly, to which Taylor could answer only:

"But what am I going to do?"

Madge put her hand on his coatsleeve and turned him, face toward her.

"Tommy," she said, "you've always said you would do anything in the world for me. I want you to play my husband tomorrow."

Taylor gave a long, low whistle.

"Can he play polo?" he asked. "Where—where has he done it?"

Madge shook her head.

"Never mind where he has played. I say he can do it and that is enough!" she replied sharply.

"But, Madge," protested the team captain, "he hasn't any ponies."

"I have the mounts," replied the girl, unrelenting. "I want him to play."

Taylor looked dazed.

"Holy smoke, Madge!" he replied. "I only wish you could play yourself. You could have any place you wanted all season."

But Madge refused to be flattered.

"He knows more about the game in two minutes than I do in two years," was her answer.

"I don't believe it."

"Are you going to let him play or aren't you?" asked Madge, refusing to leave the main issue. "Yes or no!"

Used as he was to Madge's ultimatums, Taylor still hesitated. He would have burned down his house in a minute if Madge had asked it; but polo against Longmouth was another matter!

"I tell you what I'll do," he said at last. "I've got to play Smithy at least part of the time, because I've promised him; but if your husband is down at the field in his clothes, and the game goes right, I'll put him in for at least two periods."

And that ended the conversation, for the footsteps of its subject clumped perilously near on the boardwalk.

At that minute, back in the darkness, Stone was saying to Lorimer:

"Look at that! Did you ever see anything like it?"

"What?" asked Lorimer in listless curiosity.

"That faint gray line on the horizon. You can always catch it on the sea at just this hour. It looks almost as if the day were coming up and night were just as long as the distance from east to west."

"Oh, piffle!" muttered Lorimer within him.

. . . . . .

True to the promise which she had exacted, Madge sent her ponies to the polo field the following afternoon; and as the crowds began drifting into the grounds she sprang lightly from the motor which she always drove herself and, followed by her husband, took up a position inside the ropes in the exact center of the field, while the early spectators looked curiously at the brown boots that projected from under the greatcoat of her husband and the neckscarf that suggested that other than conventional attire was worn beneath.

Time was called to the minute; and immediately the rustling hum of conversation, the chug of motors and the moving picture of people that had been filling the sidelines gave way to dead silence, broken only by the click of the ball, the patter of the ponies' feet and an occasional shout from one player to another. Up and down in mad rushes surged the game, in whirlwind gallops, while bits of turf shot out behind; and the audience rose and sat in bursts and subsidings of excitement. The game was going with the Beach team; and Madge watched with jealous eyes the sharp, accurate work of Smith, who always played well when his team was winning.

"Just wait until some pony gets the legs of him!" she muttered to her husband, who was sitting with feet stretched out on the grass beside her, puffing the inevitable cigar and apparently watching a faint pink line over the low hills to the west, where the sunset was beginning to look autumnlike for the first time of the year. He did not answer, and she glanced toward him with a queer motherly look that the Beach had never seen.

"What are you thinking about, infant?" she asked.

Her husband laughed—a big, deep-throated chuckle.

"I was trying to think," he said whimsically, "what lines come just ahead of '"The night is fine," the Walrus said. "Do you admire the view?"'"

His wife laughed with him. Her active little mind seldom forgot anything, and she supplied:

"'But not on us,' the Oysters said, and turned a little blue. 'After so much kindness that would be a dismal thing to do.'"

She laughed again and together they finished it in chorus:

"'The night is fine,' the Walrus said. 'Do you admire the view?'"

"But what has that got to do with polo?" asked Madge.

Her husband smiled and turned back to the sunset; but his wife's glance rested pettingly on him a minute longer, she reached over and turned up the collar of his coat.

"Remember—you haven't any sweater on, dear," she said, "and it's pretty crisp for September."

Half a dozen people on the sidelines behind them saw the movement and smiled; but immediately the attention of the entire field was absorbed in the game, which had taken a new and exciting turn; for the Longmouth players, after allowing a couple of easy scores, had suddenly made a fluke goal, which braced them into fighting trim—and at the moment they were simply running away with the Beach. Madge leaped to one knee and crouched there, quivering with excitement—just as you have seen the substitutes do along the sidelines at a football game—her mouth drawn tense and her eyes watching every stroke.

Though the game had been strung up to concert pitch, Taylor was apparently equal to the occasion; and with a few daring strokes himself, just to give his men confidence, and with a few quiet orders, he smoothed his team into its gait and held his opponents.

The Beach had still the lead of a goal, and Smith, who was playing Number Two, began a magnificent carry up the field which for the moment put the ball out of danger, while the home crowd shouted.

"Heavens, what a carry!" yelled an excitable man in a motor behind Madge; but the latter snorted contemptuously to her husband.

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"He isn't doing it!" she muttered. "It's Tommy Taylor feeding the ball out to him. He hasn't got the nerve to go into the scrimmage after it!" For, like few other people on the field, she knew that it was not the spectacular playing of Smith that was holding the game, but the quiet commands of the captain, who was ruling his men as if he held every one of them at the end of a string.

Better than any one in the game, she knew and appreciated the mind that was working and directing in that sweating, pushing mass of men and horses—knowing just when to encourage, just when to signal and just where to aim; for, odd as it was, a mind like that was the one thing she valued most of anything she knew.

Poor, gallant little Wildfire, that was her real secret; and, unformed as it might be, even in her own mind, it was the whole basis of her devotion to her crude, queer husband. The one thing she lacked in this world was the power of original, constructive thought; and consequently that was the one thing she regarded with simple and whole-hearted adoration.

You can see the thing work out in everything, from crusades to selling carpets. You find great, grizzled veterans, who could squeeze their officers to death in each hand, following beardless boys just out of school—and doing it gladly, without question. You find men who can draw a page like a steel engraving working in perfect faith for men who can hardly write their own names legibly, much less draw a straight line. It is simply that the men with bodies and hands fall back inevitably upon those who can see what has been, who see what is now, and who know, by the instinct of intellect, what is going to be. In her way, Madge was very much a leader; but she was a leader like Mad Anthony Wayne, who would storm hell if necessary—but required some one else to plan the attack. The only reason that people didn't see the truth in Madge and her husband was that one was a man and the other a woman—such a woman!

Still crouching, with tense lips, Madge watched the rushing game through the second period and into the third. She saw Taylor's system build itself up inch by inch and then go to pieces in a flash by sheer force of riding from the other team. His quiet, easy words of command had pulled the Beach out of one crisis, but another of a different sort now rose and the system began to lose its effect, like a stimulant too mild; for Longmouth was a big, hard-riding team, on very fast ponies—poor on the turns, but hopelessly outclassing its opponents on a straight run down the field. So long as the ball was kept in scrimmage and the play tied in a knot, the Beach could dribble all round the big fellows; but the landslide had started the other way and the fifteen-hand ponies were tearing into their opponents like battering-rams. Keen, accurate, billiard-like player that he was, Taylor was not the man to face this kind of crisis. It needed a leader of bigger stamp.

Following with her eyes the maddened rushes up the field, Madge suddenly caught sight of her husband—and her heart leaped within her. He had risen to his feet, watching the game; his fists were jammed into his pockets; his head was bent almost to a crouch, while the big jaw that every one thought so ugly was set in a shape that was positively brutal. Fascinated, she looked at him again and again. She knew! She knew!

The rushes of the Longmouth battering-ram were growing harder and harder, while the Beach's defense was tearing like paper. Disconsolate, but thrilled, the audience gasped and then broke into a cheer as one final rush, one final effort, sent the ball over the line.

At the same moment, halfway down the field, three or four men and half a dozen stable boys were jumping over the boards—for out on the turf a pony lay kicking and rolling, while Taylor's white form lay motionless a dozen feet away. Before help reached him, however, he was on his feet, holding his hand in pain to his side.



He Gave One of Those Rifle-Shot Strokes of His

"Oh, thunder!" exclaimed Madge. "It's that rib of his again."

She had had too many spills herself to be greatly frightened by them, and she regarded the arms and legs of the players about as she did those of her horses and dogs.

The pony rolled once more and rose to its feet, shaking itself until the stirrups rattled, while a man slipped Taylor's arm over his shoulder and helped him, limping, to the sidelines. The first person he met was Madge, who was up with the stable boys.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," he said, grinning through his pain. "I'm done for this match. Can your husband go in?"

"Are you hurt much, Tommy?" asked the girl; but, before he had time to reply, "No—not very much," she was waving frantically for her grooms at the end of the field, where her ponies were stationed.

"Come on, infant!" she said, turning to her husband; and listlessly the big man turned and followed her.

"Give me Boxer," she said to the groom. "I want something heavy." And while her husband slipped out of his coat she waved the man aside and slipped a knowing finger under the pony's girth as she tightened it.

Stone grasped a mallet, twirled it once or twice and then approached the pony—his wife holding the stirrup—and clambered aboard. She regarded him with a critical eye.

"Your leather's too long," she snapped; and as her husband drew his foot from the stirrup she gave the strap a pull, jerked it up a couple of holes and yanked it back into place, repeating the operation on the other side, while half the grandstand smiled and two grooms, leaning over under pretense of squeezing a sponge, winked at each other.

"Now go it!" she said, hitting the pony a slap on the flank and sending him galloping into the field.

Any game slackens somewhat after an accident, and this one was no exception; so the period finished with no further scoring. In the next, however, the Longmouth men, eager to pursue their advantage, opened again with their sledge-hammer tactics—and no one was surprised when they drove a goal soon after the throw-in. Tommy Taylor, sitting with Madge in her old place on the turf, positively writhed with anguish.

"Either Lorimer or Smithy could hit all round them if he chose," he complained; "but those chaps have simply got their goat. They're sliding downhill. I couldn't stop it when I was in the game—and goodness knows what'll happen now!"

But Madge was on her feet with a little cry. The big Longmouth Number Two had taken the ball again and pounded it down the field in one of his great, ground-gaining strokes, while both teams were racing for it as fast as their ponies could leap. Lorimer, the Back, looked anxiously at his own goal and edged toward it; while McDermott, the Number One, followed after the field. Smith, as Number Two, was racing for the ball with the man who had hit it, while Stone and two Longmouth men completed the galloping mass. Twenty yards from the ball Smith and the Longmouth Number Two were neck and neck; but the visitor, contemptuously throwing over his pony's neck, crowded the Beach man out of the way.

An exultant yell arose from the Longmouth captain, but the next minute the winning rider saw the neck of a big brown pony loom up beside him; there was a squash of horseflesh and he felt himself forced aside like a leaf in an eddy, while Stone, reaching over his own pony's neck, sent the ball singing up the field in a raising backhander that cracked like a rifle. Three ponies were jerked into the air, three ponies clamped their hind legs to the ground and, turning on a penny, leaped away for the race back after the ball.

Stone shoved his helmet down over his eyes.

"Rough it up! That's what they need!" he said in a hoarse voice to McDermott as he passed him; and the little Irishman, who had been waiting to hear that all the afternoon, nodded gleefully and dug his blunt spurs into his pony, riding off the first man he saw, on general principles.

Stone watched him do it and grinned.

"Get after that Back and stick to him like a bur," he muttered as they galloped near each other. And from that minute at least two of the Beach team were playing together.

The effect of the sudden change in tactics was so electrical that even the sidelines felt it, and excited murmurs began to run up and down; but the fast ponies of Longmouth were still on the winning streak and another goal was pushed in before the period ended, though not without a good deal of scrimmaging.

There was a dead silence as the two teams lined up for the fifth period, broken by a sudden yell as the ball rolled on to the field. Astonished, the Longmouth Number One missed it; and, before any one knew what was happening, little McDermott was scurrying down the field all alone, Stone galloping madly behind him.

Diagonally across the field, riding easily, came the Longmouth Back, expecting that McDermott, like a proper Number One, would leave the ball to the other man and try to clear the Back out of the way; but, instead, just before the Back reached the line of attack, there was a rush and a plunge, and Stone was on him like a landslide, while little McDermott scuttled the ball all the way through the goalposts.

With the score three to two in favor of Longmouth and no penalties, both teams rose up for a whirlwind finish. Realizing that there was again a leader in command, Lorimer was defending his goal right and left, while Stone,

(Continued on Page 41)



She Waved the Man Aside and Slipped a Knowing Finger Under the Pony's Girth as She Tightened It

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THE CROOKED DEAL

By Harris Dickson

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. CHAMBERS

Ole Reliable Advertises a Hero Who Couldn't Stand the Gaff

Part II

DECKLIGHTS glowed dimly and foghorns gasped out their strangling cry. In a raincoat, gray as the night, Colonel Spottiswoode had been leaning against the rail where the mist blew in until it sheathed him with silver like a fine white frost.

When the big gambler approached Colonel Spottiswoode with that demand for a division of winnings it was too dark for him to see the flush that overspread the Southerner's face. Neither did Cap Wright know the other man well enough to realize the danger in which he stood. The Colonel remembered distinctly that it was on Cap's deals that he had made various lucky draws, but never once supposed it to be anything more sinister than a caprice of the cards. It was well for both men that Spottiswoode did not understand, that he had to stop and think—well that he got control of his temper before muscles and tongue began! Zack came shuffling aimlessly around the corner and stopped. He saw the Colonel facing the big man, standing with both hands behind his back as if afraid he might be tempted to use them. Zack sidled up closer and heard Cap Wright say: "Me and Joe couldn't figure out how you happened to let that sucker get off with a six-hundred-dollar pot."

The Colonel spoke; and Zack knew from his suppressed tones that something active was going to take place. "I don't understand you. How did I let the sucker get away?"

Cap felt easier—his man was beginning to talk hoss sense—and he warmed up. "It was just this way: that was the only trick we turned where you made a good scoop that I did not deal. You remember how I dealt you an ace to fill, a seven to make fours, two flushes under the whip and always had some good hands out against 'em."

The Southerner flinched—each item in the account was perfectly true. He clasped his hands tightly behind him and let Cap go on.

"That young fellow Shields don't know a thing about cards; he never watches nobody. Joe fixed 'em up and I slipped him a cold deck; that's how you got the king-full against Eaton's jack-full. We expected you to hit him for his stack; he was drinkin' and bettin' wild."

"You infernal scoundrel!" Colonel Spottiswoode spoke under his breath, but there was no mistaking what he said and no doubt that he meant it. Zack edged nearer. "You common thief! You ——"

Cap Wright needed the hide of a rhinoceros; he was so accustomed to being denounced; but the suddenness of this surprised him into a movement toward his pocket.

Quicker than thought the Colonel grasped both of his wrists. "No, you don't—not on me!"

"Cunnel, Cunnel, he's got a knife!—got a knife!" Zack called from behind.

Colonel Spottiswoode held Cap's wrists firmly and whispered: "You stand still! Zack, chuck that knife in the creek." Overboard went a long knife in a leather sheath. "Now feel his pockets."

Zack searched diligently. "Ain't got nothin' else, Cunnel."

The big gambler breathed heavily; he would have been no match for a seasoned bear hunter who could sit his saddle for a week. Before the Colonel released Cap's wrists they had a one-sided talk, but mighty straight. "Don't you leave this deck until I come back. Zack, watch this door and holler if he tries to come in. I'll hear you."

"Yas, suh, Cunnel." Zack's teeth gleamed and his eyes showed white, like a runaway mustang, as he looked at the bulky Cap. "I'll sho holler."

Spottiswoode, without another glance at Cap, turned inside and vanished down the grand staircase. He strode back to the poker game, which was still running five-handed, stepped abruptly into the room and left the door open.

Except for Joe Sloan, the men were all losers, playing for even; and Joe was playing to win. That made a tight game and no sociability. The players scarcely noticed his entrance. Shields flung down a worthless hand.

"Well, Mr. Spottiswoode, have you come back to get the rest of our chips?" he said pleasantly. "Sit in."

"No, thank you; I won't play." The Colonel dropped into a vacant chair and pushed back his hat. With one hand he pulled out his wad of money and with the other stopped Reifenstein from dealing. "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, for interrupting you; but this game is crooked ——"

"Crooked!" exclaimed Shields. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say—the game is crooked! Sit down and don't get excited."

Both Italians nervously stuck their money into their pockets and hung over the table as the Colonel announced: "I have seven hundred and eighty-five dollars which doesn't belong to me ——"

"What!" they ejaculated in one breath—then looked at each other suspiciously.

"It has been a swindle, you say?" Reifenstein spoke quite deliberately; laying aside the cards he arose and stood with his left hand resting on the table. "May I inquire who is the swindler? Who has the money?"

"I have the money—here it is."

"But I do not understand," the German said with a wrinkled brow and his gaze concentrated upon the American.

Joe Sloan kept his mouth shut, but a pocket opened and his money disappeared somewhere. He fidgeted away from the table and glanced toward the door. Why didn't Cap come back? It took Cap to handle an awkward holler.

"Mr. Shields," asked the Colonel, "would you mind telling me how much you are loser?"

"Certainly not." Shields rapidly ran over his banknotes and little stack of sovereigns. "I have been doing better lately; I am one hundred and twenty dollars loser."

The Colonel set down these figures. "And you, Count Castle—Cass ——"

"Castelleone!" The Italian supplied his name with emphasis.

"And you, Count Castelleone, how much are you the loser?"

There was no need for the Italian to recount his money. After every pot he knew exactly how he stood. "I have lost fifty-two sovereigns, sir."

"Say two hundred and sixty dollars—I understand that better. And you, Signore Torreale?"

"Five hundred and forty-five dollars," that gentleman promptly responded.

The Baron von Reifenstein had been figuring his cash. Now he volunteered quietly: "I lose two hundred and ninety dollars."

The Colonel footed up these items. "That makes twelve hundred and fifteen dollars. I am winner seven hundred and eighty-five dollars, which leaves four hundred and thirty dollars to be accounted for."

He stepped to the door and called: "Zack! Zack! Go at once and find Mr. Eaton; and say to him I shall be greatly obliged if he will come to this room at once."

While Zack was gone the Colonel turned to Joe Sloan and asked abruptly:

"How do you stand, sir?"

Joe answered straight. "Sixty dollars winner."

The Colonel put that down. "That leaves three hundred and seventy dollars between Mr. Eaton and the man you call Captain Wright." And Joe Sloan squirmed at the way the Colonel said "Captain."



"Jholy, Missy, You is Heerd 'Bout Cunnel's Shootin'!"

Zack returned in a few moments. "Mr. Eaton say he's tolable tired tonight an' don't reckon he'll come back here for a while."

The Colonel arose. "I think he will come," he said, and went out of the door. Within five minutes he reëntered behind Mr. Eaton. "Now, Mr. Eaton, I should be pleased to know how you stood in this game."

"Well," remarked the other languidly, "I think I won something in the neighborhood of two hundred and eighty dollars."

"Exactly how much?"

"Exactly that; beastly nuisance!" And Eaton turned to go.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Eaton; don't hurry off—we want to settle up this game."

"The game is already settled as far as I am concerned," Eaton responded.

"But not so far as I am concerned." He added up the figures and showed the result:

Winners		Losers	
Sloan	$ 60.00	Shields	$120.00
Cap Wright	90.00	Reifenstein	290.00
Mr. Eaton	280.00	Torreale	545.00
Col. Spottiswoode	785.00	Castelleone	260.00
	$1215.00		$1215.00

"Now, gentlemen, the only way is to call the game off!" Colonel Spottiswoode began shoving the money into the center of the table. Eaton turned toward the door and the Colonel closed it with his foot. "I beg you, Mr. Eaton, not to hurry; we should like to settle this game properly."

"The game is settled, for my part," Eaton repeated doggedly.

Torreale and Castelleone had been whispering together, their eyes fixed on the gold—they were sitting directly across the table. Torreale reached out his hand and succeeded in getting it on the money.

"It's a swindle and you have my money. I want that five hundred and forty-five dollars!"

"I want my two hundred and sixty dollars!" added Castelleone.

Shields shook his head. "Wait a moment!" he urged.

Reifenstein said nothing.

Spottiswoode glanced into each of their faces as if asking for suggestions. The Italians seized upon what they supposed to be a moment of weakness and indecision. With all of that money in sight they lost control of themselves. They arose together and demanded: "You must give us our money! If you don't we will ——"

Colonel Spottiswoode swept the money from the table, folded up the bills and poured the jingling sovereigns into his pocket. "Don't say 'must' to me! I tried to straighten this game. Now I shall do as I like. You have not let me tell you what was wrong. Now you may protect yourselves as best you can."

The Italians drew close to the big German, while Reifenstein suggested: "It seems to me, sir, that the men to whom this money belongs should be consulted."



"Seven Hundred and Eighty-Five Dollars—Who Sent This?"

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Colonel Spottiswoode was thoroughly angry by this time and his face began to flush again. "I tried that," he said abruptly; "but you foreigners are too infernally crazy to get your clutches on a dime."

Castelleone suddenly pointed his finger and said, like a dog barking through a fence: "You're a cheat! You're a cheat!"

The Colonel dashed a deck of cards into his face.

"You are a swindler!" Reifenstein spoke in a low tone.

"You are a liar!" retorted the Colonel.

For the first time Shields rose from his chair and stood calm, self-possessed and alert.

"You shall fight me!" Castelleone's face was beginning to bleed slightly; he fumbled in his pocket for a cardcase and tossed his card on the table in front of the Colonel.

"Of course you shall fight me!" added Reifenstein.

"And you shall fight me also!" said Torreale with the courage of two men between himself and danger.

Reifenstein's case held but a single card, which was soiled by a spot of ink. He apologized for its condition.

"That's all right," remarked the Colonel. "It's plain enough for me to read."

In the confusion Joe Sloan slunk out of the door and got away.

"Mr. Shields"—the Colonel turned to that gentleman—"give me your card and make it complete."

Shields shook his head and almost smiled. Being a hardheaded American, the affair struck him as a bit of opera bouffe.

"I insist upon it; I want your name and address," said the Colonel.

"Very well." And Shields gave him the card.

"Like yourself," remarked the Colonel, "I see no sense in fighting over a card game."

"You *must* fight! You *must* fight!" chorused the Italians.

"Or be forced to fight!" Reifenstein added with a sneer.

Slowly the blood mounted into Colonel Spottiswoode's face, then faded out again, leaving him quite pale. If these men had understood weather signs they would have recognized that as a most auspicious moment to leave old Beverley Spottiswoode alone.

"Very well," he said coolly; "if there's no way to get out of it. Zack! Oh, Zack! Go get those two pistols that Doctor Paulding gave me when we left home."

While Zack was gone no one spoke a word; there was scarcely a change in the positions of the men. The Colonel sat drumming on the table with his fingers. Shields leaned against the sideboard; the German and the Italians stood close together.

"Here dey is, Cunnel." Zack put down a heavy box.

Colonel Spottiswoode laid out a pair of blue-barreled six-shooters with buckhorn handles.

They were not ladylike, but they were honest, would never kick up, and shot true as a rifle.

"Gentlemen, I have the choice of weapons. Here we are. Fifty paces, fire; advance and fire at will. That is simple." He shoved one of the pistols across the table. Nobody touched it.

Colonel Spottiswoode rose, put the weapons back in the box and handed it to Shields. "Mr. Shields, will you kindly take care of these until we get to Gibraltar? That is a suitable place. A gentleman will meet me there to act as my second. Count Castelleone, I believe you are the first; Baron von Reifenstein comes next, and then I shall have the honor of meeting Signore Torreale."

The terms he named meant that somebody might get hurt. Castelleone, being first, began to realize that he stood a chance of having something unpleasant happen to him.

Young Shields walked out of the cabin some distance behind the Colonel. "Well," he thought, "I can't make out how much of this is bluff. And I'd hate to be in those fellows' shoes—shivering all the way to Gibraltar and hoping it's a mistake."

After breakfast next morning the Colonel went upstairs and Zack found him pacing, with a problem. Up and down the slippery deck he went; up and down the long, long lanes of dripping canvas, passing an interminable line of empty chairs, with here and there a disgusted passenger swearing at the weather. Every three minutes the foghorn let out its awful noise; to the left a hidden steamer was tooting another horn; behind them still another. Back and forth he went, with hands behind him, once in a while dropping into his chair, with a pad and pencil, and trying to figure how much he had won from each of those men on Cap Wright's crooked deals; but there was no way to untangle the complications of the poker game. If the other winners had agreed to call the game off and restore the original stacks it would have been easy. Whatever the others did, the Colonel must square himself. He could not carry that sort of money in his pocket.

Zack tagged at his heels, full of enthusiasm over the big concert, when "li'l' missy was goin' to play." He tried to tell about it, but after many shakes and turns caught the idea that the Colonel did not want to talk.

Meeting Mr. Shields, the men nodded. Neither made an advance. There the matter stood.

The Italians and Reifenstein kept together, close together, walking or standing. They moved along jerkily, stopped, circled around each other, put their heads together and talked in whispers. Every time the Colonel passed they were looking the other way.

"Cunnel," said Zack, "what you reckon ails dem gent'mens? Yistiddy dey axed mo' questions dan enuff 'bout li'l' missy an' de fiddle. Jes now, when I say 'Good mornin',' dat biggest one kinder nodded, but dem yuthers never said nuthin'—'cept 'bout 'barbrous murder.' Dey sholy got sumpin' on dey min'."

As a matter of fact, the three had quit discussing that all important seven hundred and eighty-five dollars, speaking instead of those pistols guardedly and evasively, even with each other. Castelleone modified his original enthusiasm at being the first man to get in a challenge.

Eaton came up blandly to the Colonel with a greeting more than effusive. Colonel Spottiswoode cut it short. "Our acquaintance, sir, began—and ended—last night!"



The Colonel Dashed a Deck of Cards Into His Face

The Colonel resumed his tramp, while Eaton stood staring. "Dear me, dear me! What can be the matter with the fellow?" When the Colonel turned and started back Eaton dragged his bulldog around the corner and gave him a vicious kick.

A stir at the head of the stairs attracted Zack's attention. He ran up to watch the triumphant progress of Signorina Aurora into the music room. Zack loved the orderly confusion of a grand entrance at the beginning of the main circus. He watched with open mouth.

First came the maid, Constanza, who entered the music room and, with artistic eye, chose the divan upon which Aurora would recline; the color scheme must harmonize. Deck stewards brought rugs and shawls; maids brought pillows, maids brought magazines, maids brought flowers, hung toilet bags over the back of the signorina's divan, placed bonbon dishes and dainty baskets of fruit. Constanza stepped back, eyed it critically; then a touch here, a pat there, and all was ready. Aurora emerged from her cabin—radiantly, smilingly emerged. Fussy assistants draped her properly on the divan and covered one of her pretty feet. The other pretty foot was left accidentally and artistically visible, with a sufficient visibility above it to indicate what the other ankle and stocking were like. The signorina affected purples and lavenders this morning—a purple deck-bonnet of Puritan primness, such as Priscilla might have worn to keep the wind from tossing her hair, leaving the streamers for the wind to play with.

"Sit here, *carissima*," she said to Doris.

Doris wore no purples, lavenders or jewels—just a simple skirt and waist; her firm, round forearms were bare of bracelets and her fingers devoid of rings. She had brushed her hair in soft curves from her forehead and it billowed round her head. Perhaps the signorina had thought of the effective foil that this gentle Southerner would make for her own voluptuous magnificence. And Doris lost nothing by the contrast.

Aurora's confident eyes turned to the happy brown ones. "Come now, *carissima*, we must talk about your benefit—what will you play?" Doris astounded the signorina by her familiarity with the world's great music. "Very well, you shall play what you choose. You will surprise us—yes, yes. Captain, come here." She beckoned to the bewhiskered sailor. "I give a benefit, you know, for this young lady. She will play so wonderfully. I shall sing three times—three songs."

The gallant sailor bent over her. "When have we such happiness?"

"This night—this very night. I cannot sleep until *carissima mia* is provided for."

Doris moved uneasily and would have run away had not the other held her. "Please don't!" she whispered.

"Tut-tut-tut! It is their privilege. They feed their pigs and stable their cattle; such an artist as yourself comes once only in a lifetime. Captain, post a notice at once that Aurora will sing tonight at eight; tickets, five dollars. I shall myself buy twenty. It is worth twenty tickets to hear that violin."

The singer's enthusiasm gained strength like a rolling stone. She called passenger after passenger to her side; they were glad to come, proud to buy tickets from her own hand by the twos and fives and tens.

Zack stood grinning at the door; something important was going on—something that made the "li'l' missy" look very flushed and happy. When Doris caught sight of him she touched Aurora's hand.

"There's that old black man; you said you wanted to hear him talk."

"Call him, my dear; call him—he is so amusing."

Doris nodded cordially and Zack came sidewise into the big room.

"What are you laughing at, Uncle Zack?" she inquired. Aurora sat up straight to hear what the negro said.

Zack grinned. "I jes been alookin' at all dis water an' studyin' 'bout sumpin'."

"What is it?" Doris drew him out.

"You say 'tain't nuthin' but water up dataway?"—pointing toward the north. Doris nodded. "An' nuthin' but water down dataway?"—indicating the south. Doris nodded again. "An' de onliest banks is over yonder an' back yonder whar we come from?" Zack broke into a loud laugh. "I war jes studyin': Ef all de men was on one side an' all de wimmen on de yuther—an' 'twarn't no way to walk round dat water—it jes fell in my min' to laff at what a mighty scufflin' dere'd be to learn how to swim!"

Aurora leaned back and laughed, which tickled Zack into showing all his teeth. Doris kept him talking.

"Now, Uncle Zack, what did you say your name is?"

Zack bowed profoundly and brushed his cap against the crimson carpet; then he straightened up. "Zack Foster, ma'am; but everybody, white an' black, in de whole entire city o' Vicksburg, dey calls me 'Ole Reliable.'"

"Old Reliable!"

"Yas'm. Everybody sho do call me dat."

"What does he mean?" Aurora whispered, and Doris interpreted:

"People in America nickname a man for some trait of his character; and in that part of the country they call Uncle Zack 'Ole Reliable.'"

"What a splendid reputation!"

(Continued on Page 35)

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 6, 1912

The Russian Treaty

PERHAPS it is possible to spin a fine technical argument in international law over the Russian treaty. Citizens of the two nations, says the treaty, shall have liberty to enter the territories of each party and "shall enjoy the same security and protection as natives of the country on condition of their submitting to the laws and ordinances there prevailing." Natives of Russia who are Jews enjoy very little security and protection. The laws and ordinances there prevailing oppress them in many ways and deny them most of the essential rights of free citizenship. Russia claims, in effect, that in refusing to honor American passports issued to Jews she is not violating the treaty, but merely enforcing her own laws relative to that race. This refusal to honor American passports in the hands of certain of our citizens began about forty years after the treaty was signed, or about forty years ago. For a generation it has been a subject of futile negotiation and protest by our State Department.

Imagine the United States passing a law that forbade Episcopalians to travel in this country, and when Great Britain protested that we were excluding her citizens in violation of our treaty obligations we replied that the treaty imposed no obligation to treat British Episcopalians any differently from American Episcopalians, and we must be left free to manage our internal affairs as we saw fit! Probably we could spin an argument on that; but Great Britain's answer undoubtedly would be that a treaty which we construed in that way imposed an intolerable humiliation on her and must be abrogated—if our laws required us to insult British citizens she must decline to deal with us. That, of course, had to be our answer to Russia.

The Government and Bank Failures

IN FORTY-NINE years, to October 31, 1911—the date covered by the last report of the Comptroller of the Currency—the net loss to depositors in national banks that have failed and been liquidated was thirty-seven million dollars. This is only a negligible fraction of one per cent a year of the deposits in national banks. From the comptroller's report it appears, moreover, that sixty per cent in number of these failures were caused by acts in direct violation of the national-bank law; and the heaviest losses generally occur where violation of law is most flagrant.

It is safe to say that one-tenth of a cent deducted from each dollar of individual deposits now held by the banks would cover all losses that depositors have sustained in forty-nine years through failures where there was no violation of law; and it is well known that of late years national-bank inspection has become more rigorous and efficient, tending undoubtedly to prevent violations of the law.

In normal times everybody, broadly speaking, trusts the banks, and with good reason—that is, everybody except the Government itself. It is one of the anomalies of the present banking situation that the Government, which assumes guardianship of the national institutions in order that everybody else may have confidence in them, will not itself trust them at all—demanding that its own deposits be secured by bonds. Periodically distrust of the banks becomes widespread—to the country's great harm and loss.

How much the Government's example may have to do with inspiring this periodic distrust it would be hard to say; but there is soon to be, we hope, a different and much better relationship between the Government and the banking system.

Increasing Soldiers' Pensions

THE first important act of the House at this session was to pass the Sherwood Bill, granting a pension of thirty dollars a month to every surviving soldier of the Civil War who served a year or more; twenty-five dollars a month to those who served nine months and less than a year; twenty dollars to those who served six to nine months; and fifteen dollars to those who served three to six months. If passed by the Senate the bill will increase the amount on the pension roll by about fifty million dollars a year. The House struck out the original provisions that old soldiers with incomes of a thousand dollars a year or more should not be eligible, and that no pensioner receiving twenty-five dollars a month or more under the bill should be admitted to a Soldiers' Home.

In striking out these provisions of the Sherwood Bill, no doubt there was considerable politics and fear of the old-soldier vote.

On the other hand, pension records show that in the year ending June 30, 1911, almost forty thousand survivors of the Civil War—on the Union side—departed this life. Mortality during the last fiscal year is estimated at fifty thousand—and must increase steadily; for the average age of the survivors is upward of seventy years. It was brought out in debate that the last Congress passed nine thousand six hundred private pension bills, while something over ten thousand such bills are now pending before the Committee on Invalid Pensions. These two sets of facts mean that the half million Civil War survivors have but a few years to live, and that those among them who possess a little influence can readily procure a pension increase by way of a private bill.

We prefer the Sherwood Bill to the deluge of private-pension bills. The country should at least treat these old men impartially.

Where the Money Is

THE United States holds one-quarter of the world's visible supply of gold and silver; the people of this country have sixteen billion dollars deposited in banks, and the aggregate assets of our banks exceed twenty-three billion dollars. No other country comes anywhere near to matching these figures; but the money is very unevenly distributed. Nearly one-half of the aggregate assets of our banks—state and national—and of the individual deposits in banks is found in three states: Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania.

The state of New York alone holds almost thirty per cent of the total in both items, and this means mostly the city of New York, just as the great accumulations of money in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania are largely in the industrial centers rather than in the rural regions. Individual deposits—excluding the deposits of one bank with another—in New York exceed such deposits in all the rich Middle Western states combined, and are more than three times as great as the aggregate in thirteen prosperous Southern states.

This doesn't imply that Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania are the happiest regions. On the contrary, it might be laid down as a general rule that where there is the most money a head there is also the most misery a head.

A Kansas farmer with a moderately mortgaged quarter section and not a dollar of money to his name is certainly more fortunately situated than a wage-earner on the lower East or West Side of New York whose possessions consist of a few hundred dollars in a savings bank. It does, however, imply where the banking headquarters of the country are going to be for a long while to come.

Combination and Regulation

MR. CARNEGIE, in his latest contribution to economic literature, writes: "The cheapest mode of production of articles in general use is best for the nation as a whole. Granted combination, there must be regulation. . . . It follows that an industrial court must be formed which shall fix maximum prices that the consumer may be protected against extortion."

No one whose views are worth considering doubts the economic advantage both of grand-scale production and of restriction of competition; but a great many who see that industrial combination is inevitable refuse to see that regulation of the combine in the interest of the public is equally inevitable. As President Butler, of Columbia, recently said: "The era of unrestricted individual competition has gone forever. No president, attorney-general, court or Congress can restore it." And if there is no escape from combination there can be no escape from Government supervision and control, because uncontrolled combination would be intolerable. Industrial combination will go on, compelled by the law of economic development. Government regulation will go hand in hand with it, likewise compelled by the necessities of the case. Perhaps this will eventually mean an industrial commission, with the power even to fix maximum prices in certain cases, as Mr. Carnegie suggests; but no one can turn back the hand of that clock any more than he can turn back the hand of the other clock which has marked the irrevocable passing of unrestricted competition.

The Fake Stock Swindle

COMMISSIONER RUDOLPH proposes for the District of Columbia a law similar to that of Kansas requiring reports from concerns that offer stocks for sale, with power to bar those that will evidently prove profitable to nobody except the promoter. Other states undoubtedly will follow Kansas' lead—there being no valid reason why any state which pretends to protect its citizens against theft in other forms should countenance by inaction this biggest and cruelest of modern swindles. A pickpocket, perforce, leaves his victim's clothes, and a burglar leaves the most useful articles of furniture. No such physical limitations are imposed upon the pedler of fake stock, and in many cases he makes a clean sweep. Any state is able to discourage the selling of wildcat securities within its own borders.

The interstate traffic in worthless engravings is conducted largely by means of advertisements, and it will probably be found possible to discourage this by putting the responsibility where it belongs—that is, upon the publication that circulates the advertisement. No publication can perform the office of tout for a wildcat stock by carrying its advertisement and escape the moral responsibility. It should no longer be possible for such publications to escape legal responsibility.

White and Negro Population

FOR thirty years the ratio of increase in white population has been nearly double that of negro population. The total increase in the period, in round numbers, is thirty-eight million whites and three and a quarter million negroes. In the last decade the white population, irrespective of immigration, increased in a greater ratio than the black. In the South itself, for thirty years, the proportion of negroes has slowly but steadily declined, until now the colored race is less than thirty per cent of the total. In 1880 there were roughly ten and a half million whites to six million blacks. There are now twenty and a half million whites to eight and three-quarter million blacks. In every state of the old South the ratio of white increase during the last decade much exceeded the ratio of negro increase. In South Carolina it was twenty-one per cent to seven; in Florida, forty-nine to thirty-four; in Alabama, twenty-three to ten; in Mississippi, twenty-three to eleven; in Louisiana, twenty-nine to ten; in Texas, thirty-two to eleven.

We hope these facts and others presage a speedy end of that prepossession with the race question which has made Southern politics so lopsided and which has often robbed the South of her due weight in settling national problems.

The Two Necklaces

AS MR. BRANDEIS astutely points out, the report that one of our most eminent Trust magnates bestowed upon his spouse at Christmas a pearl necklace costing five hundred thousand dollars, recalls that celebrated diamond necklace which Napoleon said was one of the three causes of the French Revolution. The one necklace does recall the other; but our conclusions from the coincidence differ from those of Mr. Brandeis.

Probably the scandal over the diamond ornament did as much to destroy the prestige of the French monarchy as half a dozen years of wild blundering in finance or half a hundred oppressive laws; but the scandal, it should be remembered, was a fake—and Marie Antoinette no doubt was quite innocent.

So probably our Trust magnate's half-million-dollar pearl necklace will stick in the crops of a good many people whose minds are rather hazy as to the steel tariff and who have already forgotten—if they ever knew—that the Trust worked men twelve hours a day for seven days in the week. And this pearl necklace, no doubt, is also a fake. If there is any such article—which is doubtful—we presume it cost somewhere in the neighborhood of fifty thousand dollars instead of five hundred thousand, and was presented by the magnate to his daughter three or four years ago—or, even if there should be a veritable half-million-dollar necklace, there is no public harm in that.

One necklace recalls the other because both illustrate how easy it is to provoke resentment over the wrong thing.

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Hunting Cox

TAKE the words of the gang for it and it's a shame and a disgrace the way these young squirts are mixing in nowadays, and not only putting politics at sixes and sevens but making that profession a most precarious pursuit by disturbing the even tenor of the graft.

All the boys have tales of woe. Things have come to such a pass that there is a terrible howl if a few of the crowd try to colonize a hundred or so floaters in a lodging house, and the shaking down of public-utility corporations and contractors for campaign money is as hazardous as it is non-productive; while the taking of a few dollars for a vote excites resentment in circles where the practice once was a recognized industry.

Likewise, the people who have hitherto voted as they were told, or had their votes counted as others chose—which amounts to the same thing in the end—are beginning to think they have rights. They are opposed to courts owned by politicians and to judges that work for bosses. They look with disfavor on municipal rake-off and have so far lost their perspective that they cannot see any merit in taking toll from vice. They think they should have a hand in running their own city and suburban affairs, and are actually insisting that men not approved by the bosses—and amenable to them—shall be elected to positions of trust.

The game is not what it once was. The graft is petering out. The dread alternative of work or hunger faces many a politician. Bosses have been pulled up and thrown on the dump in many cities and in many states; and here comes Cincinnati—a little tardy to be sure, but hand in hand with Philadelphia, also a little tardy—and asks for enrollment in the Amalgamated Association of Cities That Intend to Clean Up—Cincinnati—for years and years a typically boss-ridden city.



Everything must have a type, you know. When one speaks of a boss one cannot think of all the bosses—of the Quays and Platts and Buckleys and all the rest—all good types too; but one must establish a standard and use that for illustrative purposes. Hence, when it has been necessary in the past to talk about bosses, the basis of comparison has been George B. Cox, the boss of Cincinnati, Ohio, otherwise known as "Coxey, Old Boy." If, on occasion, a demand had been made, say, by certain ambitious residents of a young and flourishing city for information that would enable them to construct a boss, the plans and specifications of George B. Cox would have been furnished instantly by any person who knows about bosses and appreciates their finer slants.

Cox bossed Cincinnati for a good many years—bossed Cincinnati and grew rich and powerful, and ramified until he directed absolutely all the municipal machinery of that big city. Elections went as Cox directed. The votes were cast as Cox said. He ran things, elected mayors and councilmen and judges and law officers, and sat in a room above a saloon in the daytime and issued orders. At night he shifted to a table in a beer hall and issued his orders from that throne.

Young Sleuth on the Trail

EIGHT years ago, when Cox was fully in power and none of this agitation by the fool people had arisen to disturb him, a young chap named Henry T. Hunt, recently graduated from Yale and having a license to practice law, thought he would like to go into politics a bit. He had heard of the election abuses in Cincinnati and had deprecated them, but had no actual experience at polling places; and he had an idea the stories might be political and exaggerated. He applied to the committee that had charge of whatever municipal fight was in progress on the side against Cox; and the committee made him a challenger at the polls in the Silver Moon District and gave him a list of names of suspected repeaters and floaters and colonized voters to challenge.

He went to the polling place with his list and began challenging. The Silver Moon District was so named because in that district the gang had a lodging house known as the Silver Moon which they used to fill with colonizers and floaters. Hunt challenged and was laughed at by the ballot officials. He stood there all day and saw illegally registered white men and negroes go in, vote and come out to a gang leader, who handed each a two-dollar bill on satisfactory proof that he had voted "right."

He was young and ardent and became indignant. He protested there and afterward; but nearly everybody laughed, admitted the condition and asked: "What are you going to do about it?" Hunt didn't know exactly, but he had an idea, rather vague as to details but fixed in a general sense, that something might be done to stop it; and he kept agitating. Two years later he was nominated for the legislature. It was a good year for him. The gang ticket was weak. Mr. Taft went to Akron and denounced it in a public speech. Hunt was elected.

He served in the legislature for three years. His experiences in the Silver Moon District had shown him the need of revised election laws. He accomplished some reforms and lost some, but he did a lot of good work and was very active in the appointment of two investigating committees for Cincinnati. The courts knocked out both these committees, but one of them sat long enough to show the illegal collection of "gratuities" on public funds deposited by the gang.

The gang prosecutor refused to proceed on the results of these investigations and there was a demand for a change. This was in 1908. Hunt was nominated for prosecutor and elected.

He is an earnest, serious, efficient young man, and he made appalling charges against the gang in that campaign, but in a most calm and convincing manner.

When Hunt took the office of prosecutor he began a three years' fight in the local courts. Hunt tried to investigate a public utility that was thought to have close relations with the gang, and he was blocked. He tried to get after protected vice, and he was held off. He fought desperately, but the gang influence was too strong. However, he was reëlected prosecutor at the end of his first term; and when he began the term, in January, 1911, he had on the bench of the criminal division of the Common Pleas Court—an antigang judge. This enabled Hunt to get a grand jury not selected by the gang, and he straightway started after Cox. He indicted Cox for perjury on the ground that, though Cox had denied under oath he had received any of the "gratuity" graft for illegally collected interest on public funds, there was evidence Cox did get sixty-five thousand dollars of that money. It took all of the resources of Cox to get out of this difficulty; and when he did get out Cox was broken as a boss in Cincinnati.

They nominated Hunt for mayor last fall. Cox picked the strongest man he could find from the regulars, and even secured an indorsement for his man from President Taft, who a few years before had advised all good citizens to vote against the Cox ticket. Hunt was elected, notwithstanding the efforts of Cox to defeat him and the support Cox's man had from the President.

Hunt is now the mayor of Cincinnati. He is only thirty-three years old and has ability, a high sense of civic responsibility—and believes in clean politics. So far as Cox is concerned, he is done. His day as a boss is over. A thirty-three-year-old man, backed by courage, energy and an awakening public conscience, has thrown him on the municipal ashheap. And Cox was a perfectly good boss too! He made his henchmen perform for years and years, and grew to be a banker. In his opinion the country is skidding for ruin and Cincinnati is already there; and what he thinks of Henry T. Hunt ——

Beware, young man; the postal regulations are below you!

A Deadly Expert

A CERTAIN great Chicago physician and A. S. Trude, a lawyer of that city, are close friends, but one time when the physician was called as an expert witness in a case Trude was on the opposite side and had to cross-examine the physician.

The physician had given his expert testimony. It upheld the contention of his side perfectly.

When it came Trude's turn he squared away, glared at his friend and, after the usual preliminary questions, began the examination:

"Doctor——, you are frequently called into consultation when prominent men are ill in this community, are you not?"

"I am."

"Were you in attendance on George M. Pullman?"

"I was."

"Where is Mr. Pullman now?"

"He is dead."

"Ah, yes! And were you called in by Mr. Marshall Field?"

"I was."

"Where is Mr. Field now, may I ask?"

"He is dead."

"Indeed! And were you in attendance on Philip D. Armour?"

"I was."

"And where is Mr. Armour now?"

"He is dead."

Trude knew that his friend was called in consultation in almost every big case in Chicago, and there was a malicious gleam in his eye as he named dead man after dead man and asked if the expert had attended them. After he had named about a dozen prominent citizens who had passed away he turned to the jury with a wave of his hand, as if to say "There's your expert!" and sat down.

Still a Drake

ALBERT G. FOSTER, a lawyer of Madison, Georgia, bought some Indian Runner ducks. His wife and her father were out in the yard looking at them.

"How can you tell a drake from a duck?" asked Mrs. Foster of her father.

"The drake has a curled feather in his tail," the old gentleman replied.

"Lord-a-mercy!" said Mrs. Foster. "Suppose he should lose his feather?"

"Well," said her father, after thinking of the matter for a minute, "he would still be a drake."

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Harry Hooker
hiked ashore.
And cried, "There's
Campbell's label,
Just look, I'll hook
Two cases more
To grace the Captain's
table."

THE LIGHTED WAY

(Continued from Page 8)

to your employees—that, indeed, is funny! You do amuse me very much. Come."

The door was pushed fully open now and a woman entered, at the sight of whom Arnold forgot all his feelings of mingled annoyance and amusement. She was of little over the medium height, exceedingly slim—a slimness that was accentuated by the fashion of the gown she wore. Her face was absolutely devoid of color, but her features were almost cameolike in their sensitive perfection. Her eyes were large and soft and brown, her hair a Titian red, worn low and without ornament. Her dress was of pale blue. Her neck and throat, exquisitely white, were bare except for a single chain of pearls that reached almost to her knees. The look in Arnold's face as she came slowly into the room was one of frank and boyish admiration. The woman came toward him with a soft smile about her lips, but she was evidently puzzled. It was Mr. Weatherley who spoke. There was something almost triumphant in his manner.

"This is Mr. Chetwode, dear, of whom I was speaking to you," he said. "Glad to see you, Chetwode," he added with ponderous condescension.

The woman laughed softly as she held out her hand.

"Are you going to pretend that you were deaf, to forgive me and be friends, Mr. Chetwode?" she asked, looking up at him. "One foggy day my husband took me to Tooley Street, and I did not believe that anything good could come out of the yellow fog and the mud and the smells. It was my ignorance. You heard but you do not mind? I am sure that you do not mind?"

"Not a bit in the world," Arnold answered, still holding the hand that she seemed to have forgotten to draw away and smiling down into her upturned face. "I was awfully sorry to overhear, but you see I couldn't very well help it, could I?"

"Of course you could not help it," she replied. "I am so glad that you came and I hope that we can make it pleasant for you. I will try and send you in to dinner with some one very charming."

She laughed at him understandingly as his lips parted and closed again without speech. Then she moved away to welcome some other guests who were at that moment announced. Arnold stood in the background for a few minutes. Presently she returned to him.

"Do you know any one here?" she asked.

"No one," he answered.

She dropped her voice almost to a whisper. Arnold bent his head and listened with a curious pleasure to her little stream of words.

"It is a strange mixture of people you see here," she said, "a mixture, perhaps, of the most prosaic and the most romantic. The Count Sabatini, whom you see talking to my husband, is my brother. He is a person who lives in the flood of adventures. He has taken part in five wars, he has been tried more than once for political offenses. He has been banished from what is really our native country, Portugal, with a price set upon his head. He has an estate upon which nothing grows and a castle with holes in the roof in which no one could dwell. Yet he lives—oh, yes, he lives!"

Arnold looked across at the man of whom she was speaking—gaunt and olive-skinned, with deep-set eyes and worn face. He had still some share of his sister's good looks and he held himself as a man should.

"I think I should like your brother," Arnold declared. "Will he talk about his campaigns?"

"Perhaps," she murmured; "although there is one about which you would not care to hear. He fought with the Boers, but we will not speak of that. Mr. and Mrs. Horsman there I shall say nothing about. Just imagine where they belong."

"They are your husband's friends," he decided unhesitatingly.

"You are a young man of great perceptions," she replied. "I am going to like you, I am sure. Come, there is Mr. Starling standing by the door. What do you think of him?"

Arnold glanced across the room. Mr. Starling was apparently a middle-aged man—clean-shaven, with pale cheeks and somewhat narrow eyes.

"A Canadian, without a doubt," Arnold remarked.

"Quite right. Now the lady in the gray satin with the wonderful coiffure—she has looked at you already more than once. Her name is Lady Blennington and she is always trying to discover new young men."

Arnold glanced at her deliberately and back again at his hostess.

"There is nothing for me to say about her," he declared.

"You are wonderful," she murmured. "That is so exactly what one feels about Lady Blennington. Then there is Lady Templeton—that fluffy little thing behind my husband. She looks rather as though she had come out of a toy shop, does she not?"

"She looks nice," Arnold admitted. "I knew ——"

She glanced up at him and waited. Arnold, however, had stopped short.

"You have not yet told me," he said, "the name of the man who stands alone near the door—the one with the little piece of red ribbon in his coat?"

It seemed to him that, for some reason, the presence of that particular person affected her. He was a plump little man, sleek and well dressed, with black hair, very large pearl studs, black mustache and imperial. Mrs. Weatherley stood still for a moment. Perhaps, he thought, she was listening to the conversation around them.

"The man's name is Rosario," she replied. "He is a financier and a man of fashion. Another time you must tell me what you think of him, but I warn you that it will not be so easy as with those others, for he is also a man of schemes. I am sorry, but I must send you in now with Mrs. Horsman, who is much too amiable to be anything else but dull. You shall come with me and I will introduce you."

Dinner was announced almost at that moment. Arnold, keen to enjoy, with all the love of new places and the enthusiasm of youth in his veins, found every moment of the meal delightful. The guests took their places at a round table, with shaded lights artistically arranged so that they seemed to be seated before a little oasis of flowers and perfumes in the midst of a land of shadows. He found his companion pleasant and sympathetic. She had a son about his age who was going soon into the city, and of him she talked ceaselessly. On his left Lady Blennington made frank attempts to engage him in conversation whenever an opportunity arose. Arnold felt his spirits rise at every moment. He laughed and talked the whole of the time, devoting himself with very little intermission to one or the other of his two neighbors. Mr. Weatherley, who was exceedingly uncomfortable and found it difficult even to remember his few staple openings, looked across the table more than once in absolute wonder that this young man, earning a wage of twenty-eight shillings a week and occupying almost the bottom stool in his office, should be entirely and completely at his ease in this exalted company.

More than once Arnold caught his hostess' eye, and each time he felt for some unknown reason a little thrill of pleasure at the faint relaxing of her lips, the glance of sympathy that shone across the roses. Life was a good place, he thought to himself—for these few hours at any rate. And then, as he leaned back in his place for a moment, Ruth's words seemed suddenly traced with a finger of fire upon the dim wall. Tonight was to be a night of mysteries. Tonight the great adventure was to be born. He glanced around the table. There was, indeed, an air of mystery about some of these guests, something curiously aloof, something it was impossible to put into words. The man Starling, for instance, seemed queerly placed here. Count Sabatini was another of the guests who seemed somehow to be outside the little circle. For minutes together he sat sometimes in grim silence. About him, too, there was always a curious air of detachment. Rosario was making with his neighbor the small conversation that the occasion seemed to demand, but he, too, appeared to talk as one who had more weighty matters troubling his brain. It was a fancy of Arnold's, perhaps, but it was a fancy of which he could not rid himself. He glanced toward his employer and a curious feeling of sympathy stirred him. The man was unhappy and ill at ease. He had lost his air of slight pomposity, the air with which he entered his offices in the morning, strutted about the warehouse, went out to lunch with a customer, and which he somehow seemed



to lose as the time came for returning to his home. Once or twice he glanced toward his wife, half nervously, half admiringly. Once she nodded back to him, but it was the nod of one who gathers up her skirts as she throws alms to a beggar. Then Arnold realized that his little fit of thoughtfulness had made a material difference to the hum of conversation. He remembered his duty and leaned over toward Lady Blennington.

"You promised to tell me more about some of these people," he reminded her. "I am driven to make guesses all the time. Why does Mr. Starling look so much like an unwilling and impatient guest? And where is the castle of the Count Sabatini that has no roof?"

Lady Blennington sighed.

"This table is much too small for us to indulge in scandal," she replied. "It really is such a pity. One so seldom meets any one worth talking to who doesn't know everything there is that shouldn't be known about everybody. About Count Sabatini, for instance, I could tell you some most amusing things."

"His castle, perhaps, is in the air?" Arnold inquired.

"By no means," Lady Blennington assured him. "On the contrary, it is very much upon the rocks. Some little island near Minorca, I believe. They say that Mr. Weatherley was wrecked there and Sabatini locked him up in a dungeon and refused to let him go until he promised to marry his sister."

"There are a good many men in the world, I should think," Arnold murmured, "who would like to be locked up on similar conditions."

She looked at him with a queer little smile.

"I suppose it is inevitable," she declared. "You will have to go through it too. She certainly is one of the loveliest women I ever saw. I suppose you are convinced already that she is entirely adorable?"

"She has been very kind to me," Arnold replied.

"She would be," Lady Blennington remarked dryly. "Look at her husband. The poor man ought to have known better than to marry her, of course, but do you think that he looks even reasonably happy?"

Arnold was beginning to feel rather uncomfortable. He was conscious of a strong desire not to discuss his hostess. Yet his curiosity was immense. He asked one question.

"Tell me," he said, "if she came from this little island in the Mediterranean why does she speak English so perfectly?"

"She was educated in England," Lady Blennington told him. "Afterward her brother took her to South America. She had some small fortune, I believe, but when she came back they were penniless. They were living as small market gardeners when Mr. Weatherley found them."

"You don't like her," he remarked. "I wonder why?"

Lady Blennington shook her head.

"One never knows," she replied. "I admire her, if that is anything."

"But you do not like her," he persisted.

She shrugged her shoulders lightly.

"I am afraid it is true," she agreed.

"You admit that and yet you are willing to be her guest?"

She smiled at him approvingly.

"If there is one masculine quality that I do appreciate," she said, "it is directness. I come because I love bridge and because I love my fellow-creatures and because my own friends are none too numerous. With the exception of those worthy friends of our host and his wife who are seated upon your right—Mr. and Mrs. Horsman, I believe they are called—we are all of the same ilk. Mr. Starling no one knows anything about; Count Sabatini's record is something awful."

"But there is Rosario," Arnold protested.

"Rosario goes into all the odd corners of the world," she replied. "Sometimes the corners are respectable and sometimes they are not. It really doesn't matter so far as he is concerned. Supposing, in return for all this information, you tell me something about yourself?"

"There isn't anything to tell," Arnold assured her. "I was asked here to fill up. I am an employee of Mr. Weatherley."

She turned in her chair to look at him. Her surprise was obvious.

"Do you mean that you are his secretary or something of that sort?" she demanded.

"I am a clerk in his office," Arnold told her.

She was evidently puzzled, but she asked him no more questions. At that moment Mrs. Weatherley rose from her place. As she passed Arnold she paused for a moment.

"You are all coming in five minutes," she said. "Before we play bridge come straight to me. I have something to say to you."

He bowed and resumed his seat, from which he had risen quickly at her coming. Mr. Weatherley motioned to him to move up to his side. His face now was a little flushed, but his nervousness had not disappeared. He was certainly not the same man whom one met at Tooley Street.

"Glad to see you've made friends with the wife, Chetwode," he said. "She seems to have taken quite a fancy to you."

"Mrs. Weatherley has been very kind," Arnold answered.

"Enjoying yourself, I hope?" asked Mr. Weatherley.

"Very much indeed," Arnold declared. "It has been quite a treat for me."

Sabatini and Starling were talking earnestly together at the other side of the table. Rosario, bringing his wine down, came and sat at his host's other side.

"Beautiful vintage, this, Mr. Weatherley," he said. "Excellent condition too."

Mr. Weatherley, obviously pleased, pursued the subject. In a way, it was almost pathetic to see his pleasure in being addressed by one of his own guests. Arnold drew a little away and looked across the banks of roses. There was something fascinating to him in the unheard conversation of Sabatini and Starling, on the opposite side of the table. Everything they said was in an undertone, and the inexpressive faces of the two men gave no indication as to the nature of their conversation. Yet the sense of something mysterious in this house and among these guests was growing all the time with Arnold.

IV

MR. WEATHERLEY laid his hand upon his young companion's arm as they crossed the hall on their way from the dining room.

"We are going to play bridge in the music room," he announced. "Things are different, nowadays, to when I was a boy. The men have to smoke cigarettes all the time while they play cards. A bad habit, Chetwode! A very bad habit indeed! I've nothing to say against a good Havana cigar in the dining room or the smoke room, but this constant cigarette-smoking sickens me. I can't bear the smell of the things. Here we are. I don't know what table my wife has put you at, I'm sure. She arranges all these things herself."

Several guests who had arrived during the last few minutes were already playing at various tables. Mrs. Weatherley was moving about, directing the proceedings. She came across to them as soon as they entered and, laying her hand upon Arnold's arm, drew him to one side. There was a smile still upon her lips, but trouble in her eyes. She looked over her shoulder a little nervously and Arnold half unconsciously followed the direction of her gaze. Rosario was standing apart from the others, talking earnestly with Starling.

"I want you to stay with me, if you please," she said. "I am not sure where you will play, but there is no hurry. I myself shall not sit down at present. There are others to arrive."

Her brother, who had been talking languidly to Lady Blennington, came slowly up to them.

"You, Andrea, will wait for the baccarat, of course?" she said. "I know that this sort of bridge does not amuse you."

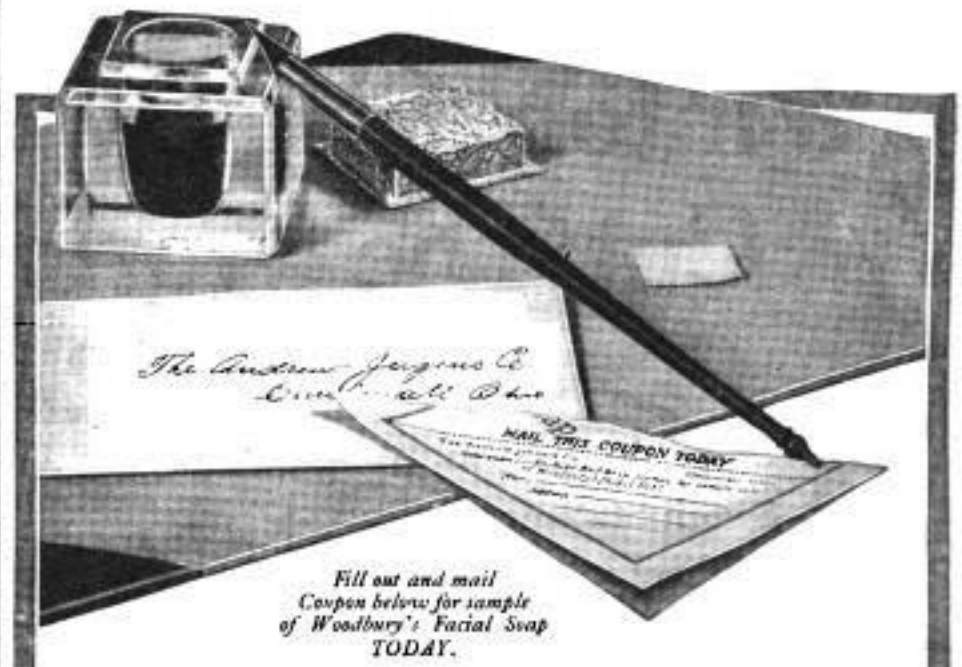
He answered her with a little shrug of the shoulders and, leaning toward her, spoke a few words in some tongue that Arnold did not at once recognize. She looked again over her shoulder at Rosario and her face clouded. She replied in the same tongue. Arnold would have moved away, but she detained him.

"You must not mind," she said softly, "that my brother and I talk sometimes in our native language. You do not, by chance, know Portuguese, Mr. Chetwode?"

"Not a word," he replied.

"I am going to leave all these people to amuse themselves," she continued, dropping her voice slightly. "I want you to come with me for a moment, Mr. Chetwode. You must take care that you do not slip. These wooden floors are almost dangerous. I did give a dance here once," she continued, as they made their way across the room, talking a little vaguely and with

(Continued on Page 38)



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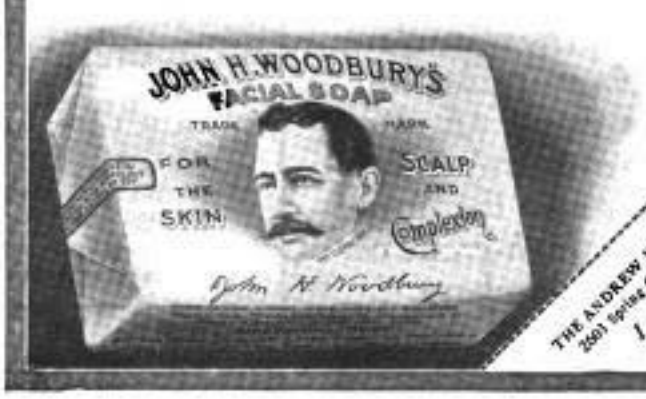
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Cut The World's Lowest Repair Expe
To 22.8 Cents per 1000 Mi

Sworn Statements

Every figure in this advertisement is supported by the **sworn** *statements of car owners whose names, addresses, and reports are printed on this page.*

Mileage Registered

The mileage credited each car was made by a regular stock-model Winton Six in the individual service of the owner, between the following dates, and was registered by odometer:

1911 records — April 1, 1911, to Nov. 30, 1911
1910 records — April 1, 1910, to Nov. 30, 1910
1909 records — Nov. 1, 1908, to June 30, 1909
1908 records — Nov. 1, 1907, to June 30, 1908

Total Repair Expense

The repair expense charged against each car is sworn to by the owner as "the total cost of repairs on said automobile between said dates (exclusive of tire repairs)."

Passed Upon by Judges

Each mileage and expense report was passed upon and accepted by a Committee of Judges having no connection with the Winton Company. These Judges exercised their own judgment without restriction, and have themselves sworn to their annual decisions.

Dependable Figures

Every possible precaution has been taken to render these reports free from error, in order that automobile buyers might have for their consideration an absolutely reliable set of figures showing **the actual cost of keeping a high-grade car in operation after purchase.**

Here are the Results for Four Years

Year	Cars	Total Mileage	Total Repair Expense
1911	20	394,333.9	$ 20.88
1910	10	165,901.9	6.96
1909	10	118,503	127.30
1908	10	65,687.4	15.13
Totals	50	744,426.2	$170.27
Grand Average		22.8 Cents per 1000 Miles	

Repair Records for 1911

Car Owner	City	Total Mileage	Total Repair Expense
R. R. Reilly	Cincinnati	27,325	$ 1.20
S. J. Franklin	Millville, N. J.	25,290	None
‡Martin Daab	Hoboken, N. J.	24,221.4	.10
Mrs. Wm. E. Fox	New York	24,082.6	None
J. W. Strackbein	Chicago	23,970	None
F. M. Hauthaway	Boston	22,932	None
Mrs. Anna M. Hermes	Pittsburgh	21,258	None
*J. E. Clenny	Chicago	21,133	None
W. B. Simpson	Chicago	20,551	None
F. H. Greene	New York	19,096	None
Dr. A. H. Hilsman	Albany, Ga.	21,505	1.25
E. W. Edwards	Cincinnati	19,084.1	None
Jas. W. Stevens	Chicago	18,960	None
A. S. Gilman	Cleveland	15,017	.25
E. M. Potter	New York	14,259	None
Chas. F. Lembke	New York	14,235	None
Earl B. Putnam	Philadelphia	17,396	7.32
Dr. Espy L. Smith	Chicago	16,531.7	10.76
Henry Hall	Philadelphia	13,853	None
W. R. Noone & Co.	Boston	13,634.1	None
Totals		394,333.9	$20.88

‡Same car two years. *Same car four years.

Repair Records for 1908, 1909, 1910

Car Owner and Address	Year	Total Mileage	Total Repair Expense
Axelrod, Jacob, New York	‡1908	7,570	None
Axelrod, Jacob, New York	‡1909	17,720	$60.00
Bacharach, Isaac, Atlantic City	1909	11,000	.30
Bacharach, Isaac, Atlantic City	1910	17,390	3.46
Boothe, S. S., Los Angeles	1910	13,526	None
Boutell, W. T., Minneapolis	1910	21,127	1.40
Barnsdall, T. N., Pittsburgh	1909	15,669	31.15
Brennan, Jas. T., Brooklyn	1908	6,806	3.00
Burnham, Wm., Philadelphia	1909	8,702	None
Cheney, H. M., Toledo	1910	14,059	None
Clenny, J. E., Chicago	*1908	5,155	None
Clenny, J. E., Chicago	*1909	17,003	None
Clenny, J. E., Chicago	*1910	19,015	.30
Cuddy, Loftus, Cleveland	1909	8,728	.30
Daab, Martin, Hoboken, N. J.	1910	17,130.9	None
Fish, Joseph, Chicago	1908	5,535	None
Friedlander, W. J., Cincinnati	1910	18,809	.30
Frost, G. W., Montclair, N. J.	1909	10,595	None
Mallen, H. W., Chicago	1909	7,572	1.50
Martin, W. B., Cleveland	1909	10,726	7.50
Martin, W. B., Cleveland	1910	14,847	None
McAllister, W. B., Cleveland	1909	10,788	26.55
Petersen, L. T., Youngstown, O.	1910	15,790	None
Phipps, H. J., Boston	1910	14,208	1.50
Pickands, H. S., Cleveland	1908	6,632.8	None
Roelofs, H. H., Philadelphia	1908	5,415	None
Rooney, E. A., Buffalo	1908	4,594	.10
Schnaier, Milton, New York	1908	11,683	12.00
Somers, Warren, Atlantic City	1908	6,183	.03
Speare, Mrs. L. R., Boston	1908	6,113.6	None
Totals for three years		350,092.3	$149.39

‡Same car two years. *Same car three years.

REPAIR expense is th
acid test of a car's merit

Low repair expense mean
vastly *more* than money saved

When repairs becom
necessary, expense is *onl*
part of the owner's loss.

For, every time a repair i
needed, the car owner lose
some of his respect for hi
car, some of his pride in it
ownership, and some of hi
faith in its merit.

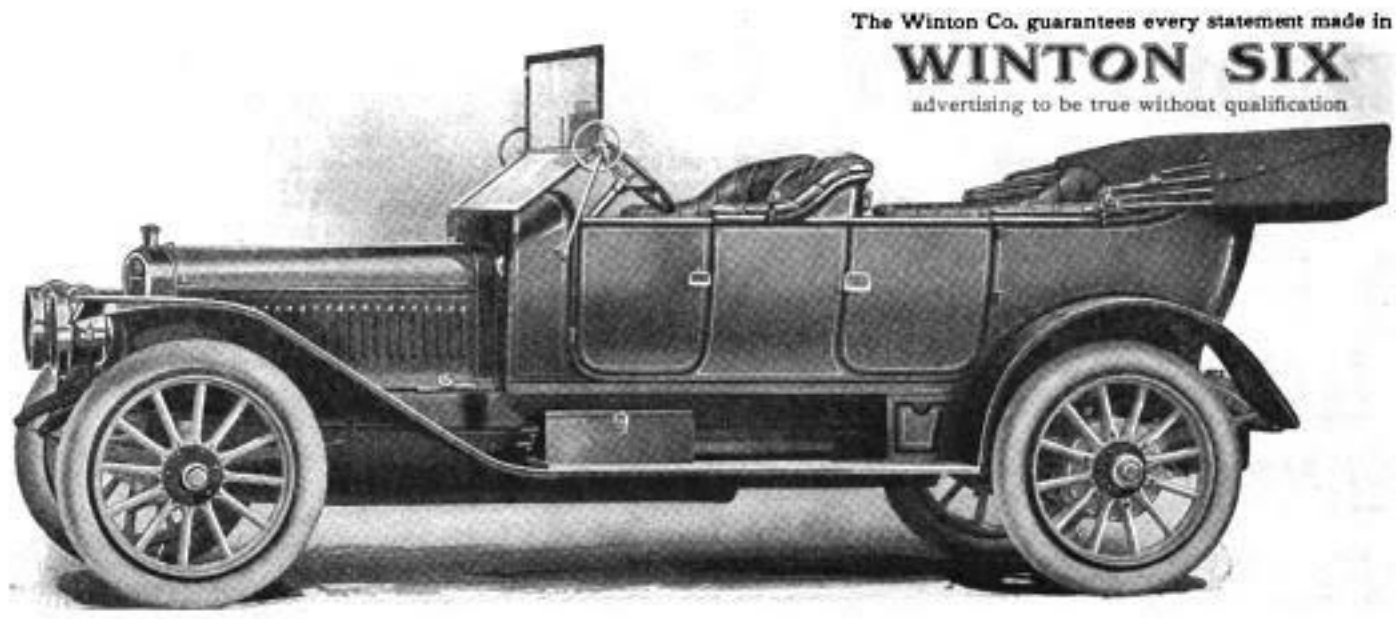
Furthermore, every time
car goes into the repair shop
the owner suffers the loss o
its use. So that, financially an
otherwise, the man whose ca
is undergoing repairs is, tem
porarily at least, worse off tha
the man who has no car at all



Winton Six Four-

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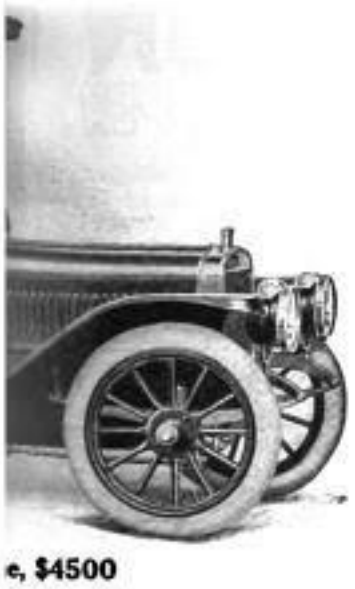
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The Winton Co. guarantees every statement made in
WINTON SIX
advertising to be true without qualification

ility or Expense?

e motor car is a util-
ure and simple.
only value is in its
to carry its passengers
place to place.
l the measure of its
increases in proportion
able to do this safely,
y, quietly, comfortably,
urely.
ar in the repair shop
n every one of these
ts, and its failure costs
wner a repair bill that
the car just that much
of an expense to him.
the chagrin and humil-
of it all is that the
thereby pays an addi-
price to make his car



e, $4500

do the very work, service, that he supposed he paid for in the purchase price.

Little wonder, then, that repair bills and the losses they represent are the bugbear of motordom.

Little wonder, either, that car buyers want cars that will free them from repair expense burdens, annoyances, and losses.

These Owners are Satisfied

Winton Six owners know the joy of freedom from repair bills.

These sworn figures show how Winton Six owners, traveling stupendous mileage, in all parts of the country and in all seasons, during four years, were free from the repair expense bugbear, and had ***always at their service*** a car ready and able to carry its passengers from place to place, safely, quickly, quietly, comfortably, and ***surely.***

Winton Six owners know from experience the meaning of ***satisfaction.***

What the Winton Six has done for four years in the service of these owners ***it can do for you,*** for the Winton Six today is the same car we have been making continuously since June, 1907—four years without requiring a single radical change in design or construction.

Fifth Year of Success

In its fifth year of success, the Winton Six has a 48 H. P. self-cranking motor, ball-bearing, multiple-disc clutch, and four-speed transmission, 130 inch wheel base, spacious and comfortable ***four***-door body with operating levers ***inside,*** electric dash and tail lights, Booth Demountable rims, and 36 x 4½ inch tires all around. Price $3000. Compare it with cars costing $5000 or more.

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Send me the Upkeep Book and catalog mentioned in *The Saturday Evening Post.*

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To The Winton Motor Car. Co.
Cleveland, Ohio

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let's get acquainted!

Right out of the glorious West country this open-hearted message of sunshine and gladness and *real living* comes to you.

We men and women who *know* California and the Pacific Coast States—51,000 enthusiastic members of the Sunset League—want to know *you*, too, because

You're coming west some fine day; coming into this land of ever-blooming gardens; of wonderful days and nights; into the land of snow-capped mountains and sunny fields aglow with bountiful crops—a land blessed with joyous living—*your land*, of which you know so little.

Start *knowing* now—and knowing *right* about this big, wonderful West of *yours*.

Close by you there's a family who know California and the great Pacific Coast States; who can tell you facts that are so astonishing that you will marvel; facts that will prove you really do not know this beautiful and prosperous West half so well as you must.

We want to send you the name and address of that family. They'll be glad to know you and *help you* know the West country. You'll be glad to know them, too.

A 2c stamp will bring you a valuable fund of pictures and literature that carries the very atmosphere, the very spirit of the gorgeous West. For instance, a booklet describing the Panama Exposition in San Francisco in 1915; a sample copy of Sunset Magazine, with its magnificent four-color photographs of Western scenes; the big color poster of the famous Sunset Indian; an entertaining and informing volume of "California's Famous Resorts."

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(Continued from Page 25)

an obvious effort. "I did not enjoy it at all. To me the style of dancing in this country seems ungraceful. Look behind, Mr. Chetwode. Tell me, is Mr. Rosario following us?"

Arnold glanced over his shoulder. Rosario was still standing in the same place, but he was watching them intently.

"He is looking after us, but he has not moved," Arnold announced.

"It is better for him that he stays there," Mrs. Weatherley said softly. "Please to come."

At the farther end of the apartment there was a bend to the left. Mrs. Weatherley led the way round the corner into a small recess out of sight of the remainder of the people. Here she paused and, holding up her finger, looked round. Her head was thrown back, the trouble still gleamed in her eyes. She listened intently to the hum of voices, as though trying to distinguish those she knew. Satisfied, apparently, that their disappearance had not occasioned any comment, she moved forward again, motioned Arnold to open a door and led him down a long passage to the front of the house. Here she opened the door of an apartment on the left-hand side of the hall and almost pushed him in. She closed the door quickly behind them. Then she held up her finger.

"Listen!" she said.

They could hear nothing save the distant murmur of voices in the bridge room. The room they had entered was in complete darkness, through which the ivory pallor of her arms and face and the soft fire of her eyes seemed to be the only things visible. She was standing quite close to him. He could hear her breathing, he could almost fancy that he heard her heart beat. A strand of her hair even touched his cheek.

"I do not wish to turn the light up for a moment," she whispered. "You do not mind?"

"I mind nothing," Arnold answered, bewildered. "Are you afraid of anything? Is there anything I can do?"

A sense of excitement was stirring him.

"Just do as I ask, that is all," she murmured. "I want to look outside in a moment. Just do as I ask and keep quiet."

She stole from him to the window and, moving the curtain a few inches, knelt down, peering out. She remained there motionless for a full minute. Then she rose to her feet and came back. His eyes were becoming more accustomed to the gloom now and he could see the outline of her figure as she moved toward him.

"Take my place there," she whispered. "Look down the drive. Tell me whether you can see any one watching the house."

He went down on his knees at the place she indicated and peered through the parted curtain. For a few seconds he could see nothing. Then as his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom he saw two motionless figures standing on the left-hand side of the drive, partly concealed by a tall laurel bush.

"I believe," he declared hoarsely, "that there are two men standing there."

She drew a little breath.

"Tell me, are they moving?"

"They seem to be simply watching the house," he replied.

She was silent. He could hear her breath come and go.

"They still do not move?" she asked after a few seconds.

He shook his head. She turned away, listening to some footsteps in the hall.

"Remember," she whispered, "I am standing where I can turn on the light in a moment. If any one comes you are here to see my South American curios. This is my own sitting room. You understand?"

"I understand," he assented. "Whatever you tell me to say I will say."

She seemed to be gathering courage. She laughed very softly as though amused at his earnestness. There was little enough of mirth in her laughter, yet somehow it gave him heart.

"What do these men want?" he asked. "Would you like me to go out and send them away?"

"No," she replied. "I do not wish you to leave me."

"But they are terrifying you," he protested. "What right have they in your garden? They are perhaps thieves."

"Hush!"

She sprang away from him. The room was suddenly flooded with light. She was leaning with her arm upon the mantelpiece, a statuette of black ivory in her hand.

"If you are really fond of this sort of thing," she began, "you should come with me to the South Kensington Museum one day. Who is that?"

The door had opened. It was Mr. Weatherley who appeared. Mr. Weatherley was distinctly fussy and there was some return of his pompous manner.

"My dear Fenella!" he exclaimed. "What on earth are you doing in here, with half your bridge tables as yet unarranged? Your guests are wondering what has become of you."

"Has any one fresh turned up?" she asked, setting down the statuette.

"A Lady Raynham has just arrived," Mr. Weatherley replied, "and is making herself very disagreeable because there is no one to tell her at which table she is to play. I heard a young man who came with her, too, asking Parkins what time supper was. I do not wish to criticise the manners of your guests, but really, my dear Fenella, some of them do seem to have strange ideas."

"Lady Raynham," she remarked coldly, "is a person who should be glad to find herself under any respectable roof, without making complaints. Mr. Chetwode," she continued, turning to him, "it is my wish to finish showing you my treasures; therefore, will you wait here, please, for a short time while I go and start another bridge table? I shall return quite soon. Come, Samuel."

Mr. Weatherley coughed. He seemed unwilling to leave Arnold behind.

"I dare say young Chetwode would like a game at bridge himself, my dear," he protested.

"Mr. Chetwode shall have one later on," she promised. "I think that very likely he will play at my table. Come."

They left the room together. She looked backward for a moment before they disappeared and Arnold felt his heart give a little jump. She was certainly the most beautiful creature he had ever seen and there was something in her treatment of him, the subtle flattery of her half-appealing confidence, that went to his head like wine. The door closed and he was left alone. He listened to their departing footsteps. Then he looked round him, for the first time forming some idea of his surroundings. He was in a very charming, homely looking apartment, with deep easy-chairs, a divan covered with luxurious cushions, numbers of little tables covered with photographs and flowers, a great bowl of hothouse roses, and in the farther corner of the room an oak cabinet with an oak background, which was packed with curios. After his first brief inspection, however, he felt scarcely any curiosity as to the contents of the room. It was the window that drew him always toward it. Once more he peered through the chink of the curtains. He had not cared to turn out the lights, however, and for several moments everything was indistinguishable. Then he saw that the two figures still remained in very nearly the same position, except that they had drawn, if anything, a little closer to the house.

A tiny clock upon the mantelpiece was ticking away the seconds. Arnold had no idea how long he remained there watching. Suddenly, however, he received a shock. For some time he had fancied that one of the two figures had disappeared altogether, and now, outside on the window-sill, scarcely a couple of feet from the glass through which he was looking, a man's hand appeared and gripped the ledge. He stared at it, fascinated. It was so close to him that he could see the thin yellow fingers, on one of which was a signet ring with a blood-red stone, the misshapen knuckles, the broken nails. He was on the point of throwing up the window when a man's face shot up from underneath and peered into the room. There was only the thickness of the glass between them, and the light from the gas lamp that stood at the corner of the drive fell full upon the white, strained features and the glittering black eyes that stared into the room. The chink of the curtain through which Arnold was gazing was barely an inch wide, but it was sufficient. For a moment he stared at the man. Then he threw the curtains open and stooped to unfasten the window. It was the affair of a few seconds only to throw it up. To his surprise the man did not move. Their faces almost touched.

"What the devil do you want?" Arnold exclaimed, gripping him by the arm.

The man did not flinch. He inclined his head toward the interior of the room.

Beauty Lines

Are in **every** woman's face. Those who have **fewest** should **cultivate** them, those who have **most** should **retain** them. **Millions** of women have found that



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"Rosario, the Jew," he answered thickly. "He is in the house there. Will you take him a message?"

"Ring at the door and bring it yourself," Arnold retorted.

The man laughed contemptuously. He stared at Arnold for a moment and seemed to realize for the first time that he was a stranger.

"You are a fool to meddle in things you know nothing of!" he muttered.

"I know you've no right where you are," Arnold said, "and I shall keep you until some one comes."

The intruder made a sudden dive, freeing himself with an extraordinary turn of the wrist. Arnold caught a glimpse of his face as he slunk away. While he hesitated whether to follow him he heard the door open and the soft rustle of a woman's skirts.

"What are you doing out there, Mr. Chetwode?"

He turned round. Mrs. Weatherley was standing just behind him, leaning also out of the window, with a little halo of light about her head. For a moment he was powerless to answer. Her head was thrown back, her lips parted. She seemed to be listening as well as watching. There was fear in her eyes as she looked at him, yet she made the most beautiful picture he had ever seen in his life. He pulled himself together as they stepped back into the room.

"Well?" she asked breathlessly.

"I was waiting here for you," he explained. "I looked through the curtains. Then I saw a man's hand upon the sill."

Her hand shot to her side.

"Go on," she whispered.

"I saw his face," Arnold continued. "It was pressed close to the window. It was as though he meant to enter. I threw the curtains back, opened the window and gripped him by the arm. I asked him what he wanted."

She sat down in a chair and began to tremble.

"He said he wanted Rosario, the Jew," Arnold went on. "Then when he found that I was a stranger he got away. I don't know how he managed it, for my fingers are strong enough, but he wrenched himself free somehow."

"Look out once more," she implored; "see if he is anywhere round. I will speak to him."

He stood at the window and looked in every direction.

"There is no one in sight," he declared. "I will go to the corner of the street if you like."

She shook her head.

"Close the window and bolt it, please," she begged. "And draw the curtains tight. Now come and sit down here by me for a moment."

He did as he was bidden with some reluctance.

"The man was a villainous-looking creature," he persisted. "I don't think that he was up to any good. Look! There's a policeman almost opposite. Shall I go and tell him?"

She put out her hand and clasped his, drawing him down to her side. Then she looked steadfastly into his face.

"Mr. Arnold Chetwode," she said slowly, "women have many disadvantages in life, but they have had one gift bestowed upon them in which they trust always. It is the gift of instinct. You are very young and I know very little about you, but I know that you are to be trusted."

"If I could serve you ——" he murmured.

"You can," she interrupted.

Then for a time she was silent. Some new emotion seemed to move her. Her face was softer than he had ever seen it, her beautiful eyes dimmer. His mind was filled with new thoughts of her.

"Mrs. Weatherley," he pleaded, "please do believe in me, do trust me. I mean absolutely what I say when I tell you there is nothing in the world I would not do to save you from trouble or alarm."

Her moment of weakness was over. She flashed one wonderful smile at him and rose to her feet.

"It is agreed," she declared. "When I need help—and it may be at any moment—I shall call upon you."

"I shall be honored," he assured her gravely. "In the meantime please tell me—are we to speak of this to Rosario?"

"Leave it to me," she begged. "I cannot explain to you what all this means, but I think that Mr. Rosario can take care of himself. We must go back now to the bridge room. My husband is annoyed with me for coming away again."

Mr. Weatherley met them in the passage. He was distinctly irritable.

"My dear Fenella!" he exclaimed. "Your guests do not understand your absence. Mr. Rosario is most annoyed and I cannot imagine what is the matter with Starling. I am afraid that he and Rosario have had words."

She turned her head as she passed and smiled very slightly.

"I have no concern," she said, "in the quarrel between Mr. Starling and Mr. Rosario. As for the others ——" She made a little gesture. "Mr. Chetwode and I are quite ready for bridge now," she added. "We are going in to do our duty."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Me and Yem

VE GOT little faller har,
Name ban Yem;
Das whole ralroad over dar
Blong to hem.
Beld it purty doggone kvick
From San Pol to Passafick,
An he turn kvite many trick,
Das same Yem.

Fallers laugh ven he come har,
Das man Yem;
But he ain't ban fraid for scare,
Not for hem.
Call das ralroad strak o' rust
An say Yem vill go clean bust;
But he keep still an he yust
Vork for Yem.

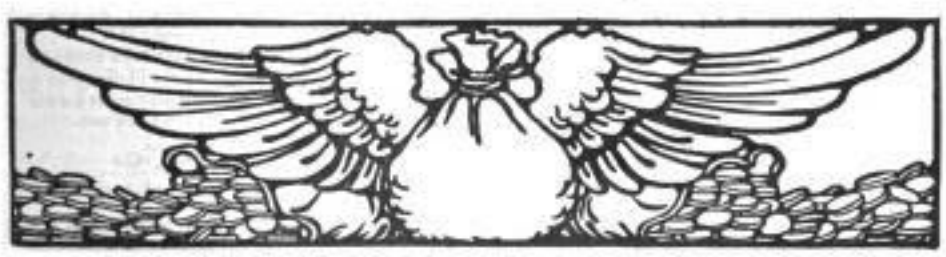
Val, Ay tal you Ay don laugh,
Ay explode,
Van his inyine kal my calf
On das road;
An Ay shak my fist an svar
At das doggone inyinaar
An Ay vish das Yem ban har
Van Ay knowed.

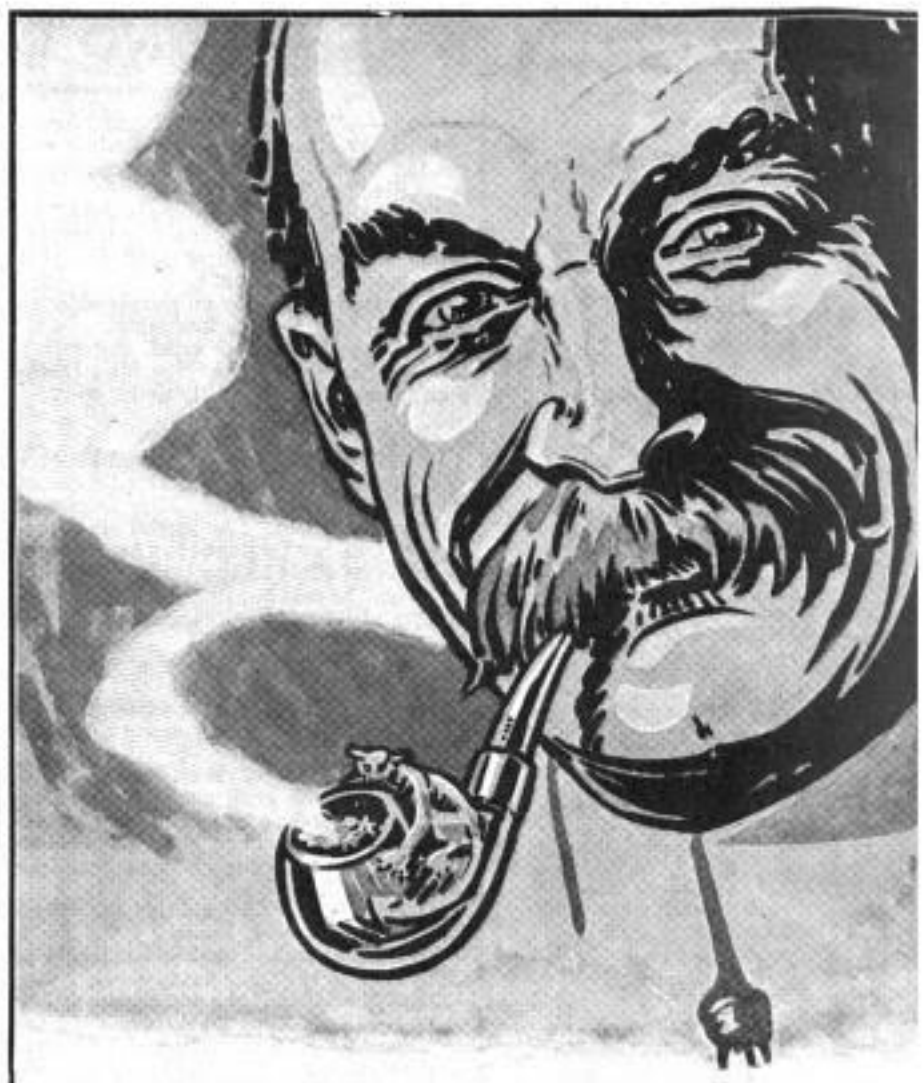
An Ay say my calf ban kal
On das track;
Ay skol fight das man Yem Hal.
Ay don lak
Suts a tang as das, Ay say,
Tak das ralroad kvick avay,
An das oxcart he skol stay,
Breng him back.

Val, Ay wrote das note to hem
On das calf;
An a faller har say Yem
Had big laugh;
An he wrote me letter too
An say: "Ole, Ay lak you,
An how much you tenk ban due
On das calf."

Val, das calf ban purty fine
(Van hees dead),
An Ay wrote das Yem a line
An Ay said:
"Ay vil lat das ralroad run
For tan doller in gude mun—
Das calf vood have veighed a ton,
Yust lak lead."

Val, Ay got my gude hard mun
From das Yem,
An Ay lat das ralroad run
Yust for hem;
An Ay tenk das Nortvest har
Yump ahead gude many yar
Yust by not ban fraid for scare,
Me an Yem. —*J. W. Foley.*





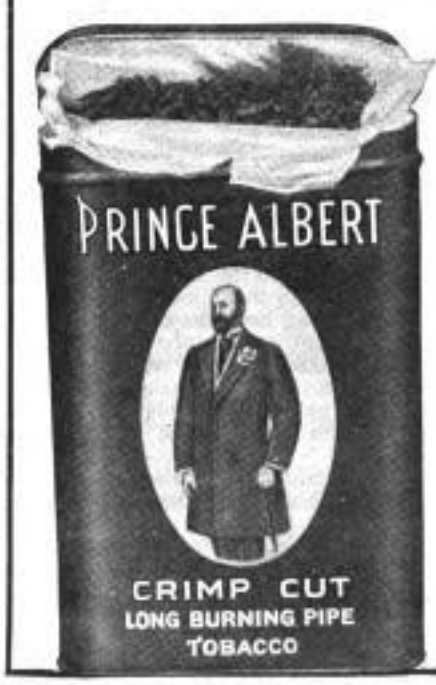
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THE MOVING PICTURE WRITES

(Continued from Page 10)

"But——" Miss Duckman began. Again she attempted to explain that Rudnik was not her husband and again the conductor forestalled her.

"And if he's able to go home tonight," he said finally, "ye'll be given free transportation, in a parlor car d'ye mind, like ye'd be on your honeymoon."

He patted her gently on the shoulder as he turned to a waiting brakeman.

"Let her go, Bill," he cried, and with a jubilant toot from the engine Miss Duckman's elopement was fairly under way.

V

WHEN Harris Rudnik opened his eyes in the little white curtained room of the Emergency Hospital, Miss Duckman sat beside his bed. She smiled encouragingly at him, but for more than five minutes he made no effort to speak.

"Well," he said at length, "what are you kicking about? It's an elegant place, this here Home."

Miss Duckman laid her fingers on her lips.

"You shouldn't speak nothing," she whispered, "on account you are sick, *aber* not serious sick."

"I know I am sick," Rudnik replied. "I was just figuring it all out. I am getting knocked down by a train and ——"

"No bones is broken," Miss Duckman hastened to assure him. "You would be out in a few days."

"I am satisfied," he said faintly. "You got a fine place here, Missis."

Miss Duckman laid her hand on Rudnik's pillow.

"I ain't a Missis," she murmured. "My name is Miss Blooma Duckman."

"Blooma," Rudnik muttered. "I once used to got a sister by the name Blooma, and it ain't a bad name neither." He was not entirely softened by his mishap, however. "But, anyhow, that ain't here or there," he said. "Women is just the same—always kicking. What is the matter with this Home, Miss Duckman? It's an elegant place already."

"This ain't the Home," Miss Duckman explained. "This is a hospital, which when you was hit by the engine they put you on the train and took you up here."

"*Aber* what are you doing here?" he asked after a pause.

"I come along," Miss Duckman said; "and now you shouldn't talk no more."

"What d'ye mean you come along?" he cried. "Didn't you go back to the Home?"

Miss Duckman shook her head, and Rudnik turned on his pillow and looked inquiringly at her.

"How long am I up here anyhow?" he demanded.

"Four days," Miss Duckman said, and Rudnik closed his eyes again. For ten minutes longer he lay still and then his lips moved.

"What did you say?" Miss Duckman asked.

"I says Blooma is a pretty good name already," he murmured, smiling faintly, and the next moment he sank into a light sleep.

When he awoke Miss Duckman still sat by the side of his bed, her fingers busy over the hem of a sheet, and he glanced nervously at the window through which the late afternoon sun came streaming.

"Ain't it pretty late you should be away from the Home?" he inquired. "It must be pretty near six, ain't it?"

"I know it," Miss Duckman said; "and the doctor says at six you should take this here powder."

"*Aber* shouldn't you got to be getting ready to go back to the Home?" he asked.

Miss Duckman shook her head.

"I ain't going back no more," she answered. "I got enough of them people."

Rudnik looked helplessly at her.

"But what would you do?" he said. "You ain't got no other place to go to, otherwise you wouldn't got to live in a Home."

"Sure, I know," she replied as she prepared to give him his powder; "but *Gott sei Dank* I still got my health, and I am telling the lady superintendent here how they work me at the Home, and she says I could stop here till I am finding something to do. I could cook already and I could sew already, and if the worser comes to the worst I could find a job in an underwear factory. They don't pay much, but a woman like me she don't eat much. All I want is I could get a place to sleep, and I bet yer I could make out fine. So you should please take the powder."

Rudnik swallowed his powder.

"You says you could cook," he remarked after he had again settled himself on his pillow. "*Tzimmus*, for instance, *und Fleisch Kugel?*"

"*Tzimmus und Fleisch Kugel* is nothing," she declared. "I don't want to say nothing about myself, understand me, because lots of women to hear 'em talk you would think wonder what cooks they are, and they couldn't even boil a potater even; *aber* if you could eat my *Gefüllte Rinderbrust*, Mister ——"

"Rudnik," he said as he licked his moist lips—"Harris Rudnik."

"Mister Rudnik," she proceeded, "*oder* my *Tebeches*, you would got to admit I ain't so helpless as I look."

"You don't look so helpless," Rudnik commented; "I bet yer you could do washing even."

"Could I?" Miss Duckman exclaimed. "Why, sometimes at the Home I am washing from morning till night, *aber* I ain't kicking none. It really agrees with me, Mr. Rudnik."

Rudnik nodded. Again he closed his eyes, and had it not been that he swallowed convulsively at intervals he would have appeared to be sleeping. Suddenly he raised himself on his pillow.

"Do you make maybe a good cup coffee also?" he inquired.

"A good cup coffee I make in two ways," Miss Duckman answered. "The first is ——"

Rudnik waved his hand feebly.

"I'll take your word for it," he said, and again lapsed into quietude.

"D'ye know," he murmured at length, "I ain't drunk a good cup coffee in years already?"

Miss Duckman made no answer. Indeed she dropped her sewing and passed noiselessly out of the room, and when she returned ten minutes later she bore on a linen-covered tray a cup of steaming fragrant coffee.

"How was that?" Miss Duckman asked after he had emptied the cup.

Rudnik wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"All I could say is," he replied, "if your *Tzimmus* ain't no worser as your coffee, Miss Duckman, nobody could kick that you ain't a good cook."

Miss Duckman's faded cheeks grew pink and she smiled happily.

"I guess you are trying to make me a compliment," she said.

"In my whole life I never made for a woman a compliment," Rudnik declared. "I never even so much as met one I could make a compliment to yet except you, and *mit* you it ain't no compliment after all. It's the truth."

He lay back on his pillow and gazed at the ceiling for fully a quarter of an hour, while Miss Duckman sewed away industriously.

"After all," he said at last, "why not? Older men as me done it."

"Did you say something?" Miss Duckman asked.

Rudnik cleared his throat noisily.

"I says," he replied, "you should please be so good and don't bother yourself about that—now—underwear factory job till I am getting out of here."

VI

"A HOME is a Home," B. Lesengeld said as he and Belz sat in the office nearly a week later; "but if Schindelberger wouldn't show up here with Rudnik today yet, Belz, we would foreclose sure."

"Would we?" Belz retorted. "Well, I got something to say about that too, Lesengeld, and I'm going to give the Bella Hirshkind people a couple days longer. Today is Blooma Duckman's day out again, and me and Mrs. Belz we sit home last night and we couldn't do a thing on account Mrs. Belz is dreading it so. Think what it would be if that woman is thrown back on our hands."

"If she is so terrible as all that why do you let her come at all?" Lesengeld asked, and Belz heaved a great sigh.

"I'll tell you, Lesengeld," he said, "she's really got a very good heart, y'understand; *aber* is it Mrs. Belz's fault she ain't such a A-Number-One cook? Every time that



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Blooma Duckman comes round she rubs it in yet, and she snoops under beds to see is it clean *oder* not, and she gets the girl so worked up, understand me, that we are hiring a new one every week. At the same time the woman means well, Lesengeld, but you know how that is: some people means so well you couldn't stand 'em at all."

Lesengeld nodded.

"Sure, I know," he said. "I seen it last week a case where a feller all the time means well and is trying to do good. He is taking pity on a tramp, understand me, and the tramp *gunsers* his silver spoons and everything, and I says to Mrs. Lesengeld: 'Mommer,' I says, 'it only goes to show,' I says, 'if you feel you are beginning to take pity on a feller,' I says, 'you shouldn't got no mercy on him at all,' I says. 'Otherwise he will go to work and do you every time,' I says. So that's why I am telling you, Belz, I guess the best thing we could do is we should right away foreclose Rudnik's house on him. Then if Schindelberger is such a charitable sucker as all that, let him buy in the house for the Bella Hirshkind Home and be done with it. All we want is our money back and we would be satisfied. What is the use we consider Rudnik's feelings. Ain't it?"

"Do you think I am holding off on Rudnik's account?" Belz exclaimed indignantly. "I never even got an idee to take pity on the feller at all. An old snoozer like him which he's got only one house to his name, understand me, he don't deserve no better. So go ahead and ring up Schindelberger and tell him that's what we would do."

Lesengeld turned to the desk, but even as he took the telephone receiver from the hook Schindelberger himself came in.

"*Endlich!*" Belz exclaimed. "We was expecting you the whole week yet. Are you ready to fix up about Rudnik's mortguge?"

Schindelberger sat down and carefully placed his hat on Belz's desk.

"The mortgage I didn't come to see you about exactly," he said. "I got something else to tell you."

"Something else I ain't interested in at all," Belz rejoined. "We was just going to telephone and ask you why don't Rudnik fix it up about the mortgage?"

"I am coming to that presently," Schindelberger said. "What I want to say now is, Mr. Belz, that I am very sorry I got to come here and tell you an information about your wife's cousin, Miss Blooma Duckman."

"Blooma Duckman!" Belz exclaimed. "What's the trouble; is she sick?"

Schindelberger shook his head.

"Worser as that," he explained. "She disappeared from the Bella Hirshkind Home a week ago already and nobody sees nothing from her since."

For a brief interval Belz stared at his visitor and then he turned to Lesengeld.

"Ain't that a fine note?" he said.

"All we are discovering is a couple packages she got with her, which the superintendent sends her over to West Farms she should buy some groceries, and on her way back she drops the packages and disappears."

"Might she fell down a rock maybe," Lesengeld suggested. "The other day I am seeing a fillum where a feller falls down a rock already and they search for him a hundred people yet. They get near him as I am to you, Schindelberger, and still they couldn't find him anyhow on account the feller is too weak to say something."

"How could she fall down a rock?" Schindelberger interrupted. "It's all swamps up there. But anyhow, Belz, we are wasting time here talking about it. The best thing is you should ring up the police."

"What d'ye mean wasting time?" Belz cried. "You're a fine one to talk about wasting time. Here the woman disappears a week ago already and you are only just telling me now."

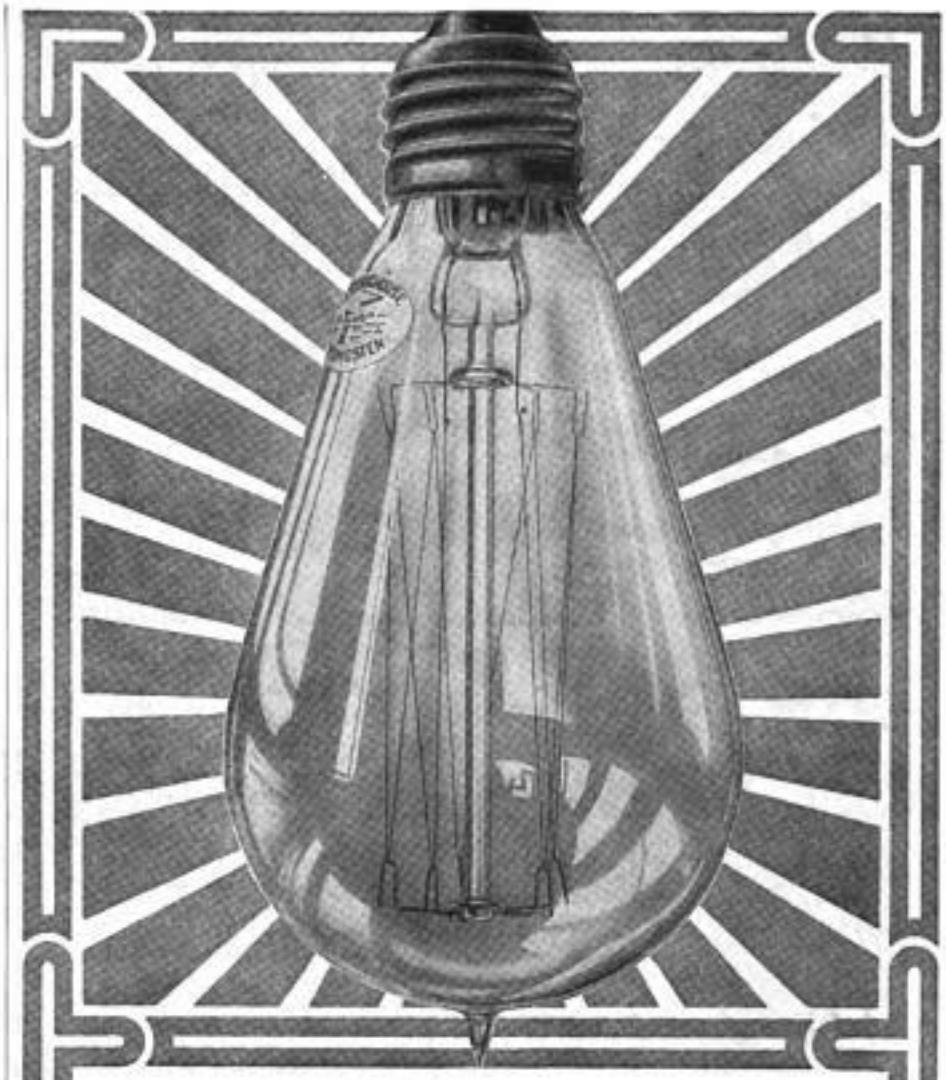
Schindelberger blushed.

"Well, you see," he said, "we all the time got hopes she would come back." In point of fact he had purposely delayed breaking the news to Belz in order that the settlement of Rudnik's mortgage extension should not be prejudiced. "But now," he added ingenuously, "it don't make no difference, because Rudnik telephones me yesterday morning that the whole thing is off on account he is married."

"Married!" Lesengeld cried. "Do you mean to told me that old *Schlemiel* gets married yet?"

"So sure as you are sitting there. And he says he would come round here this morning and see you."

"He should save himself the trouble," Belz declared angrily. "Now particularly



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that Blooma Duckman ain't up there at all, I wouldn't extend that mortgage, not if he gives a deed to that Home to take effect right today yet. I shouldn't begun with you in the first place, Schindelberger."

Schindelberger seized his hat.

"I acted for the best," he said. "I am sorry you should get delayed on your mortgage, gentlemen, *aber* you shouldn't hold it up against me. I done it for the sake of the Bella Hirshkind Home, which if people gets sore at me on account I always act charitable, that's their lookout, not mine."

He started for the door as he finished speaking, but as he placed his hand on the knob some one turned it from the other side and the next moment he stood face to face with Rudnik.

"So!" Schindelberger exclaimed. "You are really coming up here, are you? It ain't a bluff, like you are taking my card to go up to the Home and you never went near the place at all."

Rudnik shut the door behind him.

"What d'ye mean I didn't go near the place at all?" he said angrily. "Do you think I am such a liar like you are, Schindelberger? Not only did I go near the place, but I got so near it that a hundred feet more and the engine would knocked me into the front door of the Home already."

It was then that Lesengeld and Belz observed the stout cane on which Rudnik supported himself.

"I come pretty close to being killed already on account I am going up to the Home," he continued; "and if nobody is asking me to sit down I would sit down anyway, because if a feller gets run over by a train he naturally don't feel so strong, even if he would escape with bruises only."

"Did you got run over with a train?" Schindelberger asked.

"I certainly did," Rudnik said. "I got run over with a train and married in six days, and if you go to work and foreclose my house on me today yet, it will sure make a busy week for me." He looked pathetically at Belz. "Unless," he added, "you are going to give me a show and extend the mortgage."

Belz met this appeal with stolid indifference.

"Of course, Rudnik," he said, "I'm sorry you got run over with a train; but if we would extend your mortgage on account you got run over with a train and our other mortgagees hears of it, understand me, the way money is so tight nowadays, every time a mortgage comes due them suckers would ring in trollyer-car accidents on us and fall down coal-holes so as we would give 'em an extension already."

"And wouldn't it make no difference that I just got married?" Rudnik asked.

"If an old feller like you gets married, Rudnik," Belz replied, "he must got to take the consequences."

"An idee!" Lesengeld exclaimed. "Do you think that we are making wedding presents to our mortgagees yet, Rudnik?"

"It serves you right, Rudnik," Schindelberger said. "If you would consent to the Home getting your property I wouldn't said nothing about Miss Duckman's disappearing and Belz would of extended the mortgage on you."

"I was willing to do it," Rudnik said, "*aber* my wife wouldn't let me. She says rather than see the house go that way she would let you gentlemen foreclose it on us, even if she would got to starve."

"I don't know who your wife is," Schindelberger rejoined angrily, "but she talks like a big fool."

"No, she don't," Rudnik retorted; "she talks like a sensible woman, because in the first place she wouldn't got to starve. I got enough strength left that I could always make for her and me anyhow a living, and in the second place the Home really ain't a home. It's a business."

"A business!" Schindelberger cried. "What d'ye mean a business?"

"I mean a business," Rudnik replied, "an underwear business. Them poor women up there makes underwear from morning till night already, and Schindelberger here got a brother-in-law which he buys it from the Home for pretty near half as much as it would cost him to make it."

"*Rosher!*" Max Schindelberger shrieked. "Who tells you such stories?"

"My wife tells me," Rudnik replied.

"And how does your wife know it?" Belz demanded.

"Because," Rudnik answered, "she once used to live in the Home."

"Then that only goes to show what a liar you are," Schindelberger said. "Your wife

The man that is "Always Tired-Out" will soon be worn out

If the day's work fags you—

If an ill-chosen meal upsets your digestion—



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couldn't of been in the Home on account it only gets started last year, and everybody which went in there ain't never come out yet."

"Everybody but one," Rudnik said as he seized his cane, and raising himself from the chair he hobbled to the door.

"Blooma *leben*," he cried, throwing the door wide open; and in response Mrs. Rudnik, née Blooma Duckman, entered.

"*Na*, Belz," she said, "ain't you going to congradulate me?"

Belz sat back in his chair and stared at his wife's cousin in unaffected astonishment, while Schindelberger noiselessly opened the door and slid out of the room unnoticed.

"And so you run away from the Home and married this *Schnorrer?*" Belz said at length.

"*Schnorrer* he ain't," she retorted, "unless you would go to work and foreclose the house."

"It would serve you right if I did," Belz rejoined.

"Then you ain't going to?" Mrs. Rudnik asked.

"What d'ye mean he ain't going to?" Lesengeld interrupted. "Ain't I got nothing to say here? Must I got to sacrifice myself for Belz' wife's relations?"

"*Koosh*, Lesengeld!" Belz exploded. "You take too much on yourself. Do you think for one moment I am going to foreclose that mortgage and have them two old people *schnorring* their living expenses out of me for the rest of my days, just to oblige you? The mortgage runs at six per cent and it's going to continue to do so. Six per cent ain't to be sneezed at neither."

"And ain't he going to pay us no bonus nor nothing?" Lesengeld asked in anguished tones.

"Bonus!" Belz cried; "what are you talking about bonus? Do you mean to told me you would ask an old man which he nearly gets killed by a train already a bonus yet? Honestly, Lesengeld, I'm surprised at you. The way you talk sometimes it ain't no wonder people calls us second-mortgage sharks."

"But lookyhere, Belz ——" Lesengeld began.

"'Senough, Lesengeld," Belz interrupted. "You're lucky I don't ask you you should make 'em a wedding present yet."

"I suppose, Belz, you're going to make 'em a wedding present too, ain't it?" Lesengeld jeered.

"That's just what I'm going to do," Belz said as he turned to the safe. He fumbled round the middle compartment and finally produced two yellow slips of paper. "I'm going to give 'em these here composition notes of Schindelberger's, and with what Blooma knows about the way that *Rosker* is running the Bella Hirshkind Home she shouldn't got no difficulty making him pay up."

He handed the notes to Rudnik.

"And now," he said, "sit right down and tell us how it comes that you and Blooma gets married."

For more than a quarter of an hour Rudnik described the details of his meeting with Miss Blooma Duckman, together with his hopes and aspirations for the future, and when he concluded Belz turned to his partner.

"Ain't it funny how things happens?" he said. "Honestly, Lesengeld, ain't that more interesting than most things you could see it on a moving pictures?"

Lesengeld nodded sulkily.

"It sure ought to be," he said, "because to go on a moving pictures you pay only ten cents, *aber* this here story costs me my half of a three-hundred-and-fifty-dollar bonus. However, I suppose I shouldn't begrudge it 'em. I seen the other evening a fillum by the name The Return of Enoch Aarons, where an old feller stands outside on the street and looks through a winder, and he sees a happy married couple *mit* children sitting in front of a fire. So I says to my wife: 'Mommer,' I says, 'if that old snoozer would only got married,' I says, 'he wouldn't got to stand outside winders looking at other people having a good time,' I says. 'He would be enjoying with his own wife and children,' I says, and I thinks right away of Rudnik here." He placed his hand on Rudnik's shoulder as he spoke. "But now Rudnik is married," he concluded, "and even if he wouldn't got children he's got a good wife anyhow, which it stands in the *Siddur* already—a good wife is more valuable as rubies."

Rudnik seized the hand of his blushing bride. "And," he added, "rubies is pretty high nowadays."



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WOULD you expect a window-display of paint-cans to lead to the purchase of a Multigraph? It did.

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And besides the shorter time required, the Multigraph could be operated by unskilled labor. Here was money-saving.

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The foregoing incident is unusual in its details; but it illustrates how the Multigraph is introducing efficiency and economy into many a business.

Moreover, it illustrates the principle that controls every sale—making your own business argue your need of the Multigraph. You needn't fear the salesman's silver tongue. Unless your business can *prove* a profit from the Multigraph, we shall not sanction a sale. We mean that, absolutely.

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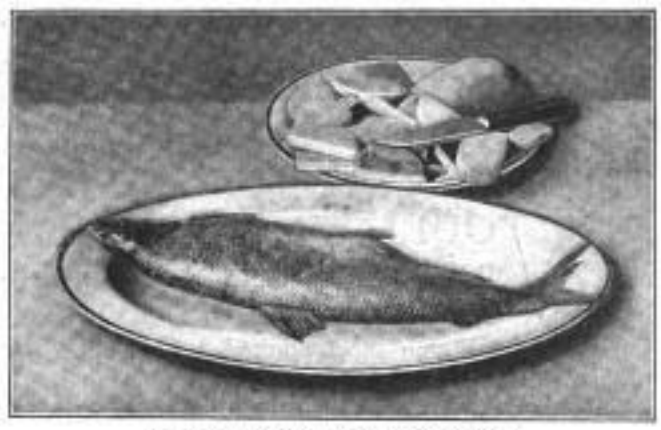

Foods fried in Crisco are light and flaky

A Scientific Discovery Which will Affect Every Kitchen in America

TWO years ago, a new and heretofore unknown food was discovered. This discovery remained a secret while the food was submitted to every possible test. Then, within the last year, it was furnished to a large number of chefs and domestic science teachers to experiment with. The tests were successful and proved that the food was *ideal*, something that the American housewife had always needed.

The many advantages of this new food may seem unbelievable to women who never have had an opportunity to use it, but they are now known, proven facts in domestic science schools and in hotel kitchens, where cooking is a science or business.

This product is purely vegetable and is to be used in cooking wherever you now use animal fats, such as butter or lard. There is not a meal served in your home in the preparation of which Crisco, the new product for frying, for shortening, and for general cooking, is not needed. It is impossible to give here *all* the advantages of Crisco, but the ones which come closest to home are outlined.


Fry Fish, then Potatoes in the same Crisco
The Potatoes will not Taste of the Fish

This Seems Impossible Until You Do it Yourself

YOU can fry fish in Crisco, and the Crisco will not absorb the fish odor! You then can use the same Crisco for frying potatoes without imparting to them the slightest fish flavor. Heretofore, you may have hesitated to fry fish because it meant the wasting of so much lard. With Crisco, not a drop need be thrown away; it can be used and re-used, which makes it very economical. Will you not make this fish and potato test and learn for yourself that it is possible to fry food after food in the same Crisco without imparting to one food the flavor of another?

Dry Frying—A Radical Change

THERE is another unusual feature of Crisco which makes a radical change in frying. You have noticed that the quicker you fry, the better results you secure. All cook-books say "Heat your fat smoking hot." Lard smokes and burns at 400 degrees, and any temperature above this point is not practical, owing to the discoloration and the quantity of smoke given off. You can heat Crisco very much hotter than lard (455°) and it will not burn nor smoke. To realize fully the advantages of this high frying point of Crisco, cook potatoes in it.

Cut the slices a quarter of an inch in thickness; soak them in cold water; then thoroughly dry them in a cloth.

Heat the Crisco very hot and put in just a few potatoes at a time.

Do not put in too many at once, or they will cool the Crisco and you will lose the benefit of its high frying point.

Crisco fries so quickly that a crust forms instantly and prevents absorption; thus the full flavor is retained and the potatoes are more healthful than when soaked with grease. The outside is a rich, golden brown and the inside is light and mealy, like a baked potato. No black specks spoil your food, and no "frying odor" permeates your dining-room and kitchen. When you use Crisco for frying, the improvement is so marked that you can see the difference at once.

Have you Hesitated to Eat Pastry?

FROM a standpoint of health, the discovery of Crisco is of great value. Pie has been called the great American dessert, and many have eaten it *in spite of the fact that they believed it to be indigestible*. Crisco makes foods more digestible. Doctors are the strongest advocates that Crisco has. Many physicians personally are recommending it to their patients, because the vegetable ingredients of which it is made are more readily assimilated than are animal fats. They know that Crisco has great nutritive value, and since its discovery you can eat freely foods that heretofore you could not digest.

A New Standard

UNTIL Crisco was discovered, butter was the standard for good cake-making. Crisco gives a richer, finer flavored cake than can be made with butter. Butter is nearly *one-fifth* water, while Crisco contains no moisture, but is *all* shortening. Cake made with Crisco may be kept longer without loss of its original fine flavor and soft texture. Both table and cooking butter vary in flavor and richness during the different seasons. Crisco never varies. There is but one quality—the best. Every package is as rich as the first one. This unfailing richness, this absolute uniformity, enable you to make your cake delicious with regularity. Your results in cake-making do not vary in the exasperating way they have done heretofore, so you never waste foods because they do not "turn out" well. You get actually better results than with butter, *at about half the cost*. Crisco makes as fine and wholesome a cake as rich cream, with an equally delicate and delicious flavor.


Butter Nearly One-fifth Water

Every Woman is Interested in This

FROM the viewpoint of economy, Crisco, the new product for cooking, excels. Foods fried in Crisco absorb less, consequently there is more Crisco left. In deep frying, it is apparent how little Crisco is used—how much of it is left, as one woman said, so little Crisco was absorbed that it seemed to her as though she had just as much when she finished as when she started to fry. This is another reason why Crisco is so economical.

Crisco also keeps excellently. It does not become strong. It is so clean and pure in origin and manufacture that it stays sweet and fresh. Crisco is never sold in bulk, but is put up in immaculate packages, perfectly protected from dust and store odors. No hands touch it, no unsanitary paddles nor wooden boats. You are sure that every package of Crisco is wholesome.


Lard Two-thirds Gone

Dip out a spoonful and look at it. You will like its very appearance, for it is a pure cream white, with a fresh, pleasant aroma. It is crisp and flaky, just the proper consistency to make it ideal for creaming in cake or for working into pie crust.


Crisco Two-thirds Left



THESE are strong statements, but they are facts which you can prove for yourself. Give your grocer an order for a package today. It requires no experimenting—you use it where you now use butter or lard, and in just the same way. Make the fish and potato test; try it for "dry" frying; try Crisco pastry, Crisco white cake, best of all try Crisco biscuits, and you will become a Crisco enthusiast and realize why its discovery will affect every family in America.

On request we shall mail a fully illustrated booklet, showing many other advantages of Crisco, the new, and heretofore unknown, strictly vegetable product for frying, for shortening and for general cooking. Address Dept. K.

Sold by grocers at 25c the package except in the Far West

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THE CROOKED DEAL

(Continued from Page 21)

Zack smiled broadly at the lady's praise and opened his mouth so wide that if it hadn't been for his ears the top of his head would have been an island.

"Yas'm. I got a pow'ful good reputation down yonder in Vicksburg—an' mos' everywhar. Ef you don't believe what I sez you jes go an' ax Cunnel."

"Do you always travel with the Colonel?" asked Doris.

"Yas'm; me and Cunnel allus goes together. He's gwine to Afriky now to he'p me larn dem niggers how to raise cotton."

Reifenstein and the Italians drifted in and stood talking within a few feet of Aurora, without noticing her—which was very insulting. They drew her attention from the diverting negro. Very distinctly she heard Torreale say: "Seven hundred and eighty-five dollars." Then she called: "Torreale! Reifenstein! My dear Count! Come here. You stupid creatures—to talk about money! How vulgar, when I am giving a benefit tonight!"

The three men bent over and listened quite politely until Reifenstein heard Zack say:

"Yas'm; me an' Cunnel sojered durin' de entire war. An' sence den we ben together all de time—continual—continual. Mos' in generally us hunts."

"The Colonel is a good shot, I suppose?" suggested Doris.

"Good shot? Did you say 'Good shot'? Sholy, missy, you is heerd 'bout Cunnel's shootin'!"

Reifenstein did not intend a rudeness to Signorina Aurora, nor did Torreale—and Castelleone, who had followed her over three continents, had no thought of being ungallant; but the three turned from the lady and listened to the negro.

Zack sidled round until he could watch the door; then took the bridle off of his imagination and roamed through the gory field of Colonel Spottiswoode's hunting exploits, with details of certain marvelous shots. The three listened eagerly—and Zack did his best.

"But the gentleman is getting old; his eyes ——" Castelleone inquired.

"Lordy! suh; 'pears like de Cunnel is jes now gettin' de hang o' dem eyes. I looks fer 'im to be at his best dis comin' fall."

"Has he killed anybody lately?" asked Torreale.

"No, suh; 'cept in de war. Dat war wouldn't lasted no time ef Cunnel hadn't been tuk down sick an' I had to tote 'im home. While he wuz outen his head wid fever de s'render come. You jes ought to heerd Cunnel stomp an' cuss when dey tole 'im dat! Fust he say he war gwine to git right up from dat bed an' have de fightin' all over agin. Fer de longest time nobody couldn't 'swade him dat Marse Robert done s'rendered—he wouldn't never believe dat 'til his own ma say 'twuz so. Doctor Paulding kep' 'im full o' medicine, so he'd lie down and be still. Ef 'twarn't fer dat medicine, 'tain't no tellin' what moughter happened. Lordy! gent'men, you all oughter see de Cunnel ketch holt o' his bridle wid his teef an' take a six-shooter in each han'! He'd go gallopin' round a saplin' an' put every one o' dem twelve bullets smack in de middle. Dat warn't nuthin'! Everybody done dat or dey couldn't stay in his army."

Doris Stanton turned her face away and gazed out of the porthole; she hated to let Zack see her laughing. At the first symptom of a halt Doris touched him off again.

"Has he got in a good humor yet about the war?"

Zack laughed. "Yas'm. Cunnel kin sorter smile 'bout it sometimes, 'cept when he sees one o' dem biggety niggers in Washington; but, scusin' dem biggety niggers, Cunnel say now he is sho glad he got tuk down sick, so everything passed off nice an' pleasant. I heerd Cunnel speak dem very words to a passel o' white gent'men in N'Yawk."

"All of that—that shooting, must be in—what do they call it?—the Wild West?" Torreale put the question in a whisper to Castelleone. Then he spoke aloud to Zack. "Does he kill many people in duels?"

"No, suh; Cunnel wouldn't hurt a fly. But he don't git no chance. Dey won't fight no mo' dools wid 'im—done quit dat long ago. When folks notices de Cunnel



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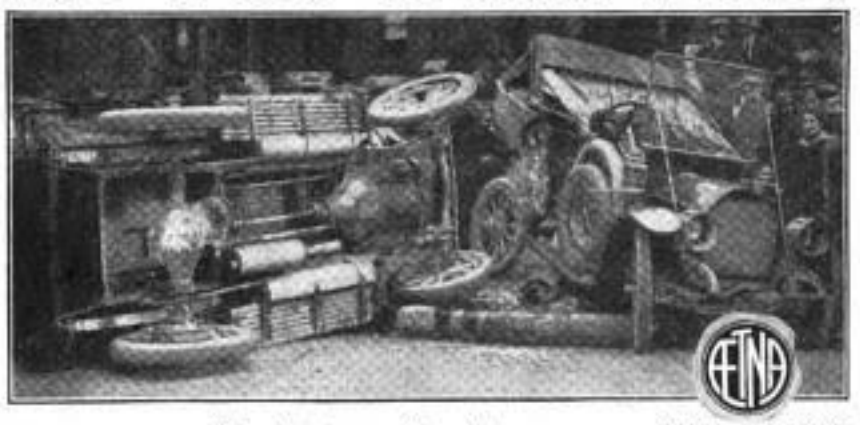
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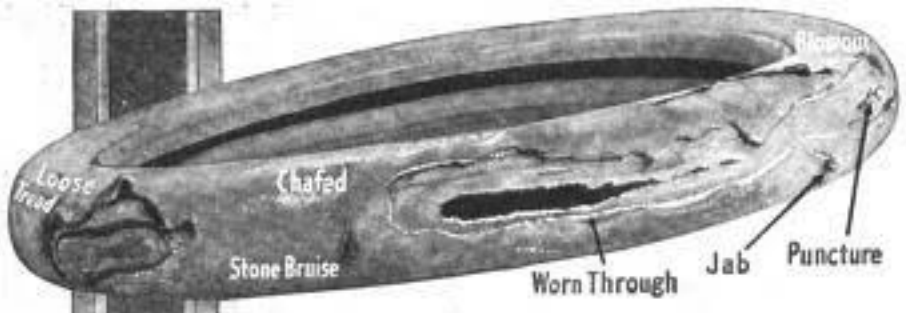
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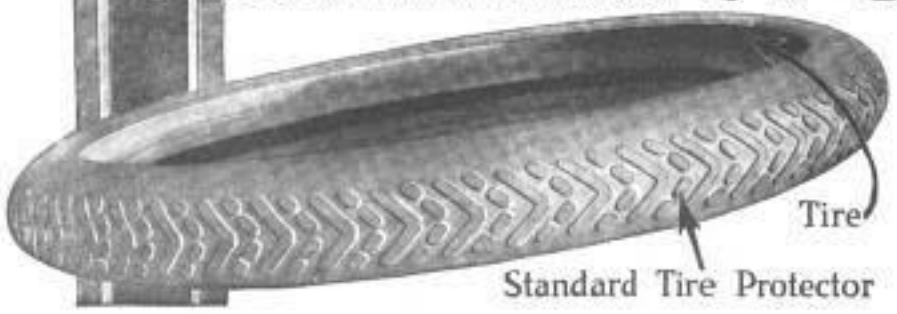
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gittin' riled dey jes goes out in de woods an' climbs a tree. Dat makes Cunnel grin; an' he sez: 'It's all right, boys; you-all come down again and let's be friends.' 'Tain't no yaller dog in Vicksburg what can't make friends wid Cunnel—scusin' dem times when he's pestered."

Zack's audience kept growing, which encouraged the negro to take another deep breath. "I ain't seen Cunnel mad—what yer call reel mad—fer de longest—'til jes befo' us lef' home. He was settin' in front of de hotel, him an' some mo' gent'men; up come a white man from some place or 'nuther an' butted in. Cunnel warn't sayin' nuthin' to dat white man; warn't studyin' 'im; warn't payin' 'im no min'. Dem gent'men war talkin' friendly politics 'mong deyselves; dis man he gits up outen his chair and walks over whar dey wuz an' 'lows he war one o' dem—I can't zactly call de words like he said it; but some kind o' standpatter—dat's how he spoke—an' he didn't care who knowed it. Cunnel got up and sez sumpin' to 'im, soft an' low; dis white man lifted one han' an' popped it down in de udder han' wid a loud cuss word; an' 'twarn't but two licks passed—Cunnel hit dat white man an' dat white man hit de groun'. I ain't seen Cunnel wid dat kin' o' look on his face no mo' 'til las' night. Sumpin' sho is pestered de Cunnel. Dat's why I ain't gwine near 'im today."

"Is he very, very rich?" inquired Aurora.

"Cunnel, he got aplenty; but, lady, he gives away money jes same as ef 'twuz buttons—fo' bits here an' a dollar yonder. Folks jes laff an' say de onliest thing Cunnel is stingy 'bout is ammynition—he sho do hate to waste none o' dat. I been wid 'im, man an' boy, fer nigh on to fifty years, an' he ain't never wasted none to my knowin'—— Comin', suh; comin'!" Zack reached down, grabbed his hat and hustled out of the door, for the Colonel had appeared and beckoned him.

The foreigners stared at each other. Castelleone wasn't satisfied. "Mees Stanton, what does the black mean when he says 'stingy 'bout ammynition'?"

Doris laughed outright. "He says the Colonel never misses a shot—always gets something for each bullet. Hates to waste a shot, just as you hate to waste a dollar—to throw it away and get nothing for it. Do you understand?"

"*Si*, signorina—oh, y-es—mees——" Castelleone answered slowly.

Later in the afternoon Colonel Spottiswoode sat in his steamer chair still thinking, still figuring. Zack leaned against the rail and gazed upon the water.

"Zack! Oh, Zack! If you had some money that you didn't want what would you do with it?"

Zack grinned. "Well, Cunnel, you know how niggers is. Dey's mighty ginrous wid money what dey ain't got. But ef I had a lot o' money what I didn't want I'd buy tickets to missy's concert. She sho is one high-qualified young lady an' ain't got no bizness puttin' her foot to de groun'. Dem gent'men is plumb crazy 'bout de way she plays dat fiddle."

The Colonel straightened up in his chair. "Zack, you've got more sense than a lead mule. Go find that little sharp-faced steward and bring him to the writing room." Then the Colonel disappeared.

In the corner of the writing room, where nobody could see him, Colonel Spottiswoode placed seven hundred and eighty-five dollars in an envelope. Then he took the four cards—Reifenstein, Castelleone, Torreale and Shields—put them in with the money and sealed the package.

"Steward," he said, "take this envelope straight to Signorina Certosa and tell her it is from these gentlemen whose cards are inside—one ticket each. If you mention my name you don't get a cent; if you keep your mouth shut I'll give you five dollars."

As he started for the music room the steward's mouth could not have been opened with a jimmy. Colonel Spottiswoode hurried out on deck and watched through a porthole. He saw the steward as he laid the envelope in the signorina's hand and delivered the message accurately.

"Four more tickets sold, my dear!" The singer laughed and patted Doris' hand; but when she saw the large size of the bills, their number, and the gold besides, her eyes widened. Excitedly she counted: "Seven hundred and eighty-five dollars—who sent this? Who——" She looked up, but the steward had vanished. A card dropped out. "*Carissima*, look—it's that dear, dear Reifenstein. Where is he? Where is he? Come, we must find him—dear, generous Reifenstein!" The signorina sprang up and led Doris to the deck.

Reifenstein was standing near the forward screen, talking confidentially with the two Italians. Colonel Spottiswoode flattened himself against the wall as the signorina dragged the unwilling girl and went rushing by him.

Signorina Certosa ran up behind Reifenstein, pulled him round, put both hands upon his shoulders and kissed his cheek. "Oh! you generous, generous darling!" The German stepped back amazed; the Italians looked on with blank and stupid faces. "How splendid of you!—princely! And when I heard you say 'Seven hundred and eighty-five dollars' I thought you were taking no interest in my benefit—oh!"

None of the men had spoken. "Seven hundred and eighty-five!" Reifenstein repeated vaguely; then he reached out and took the card from her hand—his own card, with the inkspot. "Who sent this?"

"You sent it—with the money—such an odd amount—seven hundred and eighty-five dollars!"

The three men glanced wonderingly at each other.

Halfway down the long deck Colonel Spottiswoode was standing. Reifenstein went up to him and presented the card.

"Did you send this, sir, to Signorina Certosa?"

"I did, sir."

"And you sent her the money that was in dispute—for the young lady's benefit?"

"I did, sir."

Reifenstein tore up the card and extended his hand. "I shall make any apology you demand; you must be my friend."

"I never wanted to be anything else!" The Colonel wrung his hand warmly and the men leaned against the corner of the passage, laughing at the untangling of their troubles.

Zack came along and pulled the Colonel's sleeve. "Look out; dey's comin'."

And they were coming—the signorina still dragging Doris by the wrist. After her came the chattering and excited Italians, radiant with delight. Behind them the Colonel saw, or imagined, hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of curious eyes. They had seen her kiss the German and were watching to see what the signorina was going to do next. Every human being on the vessel drifted toward them. The Colonel gave one look—just one. "I can't stand the gaff!" he whispered to Reifenstein; then melted backward behind the corner, turned and fled.

"Where is he?" demanded the breathless signorina. "Where is that dear, dear American prince?"

"Gone." Reifenstein choked out the word, his face very red.

"Run away? From me? Me?" Then the singer turned upon Zack and berated him. "So, your terreeble, terreeble fighter is run away—run from a woman?"

"No, ma'am; no, ma'am, he ain't run from you. I seen Cunnel look at his watch—he got er engagement downstairs to kill a man."

They could not embrace the Colonel; so Castelleone and Torreale embraced each other.

(THE END)



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THE CALL

(Continued from Page 15)

no way bound to her. She knew nothing of what had happened to him outside of his business disasters. He might have found friendship in other quarters, consolation at other hands. He might, and this would be doubly tragic, have experienced some inner and personal change of feeling. She had never confided to him how much she needed him, how essential he was now to her happiness. She had given no sign. She had done nothing to hold him. He might have grown away from her. He might have ascended from his valley of illusion into the sanities and lucidities of everyday life.

These thoughts were still torturing her when she went to bed. They kept her awake, tormenting her with the same white light of wakefulness that had so often come to her from overstudy with her stockwork.

It was long after midnight when she got out of bed and began a search for her box of sleeping tablets. She remembered, when she had the tablets in her hand, that she had left a call for the early morning train. It would be foolish to drug herself into a sleep that could last only two or three hours at the most. So she sat in the worn plush armchair, holding in her hand the picture of Ruthven and the Great Dane. She continued to look at it passively until a sense of peace settled over her. Then she crept into bed and slept until awakened by the call.

. . . . . .

The rain had ceased falling by the time Una's train drew into the station at Chesterville. From this fact she extracted a ghostly comfort, forlornly insisting that a symbol of better things lay in the clearing weather.

Her face was calm—calm with the tragic fortitude that comes with last chances—as she stepped from the car and looked about the crowded platform.

She saw Ruthven waiting, with a waterproof hung over his arm, startlingly close to her—almost at her side. A tremor sped through her tired body as she beheld him, for his own face was calm and strangely altered.

It had lost much of its ruddy look. It seemed leaner and longer, touched with an austerity which secretly terrified her. She stared at him a second or two before she realized that he was dressed entirely in black.

"I have the car waiting," he said very quietly as he shook hands with her.

Her heart slowly sank. There was something so non-committal in that handshake—something that was so fixed and sorrowful in the face with which he regarded her.

"Has anything—happened?" she asked with a second tremor creeping through her limbs.

"My sister died ten days ago," he said. He was leading the way to the far end of the platform, where the automobile stood.

"And you never told me!"

He turned and faced her again as he opened the tonneau door for her.

"That would not have been generous!" he said.

"But surely ——"

She stopped, faltering on the cry that surely she had a right to be told; but that claim, she remembered, was foolish.

"You look tired," he said out of the silence as they stood face to face.

"I am tired," she acknowledged.

He was helping her into the seat.

"I'd like nothing better than an hour now in the open air—in the country!" she confessed. That confession, she knew, conceded nothing.

She heard Ruthven say a brief word or two to the man in the driving seat. It was the same boyish-faced chauffeur who had once driven them from the Country Club to her hotel. Then Ruthven drew on his waterproof and stepped in beside her. Neither of them spoke as they threaded and rocked their way out to the open country, splashing through the mud and water that still covered the roads.

She waited, she scarcely knew for what, fighting back the tears which she felt welling up to her eyes.

"I saw that you were to play in New York this fall," he said without looking at her; "that you were to have a wonderful new play."

"Yes," she murmured—"a new play."

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1912



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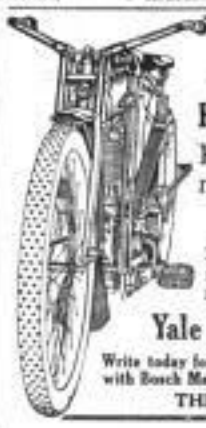
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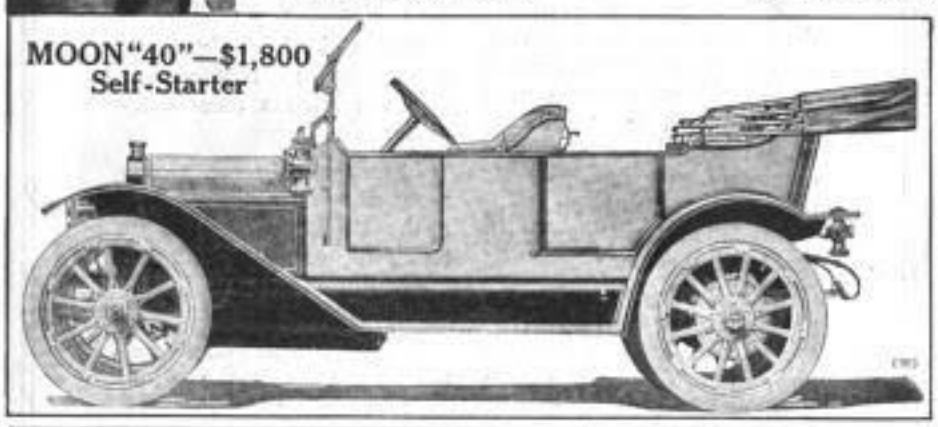
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A spirit of untimely perverseness seemed to possess her. Her weakness of body left her almost childlike in her willfulness, pitifully in need of a sustaining hand.

"Yes, it's a great step forward," she echoed. Yet she added after a moment's silence: "But I want to go backward!"

"Backward! How?" he asked with his direct and candid literalness.

"To the boneyard!" was the cry that was on the tip of her tongue—but she did not have the courage to utter it.

"That's the way I've been going," he said after waiting for the answer she did not speak.

"How?" she asked.

"I've lost my business," he told her. "It's a terrible thing for a man to lose his business. There isn't much left to take its place—with a man like me!"

A surge of pity swept through her. It carried away at a stroke the willfulness that had weighed on her.

"My dear, dear friend, I know it," she said with calm and bell-like clearness. "I know everything. I know what you have lost. That is what brought me here!"

A lunge of the car flung her swaying body against his. The hand with which she steadied herself still clung to his arm.

"And I'm going to save you," she went on. "You don't know how rich I am—how I wondered what I could ever do with that foolish money!"

"Save me from what?" he asked.

"From ruin!" she cried with the happy tears of which she was no longer ashamed, even as he stared down at her.

"But I'm not ruined," he said with his grim candor. "They took over my works and put me out; but you don't suppose I let them do it without paying me well for it?"

"Then you're not—not ruined?" she cried in terror.

"No. My pocketbook isn't empty," he said with his slow and solemn smile—"only my life is."

She saw it all at a glance. She, the child of the theater, had been the victim of a theatricality.

"Then I can't help you?" she said almost in a wail. "Then I never should have come!"

He had turned in the seat and taken her two helpless hands.

"Only if you will go backward," he said very quietly as his hungry eyes met hers.

"Back to what?" she said. He smiled a little as he looked down at her. There was neither merriment nor mockery in that hesitating smile. It seemed more self-derogatory, more touched with a sober wistfulness. It was the smile of a much-traveled man finally somewhat uncertain of his way. "Back to what?" she repeated.

"To the boneyard," he said, wise with the wisdom of a great love. "To the boneyard—and be a failure!"

He did not wait for her to speak. His old-time honest strength seemed to justify itself—to make all things clear. He took her in his arms and held her there, watching the shadowy hazel eyes to which the tears were still welling.

"We'll be failures together!" he said as her yearning arms crept up and clasped about his shoulders. And she clung to him wistfully, abandonedly, as he bent low and kissed her wet eyelids.

(THE END)

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All these things were brought to him at once. He put them all on one enormous platter and proceeded to slice everything up together. Two women watched him in horror from the next table.

"My dear," said one, "that is the most appalling thing I ever witnessed! I'll wager a box of candy he eats that mess with his knife."

"I'll take the bet," said the other. "He is dressed like a gentleman and, despite his barbaric taste in food, I wager he'll eat it with a fork."

They both lost. He ate it with a spoon.



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MADGE FIREBOOT'S HUSBAND

(Continued from Page 19)

just ahead of him, took his passes with great, driving swings and drove them well up to midfield; but there they met the stone wall, for Longmouth, massing in defense, formed the scrimmage at that point, and Smith, key to the situation, seemed unable to break it. In the middle of the period two clean drives looked like a goal, but the Longmouth Back and Number Two pounced on the ball and held it in the tangled mass of horses beyond any extricating. Smith, though unguarded, hovered on the edge and made a futile pass at it, but his horse wavered and backed deliberately out of the mix-up.

"The horse is pony-shy!" yelled the would-be expert in the motor car behind Madge and Taylor, but the latter muttered:

"Pony-shy nothing! No horse will do more than he's made to. It's Smithy that's quitting. You see what I was up against."

Madge's eyes were sparkling however.

"Just wait a minute!" she said. "If I know the shoulders on that husband of mine something's going to happen."

And happen it did, for again Smith refused to mix it up; and the third time, just as he hung on the outskirts of the group, there was a leap from the big horse behind him. Stone appeared suddenly at his side; there was a little flash as a spur—not that of his rider—dug into Smith's pony, and the startled animal leaped square into the bunch, scattering the Longmouth ponies right and left.

Besides the grooms, probably not three people on the field saw what had happened; but they knew immediately that something had occurred, for Smith, wheeling his pony, came face to face with Stone, livid with anger.

"What the devil do you mean by that?" he roared; but the big man's jaw stuck out in its ugly way and he raised his mallet, pointing down the field toward the ball.

"Get where you belong and shut up!" he roared; and, without a word, Smith turned and went, while the crowd, who knew Smith and inwardly gloated, tried to look as if nothing had happened.

The one weak link in the Beach team's chain had been strengthened, however, for Smithy was the kind of dog that fawns on the hand that beats him, and the play of the home team held its opponents without another score.

By the sixth period ponies that had played before began to reappear, while the men themselves showed very visible signs of wear; and the attack and defense were by fits and starts. Stone's leadership was now tacitly acknowledged, for the Beach players were looking to him constantly for their cue; but apparently a waiting game was the one he wanted. Once, in the middle of the period, Longmouth tried again its sledge-hammer tactics; but there was a hoarse command from Stone which everybody understood; little McDermott went after his Back like a flying tackle, Stone himself rode off the Number Two until his pony's wild eye was pleading for mercy, and the game relapsed into very ladylike proportions.

"I guess they won't try that again," said McDermott to Stone gleefully as they rode off for the change of ponies. "They're afraid of you—and everybody on the field knows it."

All this, however, did not change the fact that Longmouth still led by one goal, and Taylor stamped excitedly on the sidelines in spite of his pain, while Madge stood with clenched hands beside him. She had not gone near her husband in any of the rests since he had started, and evidently the big man was best left alone, as the very first play in the next period showed that something had been brewing. When the teams lined up, instead of McDermott taking his place at Number One, Stone faced the referee, while the little Irishman crouched like a pigmy behind him. It was really an infinitesimal matter; but, as McDermott had said, the Longmouth players were actually afraid of the big stranger; and, just as a misplaced shoestring will take the nerve of an overexcited athlete at a critical moment, the mysterious change made them anxious and uncertain.

The result was that Stone had not the slightest difficulty in getting the throw-in and carrying the ball well down the field, while McDermott broke through the line



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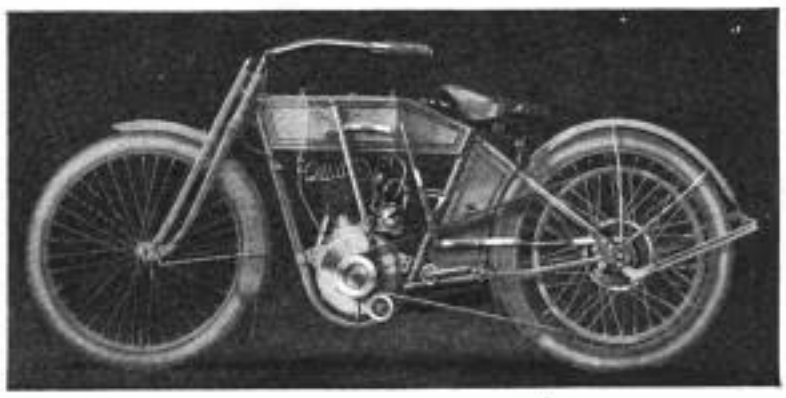
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and raced after. Again the Longmouth Back diagonaled across the field; but, on the instant, the situation struck him exactly as it struck every spectator on the sidelines who saw the odd situation of the little man rushing after the big one. Two periods before the two had done exactly the same thing in reverse order, and had played the game exactly as it shouldn't be played. What they were up to now the Back couldn't imagine. He wavered, hesitated and was lost, for a galloping pony does not give one much time for deliberation; and, before he could make up his mind, both Stone and McDermott were by him with an absolutely clear field, for Lorimer and the renovated Smith were holding their men like vises—and McDermott shot in the goal.

Back on the sidelines, Taylor and Madge simply doubled with laughter. They shook hands; they tore up handfuls of grass; they did almost everything that joyous persons do except embrace each other, while the grinning Beach players trotted back for the throw-in.

By all rules of the drama, Stone should have waited until the next and last period to win his game; but Stone was not staging a drama—he was winning a polo match, and he knew that now was the minute to do it; so from the instant the ball was thrown in his men were after it like tigers. It was now their advantage, and they pushed the ball on and on until it rolled past the Back toward the goalpost. There was the usual shout, the usual turning of horses, the usual mad dash—and then from the bunch, as if he had been saving this one shot for himself, rode Stone with his opposing Number Three hard beside him. Whichever man got the ball, he would have to take it on the backhand; but it is easier to shoot backward than it is to shoot forward on the near side, and the Longmouth man had thus the advantage as, neck and neck, they plunged for the rolling white sphere, each trying to crowd the other away from it.

Which won? Were there two ways that race could come out? Waiting for the exact minute when the push would unbalance the other, Stone threw his whole great strength against the opposing rider—and then, reaching over the neck of his own pony, he gave one of those rifle-shot strokes of his and the ball rose squarely between the posts.

There must have been an eighth period—there generally is in a polo game; but nobody remembers much about it, as most of the spectators were cranking motors and putting on veils to go home. When the players reached the boundaries after the finish, little Madge was among the grooms and the stable boys to meet them. Her husband slid deliberately off his horse and into the greatcoat that she held for him.

And then, though strangers edged curiously round them, and the little kiddies began shouting and swarming after the spent balls—while half the Beach crowded in to shake his hand—the little Wildfire fished out the neckscarf and reached it carefully round her husband's yielding neck.

"It's a bit sharp, deary," she said simply, "and you must be awfully careful not to get cold."

Every one heard her—the tough little stable boys, the cynical old grooms, the wits of the Beach; every one watched her wrap the scarf deliberately round the great awkward figure that stood foolishly before her—and even tuck in the ends; but, strange to say, not one of them smiled.

Ready Repartee

MARTIN LITTLETON, the Congressman from the Oyster Bay District, says he crossed from Europe last summer with two Englishmen of a serious and conservative turn of mind. Though they shared the same stateroom, had seats at the same table and sat side by side in their deck-chairs, neither spoke to the other—they hadn't been introduced. Finally, though, on the last day, when the shores of New York loomed dead ahead and the pilot was coming out to take the liner in, one of them decided the time had come to waive conventionalities and get acquainted with his fellow countryman.

They were lounging side by side on the rail. The one with the more initiative thought out a timely introductory remark and said:

"Hem! Goin' over?"

"Yas; rather thought I would," said the second Englishman. "Are you?"

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THE BRAND DOCTOR

(Continued from Page 17)

along to where we understood a bridge spanned the Big Sandy. We came to a good-sized muddy stream, but there was no bridge in sight. There was nothing to do but take chances in swimming the treacherous current.

I sat in my saddle up on the bluff watching the back trail while my pardner stampeded the band down the bank and into the water. The last horse was climbing out on the other bank when I made out a party of riders a mile away. I spurred down the bank, got across with a nasty wetting, and rode up to where my pardner was sitting in the middle of the dripping bunch scratching his head and wearing a painful sort of grin.

"What river did you call this?" says he.

"Guess it's the Big Sandy."

"You guess wrong," he answers; "it is the miraculous River Jordan that changes the leopard's spots and other things. These horses were all '4|' when they jumped in, but they were sure all '⊔' when they climbed out!"

It was too true. The muddy water that plastered down the long hair of the horses' coats was too much for our dainty hair brands; our own lines had simply disappeared and the old brand stood out like a forty-five aimed in your face.

"Posse's coming," I said.

"All right," pardner replies cheerfully; "I lays down my hand to Providence; they'll find these nice miracle horses right here. Bet you ten dollars I can beat you down into Montana!"

He didn't beat me, because my saddle animal could run some too. We had gone a good many miles when my pardner pulled up and I saw he was swaying like a man about to throw a fit. He wasn't sick; that was his way of laughing.

"I was just thinking," he finally jerks out, "that those mustangs will sure dry out into '4|' horses again; and when the posse gets them home maybe the '⊔' boss won't be able to identify his own property!"

. . . . . .

Jeff Cull was one of the gamest men I ever worked with, but he was not born lucky—and nobody needs luck like a rustler. We were out to pick up a bunch of saddle stock and we were doing well: we had about forty—all "tops." We kept to the mountain roads and risked traveling by daylight except where the ranches were thick. We trotted out of timber into a meadow and bumped right into a horse rodeo. We would have given a good deal to have been a little more careful. The boss of the rodeo, an old fellow with a long white beard, loped over and sized up our band and asked where we were going.

"Pulling East," was all I answered him.

"You've got some good horses there; they act gentle."

The Sheriff's Posse Sighted

We had been working in cattle, I told him, and were going home with the saddle stock—the remuda. He wanted to trade us unbroke animals, two for one; but I was afraid every minute his eye would light on a brand he knew, so I refused and we went along.

Next morning we guessed somebody was on our trail. We had no mixup that day or that night, for we never stopped going. The next day we lost time in hunting water—in Nevada water is a mighty scarce article to find sometimes. I camped a mile down the back trail that night and I didn't do much sleeping. At sunup I climbed a steep little hill for a look round. Seven or eight miles off a pillar of white dust was boring up into the sky. The horsemen making that pillar were moving rapidly; they ran away from their dust. I knew it was a posse—you can tell men on a man hunt as far as you can see them. One, two, five, ten—I didn't wait to pick out any more, but slid down and spurred along to where Jeff was broiling strips of bacon on a stick.

"Company coming!" I told him.

He made no remark—never glanced round—this Jeff Cull. He handed me some bacon and crackers, and then poked shells into his rifle and forty-five until neither would swallow another one. With a rock for a table, he wrote a letter to a horse-dealer in town on a piece of paper the bacon had been wrapped in. When he had finished he jumped up and said:

"How soon?"

"Middling quick, unless we let the stock go and make a run for it," I told him.

When Jeff swung into the saddle and began to shout at the horses I knew he hadn't any overpowering notion of leaving them behind. We got going at a gallop.

By-and-by a bullet ripped the air just over our heads. Then another. Then the ground round us and under us began to go "Pack! Pack!" The men who were shooting at us over their horses' ears were getting the range. It is a mean sound—that "Pack! Pack!" You lean low over the horn and urge on the flying bunch with yell and quirt. They are your prizes; you want to get away with them. But that "Pack! Pack!" gets you by-and-by in spite of yourself. Your mind gets off what's in front of you and swings round to what's behind you.

"Pack! Pack! Pack! Pack!"

Retreat Under Fire

"All right!" Jeff sung out to me, meaning we would give up the stock; and we cut round and came back to the road in front of the band. The posse knew by that sign that we gave up the animals, but they were not satisfied—it was us they wanted. Some dropped out to look after the horses we turned over to them, but most of them came on. Their lead spattered the dust like it was hailing. We turned in the saddle and let them have it back. We had plenty of cartridges and we filled that road as full of unhealthy possibilities at one end of a moving two-hundred-yard stretch as it was at the other.

The sheriff and his friends began to get enough. I could see them heading back, one at a time, to help with the band of horses. It seemed like the storm was about over when Jeff called out: "They got me!"

"Where?" I shouted.

"Leg—the right one; bone busted!" Then he said, just like it was some other fellow's right foot that was flapping out of his stirrup: "Shoot hell out of 'em! Scare 'em off! We'll make our getaway yet!"

We passed the rifles back and forth—I doing the shooting and he the loading; for, with his leg swinging, he couldn't turn in the saddle to shoot. They came on harder when they saw that Jeff wasn't doing any more shooting, but I peppered away fast enough for us both and got two of their horses. At that they let us run away from them, though they kept pumping as long as we were in sight.

I asked Jeff how he was feeling. "Leg hurts," he said; "but I can keep going. When can we reach water?" I told him we could make a mud-spring I knew in an hour if he could stand to travel fast. "Go it!" was all he said.

We had gone five miles and I was doing some mighty tall scheming to see daylight out of a hard situation when something happened. Jeff was using his hands to hold his leg—to keep the tourniquet we had put on in place; so, when his mustang put his foot in a badger hole, Jeff couldn't check him and they went down. I turned back and had the horse up and off him before I took time to get out of the saddle.

"Stick out your good leg and give me your hand," I told him as I slid down. Jeff, lying there on his side, threw me a funny look. I leaned over and took hold and started to set him on his one good peg—and then he let it out:

"Lengthy, so help me, the left leg's busted too!"

I was ready to ride back hard, waving my shirt, and surrender to the posse—we needed help so bad I didn't care where it came from. Jeff simply wouldn't have it. His face was about the color of the alkali he was lying on, but he tried to jerk a smile on to it and said: "My pegs are a mite wobbly, maybe; but if you will sling me back on my mustang I can ride all right."

He could and he did; but it took more than the cantle to keep him from toppling over backward, and he couldn't use the stirrups to save himself from going out sideways. Jeff's horse came trailing up to the spring without any rider at all, and I rode up to it like I had a baby in my arms. It was a ride! One of us cussed about every rod of the way—and it wasn't Jeff.

It was just a white alkali mudhole such as Providence sticks in the Nevada wilderness so strangers won't get the place mixed up with hell itself—just an alkali hole, half full of stuff that looked like coffee; but,

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for welcome scenery, I don't think I ever came across anything that quite equaled it. I got Jeff's clothes off him by feeling, not by seeing, for Jeff's head was lying back comfortably on the rim of the hole and his body was sunk in the coffee. Dropping him from the saddle into the hole couldn't make his garments any wetter than they were already, and Jeff was just crazy to let every pore of his broken body begin drinking at the same instant. It was good, he told me after five minutes—it was good to be there.

When I could take my hands off him I cut willows that grew by the spring and trimmed up a dozen sticks of the same size. I tore our outside shirts and a blanket into strips and cut the leather tie-strings from the two saddles. It would have been awful enough even with a real surgeon. Jeff never cheeped, except once when he whispered up at me that I wasn't hurting him bad enough to make me cuss so hard.

We camped right there for the night, because water meant life. Once I dozed off—and woke up in time to reach over and take Jeff's gun out of his hand. He had thought he heard some of the posse slipping up, he told me, and maybe that's why he was caressing his hardware; but I laid the gun out of reach, so he wouldn't be tempted to look down the barrel to see if she was working easy on the trigger.

At daylight I was riding round looking for two poles—two poles of any kind or description. Somehow I found them, which probably exhausted the pole supply in that neighborhood. I rigged Jeff's horse by tying a pole on each side of the saddle and letting the ends drag behind the animal, Indian fashion. I slung saddle blankets between the poles to make a hammock and lifted Jeff Cull in. We set off very slowly—and he said it wasn't so bad.

About noon I climbed a little rise and looked back. Five miles off I saw it—that dust-cloud mounted men make when they are hunting humans. It wasn't hard to guess what had happened—somebody had found a red spot by the road where we stopped to put on the tourniquet and they were just like hounds. I went down and told Jeff we were going to have company and begged him to give it up. Jeff Cull shook his head—I guess he was thinking of me mostly. So I dragged him as far up in the rocks of the hillside as we could get, handed him his gun, and we prepared to make a stand—likely a last one. And that crazy posse, riding their fresh horses like wild men and not watching the tracks of the poles, sailed past and never saw us!

Keeping away from the roads as much as we could, we traveled two terrible days and two terrible nights and one more terrible day—taking a long chance every time I exposed myself to get water and food for my patient—and then we reached a doctor. Jeff Cull's gameness won that doctor on the spot. He kept us both under cover in his own house for a good many weeks, until Jeff was able to ride his crutches without being bucked off. He had a beard now and it was black; but his hair wasn't—his hair was white. I got him back to his old home in Montana, to friends he knew as boys; and they found him a job as keeper of a toll bridge, where he could make a living sitting round. I handed him half of everything I had—it wasn't enough to keep me from telling about it now—and we shook hands.

"Going back to the old trade?" says Jeff Cull, the bridgekeeper.

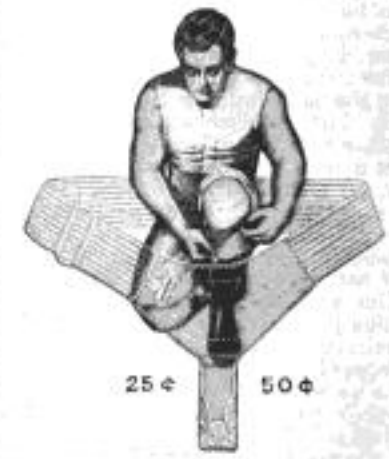
I went and took my best rope out of my valise and spread it out on the ground. Then I got out my old jack-knife and snipped the honda off the loop—which, in cowboy, means either that a man is plumb loco or that he has got enough.

A Prudent Statesman

ONE time when Private John Allen, of Mississippi, was in Congress the subject of pensions came up. After several members had been heard Allen rose up.

"Mr. Speaker," he drawled, "this matter interests me deeply. As far back as the spring of 1864 I gave a good deal of consideration to this subject. I resolved at that time to do what I could to spare this country the great burden of pensions that would one day be laid upon her. In fact, sir, so profound was my consideration that on one occasion I retreated across three states, and if the Gulf of Mexico hadn't been in the way I should have retreated still farther."

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An Old Woman and a New One In the Old World

(Continued from Page 18)

wind of his preconceived notions is the only light he gets upon a situation. The same criticism may apply to a foreigner taking impressions of a people different from her own in their standards of living. I am admitting this at the start. It is the doubt you are entitled to cast over what is set down here in regard to France and French women. It may be a kind of bigotry to judge them by the standards that obtain in Georgia for women, but in the fear of the Lord I have made up my mind to tell as much of the truth about them as I could discover, which is what I hope no French person will ever undertake to do about us. We are so much more apparent he would have too much the advantage.

In every community there is some woman who is "talked about." In the community of nations it is the French woman. She has such good ideas of style and such original notions about putting it on that she has attracted undue attention to herself. She is so artificially pretty to look at that she has become noticeable. I think her genius for dressing herself consists in the fact that she follows no fashion slavishly, as we do, but adapts all of them, subjugating them to her particular needs. She knows how to make a collar which reaches halfway down her back behind, and to her knees in front, look like a collar and not a cape. Then she knows how to show herself. She never distracts your attention while you are looking at her by suggesting any train of thought that might lead away from just her. She can be very deliberate. We saw a beautifully dressed woman enter our compartment at Rouen early one afternoon wearing a hat so large that she was obliged to sit upon the edge of her chair to give the brim room behind. But, so far as I could see, she did not move hand or foot until we reached Paris at nine o'clock in the evening. There you have it. If a French woman is in a public place she considers that she is on exhibition and behaves like a well-hung picture in the Louvre.

This is the difference between the French woman and the German woman: The latter appears to have been made by God on the morning of the first day, when the calm had not been broken by any odd fancies in creation. She has the dignity of a phenomenon of Nature—with rather thick ankles, to be sure, but intended for a noble purpose. On the other hand, the French woman appears to have made herself.

What France Has Appropriated

In appearance she differs from the American in that, although she shows much of the same fragile delicacy, she has far better health. This is remarkable enough to require explanation, when you consider that she is less hygienic in her habits, keeps later hours and eats the most indigestible mixtures. As a matter of fact, the health of women does not depend so much upon pathological conditions as it does upon other conditions. For example, when a woman has the love she desires she enjoys good health and good spirits even if she outrages every law supposed to govern both. The French woman gives this impression. She has a way of looking beyond you, sweetly, dangerously preoccupied, as if she were radiantly conscious of a love letter tucked away under her jabot. One must not find fault with her for that. It all depends upon who sent her the letter. I have known many an American woman who could do more harm. No man is ever equal to his mind, either in the accomplishment of good or in the accomplishment of evil. But an American coquette can more than equal her power thinking or doing, right or wrong. One of our nice little society girls with a Molly Cottontail soul and a bisque-doll mind can do more mischief in a day without taking thought than the meanest man or the most accomplished French *demimondaine*, because she refuses to know what she does, while the French woman does not refuse to understand. It is "by my spirit," saith the woman always, never by mind or by might, when she is in her most dangerous mood. Our American flirt has a fallacious spirit, while, on the other hand, the French mischief-maker has the courage of her evil, though she practices it with less art because she admits the evil to herself. The American of the same class never does. She clings to the lie of her innocency as if it were her virtue.

The French never see themselves as others see them. They have a self-centered egotism that is as naïve as it is invincible. Thus they have adapted some of the best and, as we think, most indispensable virtues to their Latin natures so thoroughly that an American cannot recognize them now as virtues at all. Still, one finds among them the same good women and clean men that exist everywhere, not powerful personalities, but personalities endowed with spirits that cast before them a light in which they walk sweetly entranced. I recall in this connection a young French matron.

"We think that the marriage relation with us is especially happy," she said. "In Germany the wife is far below her husband. She is merely the *Hausfrau*, his obedient servant. In America the wife is placed upon a pedestal; but in France she is the comrade of her husband, neither above nor below him. She shares all his successes, all his anxieties. He consults her about his business. They are together in everything."

The Tales the Women Tell

This French matron was an exception among those we met, in the clear effulgence of her spirit by which she lighted the social life of France and caused it to shine so beautifully. Others were especially spiteful toward their own sex. In Germany I observed that the average woman referred protectingly always to other women. Even when admitting a frailty she appeared to recognize the bond of a pathetic sisterhood. The English are only less so—like, you may say, quarrelsome sisters. In America every self-respecting woman is almost a passionate upholder of the honor and dignity of womanhood; but in nearly every instance I found that the French woman knew and believed the worst of her countrywomen and was willing to tell it—the only information you can get in France without difficulty! This, as much as anything else, accounts for the bad reputation they have. Whenever women talk about each other you learn the evil they do, added indiscriminately to the evil they are merely capable of doing.

The French are queer about this—they exploit their immorality as we do our ancestors at home. It is a kind of distinction they claim, the peculiar character of it.

On a warm summer evening we went with two American friends to dinner at Henri's; afterward we sat in front of the Café de la Paix and had our coffee. You cannot be said really to have been in Paris, properly speaking, until you can testify in regard to this experience. This is no compliment to Peggy and me, but if you are to understand one side of Parisian life you must sit for an hour in front of the Café de la Paix, between eleven and twelve o'clock, and see the jeweled city, shining in ten thousand lights of every color, and watch the people that go by, of all nations and of every kind in every nation.

"I have never been here any length of time," said our host, "without seeing some one I know at home."

He had scarcely finished speaking when a New York journalist passed whom we all knew. And the next moment Peggy and I recognized in a long, black-coated figure a preacher from Georgia.

No one seemed conscious of any one else; each jostled the other as straws in a swift flood swing round as they touch and are swept apart. A young man and a young woman carrying between them a heavy trunk made their way across the street, with the lonesome look upon their faces of travelers across the desert. They were accompanied by a dog with his head down and his tail at half mast. One inferred that the whole family had been kicked out of somewhere and were now seeking another home. A long, looped, winding necklace of gayly dressed women with painted faces and little feet that take hold upon hell seemed to be conscious of everybody, seemed to test every person they passed with a wild, enigmatical smile. I am an old woman, but that was the first time in my long life I ever saw the women of the street. And I was astonished at my own emotions. The tears filled my eyes. I began to sniff.



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"What is the matter?" exclaimed my niece in alarm.

"It's these girls, Peggy," I whispered "I never understood before. The poor things are insane. You can tell it by their ghastly smiles. I want to take them all home in my apron, and wash them clean and put them to bed!"

After twelve o'clock the character of the flood changed. The tide was in. The ebb began. The faces were paler. The women began to go by in bedraggled gowns without coats, shivering. The beggars crept up to the tables, lonely creatures, with their pathetic wares to sell. Nobody bought; they went on. Suddenly in the midst of the throng the figure of a man appeared, clad in a long white garment. His hair reached to his waist. He carried a shepherd's crook and walked barefooted, with his eyes lifted to the twinkling lights. No notice was taken of him and he appeared to see no one. He was a demented creature who thought he was John the Baptist, merely the idiot of a great salvation idea, left over in the midnight street of the most damnably gay city in the world. The impression one received was that if Jesus Himself had passed in that crowd, bearing His cross, no man would have stopped long enough to help Him carry it, no one would really have seen Him.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Corra Harris. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

The Sporting Instinct

THERE were once some rich young gentlemen who had a shooting preserve in Tennessee, where quail were quite abundant. One of them laid a wager with another that he could kill one hundred quail to his own gun in a day's shooting. Whether he did or not, the undertaking could scarcely be called sportsmanlike in America today. At last these young men, looking for something more exciting, went down into Texas and took up the sport of roping cattle, riding on the range with the cowpunchers. They declared that this was the finest sport they had ever had—and so it is, good sport and manly. Still better is wild-horse hunting, practiced not for the money but for the excitement of it by a few men who make it a business in Nevada and Arizona. That certainly is a man's game in every respect.

Japanese sometimes match cock quail against each other in the pit, as Cubans and Spaniards do game cocks. Not much can be said in favor of badger drawing, dog fighting and that sort of thing; yet somehow it seemed quite an amiable pastime in the far Southwest years ago to fight your pet tarantula against your neighbor's champion at, say, five dollars a side. Which recalls Mark Twain's sport of jumping frog.

The principle of matching one creature against another in its specialty has odd exemplification in the linnet matches that are sometimes even yet carried on in London or other cities of Great Britain. Quite often it is only the roughest of men who engage in this singular sport. The decision is made by skilled judges, who pass without hesitation on the qualities of each bird's voice, penalizing what is called a "rough" note and making their awards on the basis of the number of points scored by each competitor in the several tests of good bird song.

A curious and rather practical sort of sport not known to very many persons today is hunting the wild hog. In England the man who would shoot a fox would be barred from society; in India the man who would shoot a wild boar would equally be shunned as a social pariah. In America we sometimes shoot foxes with the shotgun in New England, and in the West you may shoot wild hogs with the rifle. This, however, is utilitarianism and not sport.

In the early days settlers used to turn hogs loose on islands in the Mississippi River, where they fed on nuts and roots. Each farmer had a share in the total product, increase and all, and the rights of each were carefully regarded in the fall harvest time—when the hogs, of course, had to be shot to be secured.

In the Spanish Southwest the peccary, a savage little wild hog that ranges in herds and takes a delight in fighting buzz-saws, is one of the most dreaded creatures of the wilds. A noted bear hunter once told the writer that he was more afraid of one Mississippi wild hog than of a dozen bears. Turn the creature loose and let him go wild for a generation or so, and the amiable stockyards product is apt to be a problem.

The Country Woman

Will find in forthcoming issues of

The Country Gentleman

articles and photographs dealing with the work and activities of the woman in the farm or other country residence. Articles are particularly desired discussing subjects covered by the following departments:

The Handy Housewife

Descriptions and photographs of inexpensive conveniences designed to save steps and time in performing household-operations will be welcomed. Plans of cupboards, pantries, kitchens, storage cellars and closets which contain new and helpful ideas that will be suggestive to other women are particularly desired.

Home Furnishings

Discussions of the buying and making of the essential furnishings of a well appointed house in the country. The choice of carpets, rugs, furniture, bedding, pictures, stoves, ranges, utensils, curtains, fabrics for decoration, wall paper, etc., treated in helpful articles will be carefully considered.

Home Management

How to perform the essential duties of the home with the minimum of labor and time, the management of helpers, the housewife's plans who has no help, the care of children and similar problems as successfully worked out by farm women.

Country Cooking

The food problems of the farm family, the choice of food stuffs, storage, canning, preserving, purchasing supplies. Methods of cooking and serving common and rare dishes that may be available in every garden, new methods of doing the routine duties of the home to eliminate the drudgery.

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MODERN BUSINESS AND MEDIEVAL LAW

(Concluded from Page 7)

and prevention of waste mean united action instead of disunited action. Men recognize this in the simplest things—the building of a log hut or dirt road.

The very germ of civilized industry is the idea of well-ordered mutual work instead of disordered antagonistic work—a helpful and common-sense coöperation rather than a riotous and haphazard competition. Is harvesting by hand, which wasted the work of many men but gave them poorly paid employment, or harvesting by machinery, which saves the work of many men but sends them to better paid employment in other things, the wiser method of gathering the bread materials for mankind?

This latter furnishes an apt illustration. As a farmer boy I drove the first self-binding harvester sold in Central Illinois. It did the work of many men. There was furious outcry against it by farmhands, who believed it would take away their occupation. One of these first machines actually was burned. Today harvesting could not be done without them. Yet the self-binding harvester is a mechanical trust.

The Balance-Wheels of Business

The organization of labor is the manifestation, in that field, of the same civilized idea of associated effort as against the savage theory of "everybody for himself and the devil take the hindmost." In short, every form of successful modern industry, whether it be the self-binding harvester or the industrial trust or the railroad, or the labor union or the consolidated bank, has at the heart of it the idea of constructive coöperation rather than destructive competition. The elimination of waste, the using of by-products, the saving of cross-freights, the quicker and better service of the people—these and other benefits of mutual effort in industry and commerce are conceded by all men. And there are many others.

Organizations of industrial capital have steadied the whole business world. Formerly, if we happened to have good times, everybody "plunged" in order to make the most of them, not knowing what the morrow would bring forth. The invariable end was glutted markets, underselling, reaction, hard times, panics, railroads in the hands of receivers, manufacturers in bankruptcy, retailers smashed right and left. History shows that this has been the unfailing result of the cut-throat policy in the fields of both commerce and labor—the policy of the unintelligent, savage, unrestrained competition of hundreds of thousands of little enterprises or of millions of unorganized workingmen.

Also, the modern organization of industry gives a constant employment to labor unknown and impossible under the old procedure of business. Some trusts overwork and underpay their laborers just as some other employers do; the Sherman Law does not prevent this evil, but encourages it. For its idea is absolutely unlimited and remorseless competition among the toilers as well as among employers.

These great industrial and commercial organizations of capital tremendously help our foreign trade. But for them it would be difficult, if not impossible, to invade foreign markets successfully against the systematic, powerful efforts of similar great industrial and commercial organizations of rival countries. This is a serious matter for all of us; for upon the sale of our surplus products abroad our prosperity at home considerably depends. If we do not sell this surplus abroad we have a congestion at home which means the shutting of mills, the discharge of labor, and hard times generally. Common sense suggests that we encourage our foreign trade; but the Sherman Law and our present policy discourage it. It goes on because of the energy and resourcefulness of American business men, our vast natural riches and those very organizations of industry which the Sherman Law would dissolve but cannot—those organizations of industry whose evils the Sherman Law is not designed to remedy and does not remedy.

Then, too, the vastness of these modern aggregations of industrial capital has concentrated upon them the eyes of the whole nation—of the world even. Their business has become the people's business. The very agitation of this question shows that the humblest citizen of the Republic is coming to take part in the policy and business of these mammoth corporations. In the old days of small concerns nobody except their managers would or could know anything about what they were doing. The theory of unrestrained hit-or-miss competition was that every man's business was "nobody's business but his own." But today the Steel Trust's business is decidedly somebody's business but its own; and so is the Beef Trust's business and the Oil Trust's business and the Tobacco Trust's business, and so on down the list.

Their business is not their business only, but our business as well. We propose that their business shall be run, not alone to make money for themselves but also to serve us well and honestly. Their managers must recognize that their business is no longer private but public; and that they are trustees, not for their stockholders only but for the people also. Trusts of and for the people, not trusts of and for Wall Street—that is what trusts must be made.

But the theory of the Sherman Law is to prevent associated effort and restore competitive effort; so that law does not reach the evils of the trusts. It does not pretend to do that. Its purpose is to dissolve trusts; but it fails to accomplish even that purpose. Had we not better, then, strike at trust abuses directly?

What are those abuses? How can they be eliminated? After all is said and done, these are the real questions. The first of these evils is overcapitalization—all will agree on that. A corporation has assets and business actually worth $10,000,000; it issues and sells stock for $100,000,000. To make that stock pay dividends the corporation increases the price of its product. Thus every dollar of watered stock becomes a mortgage on the American people for all the future. That is the chief of the artificial causes of the high cost of living.

Does the Sherman Law prevent this? Quite the contrary. Even if under the Sherman Law the Tobacco Trust should in truth and fact be divided into four great corporations, each of these separate corporations could grind out additional millions of watered stock. So could every one of the various corporations into which the Oil Trust is supposed to be divided. And with the greater number of these separate "competitive" corporations distracting the people's attention, various streams of watered stock would flow unnoted, which, if combined, would startle the Nation into fear and into action.

The next evil is the arbitrary raising of prices—particularly raising them in one locality and lowering them in another—and the attendant abuses with which all are so familiar. Does the Sherman Law prevent that? Not in the least. Under the old lack of system that is exactly what did occur, and what will occur again if the present policy succeeds in placing us commercially where the English people were when the prototype of the Sherman Law was enacted in King James' time. For that is exactly what the Sherman Law is supposed to do. That is its very theory and purpose.

The Trusts in Politics

The third great evil practiced by the trusts is their interference in politics and their corrupting of the people's legislatures. In the campaign last year I termed this secret banding of the trusts for the perpetration of this treason to the Republic, "the invisible government." Not only does it try to govern the people's Government, but in doing so it practices flagrant, specific wrongs.

But does the Sherman Law prevent the operations of this invisible government? Does it dissolve the invisible government? Indeed not. It furnishes new inducements for the strengthening of this political confederacy of plunder.

How then is this question of the hour and of the ages to be answered? The German people—who next to the American people have the most numerous and most powerful trusts in the world—have answered it long ago by a thoroughgoing and rigid law by which every trust in the Empire is under the strictest regulation. The English people—who next to the American and German people have the strongest and most numerous combinations of capital in the world—have answered it less well but more simply than the German people, by a law requiring every corporation selling securities to the public to state the actual worth of the tangible assets and business income of the concern issuing those securities.

Though neither the German nor the English method is the best that we Americans can do to meet our own conditions, yet either is better than the Sherman Law. But neither could exist along with the Sherman Law—nor, for that matter, could any other method that effectively prevents the abuses of the trusts.

A National Incorporation Law

More than four years ago I proposed as the best method of solving this problem the enactment of a national incorporation law. Such a law should compel interstate corporations to organize under it and prevent, in the very charters of their existence, overcapitalization, unjust lifting of prices, and other evils that can thus be reached.

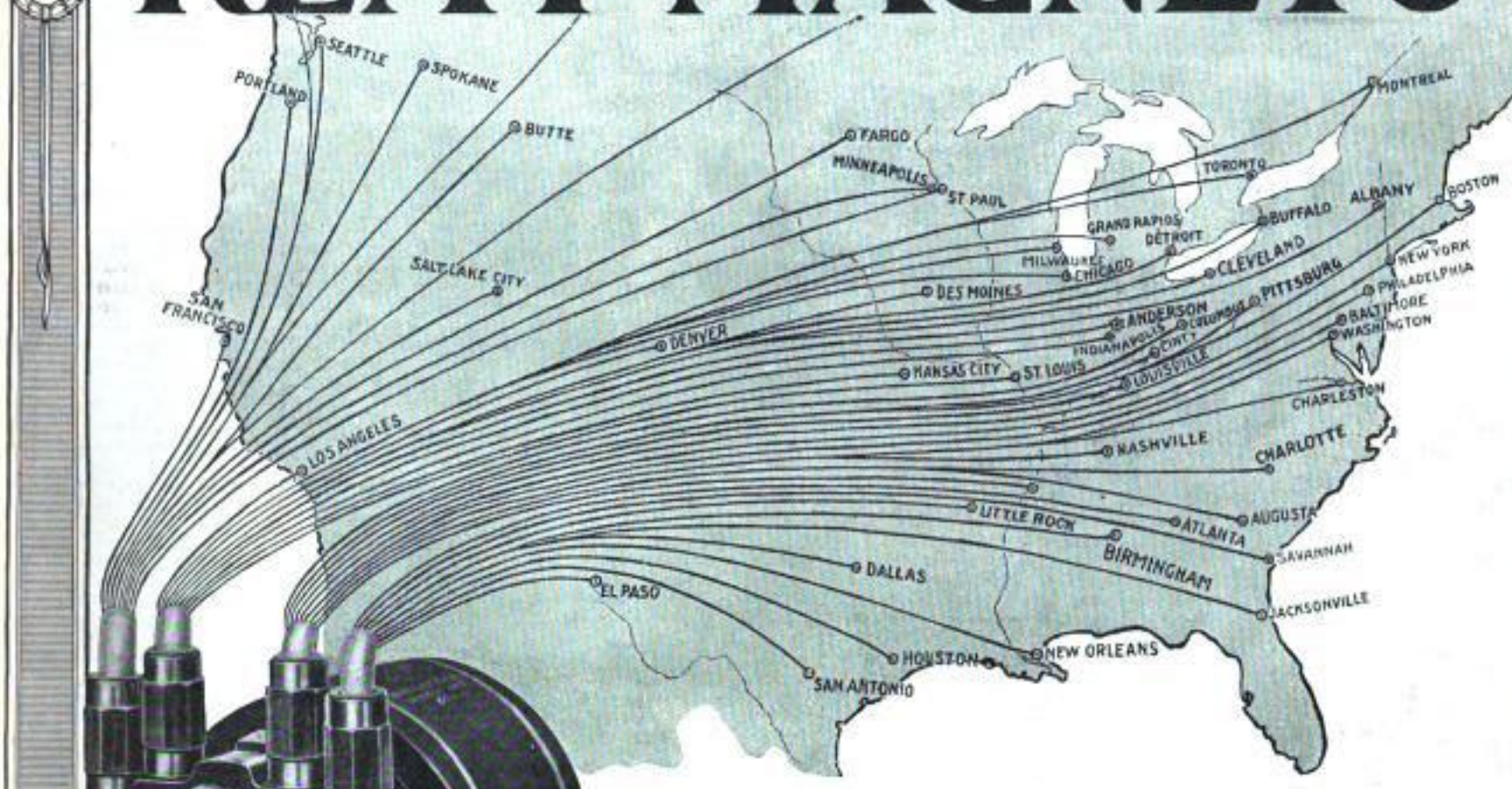
The objection to that plan, that nearly every corporation in the country does interstate business, and that such a system might become too cumbersome, applies also to the plan of an interstate trust commission. Yet either compulsory national incorporation or an interstate trust commission is greatly preferable to the Sherman Law, which is inconsistent with and antagonistic to both. For if you compel a trust to exist under a national law that rigidly controls and regulates it, you cannot subject it at the same time to the Sherman Law, which says that it should not exist at all. It is a contradiction in terms. It is a *non sequitur* in logic. It is absurd. It is impossible.

Cannot a simpler way be found to end the abuses I have discussed? Merely as a matter of suggestion, consider a national law with the following conditions: First, that every interstate corporation shall publish annually, for a certain number of days in one or more newspapers of general circulation, the exact state of its business—assets, liabilities, and so forth—as various insurance companies and all national banks now publish similar statements; and that for a misstatement of fact the directors and responsible officers be made criminally liable. Second, that when any interstate corporation issues any stock it shall make the same statement and also give reasons why the stock is issued, and the purposes under which the money for it is to be applied; that not a share shall be issued unless there are behind it assets to justify it; and that this statement shall be made to each individual purchaser of stock—all with criminal liability for misstatements. The above is substantially the English law today. Third, that no interstate corporation shall sell any stock for less than one hundred cents on the dollar. This suggestion was made by Mr. James J. Hill in a recent interview, with the assertion that this method would prevent overcapitalization; and that, of course, is true. Fourth, that every interstate corporation shall sell its products at the same price at the same time in every part of the country, allowing only for a difference in transportation charges. Fifth, that our patent laws shall be repealed, with a proviso that the present law shall be continued as to existing holders of patents for a fixed and short number of years, so that capital honestly invested on the faith of the patent should not be treated unjustly. Our patent laws are the strongest artificial and uneconomic aid that trusts have to support their raising of prices and to justify their overcapitalization. The theory that patents stimulate inventions is questionable. At all events, it is a deplorable fact that not one in ten thousand of the real inventors ever get financial benefit from their inventions; it is the capitalist who gets that.

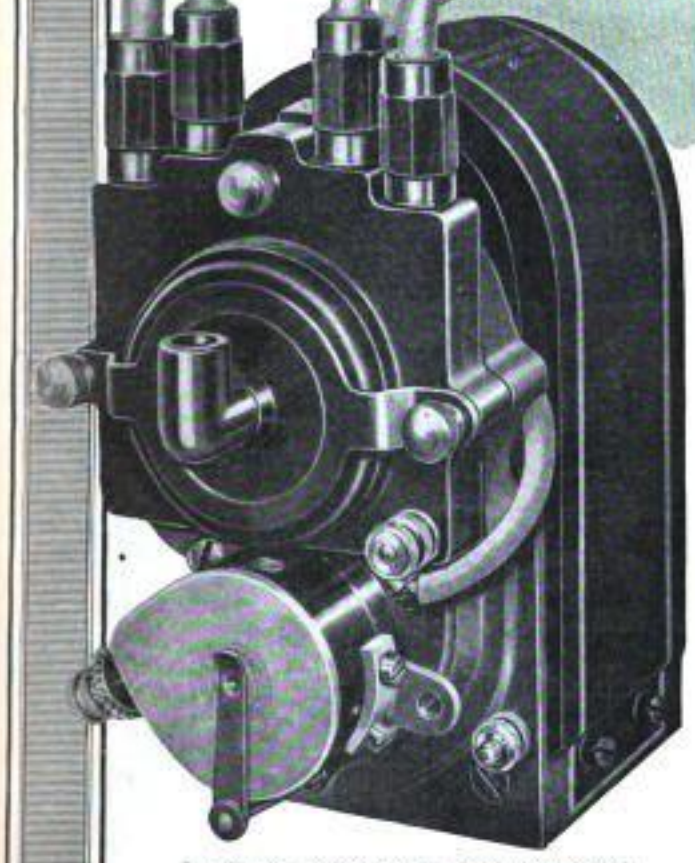
I have outlined the above law and mentioned a Federal incorporation law or the establishment of an interstate trust commission merely as suggestions. If these are not the best methods of dealing with this all-important subject surely some effective method will be devised—for present conditions can no longer be tolerated; and there is no problem affecting the welfare of the American people that is so complex or difficult that the American people cannot and will not solve it.

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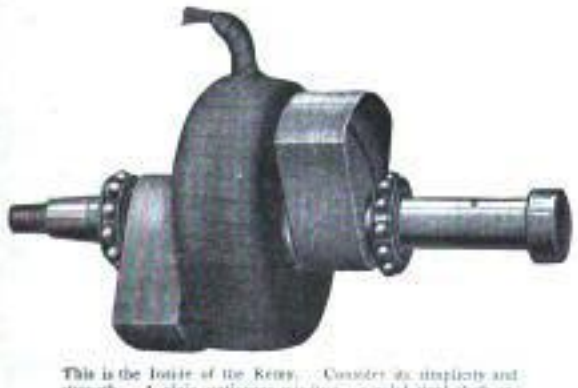
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Violet
White Rose
Fragancia
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Lettuce
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Coleo
7th Regiment Bouquet
Violis
Glycerine
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Oatmeal
White Castile
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Cold Cream
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Fragancia Peau d'Espagne
Lettuce, Sandal Wood

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Dactylis
Caprice
La France Rose
Alba Rose
Alba Violet
Hermosa
Vernalis
Violis
Italian Violets
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Carnation
Heliotrope
Jockey Club
Lily of the Valley
Fancy Blossom
Robania
White Lilac
Ylang Ylang
White Rose
Fantasy
Frangipanni
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Cashmere Bouquet
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Cyclamen
Musk
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Rosalinda
Robania
Violis
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Éclat
Monad Violet
Cashmere Bouquet
Ylang Ylang
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Heliotrope
Jockey Club
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THE POWER OF THE PLACE

How a President Goes About Renominating Himself



DRAWN BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

AS EXECUTIVE jobs go, the job of being President of the United States is a reasonably good one and much desired. The salary is large, the dwelling that goes with it is attractive and comfortable, the prestige is great and the influence incalculable. It is quite true there are perplexities, and troubles, and grief, and a universal misunderstanding of actions and motives, and extreme difficulty in pleasing any one. The bosses number some ninety millions of people, each one of whom has different ideas as to how the country should be directed and the laws administered; but none of these conditions prevents the eager seeking of the place and the intense desire to keep it once it has been attained. Now and then an eminent citizen places his hand on his chest and declaims he would not be president if he could, but the declamation is always inspired by acute knowledge that the person who thus rejects the presidency has no more chance than a Filipino of getting it. The fact is, there isn't a living American who, having a chance to be president, will not ardently embrace it; and the further fact is that many an eminent American, having no chance at all, embraces the shadow just as ardently. That statement goes for all dead Americans, too, when put into the past tense.

Twenty-six individuals have been presidents of the United States since George Washington was last inaugurated. These twenty-six men have had, of course, the most intimate knowledge of the pleasures as well as the pains of the office, and that knowledge has not kept many of them from aspiring to be president as long and as often as the circumstances and the people would permit. There are no statistics showing how many men have wanted to be president since that first inauguration, but a general average may be struck by taking the twenty-six and adding a handful of ciphers to it, truth and liberality in this regard going hand in hand.

The only man who knows all about being president is the man who is or has been president. He has had or is having the actual experience. Politics in this country revolves in well-defined circles. It circled one way in the early years of the republic, another way in the period preceding the Civil War, and still another in the period after the Civil War, which is just about at the end of its revolution at the present time. Politics also developed along definite lines during these various periods. The period that began, in a general sense, with the first nomination of Grant is about petering out at the present time, when a president is to be elected in 1912; that is, the political methods that reached their highest development during the years between the election of Grant and the election of Taft are now rapidly going into the discard. However, when they were efficient they were extremely efficient, and they brought to the flower of its powerful perfection the value of organization and the development of the boss idea.

In that period—between Grant and Taft—came also the latter-day development of the power of the presidential office as an influence for securing a renomination. This was made basically possible, so far as the Republican party was concerned, by the conditions left by the Civil War. The South was Democratic. It was solidly Democratic. The North outnumbered the South and outvoted it, and in the North the Republican party flourished. Still the South was a part of the country, and was entitled to representation in the conventions that did the nominating. Hence, if there were not Republicans in the South it was easy to make a few for delegate purposes, and the way to make them was easy. Inasmuch as the president had the sole power to give out the jobs, the natural assumption was—and is—that the president, by controlling the jobs, controls the delegates.

Any Republican president wanting a renomination starts with the South practically assured. Then with the development of the organization and with the increasing and scientific application of patronage there is a chance to work on delegates in other sections of the country. Broadly speaking, that is about the way of it; but the details are interesting and there are many ramifications to the general scheme. Each president who wants to continue in the White House works in his own way, but the essentials of his procedure are identical. It may not be long until there will be a change in this situation; in fact, it will not be long. But at the present time and for the past forty years the processes of a president desiring either a renomination for himself or a nomination for a candidate of his selection have been strikingly similar.

To begin with, a man who is president and desires to be renominated after his first term has a great advantage over any other candidate for his place in his own party, unless, of course, his conduct has been such as absolutely to preclude his availability for renomination. Eliminating that, the president who has made a fair average record starts with this advantage: He is the titular head of his party. He is the leader. He is the man who symbolizes the policies of his party and who was elected on a platform stating those policies. If he thinks, and any considerable number of his friends think, that he has carried out those policies and has obeyed the commands of his party to the full extent of his ability, if he has been regular and in accord with the views of the sub-leaders of his party, if he has not been incendiary and has remained true to the basic principles, and with this record demands a renomination, he is almost certain to get it.

The reason is simple. He, as titular head of the party, claiming that his record is in accord with the pledges of the party and its policies and principles, desires a second term and says so. If he is refused that second term that refusal means a direct repudiation of the party principles and policies on which he was elected and under which he has operated. The president asking for renomination starts with that advantage over all other competitors for the nomination unless, of course, his own conduct has been such, in the minds of all the party leaders who control conventions, as to put him out of the party. If he is reasonably regular and reasonably Republican, say, to refuse

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him the renomination he asks would be to repudiate Republicanism. It would be the same with a Democratic president desiring a renomination.

This advantage, of course, does not absolutely assure a renomination; but it is a great advantage, none the less, and no candidate but a candidate in the White House has it. Admittedly it is largely sentimental; but it has a vast force in determining the result of the national convention.

That much for the sentimental side of it. The rest of the game is severely practical. Nominations in national conventions and renominations are secured through but one medium—delegates. Delegates to a national convention are secured through mediums as various and as numerous as the delegates themselves; but every medium is distinctly a family relation to the great and overpowering medium, and that is patronage. The time may come when politics will not be a selfish pursuit. It may come, and so may the millennium.

There may be a man here and there who acts as a delegate or takes an office for the sole actuating purpose of relieving bad conditions or helping the people or attaining better government, but a reasonably extensive experience of twenty-five years has not disclosed very many of them to me.

There are two real reasons for seeking office—the first is pay and the second is power. This runs true from constable to president. All my life I have heard statesmen talk about the unselfishness of their motives, and have watched carefully to see some of that unselfishness work out. It rarely does.

Possibilities of Presidential Patronage

THAT makes it easy for the president who wants to be renominated. He sits in the commanding position. Other candidates may promise to do thus and so, to foster certain movements, to supply certain jobs, to do certain things; but the president, in addition to promising, can perform. He has the goods. He can deliver, not promises but places. What is at best an uncertainty in others is a certainty with him.

Now far be it from me to intimate even that any president would use patronage to advance his personal fortunes or to secure a renomination; but he might if he wanted to, and he might also use patronage to advance the fortunes of his political party. In fact, it is quite within the bounds of truth to say that the patronage of the presidential office is often used to advance the cause of the political party to which the president belongs. That is quite natural. We are not yet so altruistic that we do not think the victors should have a fair share of the spoils. And though a president may be utterly averse to applying patronage to any local or national situation or contingency, it is the lamentable fact that always there are men in his party who have no such scruples, and they usually can present convincing arguments at the White House, showing how the very political existence of the party in their states or districts depends on the stimulation that a few jobs will produce.

Just what patronage does a president possess? A year ago—on January 5, 1911—he had at his disposal 9846 jobs for which he was the sole appointing power, exclusive of army and naval officers and employees of the census. The number may have increased or decreased in the past year, but not much either way. These 9846 jobs were divided as follows:

State Department	441
Treasury	736
War—exclusive of Army	6
Justice	383
Post-Office	7953
Navy—exclusive of officers	11
Interior	272
Agriculture	3
Commerce and Labor	28
Civil Service Commission	4
Government Printing Office	1
Interstate Commerce Commission	7
Library of Congress	1
Total	9846

These jobs are all subject to confirmation by the Senate, but inasmuch as the appointments, before they are made, are mostly decided upon by the senators of the president's party, or the representatives thereof, or the state politicians, and decided upon for political purposes ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the Senate rarely refuses to confirm one, and then only when a senator has not been consulted and his friends in the Senate rally to him—for political reasons also.

Aside from these, the president has 993 appointments he can make without confirmation by the Senate. These are, ninety-four in the State Department, eight hundred and forty-six in the Department of Justice, forty-four in the Interior Department, eight in the Department of Commerce and Labor and one on the Civil Service Commission. Then, too, there are 262,608 employees of the Government protected by the civil service, who presumably do not figure—presumably, I said—and 411,322 employees in the various branches of the Government, exclusive of enlisted men and officers of the army and navy. Of course the president does not personally know of or appoint these 411,322 persons; but some politician does know of them, and that politician reports to some other politician higher up, and so on until the chain is complete between the White House and the clerk or laborer. Let a clerk be disturbed, and it will instantly be apparent where the connection is. He may be a very humble clerk, but he has an influence somewhere, and that influence got him his job. Also that influence has a higher influence to whom he reports and on whom he depends, and so on along up the line, until the very influential senator or representative or state leader or boss is found with direct communication to the White House.

The whole scheme of politics in this and in every other country is based on patronage. The boys are held in line because the boys get the jobs; and the boys in turn hold the others, and jobless, in line by their influence and because of the jobs the boys have. There have been and will be political leaders able to maintain organizations without patronage, but they are twelfth carbon copies of the leaders who have maintained and do maintain organizations by means of, or with the aid of, patronage. The leader who can get a few of his followers on the payroll is the leader who has the most devoted following.

Take this question of a presidential renomination: Under the present system the only way that a president can be renominated is by a national convention. The time is coming when presidents will be nominated by direct popular primary vote, but it isn't here yet. The convention system prevails. A national convention is a culmination of a series of smaller conventions. The district convention sends its delegates to the state convention, and the county or ward or precinct conventions send their delegates to district conventions. The state convention usually picks out the delegates at large. Then the selected bunch of delegates go to the national convention and register the will of the people—the people invariably being the bosses of the state.

In a Republican National Convention it is necessary to have a majority in order to nominate—a majority of the votes of the delegates only. The Democrats require two-thirds. The next Republican National Convention will have 1072 delegates, provided the usual plan of allotting delegates is carried out by the Republican National Committee, as it probably will be. This increase over the 980 delegates of four years ago is accounted for by the increase in the membership of the House of Representatives from 391 members to 433 members under the new apportionment, as the basis on which delegates are allotted is two delegates in the national convention for each senator and representative, and two delegates each from the territories, colonial dependencies and the District of Columbia.

A Ghostly Party Down South

THERE never has been more than a ghost of a Republican party in the South, and it is more diaphanous at present than it ever has been, because President Taft has appointed a good many white men to places down there, and most white men in the South are Democrats. Still there are a few white Republicans here and there, mostly holding Federal offices, and these gentlemen have two actuating ideas in politics—to have and to hold. They are largely Republicans for revenue only; not always, but mostly. They know they can have no jobs unless there is a Republican president, and as they are about the only Republicans in that section and have about all the jobs, it is their particular task to see to it that, in return for preferment, they maintain a skeleton organization of the party for the purpose of providing a convention that shall in turn provide delegates to the national convention.

These persons are not influenced by sentiment. If they were susceptible to that sort of thing they would not be Republicans in the South. Their only source of supplies is the man in the White House. To be sure, they reaped a rich harvest during the closing years of Cleveland's second term, when Mark Hanna sent down there and "induced" a lot of them to go to St. Louis and help nominate McKinley; but they performed loyally for McKinley a second time at Philadelphia, and were there with ringing cheers to help nominate Roosevelt in 1904. Likewise, having helped nominate Roosevelt, they showed themselves to be good and faithful servants and nominated Taft, Roosevelt's selection, in 1908, having held their jobs continuously since the days of McKinley, which began on March fourth, 1897.

Of the 1072 delegates that will make up the Republican National Convention in Chicago next June, the solidly Democratic states of the South, where Republicans are so few that they are curiosities, will furnish patriots, either

(Concluded on Page 56)



DRAWN BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

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WHIPSAWED

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

PROMPTLY at eight on the day the blind pool in Hocking Coal and Iron burst, the alarm clock at Mr. Mobley's bedside gasped loudly, and after a brief digestive creaking among its cogs and pinions it paused for a moment, then struck. Subsequently, or say in not more than two or three minutes at the most, the uproar was echoed by a groan.

"Buh!" said Mr. Mobley hazily. "Yes, aw yes!—what say?"

Mr. Mobley was a Wall Street man. Consequently he seldom if ever arose early. Aside from the many obligations, however, that keep Wall Street men up and out so late he also long had held in the financial world a position that enabled him to enjoy as much leisure as he liked. In short, as his daily vocation Mr. Mobley introduced new customers to a downtown investment house. No salary was attached to the place, but, instead, it paid on the commission basis.



Mrs. Mangin Grimly Blocked Him From Escape

The firm's business was marginal trading. Naturally this required on Mr. Mobley's part wide knowledge of financial methods, to say nothing of tact and good clothes, which he unquestionably had. However, since his presence in Wall Street was rarely needed before ten, the hour the market opens, Mr. Mobley arose ordinarily at nine or nine fifteen, though sometimes it was half-past nine. Of course on such occasions little leisure was left him to make the sort of toilet he liked, so after he had dropped in at the office for his mail and a brief study of the London and New York "openings" Mr. Mobley usually went over to the corner, where he had Adolf give him a hot towel and a few minutes' face vibration. In addition, like others in his calling, he was very fond of hair tonic. Afterward, or when he had been put in trim for the day, Mr. Mobley breakfasted at Fred's place on a cup of coffee and an Egyptian. The cigarette was of a special Wall Street brand. It had his own initials on it, naturally.

Today, though, Mr. Mobley's time was by no means all his own. It was so little his own, indeed, that, having glanced at the clock which now marked five minutes past, he leaped hurriedly to the floor. The fact is, his morning's engagement was imperative, for it not only involved a banking matter of some importance, but required his presence without fail at nine o'clock or sooner. "Pshaw!" he complained drowsily, and having stretched himself a little began hastily drawing on his clothes.

His hurry, however, though urgent, was doomed to interruption. Having stripped himself of his luxurious silk pajamas he was just reaching for his trousers when a strong, not to say resounding, hand knocked suddenly on his door. At the same time a voice unmistakably African called persuasively: "Misto Mobley, I say, sar! Is you up?"

Mr. Mobley knew the voice, though at the moment he made no reply. It was that of the kinky, écru-tinted youth who served in the lodgings as hallboy. At the club and downtown, though, Mr. Mobley often if idly referred to the youth as his valet. Possibly it was in the same spirit that Mr. Mobley referred also to the lodgings as "bachelor apartments," which, of course, was strictly the case, all the tenants being, in fact, bachelors. Next door to him was a lady who helped in a manicure parlor, while the one in the room at the rear was also unmarried. She was a settlement worker, so she said, and once Mr. Mobley had asked her out to dinner, but only once. She had, in short, ordered champagne. Other bachelors included a self-supporting book-agent who invariably came in late, and a fourth single person who sang scales from eleven A. M. onward, or whenever her windows were open. There were also five men.

Mr. Mobley knew none of the men. Frankly, he had long decided they were queer. At any rate none in the least looked like a clubman or of any sort he'd care to introduce at his own club, much less at the brokerage office. As he justly reflected, probably not one among the lot had money enough to margin a hundred shares of Allis-Chalmers or, say, a similar lot of Bay State Gas. Circumstances were such, however, that Mr. Mobley was presently to meet one of his fellow lodgers and then under the most unusual conditions.

But to return to the lad outside.

Persistently the youth kept up his tattoo on the door, at the same time iterating: "Misto Mobley! Misto Mobley! Ain't you hear me yet?"

It would have been difficult to avoid it. "Say, do you think I'm deaf?" Mr. Mobley presently inquired. As if still further to reassure the boy he added also that should he knock again he, Mr. Mobley, would take it on himself to open the door and "crock him one on the bean."

Instantly the knocking ended. "Yessar! yessar!" rejoined the boy; "only Mis' Mangin leave you a message, sar. She say she ain't see you yistirday."

Mrs. Mangin was the landlady. If she had failed to see Mr. Mobley yesterday, the same, however, could be said of the day previous as well as of others before. It was for almost a fortnight, in fact, that the lady had failed to see her lodger. "Eh, what?" he exclaimed. Naturally with so important an engagement at hand the interruption was provoking. However, when he spoke again his voice was more contained. "All right," he drawled indifferently; "tell the madam I'll be dressed and down in—let me see—why, in half an hour. Now be sure!" he directed, making it explicit; "say I'll be down in thirty minutes just!"

It took Mr. Mobley much less than that, though, to dress himself. In not more than a few minutes—five at the utmost—he was not only fully attired, but had on his hat and topcoat too. Afterward in a like haste, though quietly, Mr. Mobley opened his door, and having looked out stepped into the hall and closed the door behind him. In the same quiet way then—all of which, no doubt, was with a view to avoiding awakening the other tenants—he tiptoed down the stairway, and had just noiselessly opened the street door when a voice rather loudly spoke to him. "Mr. Mobley!" said the voice, then climbed a few octaves to say again: "You there. Mr. Mobley-ee-ee."

Apparently he did not hear Mrs. Mangin. Closing the door, in an incredibly brief space of time he reached the corner, which at the same brisk pace he turned. Obviously his appointment with the landlady had escaped him, or vice versa, as the case may be. As for the lady herself, however, having failed to attract his attention, she at once mounted to Mr. Mobley's bedchamber, where somewhat breathlessly she opened Mr. Mobley's trunk and all his bureau drawers. This, of course, restored her. At any rate, after she had counted over Mr. Mobley's shirts, his stock of knit silk ties and the four fancy waistcoats he wore in the Wall Street business—these and, finally, the other trousers he had placed under the mattress to stretch—Mrs. Mangin placidly sat down to half an hour's enjoyment of the letters in Mr. Mobley's trunk. Afterward, or when she had found on the bureau two dimes and a cent, which she pocketed, Mrs. Mangin went downstairs.

* * * * *

It is undeniably the truth that Mr. Mobley's morning engagement was of the utmost urgent importance. Not only must he be down in the banking quarter at nine o'clock or sooner but if for any reason he should be late the most serious consequences might ensue.

As it is well known Wall Street men transact a great deal of business at their clubs. Mr. Mobley was no exception. The club to which he himself belonged was, as he would have told you, a "small but exclusive affair in the Avenue"—though which avenue he omitted to denote. Be that as it may, however, Mr. Mobley was often at the club, for like so many other Wall Street men he was a capital type of the good fellow, the thorough man about town. An adept at both pool and billiards—pool in particular—he stood always ready to shoot you a string or roll a frame or two—"just to pass time, you understand!" or, say, for five a corner—at pool a dollar the frame, no more.

Auction or straight bridge, though, were his real diversions, the stakes being a dime a point. Of course some may think this high, but, on the other hand, the game rarely grew expensive—at any rate not for Mr. Mobley. Possibly this was because he played always with caution, then only among convivial friends. As for himself, though, Mr. Mobley rarely took anything—that is, not anything strong—anyway not while playing bridge.

But the night before there had come a lapse in his usual strict sobriety. At midnight, being somewhat ahead of the game, he had ordered for himself anchovy toast with a small one in a bucket on the side. So far so good; but the toast proving salty he had signed for a second pint, then a third. The result was almost immediate, for ere long he had begun to see two sets of opponents as well as two partners in place of one, and to find himself holding double hands when but a single hand had been dealt him. It is very difficult at bridge to play double hands, especially when one is purely imaginary. Consequently at three A. M., or when his partner announced somewhat abruptly that he'd had enough, Mr. Mobley had arisen $54.70 to the bad. Moreover, having proffered an I. O. U., as was his custom when he lost, he was astonished to hear the other gentlemen say "Nix," this being pronounced with the inflection strongly rising. Either cash or a check were the terms indicated, so rather than prolong the argument he had written out a check. It was for the full amount—$54.70.

Of course the transaction was trivial. Nor was the amount one that any Wall Street man would stop to consider seriously. Mr. Mobley himself, in fact, had more than once spent that much or more in merely dining some customer—that is, some customer he thought worth it. But of late there had come a change in this and other marks of Wall Street's well-known liberality. A period of retrenchment was in force—due, it appeared, to the market's serious technical position—in other words to the fact that the public was not "coming in." The truth was, the public's attitude fully reflected the well-known Wall Street adage, "The boobs buy only at the top," so that in Mr. Mobley's own case at any rate, though he had lately made quite a few new friends, not one of the lot had accepted his cordial invitation to drop in and see him.

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The result, consequently, was disconcerting. To meet his night's draft of $54.70 Mr. Mobley had in the bank a balance of approximately seventy-nine cents ex interest to date.

"Gad!" exclaimed Mr. Mobley annoyedly, and buttoning his coat about him he hurried even more rapidly toward the near-by subway station. Of course overdrafts are by no means unusual in Wall Street and ordinarily he need not have worried. In this case, however, it was undesirable to take any chances, as only ten days before a check of his had gone to protest, greatly to his annoyance. What is more, the Mr. Bannerman who'd made such a fuss at the time was the same Mr. Bannerman who held his present draft of $54.70. If it came back there might be trouble at the club, Mr. Bannerman having, in fact, said so, and Mr. Mobley hated to think of it. For one so fond of bridge—pool and billiards too—the club was very valuable. Consequently, as will be seen, the morning's appointment was in every way vital, because if he failed to arrive at Mr. Bannerman's office at nine o'clock or sooner Mr. Bannerman might deposit the check in his bank.

To his satisfaction now Mr. Mobley saw that the clock in the subway station marked only eighteen minutes past. This would allow him ample time to reach Wall Street at the appointed hour, and greatly encouraged he stepped briskly up to the ticket window. No doubt, as he told himself, Bannerman would be clubby enough to give him a few days' grace on the draft, and with this reflection to cheer him he was feeling in his pocket, when with a start he paused abruptly and then gave vent to a muttered exclamation. Afterward Mr. Mobley began a hasty yet systematic search of each of his pockets in turn.

The search proved fruitless. That is to say, it revealed nothing more noteworthy than a few toothpicks, a crumpled tobacco coupon, a latchkey, an orange stick, a mustache comb and a bit of dog-eared pasteboard. This last, which was a battered visiting card, bore on its face the penciled legend, "I. O. U., $61.80," beneath which were ringed the giver's initials. The gentleman was a Mr. Osgood, a fellow club member as well as a Wall Street man. Briefly, Mr. Osgood had charge of the customers' room in a downtown brokerage office, so naturally his card, the I. O. U., was now quite yellow from age. With a snort of disgust Mr. Mobley was, in fact, about to tear it into bits when he reconsidered, and replacing the card in his pocket again resumed his search. At once, with a gasp, he remembered. That morning during his hasty dressing all his money had fallen to the floor and he had picked it up and had placed it on the bureau.

It was still there back at Mrs. Mangin's.

Only two courses remained open. Either he could walk or he could appeal to the ticket agent. Reflection told him, of course, that to walk was impossible. Wall Street was four miles away, and though indeed he must be there without fail at nine sharp or sooner Mr. Mobley realized that Wall Street life had not fitted him to do a Marathon.



All Dabblers in the Market Look for Action, and Mr. Hoag Had Got His

So desperately he approached the window. In his best manner and with the most dignified speech imaginable he stated the case. To his distress, however, the plea was received with coldness. "But you don't understand!" he warmly protested. "I have to be in Wall Street at nine o'clock—at nine sharp!" he repeated. "My engagement is of the most urgent importance!"

"Yaas, that's what they all say," rejoined the agent dryly, and in the same tone invited Mr. Mobley to stand aside.

The case grew desperate. Already the clock marked twenty-five after, its hands moving on with dispassionate regularity. "Gad! but don't you see?" cried Mr. Mobley for the fourth time, and he had just begun a more complete and graphic appeal, when suddenly, with a gasp of relief, he broke off and rushed hurriedly from the window. Coming down the stairway was a well-known figure, a familiar face and form.

"Why, Mr. Hoag! good morning! good morning!" he exclaimed, adding exuberantly: "This is indeed fortunate!"

Under any other than the most unusual circumstances—say, one like the present, or, for example, a midnight fire, a burglar or the like—Mr. Mobley might not have recognized the newcomer. It was, in short, a fellow lodger at Mrs. Mangin's, a young man who, as Mr. Mobley was aware, had the first counter from the door in a lower Broadway hatshop. Now, however, it being no time to split straws, to quibble over petty social quirks, Mr. Mobley, after warmly greeting him, made known his predicament. "You see, I've got a big appointment this morning," he explained; "otherwise, of course, I'd go back and get my roll of bills. Yes, I left them on the bureau too!" he added seriously. However, if the hat clerk would buy him a subway ticket, Mr. Mobley said he'd see to it that his secretary returned it by mail the moment he got to the office—or, rather, offices.

Hoag, the clerk, was delighted. Unquestionably he seemed flattered to be able to help Mr. Mobley, who, as he knew, held some important post in Wall Street. "Say, now," he inquired awkwardly, perhaps out of the fear of seeming obtrusive, "are you sure a nickel's enough?"

Mr. Mobley was quite sure.

"Still," he added tentatively, somewhat astonished to see the roll of banknotes the clerk produced, "if you could happen to spare two."

Hoag not only could spare the amount but did so willingly. Furthermore he insisted on buying the tickets as well, to which Mr. Mobley could make no reasonable objection. At any rate he said nothing, and Hoag having dropped the tickets in the box he thanked him briefly and abruptly hurried aboard the first incoming train.

As there was but one seat in the car Mr. Mobley took it. However, in no wise abashed or in the least conscious he was intruding, Hoag followed and helped himself to a near-by strap. At the same time, oblivious of how much he might intrude, he engaged Mr. Mobley in conversation.

"Say, old man," began Hoag confidentially, "I'm real glad now to have met you. Yeh! for quite a time I've been meaning to knock at your door some night."

Already Mr. Mobley had drawn out the orange stick with which every morning he whiled away the journey downtown. "Yes?" he murmured indifferently.

Not at all rebuffed the salesman, who was a round-faced, near-sighted fellow, now blinked smilingly through his glasses. "You see," he explained, "it was the old lady that sicked me on—Mrs. Mangin, you know!"

"Mrs. Mangin!" Mr. Mobley looked up sharply, his orange stick for the moment unemployed. Of course it was scarcely possible that the landlady had divulged anything confidential, but if she had —— "Say, look here!" began Mr. Mobley, his tone curt, when abruptly he bit his lip. Unconscious of his fellow lodger's air Hoag had interrupted, and to Mr. Mobley's inconceivable astonishment was shyly saying something or other about "investments."

"What?" said Mr. Mobley, his tone exclamatory. That one of Mrs. Mangin's lodgers should have reason to discuss investments seemed, on the face of it, almost farcical. Nevertheless such was the case. "Sure



It Was Rotten, He Told Himself, That With All the Money Coming to Him There Should be Any Hitch About It

thing!" assured Hoag, his manner perhaps a little conscious. "Last month I had a little money coming in. An uncle of mine died that was in the upholstery trade, you know!" Mr. Mobley didn't know, but now he was listening absorbedly. "Yass," added Hoag; "it was quite a round sum!" Letting go the strap he leaned down and at the same time lowered his voice to a confidential whisper. "More'n a thousand plunks!" said Hoag, his tone important.

It seemed incredible. Putting up his orange stick Mr. Mobley hastily moved along in the seat until there was ample room for two. "Sit down, Mr. Hoag," he said; and Mr. Hoag, nowise unwilling, sat down. "Now in regard to an investment," said Mr. Mobley, and loudly cleared his throat—"in regard to that it's just possible—barely possible, of course—that I may be able to help you. Tell me," he inquired, "do I understand you to say you already have the money in the bank?"

. . . . . .

It was just nine when Mr. Mobley entered the Broad Street offices of Rooker, Burke & Co. Despite the hour, however, Mr. Mobley no longer seemed so hurried as he'd been. The fact is, he'd decided to postpone his visit to Bannerman. Another more important matter now engaged him, for frankly it was a most excellent and unexpected piece of good fortune he'd stumbled on that morning. Besides, as he also reflected, his check was not likely to come through the clearing house before the following day.

In the customers' room only two others had arrived. One of these was the quotation clerk—the youth, that is, who sets up the figures on the priceboard. Tossing him a nod Mr. Mobley ignored the other early comer—a Mr. Pingree, who sat ensconced behind the pages of a newspaper—for though Mr. Mobley had himself introduced this client to the firm he now had little use for him. Months before he had given Mr. Pingree a tip on Reading; but while the tip had proved good and Mr. Pingree had made three points profit he had neglected afterward to come across with the usual acknowledgment, a percentage of his winnings. "A tin horn—a welsher!" Mr. Mobley thought him.

Crossing to a ticker that long before had begun to grind out the London opening Mr. Mobley glanced thoughtfully at the tape. It was the same old story: things were as stale as dishwater, and turning away he was biting his nails in deep thought, when Mr. Pingree first loudly cleared his throat, then spoke. "Say, Mac!"—it was Mr. Mobley he addressed—"seen this yet?"

For a moment Mr. Mobley didn't answer. He was pondering whether it would be worth while or only a waste of time to get after Mr. Osgood, the fellow clubman and Wall Street operator whose I. O. U. he had in his pocket. If Osgood could be made to pay up Mr. Mobley would need to worry no longer about the Bannerman draft, but could give all his attention to a matter that looked extremely promising. After a pause, however, he turned to Mr. Pingree. "Seen what?" he asked.

Holding out the newspaper Mr. Pingree pointed to an agate paragraph set under the heading "News for

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Investors." It read: "Hocking C. & I. looks like a good gamble. From the undercurrent of activity in the stock developments may be anticipated."

If they were it was news to Mr. Mobley. However, one cardinal rule among Wall Street financiers is that if you know nothing never show it. Consequently, while he busied his wits trying to recall if he'd heard anything Mr. Mobley gazed at his former client knowingly. "Well?" inquired Mr. Pingree, "how about it?"

Still mentally active Mr. Mobley maintained his knowing air. "What's it to you?" he asked lightly.

Apparently it was much. Mr. Pingree was a middle-aged person with a lantern jaw and a long, pendulous nose, which in moments of perturbation he was accustomed to caress vigorously. Now having done this with even more than his usual animation, he also thrust a hand into his trousers pocket and loudly rattled his loose change. "Say, Mac!" he earnestly drawled, "if you really know something——"

One might well infer from Mr. Mobley's manner that he knew much. "You don't mean to say," he returned impressively, "that you haven't heard?"

"Heard what?" instantly demanded Mr. Pingree, his air alert.

Mr. Mobley put on an air of patronizing unconcern. Though he had himself heard nothing, of course, to be mysterious, as his Wall Street training had taught him, always lends one distinction. Consequently with a smile he turned his back on Pingree and moved off toward the offices in the rear.

Mr. Pingree, however, was not so easily rebuffed. "Here, you hold on!" he protested. Grasping Mr. Mobley by the elbow he observed urgently: "Say, you know something and I want to hear it." In a punk market like the present, as Mr. Pingree further observed, one had to scratch hard for dinner money, so if any melon was ripe to be cut he meant at all hazards to have a hack at the fruit himself—"and, well, here's the facts," abruptly added Mr. Pingree. "You put me wise and I don't mind saying I'm ready to do the handsome!"

This, as Mr. Mobley would have phrased it, was surely "talking turkey." However, until he'd browsed about a bit and heard the dope on Hocking it would never do to commit himself. So freeing his elbow from Mr. Pingree's convulsive grip he opened the door beside him. "You'll have to wait, Pink," he curtly announced. "I don't mind saying I know what's up, but I'm too busy now to stop. You see me later." Then he shook loose the fresh grip Mr. Pingree had on his arm and closed the door between them.

Once he was alone, however, Mr. Mobley's pressing urgency abruptly seemed to end. "Well, and what do you know about that?" he murmured to himself. "Luck? Why, I'm smeared with it!" he exclaimed, and leaning up against a counter he thoughtfully pulled out a toothpick and as thoughtfully employed it.

Hoag first, now Pingree too! However, the situation, unique as it was, required care. Of course in Hoag's case the matter was more or less easy, since the dub, as Mr. Mobley assured himself, would invest his thousand whichever way he was told.

Nevertheless, though this was so Mr. Mobley felt as much concern as if the money were his own, the fact being that he'd already arranged to be paid twenty per cent of whatever Hoag might win. The arrangement, however, though excellent, was defective in that before there could be any winnings, any bonus, Mr. Mobley must first pick a winner. And knowing Wall Street he frankly confessed—though only to himself, of course—that in calling the turn on the market he stood about as much chance as, for instance, a blind man up against a phoney faro case.

However, with Pingree the chances were far better; they were only two to one. Pingree had himself named the stock, Hocking, and, as was obvious, Hocking could do but two things—either go up or go down. To decide which would be easy he need only flip up a coin or——

A loud and startling gasp burst suddenly from Mr. Mobley's lips. "Holy smoke!" he cried, then instantly checked himself. Afterward, with a sly look about him, Mr. Mobley clapped himself on the knee, and flinging open the door rushed back into the customers' room.

"Say, look here, Pink!" he directed, his voice forceful.

Mr. Pingree had again ensconced himself behind his newspaper. Earnestly, with the utmost diligence he'd been searching its columns for some other reference to the mysterious activity in Hocking, and alive now to Mr. Mobley's manner he followed him hastily into a near-by corner.

"Listen!" said Mr. Mobley as he grasped him by the coat lapel. "You keep this under your hat now!" he ordered authoritatively, and added: "The fact is, yesterday for a few moments I saw old Cornell Roberts. Do you get that now?" he demanded meaningly.

Mr. Pingree got it fully. After savagely tweaking his nose he ejaculated "Sho!" emotionally and not without reason. Roberts was one of the Street's heaviest operators. Moreover, it was quite true Mr. Mobley had seen him. He had sat less than ten seats away from him in an uptown subway train, though this detail, for some reason, Mr. Mobley suppressed.

"By heck!" exclaimed Pingree with great excitement. "You don't mean they's a pool operating in the stock?"

"A pool?" If such were the fact Mr. Mobley hadn't heard of it. However, the suggestion made good material. "A pool?—why, of course!" he retorted. "Ain't that what I'm telling you? Now, understand," he added sharply as Mr. Pingree sought to edge away, "I'm not giving you the tip for my health. You'll have to fork over twenty per cent of your profits!"

A sly look had drifted into Mr. Pingree's eyes. "Twenty per? Say, you've got a nerve! Nix!" said Mr. Pingree all in a breath. In brief, having obtained, as he thought, Mr. Mobley's information, he had decided to make use of it without paying any bonus whatever. "Huh!" he grunted. "Pay twenty per when I knew as well as you the stock was going up? You must take me for a rube!"

Mr. Mobley, however, enjoyed too wide an experience in Wall Street practice to let himself so easily be outwitted. "Oh!" he remarked; "so you think, do you, that it's going up?"

"Hey, what!" exclaimed Mr. Pingree, startled. "You don't mean it's going down?"

A light, mocking laugh answered him. "You find out, Pink!" retorted his tormentor, and turned to walk away.

The sweat started on Mr. Pingree's brow. "Say, now," he abjectly murmured, "I was only fooling, Mac. Of course you'll get your twenty per if only you tell me what to do." Mr. Mobley, however, was not so easily placated, for if there was one thing he detested more than any other it was to have some one try to trick him in a money matter. All Wall Street men have this feeling. "Oh, come now!" pleaded Pingree abashed. "Just tell me—shall I buy or sell?"

Mr. Mobley meant to have held off a little longer, only at that particular moment he saw the door open to admit a familiar figure, a man who entered shyly, with embarrassment. It was Mr. Hoag, of course, and this being his first visit to a brokerage office it was only natural he should feel timid. Hurriedly Mr. Mobley turned to the now miserable Mr. Pingree. "Ain't you going to tell me, Mac?" Pingree was droning. "What's the card now—buy or sell?"

There was no time to be lost—Hoag was drawing near. "Sell!" said Mr. Mobley. "Sell!"—and instantly Pingree made a bolt for the cashier's window. Over his shoulder, as he turned to the hat clerk, Mr. Mobley heard the man give his order. It was gasped out wheezingly—"Say, sell me a hundred Hocking Coal! What price? Any price, of course!" vociferated Mr. Pingree. "Sell it at the market!"

"Pshaw! the piker!" Mr. Mobley murmured to himself. A hundred shares was nothing but a shoestring; but though disappointed, not to say disgusted, his face and tone were both urbane as he shook the hat clerk's hand. "On time, I see," Mr. Mobley uttered affably, and as genially added: "That's right! Promptness always pays, Mr. Hoag." Also in the same bland tone he inquired whether Hoag had his check made out.

It was not only made out but certified, as Mr. Mobley had requested. The salesman's hand trembled slightly as with a nervous little laugh he gave it up. "Sit down, Mr. Hoag," said Mr. Mobley kindly, and having closely examined the paper to make sure its indorsement was correct he briefly explained the investment he had in mind.

It was, as he said, a most attractive security. The stock was an active industrial, he announced, one whose fiduciary obligations were backed up by the most valuable commercial concessions. Though at the moment, of course, it happened not to be on a dividend basis Mr. Mobley was still in a position to say that shortly this would be arranged. Before he could say more, however, Hoag interrupted with another nervous giggle. "Say," he inquired, as he wet his lips, "am I agoing to buy or—er—am I going to sell?"

"Eh, what?" exclaimed Mr. Mobley, astounded.

"Why, you see," said Hoag uncomfortably, "one of the boys up to the store he was telling me there's only one way to make money in Wall Street. He says only the rubes buy stocks. Them that's wise to the game they sells 'em!"

For an instant a frown clouded Mr. Mobley's brow. That he was displeased was evident; inwardly he was filled with agitation. "Oh, well, of course, Mr. Hoag," he said curtly after a thought, "if you prefer some clerk's advice to mine, why here's your check!" In fact, he almost handed it back to him.

Hoag was at once all apologies. As he protested, his manner quite humble and abashed, he trusted implicitly to Mr. Mobley's judgment. He, in brief, asked nothing more than that Mr. Mobley would say, when he was ready, how the money had been invested.

Accepting the apology Mr. Mobley consented to tell him exactly. As the transaction was an investment it meant, naturally, a purchase not a sale. "The fact is," said Mr. Mobley in a tone of the most impressive revelation, "I am buying for you on ten points margin—ten! do you get that?—and at the market—the market, too!—one hundred full shares of the Hocking Coal and Iron Company."

It was a sterling investment. No one, indeed, in the least familiar with Wall Street's familiar finance can for a moment doubt its excellence. It was, in short, a transaction that could not lose—or not for Mr. Mobley anyway; for Hoag having bought and Pingree having sold, one or the other was bound to win. In other words, whether the stock went up or down Mr. Mobley had assured himself of his bonus of twenty per cent.

With some difficulty he repressed a strong desire to laugh. However, feeling he could not repress it long Mr. Mobley hurriedly escorted Hoag to the door and, having relieved himself with an inward chuckle, he bustled over to the cashier's window. There he turned in the check and its attached buying order. "Another boob's shoestring on Hocking," he smiled; and he and the cashier having

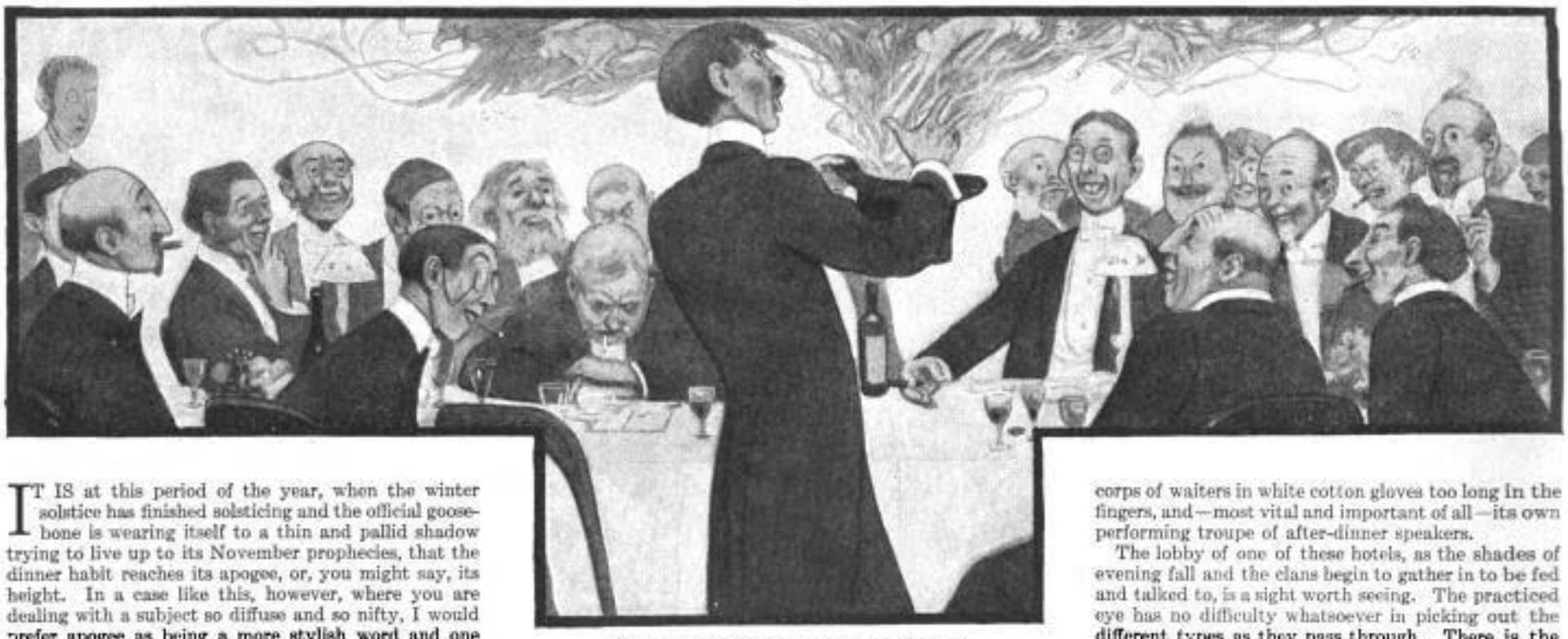
(Continued on Page 34)



But Now it Was No Time to Temporize

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ON MAIN STREET



The Gifted Master of What You Might Call Parlor-Magic Oratory

The Modern Tom Tuckers

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

IT IS at this period of the year, when the winter solstice has finished solsticing and the official goose-bone is wearing itself to a thin and pallid shadow trying to live up to its November prophecies, that the dinner habit reaches its apogee, or, you might say, its height. In a case like this, however, where you are dealing with a subject so diffuse and so nifty, I would prefer apogee as being a more stylish word and one sounding as if it had been put up on a curling iron.

Nowhere on this hemisphere, however—and as a nation we are notoriously prone to dining and giving of dinners—does the apogee reach such an apogeewhizful altitude as in the city of New York. In New York there are countless societies, clubs, leagues and organizations that apparently exist for the sole purpose of giving at least one dinner during the winter and, wherever possible, more than one; also there are countless persons who seem to live from year to year in order to be able to attend them and to hear what is said back and forth across the festal board and among the festal bored at the conclusion of these dinners. Other towns may have a few professional after-dinner speakers, but New York has them by the uncounted phalanx. Their name is Legion—Cicero Hannibal Legion and Michael Angelo Legion and Patrick J. Legion, and so on down to Tommy Tucker Legion, the lyric barytone who sings for his supper instead of talking for it.

It has been said that, as a community, New York does not care for music; and also it has been said that oratory in New York is practically a dead art. Both of these are erroneous assumptions. New York likes music—loud orchestral, instrumental music—with its meals, and after its meals it then craves oratory—craves it in large, solid, indigestible, insoluble chunks and dornicks. Hence the presence in New York of the most extensive, the most diversified and the most constantly employed school of after-dinner speakers in the whole of the habitable globe.

Troupes of Verbal Prestidigitators

THE soil and the climate of this country are most suitable and fruitful for the production of a certain style of orator. I refer to the gifted master of what you might call parlor-magic oratory, who is prepared at all times to rise before any audience and turn back his cuffs to show he has no mustache to deceive you, and from an empty high hat—in many cases the empty high hat being on his head at the time—to produce the kicking white rabbits of humor, the sprouting flower-pots of poesy, the scented nosegays of sentiment, the screaming spread-eagles of patriotism, and eight or nine hundred yards of the red, white and blue ribbons of miscellaneous thought. Or, employing another simile, you might say he is the volunteer fireman of oratory who sleeps in his elocutionary pants and at the first tap of the gong slides down a pole into his gum boots of eloquence, throws the slicker of Demosthenes over his shoulders, and in another instant is off and away to the scene of disturbance, leaving in his wake sparks, fireworks, burning brands, live issues and the general atmosphere of an unsafe and insane Fourth of July. He is, commonly speaking, a lawyer by training and a candidate for office by profession. He can and will deliver offhand a few appropriate remarks before any gathering and on any occasion, from the laying of the cornerstone of the new Carnegie Library to the cutting of the first watermelon of the season. And in due course of time he discovers that the place of his birth has grown too cramped, cribbed and circumstanced to contain him and his talent both at the same time—and he emigrates to New York.

There he notes that oratory is not much employed in politics, there being another political argument very popular in New York which speaks louder than words and can be exchanged for food at any grocery store. Nor is it so very popular for use in the law courts, because, as a general proposition, the jurors are all more or less wearied business men who desire to get the verdict off their chests and start home before the subway rush begins; and the most successful pleader is the lawyer who can tot up the net results like a patent adding machine and pass out the totals like a cash register. So our Young Man Eloquent eventually finds a proper outlet for his talents as an after-dinner speaker, and it is a good, steady winter job.

It is estimated that between November fifteenth and March fifteenth there are, on the average, fifty dinners of a more or less public nature taking place in New York every night in the week except Sunday night. As for the amount of wit, invective, satire, sarcasm, salve and balm that is spilled at these functions on any given evening no one—not even the genius who wrote the Lord's Prayer on the back of a postage stamp, nor his uncle, the mathematical wizard who dedicated his life to approximating the number of seeds in a prize pumpkin for a cash bonus of five dollars and a patent clothes-wringer thrown in—ever had the patience to figure that out. There is hardly a hotel or a restaurant of any size where, in the season which is this season, at least one dinner with toasts and a set program of speeches is not taking place every night. There are large hotels, like the Waldorf and the Astor, which make a specialty of the thing, where from three to ten different dinners will often be going on simultaneously under the same roof at the same time. A three-ringed circus, with elevated stage and a hippodrome track, is nothing to it—absolutely. To begin with, some state society or some county society will almost certainly be having its dinner this night. This is a good, safe bet, because in New York there is a separate society for almost every county in the state and one for almost every state in the Union. This function in all probability will be going on in the main ballroom, with assembled beauty gazing down admiringly—and hungrily—upon assembled chivalry feeding itself at the tables. In the Red Room some Greek-letter fraternity is making merry and grease-spots on the carpet; in the Blue Room the Class of Eighty-Six of dear old Bergosh University is having its annual reunion; in the Green Room the Association for the Propagation of One-Piece Union Suits is holding forth and so forth with wine, wassail, song and the yearly report of the corresponding secretary; in the Pale Mauve Room the Society of Lineal Descendants of Hiawatha are imbibing copiously of their tribal laughing water at four dollars the quart; and in four or five other rooms of other and various colors are to be found four or five other groups, clubs, coteries and corporations, each with its own separate menu, its own separate corps of waiters in white cotton gloves too long in the fingers, and—most vital and important of all—its own performing troupe of after-dinner speakers.

The lobby of one of these hotels, as the shades of evening fall and the clans begin to gather in to be fed and talked to, is a sight worth seeing. The practiced eye has no difficulty whatsoever in picking out the different types as they pass through. There is the toastmaster, burdened with responsibility and a large mass of typewritten MS., which is short for manuscript and also short for mess, if anybody should ask you. There are the two custom styles of professional after-dinner humorists, each wondering whether the other hasn't been stealing his best stuff—one of them being burbly and unctuous and rich in proteids and butter fats, and the other being long and lean and mournful-looking, he having learned through long practice that his wheezes go best when issued from a face wearing the expression of an undertaker's assistant. There is a guest of high honor culled from some foreign consulate, who has sundry decorations upon his shellacked shirt and is immeshed in whiskers until he makes you think of a de luxe edition of that sterling work, Alone in the Jungle.

Among Those Present

THERE is also the celebrated Judge Dope, imported at great expense from a far city, whose toast is The Ladies—God Bless 'Em!—and who is therefore prepared to talk for about forty minutes on the tariff with particular reference to Schedule K; and also there are Congressman Coma and General Stupor and Major Laffan Gass, the noted wit, and Professor Morphine and Doctor Opiate, each with a speech in his system and a firm intention of working it off before it begins to mold on him. There is a reporter for a morning paper, remarking mournfully to himself that it looks like the same old bunch of junkdealers and the same old line of dope all over again, and trying vainly to elude divers distinguished gentlemen who come, one by one, offering him full transcripts of their remarks and each in turn urging the representative of the press to please remember that the middle initial is G and not K—that annoying mistake having crept into print several times lately. And finally there is a ravening horde of plain and fancy members at large, gentlemen who have come with a dress suit and an appetite, both well hollowed out in front, a high hat apiece and carfare home. This last group is bound to include the stout person who gets his dinners confused with aquatic sports and pastimes, and after imbibing his soup like a man bailing out a boat and feeding himself with the Australian or overhand crawl stroke, will go to sleep just as the speaking starts and not stir until the waiters begin to turn the lights out. Nor must we forget the acutely intellectual and skeptical diner. He will be there surely, needing only to be bound in half leather and to have a collector come round every Saturday to get the remaining installments on him in order to be a Complete Encyclopedia and Compendium of Human Knowledge. He is prepared to challenge the first erroneous statement of any speaker. That is his specialty. No dinner would be complete without him, ever. He is as much a part of the fitting as is the cocktail at each plate, said cocktail being drawn from a vat of cocktails that was put up in the early fall for dinner purposes during the winter.

Just as nearly all those who go to dinners fall into certain classifications, so the veteran observer at these affairs knows by a glance at the menu what the cost will be a plate. A dinner at two dollars a plate calls for a *compôte* of something, and a three-dollar dinner provides for a

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timbale of something else, and no five-dollar spread is complete without some kind of a pale pink punch that tastes like perfumery, and a choice of three kinds of deceased cheese with the coffee. Similarly a glance along the serried ranks of the guest table discloses to the practiced eye the speaker who has a fine delivery but nothing to deliver, and the speaker who has a great deal to say, but won't be able to remember any of it when the time comes—and all the other reliable brands of speakers.

It is not the present intention of this writer to undertake to describe the remarks that are made at every dinner or at any dinner, that task having been competently attended to by Samuel G. Blythe in a brochure called We Have With Us Tonight, which may be found in the back files of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. But I cannot forbear at this time to make some mention of one person who is invariably found tucked away somewhere, probably away down at the lower end of the guest table, where the waiters coming in and going out can step on him, and can spill gravy and stuff on him and otherwise add to his enjoyment of a truly festive occasion. I am speaking of that doomed wretch who is about to make his first speech.

All during the dragging hours, when others ate and bright eyes flashed, he has been sitting there in dumb agony, waiting for the deathwatch to rap on the bars of the cell and tell him the appointed time has come. Those who cannot bear the sight of suffering have already turned away their heads in silent sympathy. Others—persons who could look on unmoved at a bullfight or even at an amateur piano recital—openly gloat over his misery.

Ever since the fatal hour when he accepted this invitation he has been alternating between a cold perspiration and a hot flush. With the passage of his allotted hours the symptoms have become so merged and mingled in him that now he has a temperature of one hundred and six just back of the ears and eight below zero in his feet. The circulation below the ankles is entirely suspended and all the blood in his body has moved up to his brain. One end of him is perishing of high fever and the other is slowly freezing to death.

If we can believe the published accounts of most executions the condemned man is nearly always able to eat a hearty meal on the eve of being launched into the unknown, but not so in this case. This person is the exception. His tongue has swollen up until he feels that if it ever escaped from his mouth he'd never be able to crowd it back in his hat. He cannot swallow solids because his heart and his lungs and other things have moved up into his throat where he can taste them, and have blocked off the entrances. He has drunk of whatever is available—the cocktail, the sauterne, the burgundy, the sherry, the champagne—but the drink has only turned cold and clammy upon his stomach. He is goose-fleshy all over. That mussed and protruding appearance so often noted in connection with the bosom of a green after-dinner speaker's dress shirt is not caused by the bad fit of the garment in question, as many have supposed. It's the goose-flesh pushing the shirt out from him.

In this way several months drag by between eight-thirty and eleven P. M. Eventually, though, he knows that his hour has come; the toastmaster has been glancing at him speculatively. He clutches the cold, stark, dead corpse of a cigar just back of the gills with a convulsive grip, as though fearing it might turn upon him and bite him. He tries to remember his introductory remarks and nothing comes to him except the last words attributed to the late H. H. Holmes. From a long way off, as through fogs and across vasty deeps, he hears his own name called. He gets upon his feet, upsetting his neighbor's demi-tasse, bows vaguely in the general direction of the Tropic of Capricorn, opens his mouth and gasps like a fish. The scene swims before his eyes, and he might swim, too, were it not that he has cramps in both legs. With an effort he reaches down into the innermost recesses of his being and hauls out, from where he has mislaid it, a voice which he can recognize as faintly resembling his own. He then begins. This is a piteous spectacle and yet one of the commonest of our modern civilization. The ancient Roman emperors tortured slaves for the entertainment of their guests, following a dinner. We do the same thing still, but instead of slaves we use inexperienced speakers, which is cheaper.

He totters through an introduction that was meant, when he wrote it, to combine wit, wisdom, airy persiflage and ready repartee in exactly the right proportions; but everything remains tightly frozen up. There isn't a sign of a January thaw. He fights his way into his main theme, and at the conclusion of his strongest paragraph, when he pauses and tries to take a drink of water out of the celery dish, there is not a sound to break the ghastly stillness except the stealthy tread of a waiter advancing with the air of an undertaker about to screw the lid down and thus bring the sad rites to a fitting close. He reaches his loftiest climax and the ice doesn't even seem to soften up any round the edges, close to shore. He is reminded of a little anecdote—they're always reminded of little anecdotes at such a time as this—and starts off in the customary way:

"It seems there were two Irishmen named Pat and Mike; and Mike said: 'Begorra, Pat, and bejabers ——'"

Still the silent bergs rear aloft in frozen majesty and the glancing surface of the glacier dazzles the affrighted vision. In despair he turns loose the prize comic gem of his collection—the one that never failed to get a laugh when his lamented grandfather told it—and then, as his tottering legs give way under him and he sits suddenly down in his neighbor's lap, he sees a fat man at the center table double up in his chair and begin to gurgle loudly. For a moment he is cheered, but not for more than a moment. For the fat man isn't laughing—he has choked on a belated olive.

However, the seeds of the deadly after-dinner speaking habit have been instilled into his nature, and he, to all

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DYSPEPSY

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY B. CORY KILVERT

EVERYBODY knows, of course, that our American digestion is the worst in the world. But we are beginning to discover, in these Darwinian days, that though what everybody feels is pretty likely to be right, what everybody knows is often not so. Our hearts are pretty likely to be right, but our heads—the less said about them the better; and our stomachs—well, that question remains to be settled. They certainly resemble our hearts much more closely than they do our heads.

We are soundly convinced that we are a nation of dyspeptics. We were told so years ago by one Thomas Carlyle, and he ought to know, for he himself had the worst case of this disease ever seen in captivity. In fact, he was one walking, animated, incarnate indigestion, and incidentally grew it on the usual food and favorite culture medium of dyspepsia—Scotch oatmeal. Talk of the scholars, theologians and statesmen who were bred on that cheerful cereal; they were not one-tenth as numerous as the dyspeptics it produced. In fact, not a little of the dourness of Scotch scholars and divines was born of it, and the melancholy induced by it could only be neutralized by the fiery exhilaration of the other brand of extract of cereal for which Scotland is famous. Wasn't it Bishop Vincent who said "Most people think themselves religious when they're only bilious"?

Practically every visitor who has come to our shores since the time of Dickens has echoed this verdict upon the national stomach, and the fewer weeks he stayed the more positive was his dictum. So we have come meekly to accept as an article of faith, amounting almost to an axiom, the idea that our national gastronomic horsepower is exceedingly and distressingly low. We have never been reckoned lacking in the saving virtue of a fairly good opinion of ourselves, yet we meekly listen to Hans Breitmann boasting of his placidity, his self-control and breadth of beam, based on his matchless digestion; or to Timothy Tugmutton, pluming himself upon his ruddy complexion, unhurried movements and peaceful length of days as contrasted with our haggard nervousness and life-shortening hustle and excitability, due to his eupepsia and our dyspepsia respectively.

Right here we are furnished with one of the most beautiful illustrations of how little what a man believes about his health has to do with his actual physical condition. For in spite of our implicit and pessimistic belief that our digestion had gone to the dogs and our nerves were rapidly following its example, not only have we made the most astonishing national growth—in our century of dyspepsia



When a Dyspeptic Stops Living on Husks, He Usually Gets Well

B. CORY KILVERT

and neurasthenia—that ever was known in the world's history, but native-born Americans of the second or third generation exceed at all ages, from infancy upward, in height, weight and chest girth any other nation or race on the face of the globe. Instead of our neurasthenic and dyspeptic population becoming an easy prey to the eupeptic and vigorous nations of Europe, the bitterest wail that goes up from London to Constantinople, from Naples to Stockholm, is that Europe is becoming Americanized in business, in transportation, and even in politics and social life and forms of government.

As for nervousness and lack of judgment and national hysteria, if anything can be found to match the hysteroepilepsy of even the most cultured and impassive classes of the English people over the rank bugaboo of the German Invasion; or the riotous excitement and medieval race hatreds of France over the Dreyfus case; or the panic-stricken terror of the German financiers over the Agadir incident and its complications, it would be hard to discover it in the last half-century of American history. We can really begin to plume ourselves on being one of the coolest and least excitable nations of modern times, and can congratulate ourselves upon having not merely one of the oldest but one of the stablest governments in the civilized world—if that be altogether a matter of congratulation.

American dyspepsia, judging by its results, would seem to be a pretty good remedy to have in the family in case of sickness. It is not unlike the story of Grant's whisky. During the famous Vicksburg campaign some meddlesome busybodies kept bringing to Lincoln accounts of Grant's alleged drunkenness and addiction to liquor. Lincoln stood it as long as he could and finally burst out with: "I wish I could get a jug of Grant's whisky and send it to some of the other generals on this side of the mountains."

As a matter of fact, American dyspepsia, like many national traits observed by new-come travelers, was largely imaginary and due chiefly to the frankness with which the freeborn American of those days was willing to discuss his symptoms in public. The German or the Englishman suffers just as much from it, only it is against his social and moral code to eviscerate himself in public. But just wait until he gets you into a secluded corner of the smoking room and breaks through the frozen crust that surrounds him, and he will talk to you by the hour about his "private indigestion."

Another thing that helped to start the fairy tale—and fairy tales need only a start to be assured of immortality—was the astonishing, and to the tenderfoot appalling, habit of profuse and accurate expectoration that marked the untamed freeborn American citizen of that earlier day. Surely a stomach that was daily being robbed of the secretion of its salivary glands could not possibly be in anything like a healthy and prosperous condition.

As a matter of fact, there is nothing the matter with the American stomach. On the contrary, it does its work better than any other national stomach, because it is better fed, and supplied at more regular intervals with larger quantities of more nutritious foods than any other stomach in the world. The digestion, like the affection of the Queen Mother in Hamlet, grows by what it feeds on. The most serious malady that the stomach can suffer from

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is emptiness, and that, fortunately, the American stomach has never experienced and never will—no matter whom it has to eat to fill itself!

The position of the stomach in the body politic is really one of remarkable ancestral dignity and present responsibility; yet we treat it as if it were a scullery maid. It is the Cinderella of the body household, sitting in the half-light of the basement kitchen down in the cellar among the greasy pots and pans, loaded with all the dirty work of the house, while its idle stepsisters, the lips and the eyelids and the hair, go forth to flaunt themselves in the sunshine and dance beneath the chandeliers. It is not even considered polite to mention its name in public, except when we want to complain of it or berate it for its shortcomings.

Yet if there be any place in the body that is the proper and logical seat of the soul, it is the stomach. When we lay our hand upon our heart in sign of utmost loyalty and devotion, we are really laying it upon the cardiac end of our stomach—but of course heart sounds better and more poetical. When we are cut to the heart by ingratitude or treason the anatomical structures that are really lacerated are the terminal filaments of the solar plexus in the mucous membrane of the posterior wall of the stomach. And almost every child knows where the famous knockout or solar-plexus blow of our most popular and intellectual form of debating is landed.



Starvation Is No Cure For Anything

A man may be cross-eyed, or bow-legged, or asthmatic, or half paralyzed, or racked with all the agonies of rheumatism or neuralgia, and still be a man; but the noblest hero or most sublime saint in the world is no better than a wisp of wet dishrag when he is sick at his stomach. The martyr may sing songs of lofty devotion while being burned at the stake, but fancy any one directing a battle or writing a poem when he was seasick!

When the Jellyfish Reigned Supreme

EYES, ears, hands and feet are parts of us; but they belong to us, not we to them. We speak, and they obey. But the stomach is "us," the self of our inmost self, and when it speaks it is with the still, small voice that compels obedience. And why shouldn't it? For all things in the realm of Nature there is a reason.

From a biologic and dynamic point of view the stomach is far and away our most important and most fundamental organ. Biologically, it is the oldest organ and best friend we have. Dynamically, it is the socket into which is inserted the plug of the wire that connects us with the world dynamo, with the powerhouse of the universe. Physically considered, we are simply proteid sponges in human shape, filled with sea water, galvanized into life by the great sun currents that flow into us through our sole and only port of entry for the energy of the outside world—the stomach.

Why is a stomach anyway? Listen and you shall hear. We were not always thus. In the happy childhood of the world when life first began, ere Nature tried her 'prentice hand on man, we really lived the simple life—though we never shall again; it takes too much time. We floated happy and carefree in the tepid, brackish waters of the marshy lagoons, brainless, armless, legless, careless little gobs of animal jelly, like tiny gumdrops without the sugar, sucking in nourishment at every pore. We did not worry about our daily bread, because it was supplied to us fresh every ten minutes; nor were we aware that the world owed us a living, since we never had the slightest difficulty in collecting it. We toiled not, but we did occasionally spin—round and round by means of the cilia on our surface.

We were not quite so simple as we looked. Though we had no eyes, it was because we were all eye and could perceive the light waves and sound waves with every pinpoint of our surface, so that we literally were, at a later stage of our development, as we have often been metaphorically accused of being—all eyes and ears. We had no legs, because we were able to make a leg on ten minutes' notice at any time by simply shoving out one of our corners into a tentacle.

We had no stomach because we were all stomach; and our method of engulfing food was simply to sidle up to it, half pour, half curl ourselves affectionately round it, suck out of it what might be digestible and then gently pour away from it again, leaving the insoluble remnants outside the breastworks. No chance for indigestion, for colic, for appendicitis! What would we not give nowadays to return to such happy and dignified simplicity!

By-and-by it occurred to our gumdrop ancestor that there was virtue in the division of labor, and beginning with the most important things first, he set aside a little area of his surface exclusively for purposes of engulfing and sucking the nutrition out of foodscraps. In order to hold the food in contact with itself, this little area first hollowed itself into a dimple and later into a pouch, and behold! the father of all organs and creator of man—the stomach—was born.

As there was no way of getting rid of any remnants that could not be melted, save by the rather clumsy and troublesome process of turning the pouch inside out, it soon became desirable to have some sort of inspection service established at the mouth of the pouch. Most things that are fit to eat smell good—even to this day—and therefore a couple of little spots on the skin of the creature, just above the mouth, began to specialize in the discrimination of odors and sank into pits, and thus formed the nostrils and olfactory nerves. At the same time a mechanism for barring out that which was bad became necessary, so the band of living tissue round the mouth turned itself into a ring of muscle, and the lips and jaws were born. To control the small pits there grew up a little nerve knot, the olfactory sense, and another set of nerves to direct the mouth ring. Then from the union of these two, in order that they might work in harmony, was born a most illustrious child, the brain.

Next came the necessity of testing the food by sense of sight and of seeing the dangers into which the body was led in pursuit of it, and two other little spots upon the surface above the mouth specialized on the light waves, and sinking into the body mass became the eyes and the optic nerves. A little later the sense of hearing was demanded for the same purpose. Two other little sensitive patches on the skin devoted themselves to the sound waves, shut themselves off and sank into the deepest parts of the head-end of the creature and became the ears and the auditory nerves. All these were successively coupled up with the nose-jaw combination.

The mouth-end of the creature became the head-end, because it was most frequently poked into danger. Then a department of superintendence of all these different and occasionally conflicting outlook departments was demanded and the cerebral hemispheres or upper brain budded out. The hemispheres have since become two-thirds of the brain total, but to this day the basal structure and main stem of the most huge and complicated human brain is composed of, first and frontmost, a pair of nose lobes and a pair of jaw lobes or ganglia, then a pair of eye lobes, then the ear lobes, and finally the balancing lobes, or cerebellum.

The stomach literally made the brain for its own purposes and use, and from a biological point of view the most highly specialized animal creature—man himself—is nothing but a cast of his own stomach. It is no wonder that we think much about our stomachs and squander gallons of printer's ink and untold cyclones of breath over our favorite foods and schemes of dieting.

A Mighty Organ Misunderstood

IT IS not always safe to judge by appearances or even by feelings. Though we hear more talk about indigestion, and distress after eating, and "misery" in the epigastric region than about any other evil that flesh is heir to, actual, definite, tangible disease of the stomach is a comparatively rare malady. Our stomach is not only our oldest organ but our most reliable, our most resistant and our best behaved. Nearly half the discomforts and disturbances that we put down as diseases of the stomach are really unselfish efforts it is making to protect the entire body or some particular organ.

Nine-tenths of all forms of so-called indigestion are not due to the condition of the stomach at all, but are caused by influences operating in other parts of the food tube or even in entirely separate and foreign parts of the body, miles away from the stomach, physiologically speaking. To attempt to cure indigestion, dyspepsia and discomfort after eating by dieting, or by methods of treatment directed to the stomach alone, is absurd and irrational.

The most distinguishing characteristic of the stomach, after its wonderful vigor and its efficiency, is its extreme good nature. Every organ in the body and every faculty in the mind can come to it with its troubles and receive its sympathy and assistance. It is the mouthpiece, the spokesman for every disaffection in the body, and sympathizes with every grievance and insult, from Welsh rarebits to disappointments in love.

The first and most frequent danger signal of the body is pain, but the next and far more arresting and fundamental is nausea. We hear of the massacre of women and babies by Indians, and turn sick and faint; the end of a log that we are handling slips and crushes one of our toes, and we sit down hurriedly, white and trembling and nauseated; we are knocked down and stunned by a blow on the head, and the moment we come to we begin vomiting furiously.

Why should the stomach take such an extraordinary and irrepressible interest in all these troubles, which concern it not in the least and in which its well-meant attempts at consolation are not only useless but a source of further embarrassment and distress? This is one of the most curious problems of biology. The only explanation that can be offered that has even a show of reasonableness is that the tendency is ancestral and a part of what may be termed the memory of our tissues.

The stomach being, as we have seen, our earliest and oldest organ and our chief port of communication with the outside world, our most serious primitive disturbances were naturally digestive ones, due to poisonous or improper food. Obviously when we were all stomach the only pain or malady that we could suffer was stomachache; and the quickest and most alphabetic method of relieving it was to empty the stomach. Apparently this quaint and childishly illogical habit still clings to us.

There is another explanation that is much more prosaic and matter of fact, and therefore probably more likely to be correct—namely, that the stomach alone of the entire ten yards of the food tube has any nerves connecting it directly with the brain. All the rest of the intestine is supplied by a network known as the sympathetic nerve system, which only indirectly and in a roundabout way, through the spinal cord, connects it with the brain center. The stomach, therefore, being the only part of the food tube that is, strictly speaking, able to feel, it becomes the mouthpiece—or from another point of view the scapegoat—for the entire alimentary canal.

The Problems of Indigestion

AS A MATTER of fact, many if not most of the distresses that we crudely term stomachache or pain in the stomach are really situated in the coils of the intestine and not in the stomach itself at all. It is also established as a matter of oft-tested medical and surgical experience that the two most sensitive structures in the body are the skin and the stomach. In an abdominal operation when the surgeon has cut through the skin, the most painful part of the operation is over until he touches the surface of the stomach.

What then are the causes of that most familiar and frequent disturbance—after headache—which the human mechanism suffers from, indigestion or dyspepsia? Though indigestion is the Latin and dyspepsia the Greek for one and the same discomfort, it is well for practical purposes to make a distinction between the two terms. As a mere rule-of-thumb distinction, for purposes of practical convenience, we term indigestion those gastric disturbances that occur fairly promptly after eating and disappear as soon as the particular food swallowed has been disposed of; while those forms of disturbance that have no special relation to meal hours and that either persist or recur at fairly frequent intervals, regardless of the kind or amount of food taken, we term dyspepsia. Indigestion, in short, is an accident; dyspepsia, a habit.

The distinction, crude though it be, is of real practical value, because it corresponds pretty closely to a wide difference in causation. The vast majority of attacks of indigestion are due, as might be expected, to the food eaten, and may be cured by getting rid of the offending meal. Such attacks can be prevented by greater care and cleanliness and more rigid inspection of food, or rarely by the avoidance of the particular thing that disagrees. Obviously there may be as many different causes for indigestion as there are qualities and kinds of food, but fortunately the problem is slowly but steadily simplifying itself in these later years in a somewhat unexpected manner. Up to twenty-five or thirty years ago, it was generally held in both popular and medical systems of dieting that there were great and serious differences in digestibility and wholesomeness between different kinds of food. One food was supposed to be suited to a particular age and sex while another equally nutritious food was held to be utterly unsuited, and it was commonly believed that people had to be extremely careful not merely what they ate, even of perfectly wholesome foods, but also how they combined the different varieties.

Now, however, we are practically agreed—with the exception of a few eccentrics who have dyspepsia themselves—that the only really important difference between foods is in their fuel value, and that the healthy stomach ought to be, and as a matter of fact is, abundantly able to digest at least ninety per cent of all the foods placed upon our tables, providing that these contain adequate fuel value, or calories, and are not inordinately bulky or fibrous. If a stomach cannot digest pork, for instance, the fault is not with the pork but with the stomach, and its

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possessor ought to be ashamed of it—or rather of his bad habits of living that have brought it into such a weak and enfeebled condition.

"But," says some one at once, "why then do foods disagree with us, for every one has had bitter and convincing evidence that they do?" Chiefly for two reasons—one great and almost all-embracing, and the other very small. The first and most important is that foods, when they are eaten, often are in various stages of putrefaction or decay—as we say colloquially, "bad" or "spoiled." The second and minor reason is that certain individuals have a special susceptibility or idiosyncrasy toward certain articles of food that are perfectly harmless to all the rest of the community.

It is not too much to say that nine-tenths of all our cases of acute indigestion, acute gastritis or gastric catarrh, or colic or biliousness or diarrhea, to say nothing of cholera morbus, dysentery, and typhoid fever, are due not to the kind, or amount, or combinations of food eaten, but simply and solely to its decayed, fermented or putrefied condition. In fact, a large share of our most acute attacks of indigestion and of bowel disturbances are due to the multiplication in our own alimentary canal of bacteria and other germs or parasites introduced in the food that we have swallowed. Most of our attacks even of so-called food poisoning or ptomaine poisoning are due not so much to poisonous substances already formed in the foods—though these may be dangerous enough—as to the further multiplication and growth in our stomachs and intestines of the bacteria that have produced these putrefactions or spoilings.

What Every Nose Should Know

IN FINE, three-fourths of our indigestion is due not to the stomach or to the kind or amount of food eaten but to our carelessness, stupidity or ignorance in eating filth and poison in place of food. Incessant watchfulness and an intense, vivid and wide-awake horror of dirt and every appearance thereof in our foods, in our kitchens and upon our tables will cure—by preventing—nine-tenths of all attacks of indigestion.

It was not by accident that nature made our sense of smell the first and most fundamental of our senses, as it still remains to this day. Nothing will carry us back to the happy days of our childhood like the fragrance of new-mown hay or the scent of wild grape blossoms along moonlit woodland roads. If we would submit to the judgment of that most prominent and important of our features, the nose, every mouthful of food before we swallowed it and every breath of air before we drew it into our lungs, and if we would act promptly on its judgment, we should avoid at least half of all the evils that the flesh is heir to—either gastro-intestinal or pulmonary. Swallow only that which smells good and tastes good, and unhesitatingly reject all that does not, no matter where you are; keep on eating until you feel that you have enough, and you may trust the stomach to do the rest. This is the only "sure cure" for indigestion.

The other cause of indigestion—individual susceptibility—though far rarer, is at times exceedingly troublesome because it seems so unreasonable. "Why," protests the sufferer, "should anything that tastes as good as strawberries do and is perfectly wholesome for everybody else make my tongue swell, or my stomach burn, or my skin break out all over in hives? It is ridiculous!" Still the susceptibility exists and there is no use arguing or fighting against it, although I should not advise anybody to give up strawberries short of at least twenty trials under every possible variety of experimental conditions.

If, after careful and intelligent testing, you find to your own satisfaction that strawberries, or cherries, or bananas, or oranges, or clams, or oysters, or lobsters, or cucumbers, or melons, or eggs, or mutton, or onions, or cabbage, or tea, or coffee positively do not agree with you, just let them alone. There are plenty of other good things left.

The one thing that you must not do is to run amuck and start a crusade against the further use of these harmless and wholesome articles of diet by the rest of the world just because they do not happen to agree with you. Because you are bilious shall there be no more cakes and ale?

So far from indigestion being in any sense a modern malady it is one of the oldest in history and, instead of increasing, it is rapidly and notably diminishing and becoming rarer under civilization.

We have a cynical old proverb that God made food but the devil made cooks, and many other like ones to the same effect; and we denounce the cooking stove and the frying pan as two of the causes of modern degeneracy. We forget that they both perform one service of incalculable value, they kill the germs in our food before they can get into our stomachs. This service outweighs tenfold any trifling harm that they may have done to our digestions.

Indeed, strange as it may seem, this was probably one of the primal causes for the application of fire to food, which resulted in the invention of the art of cooking. The lower down we go in the scale of civilization, the more frequent and furious and fatal become attacks of indigestion and diarrhea, due to the eating of poisonous or putrefied food.

No wonder that sanitarians are insisting upon food inspection, and again food inspection, and always food inspection, as the most important and fundamental step in our campaign for health. It is not the length of time that even perishable foods are kept that makes them really dangerous for human consumption; it is the filthy, careless, ignorant way in which they have been sprinkled with decaying fertilizer; exposed to the dust of the streets, which is chiefly powdered horse manure; crawled over by flies that have come from garbage cans and refuse heaps in the neighborhood; handled by diseased hands, or sprinkled with water containing typhoid bacilli or summer dysentery germs. If we keep our food clean, just clean, surgically clean, we shall cut out at one stroke three-fourths—yes, even nine-tenths—of all our disturbances of the digestion.

So permanent and almost exclusive a part do "bugs" of one sort or another play in most attacks of indigestion that it is no longer considered necessary or even advisable to discontinue taking other food—providing that food be clean and sound—during the attack. Starvation is no cure for anything; seldom even a remedy. Indeed the very time the body most needs an abundant supply of wholesome, digestible food will be when it is engaged in fighting desperately against an attack of deadly germs introduced in some rotting meat or decaying vegetables. We not only feed fevers, but we also feed ptomaine poisonings and attacks of diarrhea; and a liberal dose of sound, wholesome food is often one of our best intestinal antiseptics.

The popular belief that savages in a state of nature have perfect digestions and irreproachable teeth, and are models of physical vigor and perfection generally is the purest of fairy tales, and has not a shadow more of respectable evidence to support it than has the delusion that our ancestors of a hundred or two hundred years ago were taller, stronger and more eupeptic than we are. All through savagery, barbarism and the lower half of civilization famines were as frequent as bank panics are now; and coarse, filthy, half-putrid food was ravenously devoured for at least three or four months out of each year by seven-tenths of the people. The result was a perfectly enormous mortality from gastric and intestinal diseases. As recently as two hundred and fifty years ago scurvy, a disease caused solely by the consumption of half-putrid salt meat and fish and spoiled flour and meal, with an absence of fresh vegetables and fresh fruit, raged in all the navies of Europe and devastated scores of inland country districts as well.

Three great factors contribute most to our indigestion and what we may term alimentary ill health: First, scarcity of food, particularly at certain seasons of the year; second, its corollary, the use of decaying or spoiled or badly preserved or poor food; third, monotony of diet with insufficient variety, so that the three great kinds of foodstuffs—meats, starches and fats—cannot be obtained in their proper proportions.

All of these factors the progress of civilization has wiped out or is wiping out one after the other. Our modern markets with their abundant supply of every imaginable variety of food the whole year round, the introduction of preserves and of canned goods, and the continuous supply of fresh vegetables and salads and fresh fruits have made the twentieth-century digestion the best in the world and the twentieth-century man the tallest, strongest, most long-lived and most efficient human machine that the sun has ever yet shone on.

How to Strengthen a Weak Stomach

NOW what is to be said as to those permanent, habitual, chronic disturbances of the digestion known as dyspepsia? First, that nine times out of ten it is idle to look for the cause in the stomach or even in the food. Food can cause chronic dyspepsia only by being chronically insufficient in quantity, bad in quality or monotonous in kind. In fact, the best advice that can be given in one sentence to the average dyspeptic is: Eat plenty of every real food for which you feel an appetite and watch the results.

If you are not relieved by this prescription, then you may feel reasonably certain, nine times out of ten, that the cause of your trouble lies outside of the realm of dietetics. If your dyspepsia tends to be of that unfortunate kind that is accompanied by want of appetite, then the thing for you to do is go and get one. And the only place to get it is the place where appetites, like all other wholesome plants, grow—out-of-doors.

Plain starvation, whether voluntary or involuntary, causes more dyspepsia than any other dietetic condition, and the foundation of many a boy's or girl's weak stomach or poor digestion is laid in early childhood by a system of skimping and dieting and disciplining and depriving them of the adequate supply of real foods they crave. When a dyspeptic stops living on husks and health-foods and hot water, like the Prodigal Son, and begins to eat real foods, he usually gets well.

By far the commonest and most potent cause of dyspepsia is lack of exercise in the open air; and the

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We Are Soundly Convinced That We Are a Nation of Dyspeptics

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THE VILLAIN OF THE PIECE

By Dorothea Deakin

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN A. BAZANT

A GOOD place to break one's silly heart in is Marybeach. I can't imagine a more likely spot to dream vain dreams and waste one's youth and energy, thinking about sea-blue eyes and a flower face. There's a clump of Cottage Maid tulips in my garden which isn't half so delicate a pink as Hyacinth's cheeks, and there's a bed of La Grandeur not half so vivid a red as her lips.

Even before Harry Constantine came home I knew it was no good. She didn't care twopence for my garden. She thought my scholarly life a wasted one. Writing little books of essays and publishing them at my own expense was not work at all, she thought, because they did not sell and nobody wanted them. You see, Hyacinth herself was a born worker. She was always busy and she did everything well. The idea of helping me to live my idle life, looking after a big house with a dozen servants in it, obviously didn't appeal to her at all.

She wanted to overcome difficulties, to tackle big things, to clean Augean stables—to show, in short, what she could do! There was no doubt that she did most things superlatively well. Playing about in a sleepy old garden and scolding the maids when she found dust was no life for her.

And then Harry Constantine came home and told me why he had come. Marybeach was full of girls; and most of them, it is sad to relate, were loverless, for the simple reason that there weren't enough lovers to go round. It can easily be understood, then, that there was a certain pleasurable excitement in the town when it heard that Harry Constantine was coming home. Nobody remembered why he went away; but there hadn't been anything disgraceful about it. He hadn't left his country for his country's good. He had gone away to make his fortune, like the other young men; and had—if not a fortune—at least succeeded in making a decent living.

"It's certainly made a man of you, Harry," I said kindly. "You were a very lanky boy when you went away." I admired his broad shoulders and brown face very much. "It's made a man of you!"

"Yes—hasn't it?" Harry was always modest. "I was an awful waster when I went away. It's a fine life—out there in Manitoba—but it's a lonely life. It's getting on my nerves. I want to find a girl."

"Oh, do you?" said I without much enthusiasm. "Well, Marybeach is full of girls."

"The fact is ——" he went on. "That's what I've come home for, don't you know? There aren't any out there. There used to be lots of nice girls in England—too nice, some of them were. I'm afraid, though, that I am asking rather a lot."

"How?"

Harry went on:

"I mean—well—the girls were very pretty and sweet, but not quite what I want now."

"If you're doing so comfortably," said I prudently, "isn't it a pity to spoil things with the most risky of all experiments ——" I was surprised by the effect of my words.

"Drop that!" said he fiercely. "Let me tell you, once for all, that out there I've come to reverence and respect women with all my heart. There's nothing in the world for giving you a high, noble, spiritual adoration of the other sex like ——" He hesitated for a word.

"Like never seeing them?" I suggested gently.

"Like having time to think it all over." Harry was very firm. "You learn to see things in the true light out in the wilds. You learn to take a calm, sane, unprejudiced, unbiased view when you're alone from morning until night with the great heart of Nature and your own thoughts."

I gazed at him reflectively.

"You do, do you?" said I without confidence. "But on the other hand, old chap, mightn't a little too much of the rolling of those confounded prairies have upset a man's mental balance ——"

He smiled compassionately.

"I've got the right sort of girl in my mind's eye," said he. "I can see her now. I'll tell you. She's a fine, tall, healthy, handsome, cheerful, capable young woman of about twenty-four—ready and willing to become a man's right hand and comfort; ready to take the rough with the smooth, the bad with the good; ready to cheer and soothe a man when the blighted crops are a failure and his best horse has fallen down a ravine—a girl who doesn't scorn to bake and brew and wash and iron and sew and feed hens; a girl who takes delight in difficulties and courts danger like a lover; a girl whose highest ideal is to be a wife and mother and a man's best friend ——" Here he stopped for breath and laughed and sighed—and looked at me inquiringly.

"You think," he asked with a mournful blush, "that I'm giving rather a large order? You think I'm mad to suppose such a thing possible? I know the difficulties. I'm prepared to tackle a tough job. I was getting pretty desperate out there alone. I was regularly up against it. When I remember what the girls were when I went out ten years ago I feel pretty sick and hopeless. They were a feather-headed lot! From what I remember, they never thought about a thing but dancing and tennis and fine feathers, and would as soon have thought of playing football as doing chores."

"They do play football!" I pointed out.

Constantine rose, pulling himself up to his long length.

"Rupert," said he, "you were always a good sort of friend to me ——"

I let this pass.

"You know a whole heap of all sorts of people—especially women. I wish you'd tell me honestly whether you think I have any chance of meeting the girl I am looking for. I feel as if I was a blighted idiot to hope for such a thing. Are there any girls like that?"

I laughed lightly as I rose.

"Oh, yes," said I. "They're all like that."

Perhaps my tone was hardly convincing.

"I'm not joking," said he.

"Neither am I," I said sorrowfully. "My dear boy, you've no idea what the twentieth-century girl is like. She's beyond all words. She takes a brilliant first at college and then comes home and paralyzes her young brothers by the way she swipes their shins at hockey. She's no Amazon however. She thinks a woman should be womanly, too, and she goes in heart and soul for domestic economy, and wins prizes all over the country for cooking and clear-starching. She swims and sculls and fences until all is blue; and not only does she drive her own motor, but she understands the thing's infernally complicated machinery. Why, Hyacinth ——" I stopped suddenly. Harry's eyes brightened; but I went home and shut myself up with my new book for at least a fortnight; and, though I heard rumors of the way things were going, I kept away from it all until Harry routed me out.

"Engaged yet?" I asked scornfully. I knew the way the girls would rush at him. I wasn't going to fret about Hyacinth any more. Let her go and feed ducks and pigs in Manitoba if she liked. Harry's tone surprised me.

"No, indeed," said he distractedly. "I seem to be farther off from it than I was the day I landed. I wish you could help me."

I sniffed indignantly and regarded his six feet and brown clouded brow with a scowling eye.

"Can't you do your own courting, then?" I asked.

He flushed.

"I should jolly well think so. I'd like to see any one else offer to shove his old oar in—that's all!"



"When I Go to the Play I Always Like the Villain Best!"



"It's a Fine Life—Out There in Manitoba—But It's a Lonely Life"

"Do you find them all so hard-hearted—so difficult?"

He hesitated. Evidently he didn't wish to appear fatuous, but ——

"Oh, not hard-hearted at all," he murmured modestly. "I should hardly call any of them difficult either; in fact——" He laughed and stopped. I scowled. Hadn't I known those confounded girls would be all over him from the first moment he put in his dazzling appearance?

"Perhaps they aren't suitable?" I asked ironically. "Perhaps you can't find any one fit to receive your blighted colonial handkerchief when you choose to chuck it?"

He groaned.

"They're all suitable," he said. "That's just it. How can I propose to one without giving up the others? I can't bear to give any of them up."

"Upon my word!" said I aghast. "Well—I can assure you that you'll have to do it. You can't marry more than one—not in a Christian country."

He frowned. Evidently any levity of tone on such a subject distressed him.

"Why don't you let yourself fall in love with one of them?" I suggested brilliantly. "Then you would be blind and deaf to all the others. It's quite easy to fall in love when you once let yourself go. I could give you a few hints."

I could indeed—about the falling in. What I wanted was some one to teach me how to fall out.

"Thank you!" He stopped me coldly, and the next day something happened which threw a sudden light on the real reason of the colonial's uncomfortable state of mind.

Hyacinth took Harry and me for a run in her uncle's big green car, and the confounded thing burst up or went wrong somehow. Now I know nothing on earth about motors, and until that day I had never wanted to. I hate machinery and never could do anything with a nut or a screw or a monkey-wrench. As for carbureters and valves and magnetos—well, to put it shortly, I can only sit and swear if things go wrong in a motor. Hyacinth, however, was in her glory, of course. She was out of the car in a minute, with the engine open; and in another minute she was hunting for her tools in the box under the seat. Even in lifting off the seat I had managed to make a clumsy mess of it, and so had poor Harry. He grew very red and said something under his breath. That trying girl slipped out of her big white coat, wriggled into a holland overall and busied herself with the blighted machinery. Harry awkwardly offered to help her, but she triumphantly waved him to one side. I knew better than to do anything but efface myself. Hyacinth was equal to this or any emergency, and her slim wrists and arms were as strong as steel.

Constantine looked wretched. I laughed in my sleeve at his woebegone face. He came and stood beside me, muttering:

"Makes a chap feel such a fool! Not a woman's work! How can a man learn about motors on a Manitoba prairie? Still—to see a girl!"

"I know," said I, pretending to be full of friendly sympathy, inwardly shaking with sardonic glee.

He turned to me so sharply that I winced.

"There's no excuse for you," he said. "You live among people who eat and drink and talk and breathe motor cars all day long ——"

"Doesn't prevent me from hating them," I said shortly. "Doesn't prevent the subject from boring me to death." Here Hyacinth came round to us with glowing cheeks and a delicious smile.

"I've got it right," said she gleefully. Then she looked at Harry and the triumph faded out of her eyes.

"I'm obliged to learn a few little things," she murmured apologetically. I was amazed by her tone. "Uncle's

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always teaching me," she went on. "I'm so often in the car. You see ——" She stopped, grew crimson—her eyes filled with tears. She slipped out of her wrapper and got back into the coat Harry was fiercely holding. "It seems to be all I'm fit for!" His eyes glared at me over her hat.

When the drive was over and she had once got me alone she suddenly broke out into a fierce tirade which amazed me.

"It's all wrong!" she cried. "It's all wrong! Oh, I wish I'd never learned to do anything useful. If ever I have a daughter of my own I'll take care that she's brought up to be thoroughly helpless and ornamental!"

"God knows," said I sadly, "that you're ornamental enough, Hyacinth."

Her cheeks were like an apple-blossom then, but it was a very dewy apple-blossom. Her eyes were wet too.

"Ah, but it's the helplessness that does it," said she wretchedly. "I'm so horribly capable!"

She leaned back on the garden-seat; and I realized with a pang that she had hurried me out of the drawing room after tea to make me help her. There had not been many crises in her short life which she could not deal with competently herself, but now and then a man is useful; and at these rare times it was her habit to turn to me.

I kept a gloomy silence for a long time and would not look at her. Why should I warn her? Why should I tell her that useless ornaments were no good to that infernal colonial? Why should I tell her that it was modest worth and absolute efficiency he was looking for? Why shouldn't I let her flounder on with her silly mistake? Why should I play Harry's game for him? She was foolish enough and feminine enough to fall in love with his six feet of sunburnt colonialism, and she must reap the consequences. On she went, those maddening sea-blue eyes still dewy. I wouldn't look at her. I knew too well what would happen to me if I lost myself in those blue depths.

Suddenly she abandoned all concealment.

"How can a man fall in love with a girl who always makes him feel like an incapable fool?" she cried.

"How indeed?" I agreed softly.

"A man hates to feel small."

"He does indeed," said I darkly. I was beginning to take an artistic pleasure in my part. If I was to play the villain in their silly melodrama I thought I could do it very well indeed. I roused myself to comfort her. I saw her idea and pandered to it.

"No man," I said seductively, "likes a woman to excel in the things he does himself. And as for the domestic virtues—well, no man of spirit wants to marry a pudding."

"What does a man like a woman to do?" Hyacinth asked with a piteous tremble of her lip. I hated Harry with a still darker, fiercer malevolence, and let myself go.

"A man likes a woman to be sweet and clinging and helpless and womanly," I murmured, thinking sardonically of the little log home, with the chickens and the pigs and the cows and the hens, and the washing and the ironing, and baking and brewing, and sewing and knitting and darning—and all the other trifles my young colonial had summed up so glibly. "He likes a soft, dainty creature to be waiting by his warm fireside to welcome him with her prettiest frock, and her curliest hair, and her sweetest smile. He wants a delicate creature, born to be petted and waited upon."

Hyacinth dabbed her eyes and regarded me doubtfully for a second. Had that ass gone into details, I wondered, as to the requirements of his prairie home? I hoped not.

"He wants a woman who can't lay her hand to anything useful until he has shown her the way," I went on; "a woman with perception enough to do it extremely well afterward because of the clever way he showed her how."

Hyacinth regarded me silently with a trembling lip.

"You're always very wise, Rupert," she said in a low voice. And for fear that my strength of will would refuse to hold out I got up to go. I was feeling very choky just then. The discovery of the state of Hyacinth's feelings was not a pleasant one to swallow—but I would have my revenge.

I went home and shut myself in my garden, leaving the deadly seed I had sown to germinate. My garden was always a comfort. The tulips were over now, it was true; but there was a big round bed of Spanish iris in the middle of the lower lawn which cheered me considerably—a flock of little blue-and-white-and-golden birds, poised for flight.

It was weeks before Harry came to see me again, but I noticed the change in him the minute I saw him. There was a jauntiness in his step as he crossed the lawn—an eager happiness in his eyes as he came up to me.

"I've found the Bluebird," said he ridiculously. "I've found out what life really means. I've never been happy before."

I snapped off an oriental poppy with a vicious twist of my wrist.

"Oh!" said I. "You haven't, haven't you?"

"I owe it all to you," said Harry astoundingly.

"You surprise me!" said I feebly. Any villain would feel foiled at such a moment. I did.

"You've given me back my youth," he went on cheerfully. He was about twenty-nine. "You've changed the whole world to rose-color."

"Oh, have I?" said I. It was comforting to know that I was a good fairy who had used my white magic to create a confounded pink world, full of infernal bluebirds, for Harry Constantine to be happy in.

"Hyacinth told me ——"

"Told you?" I stared; and well I might. If there was one thing Hyacinth would not and could not have told him it was the simple truth; but I needn't have worried.

"Poor little thing!" he murmured fondly. "Poor, helpless little soul!"

"What!" I cried. He smiled.

"Oh, she told me everything! She told me how she had been deceiving me. She told me how much she had wanted to make a good impression ——"

"Good Lord!" His fatuousness appalled me. He went on:

"Yes, she did. She told me she hadn't been able to keep it up. She told me how it was poisoning her whole soul—being naturally as open as the day. I knew she was open as the day, Rupert."

"Oh, yes," I murmured. "As open as the day!"



That Trying Girl Wriggled Into a Holland Overall and Busied Herself With the Blighted Machinery

"And as true as steel. It went bitterly against the grain with her to play such a double game; and she told me how she had gone to you for advice."

"She did, did she?"

"Yes—she looks upon you as a kind of elderly brother."

"I am obliged to her," said I bitterly.

"She told me how she had begged you to help her and how you had advised her to be true to herself and me."

"I remember the phrase well," said I darkly.

"To be true to herself and me—to abandon the deceit forever and tell me the whole truth."

"The whole truth!" I murmured.

Harry blushed becomingly.

"A man can't help feeling touched," he said gently, "when a pretty and charming girl ——"

"She's all that," I agreed.

"—— is so desperately anxious to please him that she throws aside her most cherished principles ——"

"Am I to congratulate you?" I cut him short, with a saturnine scowl.

His flush deepened.

"Well, I haven't exactly spoken yet. I didn't want to do anything rash. You see, there are still difficulties. I'm desperately in love with her. I wanted to take her in my arms and tell her so then and there; but—well—you remember the sort of wife I came home for ——"

"I thought you had forgotten it," said I.

"No—I wish I could; but it's always at the back of my mind even when I'm with her, and when I'm away from her it comes out and warns me. It's the deuce of a fix!"

"How?"

"You see—when she was deceiving me ——"

"You haven't told me yet exactly how she did deceive you," I reminded him.

"Well—you know, don't you, how she'd been pretending?"

"I've forgotten how she'd been pretending. I've been buried in my new book. Tell me again."

"Well, about that dinner. She said she cooked every blessed thing with her own hands. It was a jolly good dinner. A man wouldn't mind a long ride home on a dark night half as much if he had a dinner like that ahead."

I ground my teeth at the thought.

"Well?"

"She didn't do it at all. The cook did it. She can't even boil a potato. She cried when she confessed it."

"Good Heavens!" The thought of another man's having the privilege of drying those dewy eyes made me writhe.

"And that new frock—the lilac one, with pansies embroidered down the front. She said she'd made it. She didn't. It cost six guineas at a shop."

I'd seen Hyacinth making that dress. I'd even tidied the little satin case of silks for her embroidery. Yet I held my peace.

"Then those muslin curtains. She never ironed them. She doesn't even know how to make starch or iron. She burns herself with the iron and gets the starch all over her hair when she tries. She kept nothing back."

"She doesn't seem to have hidden much."

"She hates ducks. Pigs make her feel sick, and hens make her nervous—sheep too. She says that motoring destroys any natural affection for sheep or hens. She says she's afraid of cows. She says when she was out with me in the fields the other afternoon she could hardly refrain from flinging herself into my arms when we passed that black-and-white cow. I wish she hadn't—refrained, I mean—and yet——"

"A nice wife for a farmer!" I suggested malevolently.

He sighed.

"Yet it makes her adorable. I want her to cling to me when she's frightened—I couldn't fall in love with her when I thought she was so brave and clever and capable. She made me feel so small. A man hates to feel small. Timidity is charming; and yet—out there in the winter you know there are—well, even wolves sometimes. I should have to leave her alone a good deal. A woman must be able to shoot. I thought she was such a fine shot—her uncle told me she made a better bag than any of them last fall; but he lied about it. She says the mere sound of a gun makes her feel faint. It's quite a charm in its way. The women out there get so masculine that one forgets the beautiful feminine weaknesses altogether. Yet it makes it rather awkward ——"

"It must!" My heart leaped. Was he going to give up the idea? "You must look out for some one—more suitable," I began foolishly.

He nearly jumped down my throat.

"I adore her!" he said. "And, after all, love is the only thing that matters."

What was the good of telling him the utter falseness of this old-fashioned idea?

"And I never loved her until I saw her in her true light. That day with the motor—why, I nearly loathed her that day. I felt like such a fool!"

"How did she explain that?" I asked, for really I was anxious about it.

"Oh, it was the slightest thing that was wrong. It wanted only a little fuller's earth in the clutch, she said—or something trifling. She put on the overall because she knew she looked pretty in it; and she made all that fuss about tools because she wanted to impress us. She doesn't know anything more about a screw-key than you do."

"Then I'm sorry for her," said I grimly, appalled by the girl's mad plausibility. She turned out to be as competent in lying as she was in all other things. When he had gone I thought it over, but came to no conclusion. I made up my mind, however, to leave my irises and my book and go out into the world and see what was doing.

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THE TRAPPERS—By James O. Curwood

FORTY-FIVE MILLION dollars in dividends—that's what you've got to call it; something pretty big even when you compare it with the yearly dividends declared by the Steel Trust, the Tobacco Trust and one or two others piled on top of those. It's the dividend of the wild places, unwatered and only slightly capitalized; the one thing on earth that even Nature herself has had the power to keep out of the hands of almost but not quite omniscient man, and which she scatters, like confetti, among those who are strong enough and venturesome enough to go after it. Forty-five million dollars in raw furs! It sounds big and it is big. That was last year's production, as nearly as one can figure an industry that is carried in a very loose-mannered way in account books and ledgers. Possibly it is a million or two over or a million or two under the exact figure, for even in the matter of statistics Nature has made the fur industry a little different from all others, as she has scattered her forests and her swamps and her fur-bearing seas in so many of the out-of-the-way corners of the earth that it is impossible for man to be absolutely accurate in his accounting of things.

This one industry still declaims that romance and adventure are not yet quite dead. It insists upon remaining in a class by itself. Since two thousand years before the days of Christ the pelts of wild beasts have played their part in the lives of men. For ten centuries they have helped to make history.

Fur has played as vital and as dramatic a part as gold. It has caused wars, has led to the discovery of new lands, has helped to change the map of nations—always holding forth the lure not only of wealth but of adventure, that wild and glorious freedom which brought about the first peopling of our own unknown West. And, unlike gold, it has refused to be cornered by the selected few. The Hudson's Bay Company has tried it and failed. Paris has tried it. London has tried it. All have failed. In a smaller way a Montreal buyer essayed to "corner" the muskrat's pelt and went to smash with three hundred thousand on his hands. A Paris house held up the Russian sable, and the women turned suddenly to fox; a London buyer "cornered" beaver when a beaver coat was worth five hundred dollars, and last year beaverskins sold as low as six dollars a pelt. Next year they may go to twenty or thirty. Many believe they will.

Only a few years ago the trapper in the Canadian wilds could scarcely give a lynx pelt away and was glad to get two or three dollars for it. Then woman, fickle beauty, wanted lynx; and in a twelvemonth they climbed to twenty-five dollars a pelt. Likewise, in a season or two, this one captivating directorship of the fur industry turned from seal to fox, and that year a single fox pelt sold for as high as four thousand dollars. Then she fell in love with mink; and the royal favorite of kings and empresses—the little ermine—that was once upon a time worth more than his weight in gold, took a tumble to "thirty cents" a pelt—in truth. And so, as Lord Strathcona, head of the great Hudson's Bay Company, chivalrously says: "It isn't an industry at all. It's a romance—a romance of the Lady and the Beast."

How Prices Have Gone Kiting

IT HAS always been a romance of the Lady and the Beast, as far back as history paints its pictures for us, and it always will be. It was the little white ermine and the lady—the beautiful mistress of Grosselier—who induced the first few chivalrous gentlemen, one of them the lover of a queen, to set out with swords at their waists on their quest for fur in the New World two hundred and forty years ago; and perhaps, in setting off her lover on his romantic adventure, Grosselier's lady urged him on with the pretty sentiment of a certain lovely young woman whom I had often noticed stroking and fondling her furs as though they were alive, and of whom I asked an explanation. "They're so soft and purry, and so filled with the warmth and glisten and feel of life," she said, "that I sometimes almost forget they're dead!"

This young woman—and several million others in this country today—might well go into a panic of dismay if they realized just what the next and some say the final chapter in the romance of the Lady and the Beast is to be. The head of a great Paris house told me not so very long ago that within another ten years only women of wealth would be wearing real fur, and cold facts bear out the statement. No longer can a woman buy her twenty and twenty-five dollar mink set; she must now pay from seventy-five to a hundred and fifty dollars for a fairly good set, and on up to three hundred—and even five hundred—if she gets AA pelts from the Far North. Everything in the way of fur, with few exceptions, has gone up in the same way; and even the rabbit—the little humbug—has found his place in a score of imitations. Each year the number of fur-bearing animals decreases—each year the world's catch grows from ten to twenty per cent smaller than the preceding year; but this makes no difference in Nature's dividend, for as the supply grows smaller the price soars upward, until it more than offsets the loss. Only a few years ago the value of the world's annual catch of raw furs was about twenty-five million dollars; today it is nearly twice that, with the supply only about two-thirds as large. The Hudson's Bay Company still pays its dividends, but it hands out a sack of flour for the single skin of a lynx or a marten, and not for a pile "as high as the hunter's rifle." Within the years of my own experience lynx and fisher-cat were used for leggings; now they deck beauty and royalty at coronations. Only five years ago I met two Canadian trappers who were coming down from the North with three hundred martens, worth then about four dollars a skin. That catch would now be worth seven thousand dollars. There was a time, less than a decade ago, when from the Aleutian Islands alone there were taken one hundred and fifty thousand skins of the sea otter each year; and they were cheap. Then a sea-otter craze swept the feminine world; and the women, with the peremptory demand of their pretty lips, sent ships scouring the seven seas for them—or as many seas as they could be found in. As a result, the next to the last chapter was written in the story of the otter. Last year only four hundred skins were taken from the Aleutians, with a sacrifice of a dozen human lives; and these skins went almost entirely to the cities of Paris, Berlin, London and Vienna.



The Author on the Trail on the Edge of the Barren Lands

A few years more and the sea otter, with the black and silver fox, the marten and the lynx, will be almost as forgotten as the seal; for of what avail are warships, the treaties of nations and a score of "protective" laws against woman's demand? If she wants seal she shall have seal—until they are gone; and in spite of the treaties and warships aforesaid she wanted them, and she got them. Twenty years ago the seal herds of the Pribilofs numbered over five million head. Today it is estimated there are not more than from a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand left. The year 1909 was a particularly hard one on the few that were left. Fabulous prices were offered. At the London and Paris auctions, not only the agents of wealth but the fashionable ladies themselves came in their carriages to bid for the pelts. It was a year of ruthless slaughter, in spite of the fact that the smoke of patrolling warships hung frequently over the sea about the Pribilofs. It is estimated that, besides the older seals, fully ten thousand baby seals died during that hunting season. Last year only half as many were killed—because there were fewer to kill. In that direction woman's adventurous poachers have done their work well.

Just now there is a great demand for the common fox, for the fox, like the skunk, is a sort of Jekyll and Hyde, which travels under many guises. "Red" is too plebeian a name, so he is dyed to a glossy black and is sold all the world over for "black fox," his brother of that color being worth anywhere from five hundred to several thousand dollars. Six years ago one million seven hundred and sixty thousand foxes were caught to supply the world's market; four years ago that number had fallen to one million two hundred thousand. Then the black-fox craze swept through the cities, and the fox was trapped, poisoned and run down by dogs, until even the white Arctic fox, that was worth only fifty cents ten years ago, was almost exterminated wherever the Eskimo and Northern hunters could get after him. As a result of this relentless pursuit of the fox, his number has been cut in two during the last five years; and last year less than eight hundred thousand could be secured for the market. From two dollars a pelt the common red fox has jumped to twelve and fifteen, the "cross" to as high as a hundred, and silver and black to prices that make a single skin worth a small fortune. In the London market ordinary pelts bring from five hundred to one thousand dollars, and from that up to four thousand dollars. This latter figure is the highest legitimate price ever brought by a black fox, though it is known that an English lady of title purchased a skin at auction for thirty-five hundred dollars and turned it over to an Austrian nobleman's wife for seven thousand dollars.

"Rats" Now in Demand

IT WAS a Parisian who first saw the real beauty of the common muskrat and the skunk. Lowdown-sounding names those—muskrat!—skunk! For years woman turned up her pretty nose at them and allowed the gentlemen to use a few of the pelts in coats and caps. Muskrats—and skunks, mind you! The poor farmer lads who caught them could get only a few cents apiece for them. Rats sold as low as three cents; skunks at twenty-five cents. Then a Frenchman rose from out a glory of skunk and proclaimed the "black sable" and the "river mink." Every lady in the land knows what happened soon after that. Skunk was no longer skunk. As "black sable" he became a fad. It was found that he could be turned into half a dozen high-priced substitutes, because his fur was really beautiful—though cheap; and as a result over a million and a half of his tribe were caught three years ago. Two years ago this number decreased to nine hundred thousand, last year to between four hundred and five hundred thousand. No longer is his catlike track a common sight in the snow of the barnyard and about the chicken house. Woman has "got" him. He is going—and going fast. The world could use five million skunks this year; it will have to be satisfied with three or four hundred thousand.

It is impossible to say how many million muskrats are now used annually; but they have gone from three cents a pelt to as high as eighty in this country, and a dollar in Paris and London. "Three years more," says a Montreal buyer, "and then the real famine will come, for the muskrat and the skunk, two of the cornerstones of the fur industry today, will be gone." Even the rabbit has been forced in to keep up the fading supply; and surely it takes a strong imagination to picture bunny as "white and blue fox!"

However, the romance of the Lady and the Beast does not begin with the raw pelts in their bales or the finished product in the furrier's warerooms; and woman, as she toys with her silky treasure, probably dreams but little of the real heart and soul of the romance that has come down through the centuries. And yet between them there is that touch of affinity which gives the story of fur its prettiest touch; for she may love her diamonds and her silks and satins and rare laces, but it is seldom with the warmth and sentiment that goes with her love for her furs. In more ways than one her whims and feminine fancies have helped to make the history of the world, but never more picturesquely than her demand for fur. It was the beaver that lured men from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, and thence to the Rockies—opening up a continent. It was the sable that drew the tribesmen of Asiatic Russia across to far Kamchatka; and the sea otter that led the Spanish and the English all round the world in crazy craft, giving us our first knowledge of the Pacific

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Coast from Alaska to California. And it was the little ermine that opened up the Far North of the New World.

That Far North is today the world's last great trapping ground. From the shore of Lake Superior to the Arctic Sea, from Labrador to the country of the Athabasca, centuries of men have lived and died in the pursuit of fur—the heroes of this romance of the Lady and the Beast; and it doesn't take a strong imagination to see it in that light. It is a country of splendid wildness and of grand defiance to man; a country fully one-third as large as the whole of Europe, into which railroads and civilization will never go. Reaching from the coast of Labrador south of Ungava, the southernmost line of this wilderness—which will remain a wilderness for all time—runs just north of the Height of Land, below James Bay, and swings north and westward through Mackenzie Land to the polar seas. It is in many ways the most desolate country in the world as well as the most picturesque and romantic. Great areas of ridge-mountains, torn and twisted upheavals of past ages, filled with cavernous streams and thousands of rock-bottomed lakes, cover unexplored thousands of square miles. Country penetrable only by dogsledge and snow-shoes in winter and by canoe in summer reaches out to vast wind-swept plains, tenanted by only the most venturesome trappers, who brave the wild Arctic blizzards in pursuit of the northern fox; and these barrens, in turn, give place to great swamps, thick forests of small timber and to other great areas of caribou-haunted muskeg. Basking in warmth and sunshine in summer, this breeding-world of the rarest furs freezes into the death-chill of sixty and seventy degrees below zero in winter, keeping human life down to that terrible point just halfway between existence and annihilation. Since the beginning of known time, man and Nature have been at war in this *terra incognita* of the fur-seeker.

In the whole region of Ungava, a country eight times as large as Ohio, there is a population of less than two thousand, half Eskimo and half Montagnais, Nascaupics and Crees. In a country a hundred and fifty miles wide, and running entirely round the eastern, southern and western shores of Hudson's Bay, forming a territory of three hundred thousand square miles, there is only one human being to every hundred square miles; and most of this life is centered about the hundred and odd posts of the Hudson's Bay Company and the Revillon Brothers Company.



Two of the Author's Companions and Guides—Indian Trappers

When the North Begins to Thaw

WERE it not for these posts, life would soon cease to be in this Northland. It is vastly more untenable and hazardous than Alaska or the Yukon, for man has been able to bring towns and industries to those regions of gold, and steamships carry the fortune-hunters to their shores; but once in the unbroken wilderness of the North man's life hangs upon two things—the pack on his back and the posts. Perhaps if woman could see the story of fur as it actually begins, and the wild and half-savage force that is working out its life for her, she would find still more of that feel of life in the furry things she wears!

It is spring. The slush snows are growing soft under foot. From the south there come the soft breaths of air that set the poplar buds swelling; the wilderness awakens into new life; the air is filled with the song of rushing waters—and to a company's post, where each spring for two hundred years may have witnessed this same scene, the forest people come trailing in with their second catch of the season. The first catch was brought in just before the holidays, but then the hunters remained only long enough to barter their furs for supplies and credit, and hurried back to their traplines again. With spring it is different. Now begin the holiday months of the wilderness people. Indian and half-breed trappers bring with them their wives and children, their dogs and summer tepees. The few white trappers move in with their families. For hundreds of square miles about the wilderness is emptied of all human life and the post becomes a metropolis. For a few days there is great business activity. The furs are sorted, classed, purchased and credited to account, and the company's supply store is a scene of wildest excitement and jubilation. The Indian trapper is the greatest spendthrift on earth and as free from care as the fish in the streams. If he has made a good catch he is rich. He decks his wife in the gaudiest raiment he can find and throws his money round like a millionaire as long as it lasts, in spite of the company's constant warning for him to be more careful; but he knows the company cannot get along without him and that it will care for him when he is a beggar, as it has done for two and a half centuries. So he has his fun, and his wife and his children help him. He is a great sport as long as he has a dollar of credit or a package of tobacco in sight. He will wager with the other bucks on anything—from a dograce, a footrace or the flight of a stone to the ability of his squaw to beat some other squaw in a feat of marksmanship. There is no fighting, no quarreling, no whisky. I have seen a buck lose his dog team with a good-natured grunt. It is a mighty good Indian who is not "broke" by midsummer; but that doesn't worry him. He expects to be broke about that time, and from then on he is taken on credit by the company—but only for absolute necessities, food and tobacco. He begins to get worn and ragged. His wife's gay raiment drops away and by August his children are half naked. He might work at odd jobs for the company, but he won't; for during these summer months he is a gentleman of leisure and it is almost an insult to ask him to be anything else.

Then comes the change—the first chill breaths of autumn, the first turning of the wind from south to north. He wakes up some morning quite sober. From a hundred cities the arbiters of fashion are calling upon him to get busy and there is that in the air which makes him respond to the call. From the pleasures of the summer his mind turns to his forest cabin and his waiting trap houses—twenty, fifty or a hundred miles away. Follow other days of business now with the company. He is outfitted, without possessing a dollar of his own. The company makes him a loan of anywhere from fifty to four hundred dollars' worth of supplies, according to the trapper's needs and his previous reputation; and late in August or early in September, if he is far north, he sets his face into the deep solitudes of the wilderness, with his wife and his children.

Perhaps in the heart of a deep swamp, or under the shelter of a ridge-mountain, or in the depths of a great forest, fifty or a hundred miles from the post, are his cabin, his traps and the beginning of his line. Not until early in October does the forest hunter begin to set his traps, for he knows that the longer he waits the better the quality of the fur will be. He has no fear of some other trapper catching it, for it is an unwritten law of the North that one trapper must not encroach upon the grounds of another. So it happens that the grounds of a father may be inherited by the son and by the children of that son. At one time, when the Hudson's Bay Company itself held the power of life and death, an encroachment upon another's trapping ground was as good as a death-warrant; but this has ceased to be—except in occasional instances. Yet the unwritten law is respected by all, from the trapper to the savage.

Covering the Trap Line

A LINE is twenty, thirty or even fifty miles in length, and is usually set with about two hundred traps, deadfalls and poison-baits for wolves and foxes. The line begins near the trapper's home and stretches through tracts of forest, great swamps and over wind-swept barrens, and is so run that when the trapper reaches the end of his line he is again near home. It takes him about two days to cover a forty-mile line, and he travels it twice a week, skinning his game wherever it is caught and using the carcasses for bait. When he arrives at his cabin, laden with his pelts and perhaps a haunch of caribou or moose, he has nothing to do for forty-eight hours except smoke, if he has a family. The wife and children scrape all fat from the green pelts, stretch them and do all the work about, while the trapper takes turns at smoking, eating and sleeping, and waits for the beginning of the next long jaunt over the trapline.

At New Year's all trails again lead to the posts, for this is the midwinter "big-time season," when for a week or ten days the forest people come in with their furs to square accounts and participate in the feasts and games to which the company treats them.

By the middle of January the trappers are again on their lines, where they remain until the first slush snow of spring, when they come in with the second and usually the largest catch of the season. And this time the most of them remain, for summer is close at hand. A thousand miles away the season of social triumphs and pleasures is at an end. The trapper of the North is just beginning to rush his bales of fur by canoe and dogsled to the big cities.



A Trapper's Typical Home in the Thunder Bay Country

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An Old Woman and a New One in the Old World

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



"I—I'm Afraid I've Made a Dreadful Mistake!"

I HAVE already said that the men are the sole manufacturers of the women in every country and responsible for what they are or fail to be. It is necessary to contradict this statement before any explanation can be given of the singular conditions—economic, social and moral—which surround the women of France. In this nation alone the women create the men. And if any one wishes to see what a man is who has been evolved and limited by his womankind, let him consider the Frenchman. This does not mean that he is not a brave soldier, but that as a soldier he is peevish and wears red breeches. It does not imply that he is not among the foremost scientists in the world, but that he can devote his life to making the most brilliant discoveries and at the same time be the slave of a *demimondaine*. He is also the most astute of the modern psychologists, and can write with the mournful grandeur of Isaiah about the evils of society; but frequently he is not formed or disciplined personally in his own nature to be reliable morally in his relations to society.

And the women have become the chief victims of their own creation, as often happens with creators. To begin with, man is the cause of the widespread enmity so noticeable among French women. This profoundly affects economic conditions among them. Thus there are no trades unions for women in France, where there is probably a larger per cent of them employed than in any other country. Wherever you see women getting together in unions and movements to further their own interests, it is a sign that they are placing upon themselves a higher value morally and industrially. They are uniting in an effort to raise the standard of their self-respect and to command more respect and better wages from the men who employ them. It indicates a certain evolution of the sex to be able to make this choice and risk the ancient, merely masculine disfavor of men. The shopgirl of France has not reached it. She is still contending for the favor of one man. Her hopes are centered in winning him from the other girls. She lives all day in the most luxurious surroundings, in stores where the most beautiful things in the whole world are displayed for sale, where she comes constantly in contact with richly dressed women who come to buy. Her wages are insufficient. She hates the sordid little home from which she comes with its penurious economies. But she does not join a union and suffer a new contempt and the old privations for a lifetime in order that the working women who come after her may enjoy better conditions and receive more respect and higher wages.

Courting Under Difficulties

MADAME PÉGARD is one of the French women who have done something to alleviate the lives of working women in France. Through her influence a law was passed two years ago which entitles a married woman to her own wages. Until then the husband took them and spent them according to his fancy. For this service Madame Pégard received the Legion of Honor. There is no one like your Frenchman to accent it with a decoration and a flourish when he really does a good deed. It is a way he has of "showing off."

Nearly all the professions in France are open to women, and the women have not been slow to avail themselves of these opportunities. They are to be found among the scientists, doctors, lawyers, teachers and aviators, and it is even possible to get a female coachman or chauffeur. It is the custom for the French parents to take these advantages into consideration when they have small means and are able to provide a dot for only one, say, of their two daughters. They see that the girl with the best mind receives an education for one of the professions—an easy and comparatively inexpensive means of disposing of her with the wonderful educational advantages to be had, especially in Paris. They put a price on the head of the other and marry her to the man who will take her for that—the dot.

So much has been written about the female endowment marriage custom in France that it is scarcely necessary to discuss it; but I am reminded in this connection to mention the newest foreign missionary, one who is probably doing more real service than many of those in any heathen land. This is the English girl in French society. The American girl is in bad repute with the better class of French mothers, owing to her disposition to walk down the Champs Elysées, for example, talking in her raucous young voice, which is an octave higher than any French woman would dare speak. And they particularly object to the scandalous way she has of looking everybody straight in the face. In my day it was accounted the sign of a good conscience and a clear mind to be able to hold one's head up and look the next person squarely in the eye; but in a country like France, where the human eye is the most beautiful and has the worst reputation in the world, it is best for women to go with their lids at half mast. The English girl always does this, and carries her shoulders the same way, for that matter. Consequently she is supposed, by the French, to be better bred. Also, since the late friendliness between France and England it is the fashion to admire her. For this reason she has done much to loosen the bondage of young French girls, who are undoubtedly the most to be pitied of all young things in the civilized world. They are now allowed to play golf and tennis, and so forth, like their English cousins. They are still guarded, of course, but quite recently two of them may go out together for a walk or for shopping without being accompanied by a governess. They may even go to parties in the evenings escorted by their brothers. This is a great innovation. On the whole now they get more outdoor life and enjoy better health of mind and body. They remain, however, in the marriage market. A French mother will say to her neighbor:

"I cannot find a husband for my daughter. She has a dot, but still we do not get a husband for her. Will you help me?"

The neighbor is obliging. She speaks to some young man of her acquaintance. She names the girl's dowry. The youth considers. If it is enough he says he will take her. Negotiations begin at once. They are engaged and they are married. Then for the first time he sees her alone. But even this custom has been affected by the English girl's courtship, so that it is now possible for the French girl to see her affianced lover in the garden at sufficient distance from the ever-watchful mother for them to do a little lovemaking without being overheard.

One cannot say whether this is the best method to pursue in mating people. There are fewer divorces in France than in America. But then a very large number of American women who have married Frenchmen have sued for divorce. Anyhow it is not worth discussing, so far as our country is concerned. If all of Peggy's relations should combine in the effort they could not affiance her to a man who had not made love to her desperately, and gone down upon his knees, figuratively speaking, imploring the gift of her heart and hand.

Husbands in America

WHATEVER may be said of other countries in the past, America is today the land of the most beautiful courtships. Courting-time is the period to which every maiden looks forward and upon which every old wife looks back with infinite pleasure—the one place in life upon which the sun always seems to shine, about which the roses bloom. And for this we are deeply indebted to our men. I do not say they make the best husbands in the world, although I believe it. That depends upon the individual husband. Some men in America, as elsewhere, are like certain effervescent delicious waters, good as long as they remain corked up, but left open they become stale—that is to say, when they marry. There is a lot of fizz in their lovemaking, and nothing but flat insipidity about them as husbands. This is what many a woman fails to consider when she takes a husband, and so she chooses a lover instead. And he does not last. But there is a particular reason why the American man surpasses every other lover at least. He deeply honors and reveres the woman to whom he is making love. He does not anticipate, as the Frenchman must do, that as a wife she may be using marriage as a cloak for that liberty which she never had as a girl. It is only when a man feels this enduring confidence in a woman that he can exalt himself into the perfect lover without misgivings as to the future.



It is Now Possible for the French Girl to See Her Affianced Lover in the Garden

But to come back to the French women. A certain circumstance in France has given to the idle rich women during the last five or six years a singularly becoming occupation. Since the separation in this country of the church and state these women have rallied to the support of the former. Their piety has not increased, but their charities have grown immensely. This has been necessary. The state confiscated much of the property belonging to the church, such as lands and convents. Thousands of the religious orders became homeless. The rich Catholic women have been venturing by their efforts

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to support and provide suitable shelter for these nuns and for other missions. Also, many of them during the last three years have joined the Lyceum Club in Paris—a branch of the same club in London—which was founded by English women. It is the only one in the city that has a name of its own and that is conducted like any man's club. They have not been slow to become the most influential part of it and in adapting it more or less to French ideals, in spite of its English origin and the fact that the membership is composed largely of English and American women.

There are one hundred and ten thousand women enrolled as members of the Woman's Suffrage Union of France. The movement has met with singular opposition on the one hand, and on the other with the most remarkable favor from an unexpected source. The men, so far from opposing it, are friendly to it. Not only the governing class, but those of the Academy, the scholarly and scientific men, and even the bourgeois regard it with distinct satisfaction. But the great body of French women are more actively opposed to it than are the women in other countries. The Catholics have recently formed a league to combat it, and the working women, from whom the suffragists have gained so many recruits in England and America, are indifferent.

As a matter of fact, the movement has not yet escaped from the cranks who invariably attach themselves to a new idea. While we were in France Mademoiselle Josephine Gondon, of Toulouse, challenged the editor of a local paper there to a duel on account of an article he published in reply to one she had written in which she declared that marriage was degrading to women. It was a good opportunity for a Frenchman to have been properly matched in one of those frisky, fancy little duels of which we hear so much. But the editor declined the challenge, to the increased indignation of Mademoiselle Gondon.

In addition to this sort of absurdity, the movement has been further damaged and put in ill repute by the fact that a number of women of questionable character have attached themselves to it and have exploited the cause to attract attention to themselves. This is especially unfortunate, because it has eliminated from the movement the women of the *petite bourgeoisie*, without whom it cannot possibly succeed.

The National Backbone

ONE day an old friend who had lived several years in Paris called. As usual, conversation turned upon the much-discussed French women.

"Ah!" she laughed; "so you have been listening to the old scandals about these women, the class of which we never speak at home. It is queer that this is the only nation that has a sort of hysteria for exposing its vices. But come for a walk with me; I will show you the good women of France. They are the real backbone of the Republic, not the men."

We came out on the Avenue Victor Hugo. Mrs. D. passed before a little shop, with its counter on the street outside as usual heaped high with sabots and dishes and dusters. In the doorway were an old man and an old woman. They were the same size apparently and had the same figures—very round and short. They had been married so long, had done the same things together, had had the same thoughts, that they looked enough alike to be twins.

"There is one," said our guide, nodding her head to the old lady as we passed. "And here is another," she went on as we came opposite a stationer's shop and saw the wife sitting before the ledger at the desk. "There are two more," she pointed to a woman in a wineshop and one in a little place no larger than a cabinet, where jewels were for sale.

"These are the women who hold France together. In England it is those of the richer and noble class who have the greatest influence; in Germany it is only one woman in a thousand with charm, who may never do anything herself. But in France it is the wives of the *petite bourgeoisie*. They marry and go into these little shops with their husbands. They work night and day. They bring up their children. They are thrifty and above reproach. You may see hundreds of them in every street in Paris, in every town and hamlet of France, always taking the more responsible positions in their little businesses, always filling them better than the men would.

"You observe that madame's face is not beautiful, that her expression is a trifle severe," she commented as we passed a grocer's stall where a woman was weighing carrots on the counter. "That is because she deals with a close-fisted public. Tomorrow you will find her here, attending strictly to business, and next year also, until she has accumulated enough to insure an income of three francs a day each for herself and her husband. Then she will go into the country to live. But there will be another woman to take her place in this shop the next time you come, another wife and mother, younger, but made of the same stuff. France produces these flinty, durable women who never go wrong, who never really advance at all in the scale of things, but who stand and have stood for hundreds of years for a certain thrift and narrow, feminine righteousness."

These are the women who will determine when France shall give the franchise to women. At present they are opposed to it, not only for the reason I have already mentioned—of not being willing to join a movement that is too much exploited by cranks and women of questionable reputation—but because they have a conviction that it is sacrilegious and unbecoming for women to concern themselves with political affairs.



They Looked Enough Alike to be Twins

One morning, to her great joy, Peggy found among her letters on the breakfast tray an invitation from Mademoiselle Monot to call upon her that day. Mademoiselle Monot is the president of the French Woman's Suffrage Union, but we could not tell how advanced her notions might be in regard to young girls gadding about the streets of Paris alone; so it was decided that I should go along to give the proper air of respectability to Peggy.

Mademoiselle Monot received us in her salon—a little, round old lady, wearing a black lace cap upon her head, with a bleared expression as if the years had faded her very wrinkles. We understood at once that both she and her salon had seen better days. She looked at Peggy as if she saw her through a mist. She had the air of an ancient, patient mother making excuses for her children, still hoping the best for them, as she talked of the Union and its tremendous difficulties.

"No," she answered in reply to a question, "the idea of suffrage is not yet popular among the mass of French women. The *petite bourgeoisie* are opposed to it."

"No," she replied again, "the men would not object if the women favored it. Frenchmen are always ready to make a new experiment—to have a new sensation."

"No," to Peggy's next inquiry; "no, they will not purify political life if they get the franchise. They will add their peculiar faults and confusion to public life."

I began to think it would be a depressingly negative interview. "But they will get the ballot in France at last?" persisted Peggy.

"Oh, yes, long before the last. It will come soon everywhere—suffrage for women. We have conceived it out of our great need. Whatever is conceived must soon exist. This is only the period of gestation necessary before any birth is possible."

She drifted away into that sibyl trance I have noticed before in the older women of other countries who are absorbed in this question. Her head drooped; she stared dreamily into the roaring life of the street outside. We went out feeling that we had been in the presence of one whose hopes triumphed over time and conditions.

I come now at last to Peggy again. It has been like pinning on the tail of the kite to end the study of the women of each country we visited with a little interpretation of Peggy, as her moods changed according to the climate and conditions that surrounded us. In spite of her seriousness, Peggy has always sustained a fluttering kite-tail relation to my own soberer mind. But now, at the end of our journey in France, she was like a sad little ribbon of femininity that refused to rise and wave in the wind. She underwent in France a change so strange and pathetic that I record it with a sorrow that is mixed with humor and sympathy. I do not know whether the metamorphosis she went through should be called an evolution or a submission to the inevitable fall of woman. But this is certain, she has remained a different person from that day.

Acrobatic Conversation

IN ENGLAND she had indulged in a dashing, arrogant and typically unscrupulous flirtation with an Englishman. She flattered the English that much, you understand. In Germany she assumed a sort of spitting-kitten antagonism to the German officer who showed too much confidence in his sentimental advances. There is something terrifyingly immediate about a German man when he fixes his eye in love upon a woman. And I attributed Peggy's temper, not to the fact that she was offended but to the fact that she simply retired into that scratching fierceness common to maidenhood, which often in time is tamed by love. I am led to believe that at last, if the officer had canceled some of his too masculine egotism and had kept in his brilliant uniform long enough, he might have advanced in my niece's regard perilously near to the fortifications of her excellent young heart. This, as you will see, is designed as a compliment to the German brand of manhood. An American woman could do much toward civilizing a snorty Teutonic husband. But we had not been long in France before I discovered that Peggy considered Frenchmen of a distinct and lower species, from which an American woman could not countenance a romantic proposition without doing violence to her peculiar feminine sanctity. I do not say that she was correct in this conclusion. On the contrary, she was only American. She ceased to refer to her Huguenot ancestry. She charged me not to mention it, as if it had been the skeleton in her closet. Also she curbed her capillary circulation, which she had so friskly boasted was French in so far as it had anything to do with her manner of speech. Until we lived that month in Paris she had always used her hands as much as she did her tongue when she talked.

"Peggy, my dear," I inquired one day after a peculiarly trying expedition she had made downtown, "are you ill?"

"No, Aunt Peg—why?"

"Well, you seem to have lost so much of your animation. You only speak now with your mouth."

"It's all I ever mean to use again," she retorted.

"Why?"

"Because it is a sign of lightness, littleness, moral and spiritual insignificance to talk with one's all-fours, as these people do. Today I saw a woman weighing two hundred pounds crossing the street and gesticulating like the flaps of a biplane as she conversed with her companion. And the men—ough! It is disgusting to see a human being whom we have always regarded as of graver, stronger

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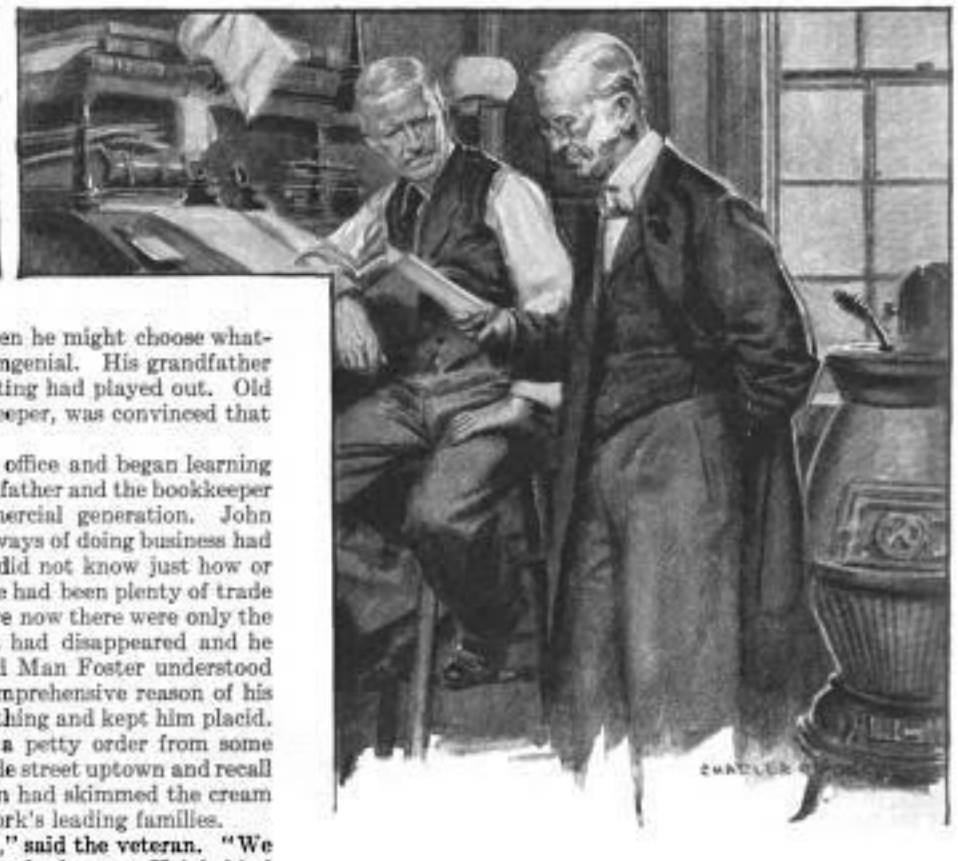
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Bulwarks of Business Policy

The Right Age—By James H. Collins

DECORATION BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL





OLD John Bagot was a merchant of the last generation and thoroughly looked the part. His tall, spare Yankee frame was always clad in a black frock coat. His black derby was of the flat-topped variety. All through the hot New York summer he stuck to his stiff white shirt and starched white tie. His lean, nervous face was set off by dignified muttonchop whiskers of the type still sacred to the stage banker, and his heavy-framed gold eyeglasses, attached to a black silk cord, were taken off at intervals when he talked and used in gesture.

It would be necessary to go back still another generation to reach the beginnings of Oldbuck & Bagot, the importing house of which the old gentleman was now sole proprietor. Trade had centered at the lower end of Manhattan Island when young Bagot came from New England and got a job at Oldbuck's. Ships that brought the goods from England almost stuck their bowsprits in the office windows. The Yankee lad was active, shrewd and thrifty. He moved round the sedate mercantile community of that day, made friends in many lines, got new customers in their own and saved his money. When Oldbuck was ready to slack up a bit Bagot bought an interest in the business and became junior partner. When the founder retired he bought the rest. Oldbuck had been out of it more than thirty years.

The office was still in the same locality—southeast of Wall Street—and the business carried on in pretty much the same way. In spite of the movement of trade uptown, Bagot stuck there. It was a matter of pride that he held his old customers and through them served indirectly those first families of New York who had been so important when he came to the city. True, almost every month in later years saw some customer, a merchant of long standing, shut up shop forever under the auspices of either the sheriff or the sexton, and hardly any new connections replaced them; but the old gentleman was fairly well off. Profits in that line had been rather more than wide in times past. He had money put away, lived comfortably and looked to the business to furnish him an occupation as long as he needed one, even if Willie did not like importing.

Up to the day that Willie came into the office, following his graduation from Yale, Oldbuck & Bagot had never sent out a typewritten letter. If the old gentleman did not write them in longhand they were dictated to Foster, the veteran bookkeeper, who had been connected with the concern longer than himself.

Willie was John Bagot's grandson, the only child of his only daughter. Since his parents' death, when he was a little boy, he had lived with his grandparents and been their chief interest. They sent him to school and college in first-class style, and looked forward to launching him in life with every reasonable advantage. Willie was a good boy, and a bright one, and appreciative. It was understood that he should have a trial at importing; and if that were not to his taste then he might choose whatever business seemed congenial. His grandfather was not sure but importing had played out. Old Man Foster, the bookkeeper, was convinced that it had.

Willie came into the office and began learning the business. His grandfather and the bookkeeper lived in another commercial generation. John Bagot understood that ways of doing business had changed radically, yet did not know just how or why. At one time there had been plenty of trade in certain quarters where now there were only the slenderest pickings. It had disappeared and he hadn't followed it. Old Man Foster understood this, too, but had a comprehensive reason of his own that covered everything and kept him placid. He would show Willie a petty order from some elderly merchant in a side street uptown and recall the days when that man had skimmed the cream off the trade of New York's leading families.

"Only a few odd lots," said the veteran. "We used to sell him by the hundred gross. He's behind in his bills, but I can remember when his credit was good for anything we could sell him. In those days, my boy, the trade was not hogged by foreigners. That's the curse of business today—the foreigners take everything."

Old Man Foster had his own conception of a foreigner. To his way of thinking, every trader born across the ocean got goods for nothing, sold them below cost, lived on black bread and garlic, and saved his unholy profits intact. That explained everything. It was the "pauper labor" doctrine of the high protectionist in capsule form. Whenever Old Man Foster felt gloomy about the business he took this little pill.

Young Blood in the Old House

SOON the quiet of the old office was broken by the rattle of a typewriter. Willie hired a stenographer and began quietly looking round to see where trade had gone. There was trade—undoubtedly. Imports of their goods were larger than ever and backed by an enormous domestic output the past fifteen years. Who did the business?

Old Man Foster was right about the foreigners, so far as their decaying trade was concerned. On the average, it took about five years for the industrious immigrant to graduate into that branch of the business. They had it all—and on terms that made it foolish to compete.

However, the whole basis of the trade had changed. In Granddaddy Bagot's youth business had been direct and personal. Men went to the tailor for clothes and the cobbler for shoes. Women took a big basket and went to market for meats and vegetables. Production and distribution were still done on a parish scale. Gossip of all the trades centered in a few counting rooms. Everybody knew the standing of everybody else. Merchants told their wives when they went home to noonday dinner in the village which was then New York.

Now, however, production and distribution had become national. You called on a factory superintendent or purchasing agent and sold a year's supply of goods if quality and price were right. In the old days small quantities sold to a personal clientèle carried profit enough to grow rich on. Today margins were so small that handling vast quantities was the only salvation.

Willie soon had the run of things. College acquaintances helped him and he made friends among men connected with the big manufacturing houses. At the very outset it became clear that their goods were not right. The old connections in England had run to seed, too, and their product was not in keeping with present-day American demand. New connections were necessary. There was a fine chance to supplement the business by adding domestic goods and to widen the line generally by carrying related commodities.

One morning, three months after entering the office, Willie got down and found his grandfather fidgeting.

"Where is that young lady?" he asked, glancing over his glasses at the stenographer's desk. It was closed.

"Oh, yes," said his grandson; "she's taking a vacation."

"Well, I find that I cannot answer my letters without her. I've become accustomed to dictating to her. Can't we hire somebody to take her place for the time being?"

As the business was brought into Willie's generation the old gentleman watched and learned. He was an excellent learner. When Willie said it was time to move uptown, leaving the dust of fifty years behind, he had some regrets, but in a month was enthusiastic about the light, space, cleanliness and convenience of a modern loft building. He got used to new standards for goods, and to looking for business in new directions, and to lunching with men who had been babies in arms when he bought Oldbuck out and yet were purchasers of more goods than the country's total imports in his most prosperous days.

"Willie is right," he assured Old Man Foster. "In our time it was profit that counted; but now the idea is volume—you see, Willie knows where to look for volume."

Business runs in periods. One of the pressing problems of the man who lays down policy is to keep the organization in touch with today. Times, methods, goods and demand change—and ways of getting business and keeping it, and looking at things; but the men with the business do not change unless the policymaker is actively on the job. Organization develops a hard crust. It grows retrospective and tries to live on its mighty past. It looks for business in the places where it used to be and overlooks the places from which it is coming now.

Roughly speaking, business conditions change radically about every ten years.

In the fifties American business was a matter of importing and trading, with methods modeled on English lines. The sixties drew most of our business ability into the army. In the seventies energy developed by the war overran the West and built the transcontinental railroads.

The eighties brought development of manufacturing and raw resources. Those were bonanza days. Hard-drinking, hard-swearing barons got rich in lumber, beef, mining and other basic wealth. Railroads were wrecked and stolen by stock manipulation. The savings of the East were sunk in Western boom towns.

In the nineties bonanza days were over. Manufacturing had to be studied on its merits, processes improved, material comfort extended and output increased to meet shrinking profits. It was a period of rebating and unscrupulous competition. Yet at the same time order began to appear and finally expressed itself in the forming of large business combinations.

(Continued on Page 40)

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THE LIGHTED WAY

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

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V

ARNOLD arrived at the office the next morning punctually at five minutes to nine, and was already at work when Mr. Jarvis appeared in the counting-room ten minutes later.

"Gayety's not upset you then, eh?" the latter remarked, divesting himself of his hat and overcoat.

"Not at all, thanks," Arnold answered shortly.

"Nice house, the governor's, isn't it?"

"Very nice indeed," Arnold assented.

"Good dinners he gives too," Mr. Jarvis continued. "Slap-up wines and the right sort of company. Must have been an eye-opener for you."

Arnold nodded. He was not in the least anxious to discuss last night with Mr. Jarvis. The latter, however, came a little nearer to him. He took off his gold-rimmed spectacles and wiped them carefully.

"Now I should like to know," he said, "exactly how Mrs. Weatherley struck you?"

"She appeared to me to be a singularly charming and very beautiful lady," Arnold replied, writing quickly.

Mr. Jarvis was disappointed.

"She's good-looking enough," he admitted. "I can't say that I've seen much of her, mind you, but she gave me the impression of a woman who wasn't above using the powder-puff. She drove down here with the governor one day, and to look at her you'd have thought she was a princess come among the slums."

"She was born abroad," Arnold remarked. "I dare say this atmosphere would seem a little strange to her."

"Sort of half a foreigner, I've understood," Mr. Jarvis continued. "Speaks English all right though. I can't help thinking," he went on, "that the governor would have done better to have married into one of our old city families. Nothing like them, you know. Some fine women too. There's Godson, the ex-lord-mayor. He had four daughters, and the governor might have had his pick."

"Here he comes," Arnold remarked quietly.

Mr. Jarvis took the hint and went off to his work. A moment or two later Mr. Weatherley arrived. He passed through the office and bestowed upon every one his customary salutation. At Arnold's desk he paused for a moment.

"Feeling all right this morning, young man?" he inquired, striving after a note of patronage that somehow or other eluded him.

"Quite well, thank you, sir," Arnold answered.

"You found the evening pleasant, I hope? Didn't lose any money at bridge, by-the-by, eh?"

"Mrs. Weatherley was good enough to take on the stakes, sir," Arnold replied. "As a matter of fact I believe that we won. I enjoyed the evening very much, thank you."

Mr. Weatherley passed on to his office. Jarvis waited until his door was closed.

"So you played bridge with Mrs. Weatherley, eh?" he remarked.

"I did," Arnold admitted. "Have you noticed the shrinkage of weight in these last invoices, Mr. Jarvis?"

Mr. Jarvis accepted the papers that his junior passed him and departed into the warehouse. Arnold was left untroubled with any more questions. At half past twelve, however, he was sent for into Mr. Weatherley's private office. Mr. Weatherley was leaning back in his chair and he had the air of a man who has come to a resolution.

"Shut the door, Chetwode," he ordered.

Arnold did as he was bidden.

"Come up to the desk here," he was further instructed. "Now listen to me," Mr. Weatherley continued after a moment's pause. "You are a young man of discretion, I am sure. My wife, I may say, Chetwode, thought quite highly of you last night."

Arnold looked his employer in the face and felt a sudden pang of sympathy. Mr. Weatherley was certainly not looking so hale and prosperous as he did a few months before. His cheeks were flabby, and there was a worried look about him that the head of the firm of Samuel Weatherley & Co. should certainly not have worn.

"Mrs. Weatherley is very kind, sir," he remarked. "As to my discretion, I may say that I believe I am to be trusted. I should try, of course, to justify any confidence you might place in me."

"I believe so too, Chetwode," Mr. Weatherley declared. "I am going to trust you now with a somewhat peculiar commission. You may have noticed that I have been asked to speak privately upon the telephone several times this morning."

"Certainly, sir," Arnold replied. "It was I who connected through."

"I am not even sure," Mr. Weatherley continued, "who it was speaking, but I received some communications of which I think I ought to take notice. I want you accordingly to go to a certain restaurant in the West End, the name and address of which I will give you, order your lunch there—you can have whatever you like—and wait until you see Mr. Rosario. I dare say you remember meeting Mr. Rosario last night, eh?"

"Certainly, sir. I remember him quite well," Arnold replied.

"He will not be expecting you, so you will have to sit near the door and watch for him. Directly you see him you must go to him and say that this message is from a friend. Tell him that whatever engagement he may have formed for luncheon, he is to go at once to the Prince's grillroom and remain there until two o'clock. He is not to lunch at the Milan—that is the name of the place where you will be. Do you understand?"

"I understand perfectly," Arnold assented. "But supposing he only laughs at me?"

"You will have done your duty," Mr. Weatherley said. "There need be no mystery about the affair. You can say at once that you are there as the result of certain telephone messages addressed to me this morning, and that I should have come myself if it had been possible. If he chooses to disregard them it is his affair entirely—not mine. At the same time I think that he will go."

"It seems an odd sort of a thing to tell a perfect stranger, sir," Arnold remarked.

Mr. Weatherley produced a five-pound note.

"You can't go into that sort of place without money in your pocket," he continued. "You can account to me for the change later, but don't spare yourself. Have as good a lunch as you can eat. The restaurant is the Milan grillroom on the Strand—the café, mind, not the main restaurant. You know where it is?"

"Quite well, sir, thank you."

Mr. Weatherley looked at his employee curiously.

"Have you ever been there then?" he inquired.

"Once or twice, sir," Arnold admitted.

"Not on the twenty-eight shillings a week you get from me!"

"Quite true, sir," Arnold assented. "My circumstances were slightly different at the time."

Mr. Weatherley hesitated. This young man's manner did not invite confidence. On the other hand he was genuinely curious about him.

"What made you come into the city, Chetwode?" he asked. "You don't seem altogether cut out for it—not that you don't do your work and all that sort of thing," he went on hastily.

"I haven't a word of complaint to make, mind. All the same you certainly seem as though you might have done a little better for yourself."

"It is the fault of circumstances, sir," Arnold replied. "I am hoping that before long you will find that I do my work well enough to give me a better position."

"You are ambitious then?"

The face of the young man was suddenly grim.

"I mean to get on," he declared. "There were several years of my life when I used to imagine things. I have quite finished with that. I realize that there is only one way by means of which a man can count."

Mr. Weatherley nodded ponderously.

"Well," he said, "let me see that your work is well done and you may find that promotion is almost as quick in the city as anywhere else. You had better be off now."

"I trust," Arnold ventured to observe as he turned toward the door, "that Mrs. Weatherley is quite well this morning?"

"So far as I know she is," Mr. Weatherley replied. "My wife isn't usually visible before luncheon-time. Continental habits, you know. I shall expect you back by three o'clock. You must come and report to me then."

Arnold brushed his hat and coat with extra care as he took them down from the peg.

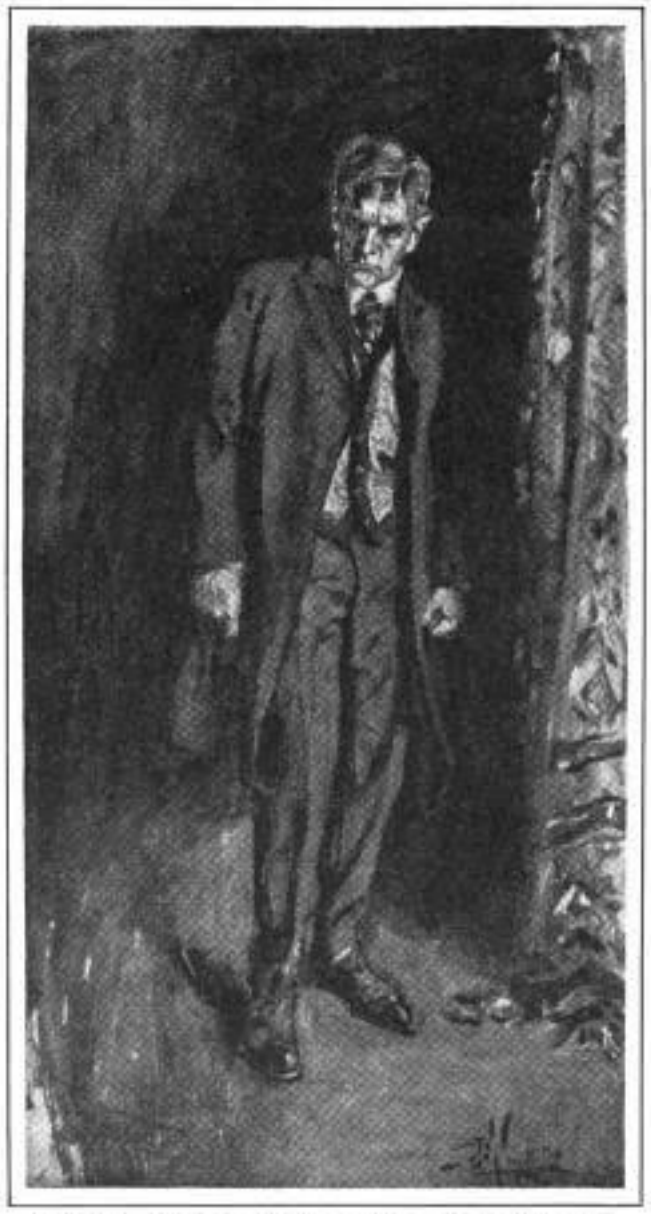
"Going to lunch early, aren't you?" Mr. Jarvis remarked, looking at the clock. "Not sure that we can spare you yet. Smithers isn't back."

"I am going out for the governor," Arnold replied.

"What, to the bank?" Mr. Jarvis asked.

Arnold affected not to hear. He walked out into the street, lit a cigarette, and had his boots carefully polished at London Bridge Station. Then, as he had plenty of time, he took the train to Charing Cross and walked blithely down the Strand. Freed from the routine of his office work he found his mind once more full of the events of last night. There was so much that he could not understand, yet there was so much that seemed to be leading him on toward the land of adventures. He found himself watching the faces in the Strand with a new interest, and he laughed to himself as he realized what it was.

He was looking all the time for the man whose face he had seen pressed to the window-pane!



"I Tell You That Rosario Was a Robber of Mankind. He Was One of Those Who Feed Upon the Bones of the Poor"

VI

AT THE Milan Arnold found himself early for luncheon. He chose a table quite close to the entrance, ordered his luncheon with some care and commenced his watch. A thin stream of people was all the time arriving, but for the first half-hour there was no one whom he could associate in any way with his commission. It was not until he had actually commenced his lunch that anything happened. Then through the half-open door he heard what he recognized instantly as a familiar voice. The manager of the restaurant hurried toward the entrance and he heard the question repeated.

"Is Mr. Rosario here?"

"We have a table for him, madame, but he has not yet arrived," the *maître d'hôtel* replied. "If madame will allow me to show her the way!"

Arnold rose to his feet with a little start. Notwithstanding her fashionable outdoor clothes and thick veil, he recognized Mrs. Weatherley at once as she swept into the room, following the *maître d'hôtel*. She came up to him with slightly upraised eyebrows. It was clear that his presence there was a surprise to her.

"I scarcely expected to see you again so soon," she remarked, giving him her fingers. "Are you lunching alone?"

"Quite alone," Arnold answered.

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She glanced half carelessly around as though to see whether she recognized any acquaintances. Arnold, however, was convinced that she was simply anxious not to be overheard.

"Tell me," she inquired, "has my husband sent you here?"

Arnold admitted the fact.

"I have a message," he replied.

"For Mr. Rosario?"

"For Mr. Rosario."

"You have not seen anything of him yet, then?" she asked quickly.

"He has not been here," Arnold assured her. "I have kept my eyes glued upon the door."

"Tell me the message quickly," she begged.

Arnold did not hesitate. Mr. Weatherley was his employer, but this woman was the latter's wife. If there were secrets between them it was not his concern. It seemed natural enough that she should ask. It was certainly not his place to refuse to answer her question.

"I was to tell him that on no account was he to lunch here today," Arnold said. "He was to go instead to the grillroom at Prince's, in Piccadilly, and remain there until two o'clock."

Mrs. Weatherley made no remark. Her face was emotionless. Closely though he was watching her, Arnold could not himself have declared at that moment whether indeed this message had any import to her or not.

"I find my husband's behavior exceedingly mysterious," she said thoughtfully. "I cannot imagine how he became concerned in the matter at all."

"I believe," Arnold told her, "that some one telephoned Mr. Weatherley this morning. He was asked for privately several times and he seemed very much disturbed by some message he received."

"Some one telephoned him?" she repeated, frowning. "Now I wonder who that person could be."

She sat quite still for a moment or two, looking through the glass-paneled door. Then she shrugged her shoulders.

"In any case," she declared, "I am here to lunch and I am hungry. I will not wait for Mr. Rosario. May I sit here?"

He called a waiter and the extra place was very soon prepared.

"If Mr. Rosario comes," she said, "we can see him from here. You can then give him your message and he can please himself. I should like some *omelette aux champignons*, please, and some red wine—nothing more. Perhaps I will take some fruit later. And now, please, Mr. Arnold Chetwode, will you listen to me?"

She undid her ermine cloak and laid aside her muff. The collection of costly trifles that she had been carrying she threw carelessly upon the table.

"Last night," she continued softly, "we agreed, did we not, to be friends? It is possible you may find that our friendship may be one of deeds, not words alone."

"There is nothing I ask for more sincerely," he declared.

"To begin with, then," she went on, "I wish that you would not call me Mrs. Weatherley. The name annoys me. It reminds me of things that at times it is a joy to me to forget. You shall call me Fenella and I shall call you Arnold."

"Fenella," he repeated half to himself.

She nodded.

"Well, then, that is arranged. Now for the first thing I have to ask of you. If Mr. Rosario comes I do not wish that message from my husband to be delivered."

Arnold frowned slightly.

"Isn't that a little difficult?" he protested. "Mr. Weatherley has sent me up here for no other reason. He has given me an exact commission, has told me even the words I am to use. What excuse can I possibly make?"

She smiled.

"You shall be relieved of all responsibility," she declared. "If I tell my husband that I do not wish you to obey his bidding that will be sufficient. It is a matter of which my husband understands little. There are people whose interest it is to protect Rosario. It is without a doubt they who have spoken this morning through the telephone, but my husband does not understand. Rosario must take care of himself. He runs his own risks. He is a man and he knows very well what he is doing."

Arnold looked at her thoughtfully.

"Do you seriously suppose, then," he asked, "that the object of my message is to bid Mr. Rosario keep away from here because of some actual danger?"

"Why not?" she asked. "Mr. Rosario has chosen to interfere in a very difficult and dangerous matter. He runs his own risks and he asks for a big reward. It is not our place to protect him."

She raised her veil and he looked at her closely. She was still as beautiful as he had thought her last night, but her complexion was pallid almost to fragility and there were faint violet lines under her eyes.

"You have not slept," he said. "It was the fear of last night."

"I slept badly," she admitted, "but that passes. This afternoon I shall rest."

"I cannot help thinking," he went on, "about those men who watched the house last night. They could have been after no good. I wish you would let me go to the police station. Or would you like me to come and watch, tonight or tomorrow night, to see if they come again?"

She shook her head firmly.

"No!" she decided, "it wouldn't do any good. Just now, at any rate, it is Rosario they want."

Their conversation was interrupted for several moments while she exchanged greetings with friends who passed in and out of the restaurant. Then she turned again to her companion.

"Tell me," she asked a little abruptly, "why are you a clerk in the city? You do not come of that order of people."

"Necessity," he assured her promptly. "I hadn't a sovereign in the world when your husband engaged me."

"You were not brought up for such a life?"

"Not altogether," he admitted. "It suits me very well though."

"Poor boy!" she murmured. "You, too, have had the evil fortune. Perhaps the black hand has shadowed us both."

"A man makes his own life," he answered impulsively, "but you—you were made for happiness. It is your right."

She glanced for a moment at the rings upon her fingers. Then she looked into his eyes.

"I married Mr. Weatherley," she reminded him. "Do you think that if I had been happy I should have done that? Do you think that, having done it, I deserve to know or could know what happiness really means?"

It was very hard to answer her. Arnold found himself divided between his loyalty toward the man who, in his way, had been kind to him, and the woman who seemed to be stepping with such fascinating ease into the empty places of his life.

"Mr. Weatherley is very devoted to you," he remarked.

A shadow of derision parted her lips.

"Mr. Weatherley is a very worthy man," she said, "but it would have been better for him as well as for me if he had kept away from the island of Sabatini. Tell me, what did Lady Blennington say about us last night?"

His eyes twinkled.

"She told me that Mr. Weatherley was wrecked upon the island of Sabatini and that your brother kept him in a dungeon till he promised to marry you."

She laughed.

"And you? What did you think of that?"

"I thought," he replied, "that if adventures of that sort were to be found in those seas I should like to beg or borrow the money to sail there myself and steer for the rocks."

"For a boy," she declared, "you say very charming things. Tell me, how old are you?"

"Twenty-four."

She nodded.

"You would not look so old if it were not for that line," she said. "You know, I read characters and fortunes. All the women of my race have done so. I can tell you that you had a youth of ease and happiness and one year of terrible life. Then you started again. It is true, is it not?"

"Very nearly," he admitted.

"I wonder ——"

She never finished her sentence. From their table, which was nearest to the door, they were suddenly aware of a commotion of some sort going on just outside. Through the glass door Rosario was plainly visible, his sleekness ruffled, his white face distorted with terror. The hand of some unseen person was gripping him by the throat, bearing him backward. There was a shout, and Arnold and his companion both saw the cloakroom attendant spring over his counter. Something glittered in the dim light—a flash of blue polished steel. There was a gleam in the air, a cry, and Rosario collapsed upon the floor. Arnold, who was already on his feet and halfway to the door, caught one glimpse of the upstretched hand, and all his senses were thrilled with what he saw. Upon the little finger was a signet ring with a scarlet stone!

The whole affair was a matter of seconds, yet Arnold dashed through the door to find Rosario a crumpled heap, the cloakroom attendant bending over him, and no one else in the vestibule. Then the people began to stream in—the hall porter, the lift man, some loiterers from the outer hall. The cloakroom attendant sprang to his feet. He seemed dazed.

"Stop him!" he shouted. "Stop him!"

The little group in the doorway looked at one another.

"He went that way!" the cloakroom attendant cried out again. "He passed through that door!"

Some of them rushed into the street. One man hurried to the telephone, the others pressed forward to where Rosario lay on his back, with a thin stream of blood finding its way through his waistcoat. Arnold was suddenly conscious of a woman's arm upon his and a hoarse whisper in his ear:

"Come back! Take me away somewhere quickly. This is no affair of ours. I want to think. Take me away, please. I can't look at him!"

"Did you see the man's hand?" Arnold gasped.

"What of it?"

"It was the hand I saw upon your window-sill last night. It was the same ring—a scarlet signet ring. I could swear to it."

She gave a little moan and her whole weight lay upon his arm. In the rush of people and the clamor of voices around they were almost unobserved. He passed his arm around her, led her back through the restaurant and into one of the smaller rooms of the hotel. He found her an easy-chair and stood over her.

"You won't leave me?" she begged.

He held her hand tightly.

"Not until you send me away!"

VII

FENELLA never became absolutely unconscious. She was for some time apparently in a state of intense nervous collapse. Her breath was coming quickly, her eyes and her fingers seemed to be clinging to his as though for support.

"You think that he is dead?" she faltered once.

"Of course not," he replied reassuringly. "I saw no weapon at all. It was just a quarrel."

She half closed her eyes.

"There was blood upon his waistcoat," she declared, "and I saw something flash through the window."

"I will go and see, if you like," Arnold suggested.

Her fingers gripped his.

"Not yet! Don't leave me yet! Why did you say that you recognized the hand—that it was the same hand you saw upon the window-sill last night?"

"Because of the signet ring," Arnold answered promptly. "It was a crude-looking affair, but the stone was bright scarlet. It was impossible to mistake it."

"It was only the ring then?"

"Only the ring, of course," he admitted. "I did not see the hand close enough. It was foolish of me, perhaps, to say anything about it, and yet—and yet the man last night—he was looking for Rosario. Why should it not be the same?"

He heard the breath come through her teeth in a little sob.

"Don't say anything at present to any one else. Indeed, there are others who might have worn such a ring."

Arnold hesitated, but only for a second. He chanced to look into her face, and her whisper became his command.

"Very well," he promised.

She sat up a few moments later. She was evidently becoming stronger.

"Now go," she begged, "and see—how he is. Find out exactly what has happened and come back. I shall wait for you here."

He stood up eagerly.

"You are sure that you will be all right?"

"Of course," she replied. "Indeed, I shall be better when I know what really has happened. You must go quickly, please, and come back quickly. . . . Stop!"

Arnold, who had already started, turned back again. They were in a ladies' small reception room at the head of the stairs leading down into the restaurant, quite alone, for every one had streamed across the courtyard to see what the disturbance was. The side of the room adjoining the stairs and the broad passage leading to the restaurant was entirely of glass. A man on his way up the stairs had paused and was looking intently at them.

"Tell me, who is that?" Fenella demanded.

Arnold recognized him at once.

"It is your friend Starling—the man from South America," he told her.

"Starling!" she murmured.

"I think that he is coming in," Arnold continued. "He has seen you. Do you mind?"

She shook her head.

"No. He will stay with me while you are away. Perhaps he knows something."

Arnold hurried off and met Starling upon the threshold of the room.

"Isn't that Mrs. Weatherley with you?" the latter inquired.

"Yes," Arnold told him. "She was lunching with me in the grillroom—I believe that she was really waiting for Rosario—when the affair happened."

"What affair?"

Arnold stared at him. It seemed impossible that there was any one who did not know of the tragedy.

"Haven't you heard?" Arnold exclaimed. "Rosario was stabbed outside the grillroom a few moments ago."

Starling's pallid complexion seemed suddenly to become ghastly.

"Rosario—Rosario stabbed?" he faltered.

"I thought that every one in the place must have heard of it," Arnold continued. "He was stabbed just as he was entering the café not more than ten minutes ago."

"By whom?"

Starling's words came with the swift crispness of a pistol-shot. Arnold shook his head.

"I didn't see. I am just going to ask for particulars. Will you stay with Mrs. Weatherley?"

Starling looked searchingly along the vestibule. The news seemed to have affected him strangely. His head was

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thrown a little back, his nostrils distended. He reminded Arnold for a moment of a watch-dog listening. "Of course," he muttered, "of course. Come back as soon as you can and let us know what has happened."

Arnold made his way through the reception hall and across the courtyard. Already the crowd of people was melting away. A policeman stood on guard at the opposite door and two more at the entrance of the café. The whole of the vestibule where the affair had happened was closed, and the only information that it was possible to collect Arnold gathered from the excited conversations of the little knots of people standing around. In a few minutes he returned to the small reception room. Fenella and Starling looked eagerly up at his entrance. They both showed signs of an intense emotion. Even Starling was gripping the back of a chair as he spoke.

"What of Rosario?" he demanded.

Arnold hesitated, but only for a moment. The truth, perhaps, was best.

"Rosario is dead," he replied gravely. "He was stabbed to the heart and died within a few seconds."

There was a queer silence. Arnold felt inclined to rub his eyes. Gone was at least some part of the horror from their white faces. Fenella sank back in her chair with a little sob that might almost have been of relief. Starling, as though suddenly mindful of the conventions, assumed a grimly dolorous aspect.

"Poor fellow!" he muttered. "And the murderer?"

"He's got clean off for the present at any rate," Arnold told them. "They seem to think that he reached the Strand and had a motor car waiting for him."

Again there was silence. Then Mrs. Weatherley rose to her feet, glanced for a moment in the looking-glass and, turning round, held out both her hands to Arnold.

"You have been so kind to me," she said softly. "I shall not forget it—indeed I shall not. Mr. Starling is going to take me home in his car. Goodby!"

Arnold held her hands steadfastly and looked into her eyes. They were more beautiful than ever now, with their mist of risen tears. But there were other things in her face, things less easy to understand. He turned away regretfully.

"I am sorry that you should have had such a shock," he said. "Is there any message for Mr. Weatherley?"

She exchanged a quick glance with her companion. Then for the first time Arnold realized the significance of the errand on which he had come.

"Some one must have warned Mr. Weatherley of what was likely to happen!" he exclaimed. "It was for that reason I was sent here!"

Again no one spoke for several seconds.

"It was not your fault," she said gently. "You were told to wait inside the restaurant. You could not have done more."

Arnold turned away with a little shiver. His mission had been to save a man's life, and he had failed!

VIII

IT WAS twenty minutes to four before Arnold reached the office. Mr. Jarvis looked at him curiously as he took off his hat and hung it up.

"I don't know what you've been up to, young man," he remarked, "but you'll find the governor in a queer state of mind. For the last hour he's been ringing his bell every five minutes, asking for you."

"I was detained," Arnold answered shortly. "Is he alone now?"

Mr. Jarvis nodded.

"I think that you had better go in at once," he advised. "There he is, stamping about inside. I hope you've got some good excuse, or there'll be the dickens to pay."

The door of the inner office was suddenly opened. Mr. Weatherley appeared upon the threshold. He recognized Arnold with an expression partly of anger, partly of relief.

"So here you are at last, young man!" he exclaimed. "Where the dickens have you been all this while? Come in—come in at once! Do you see the time?"

"I am very sorry indeed, sir," Arnold replied. "I can assure you that I have not wasted a moment that I know of."

"Then what in the name of goodness did you find to keep you occupied all this time?" Mr. Weatherley demanded, pushing him through into the office and closing the door behind them. "Did you see Mr. Rosario? Did you give him the message?"

"I had no opportunity, sir," Arnold answered gravely.

"No opportunity? What do you mean? Didn't he come to the Milan? Didn't you see him at all?"

"He came, sir," Arnold admitted, "but I was not able to see him in time. I thought, perhaps," he added, "that you might have heard what happened."

Mr. Weatherley had reached the limits of his patience. He struck the table with his clenched fist. For a moment anger triumphed over his state of nervous excitability.

"Heard?" he cried. "Heard what? What the devil should I hear down here? If you've anything to tell why don't you tell it to me? Why do you stand there looking like a ——"

Mr. Weatherley was suddenly frightened. He understood from Arnold's expression that something serious had happened.

"Mrs. Weatherley—my—wife ——" he gasped.

"Mrs. Weatherley is quite well," Arnold assured him quickly. "It is Mr. Rosario."

"What of him? What about Rosario?"



"Take Me Away Somewhere Quickly. I Want to Think"

"He is dead," Arnold announced. "You will read all about it in the evening papers. He was murdered—just as he was on the point of entering the Milan grillroom."

Mr. Weatherley began to shake. He looked like a man on the verge of a collapse. He was still, however, able to ask a question: "By whom?"

"The murderer was not caught," Arnold told him. "No one seems to have seen him clearly, it all took place so quickly. He stole out of some corner where he must have been hiding, and he was gone before any one had time to realize what was happening."

Mr. Weatherley had been standing up all this time, clutching nervously at his desk. He suddenly collapsed into his easy-chair. His face was gray, his mouth twitched as though he were about to have a stroke.

"Good Lord!" he murmured. "Rosario dead! They had him after all! They—killed him!"

"It was a great shock to every one," Arnold went on. "Mrs. Weatherley arrived about a quarter of an hour before it occurred. I understood that she was expecting to lunch with him, but when I told her why I was there she came and sat at my table. She was sitting there when it happened. She was very much upset indeed. I was detained looking after her."

Mr. Weatherley looked at him narrowly.

"I am sorry that she was there," he said. "She is not strong; she ought not to be subjected to such shocks."

"I left her with Mr. Starling," Arnold continued. "He was going to take her home."

"Was Starling lunching there?" Mr. Weatherley asked.

"We saw him afterward coming up from the restaurant," Arnold replied. "He did not seem to have been in the grillroom at all."

Mr. Weatherley sat back in his chair and for several minutes he remained silent. His eyes were fixed upon vacancy, his lips moved once or twice, but he said nothing. He seemed, indeed, to have lost the power of speech.

"It is extraordinary how the affair could have happened almost unnoticed in such a crowded place," Arnold went on, feeling somehow that it was best for him to talk. "There is nearly always a little stream of people coming in, or a telephone boy, or some one passing; but it happened that Mr. Rosario came in alone. The man who killed him slipped out from somewhere and caught him by the throat, and it was all over in a few seconds. The murderer seems to have kept his face entirely hidden. They do not seem to have found a single person who could identify him. I had a table quite close to the door, as you told me, and I really saw the blow struck. We rushed outside, but though I don't believe we were more than a few seconds there wasn't a soul in sight."

"The police will find out something," Mr. Weatherley muttered. "They are sure to find out something."

"Some people think," Arnold continued, "that the man never left the hotel or, if he did, that he was taken away in a motor car. The whole hotel was being searched very carefully when I left."

There was a knock at the door. Mr. Jarvis, who had been unable to restrain his curiosity any longer, brought some letters in for signature.

"If you can spare a moment, sir," he began apologetically, "there is this little matter of Bland & Company's order. I have brought the reports with me."

Mr. Weatherley felt his feet upon the ground again. He turned to the papers that his clerk laid before him and gave them his close attention. When Arnold would have left the room, however, he signed to him impatiently to remain. As soon as he had given his instructions and Mr. Jarvis had left the room he turned once more to Arnold.

"Chetwode," he said, looking at him critically, "you appear to me to be a young man of athletic build."

Arnold was quite speechless.

"I mean that you could hold your own in a tussle, eh? You look strong enough to knock any one down who attempted to take liberties with you."

Arnold smiled.

"I dare say I might manage that, sir," he admitted.

"Very well—very well then," Mr. Weatherley repeated. "Have your desk moved in here at once, Chetwode. You can have it placed just where you like. You'll get the light from that window if you have the easy-chair moved and put in the corner there against the wall. Understand that from henceforth you are my private secretary, and you do not leave this room, whoever may come in to see me, except by my special instructions. You understand that, eh?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Your business is to protect me in case of anything happening—of any disagreeable visitors or anything of that sort," Mr. Weatherley declared. "This affair of Mr. Rosario has made me nervous. There is a very dangerous gang of people about who try to get money from rich men and, if they don't succeed, they usually use violence. I have already come into contact with something of the sort myself. Your salary—what do you get at present?"

"Twenty-eight shillings a week, sir."

(Continued on Page 48)

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 13, 1912

Postal-Savings Bonds

AT THE date of the Postmaster-General's annual report, postal-savings banks had been in operation eleven months. At first the system was applied tentatively to only a few post-offices, being gradually extended; but at the end of eleven months the total deposits amounted to eleven million dollars. Evidently the system is proving its usefulness.

The law provides that a depositor may convert his savings into United States bonds bearing two and a half per cent interest. This is nearly one-half of one per cent below the rate at which the Government is able to borrow from general investors. The Panama three per cents were originally placed and now sell in the open market at a rate yielding the investors over two and nine-tenths per cent interest.

Naturally, then, when a postal depositor wished to realize on his two and a half per cent Government bond, ninety-two and a half cents on the dollar was the best bid he could get. To protect depositors from this loss the trustees of the postal-savings system have undertaken to purchase at par whatever bonds depositors may wish to dispose of—which, says Secretary MacVeagh in his annual report to Congress, has "easily and permanently cured" the difficulty.

We hardly think so, however. A depositor who converts his savings into a bond and retains the bond is evidently getting nearly one-half of one per cent less interest than his money is actually worth. We think conditions imposed upon postal savings are unnecessarily rigid; and that, all round, the Government could well afford to treat the system a little more liberally.

Schedule K Again

THE Tariff Board finds that, after allowing for what the flock yields in mutton, it costs nine and a half cents a pound to produce wool in the United States, ranging downward from nineteen cents for fine wools in the Ohio region; that in South America it costs four to five cents a pound; in New Zealand and on certain favorably situated runs in Australia, practically nothing—the mutton yield there meeting the total flock expense. Thus, in any event, the present duty is more than the total average cost of production.

It finds that imported wools do not shrink two-thirds, as Schedule K pretends they do. On the contrary, shrinkage of fine Australian and South American wools is less than half; and of Australian and South American crossbred wools, only one-third.

It finds the present duties are prohibitive on noils, tops, nearly all yarns, and light-weight and medium goods for men's wear; that the duty on certain cheap fabrics, if they were imported at all, would be as high as a hundred and fifty per cent—in some cases over two hundred per cent.

It finds, also, that the cost of manufacturing woolen cloth is much higher here than abroad, running—as to a great variety of fabrics—one hundred and even one hundred and fifty per cent above the English cost; but, as usual, the cost differs widely in American mills, and it seems that present duties are high enough to protect the less efficient ones.

Any open-minded person would call the report a conservative document; but it furnishes abundant ground for revision of Schedule K.

Immigration to America

THOUGH final figures are not yet available, it is evident that the increase of our population by immigration in 1911 was decidedly smaller than in any recent year except 1908, when industrial depression following the panic of the autumn before caused an actual reversal of the tide. No doubt the Italian War has both checked the movement from that country and recalled many emigrants; but to explain the total movement of last year a more general cause must be sought.

Arrivals of aliens to the date covered by the last report averaged less than eighty thousand a month, while the departures of emigrant aliens reached more than half that figure. At this rate we would have gained not much over four hundred thousand on the year against over eight hundred thousand in 1910.

In contrast with these figures Canada shows, for the seven months ending October thirty-first, the largest immigration in her history. Two hundred and sixty-five thousand aliens entered the Dominion in that period, and ninety-three thousand of them crossed the border from the United States. If we deduct that ninety-three thousand from our net gain from immigration in approximately the same period it would appear that Canada's increase of population from immigration was much larger than our own; but there is a considerable return flow of Canadian immigrants to the United States of which these figures take no account.

For some time Canada has pursued a consistent and intelligent immigration policy, while we have had no policy at all.

The Dominion seeks to attract immigrants of the sort she has most need of and to distribute them to the best advantage to themselves and to her. We are only beginning to take thought of what the alien should do and how he should be treated after he gets here. It would not be surprising if Canada, with a more intelligent policy and the great resources to be developed, presently supplanted us as the chief goal of North American immigration.

The Trouble With the House

THE House seems content to deal merely with the raw materials of legislation, relegating the production of the finished article to the Senate. For example, the Sherwood "dollar-a-day" pension bill provided that "no one shall be entitled to a pension under this act who is in receipt of an annual income of one thousand dollars or more." The House hastened to strike out this provision, ostensibly on the ground that it would "penalize thrift" and that you couldn't tell what a man's income was anyway, and then passed the bill by a vote of two hundred and twenty-nine to ninety-two.

About sixty set speeches upon it appear in the Record—mostly buncombe obviously designed for circulation among old-soldier constituents.

We wonder how many of the members who voted for the bill and put eloquent tributes to the veteran into the Record really expected that the Senate would amend and prune the act—thereby enabling them to gain campaign credit with the old soldiers and at the same time relieving them from the embarrassment of so great an immediate increase in national expenditures. The House unfortunately is often doing that sort of thing—which is the chief reason for the regrettable preponderance of the upper branch.

We favor liberal service pensions to survivors of the Civil War who are in any need of them, and a check to the flood of private pension bills; but due deliberation upon the subject is certainly more likely to be had in the Senate than in the House.

Liberty and Immigration

IN 1832, when the present treaty with Russia was signed, the United States held that no man could throw off his allegiance to the government under which he was born without that government's consent; if he was born a subject of the Czar or of the King of England he must remain a subject until death, unless their royal majesties should consent to a change of citizenship.

This doctrine is clearly laid down in a decision by our Supreme Court in the year 1830, and is recognized in this Russian treaty.

Eleven years later, however, came a great famine in Ireland, followed by the emigration to this country of hundreds of thousands of Irishmen. Shortly after that, political conditions in Germany started another great stream of emigration our way. So in 1848, Buchanan, as Secretary of State, declared man's right to change his citizenship at will, throwing off allegiance to his native land and assuming allegiance to another country. With a steady tide of immigration the United States more and more decisively adopted that view, gradually enforcing it upon other countries, until at present Russia—alone, we believe, among civilized states—claims inalienable allegiance from those born on her soil.

That the doctrine of inalienable allegiance is repressive, on the whole, to human liberty can hardly be doubted; but there is no probability we would have taken an enlightened stand as to that doctrine when we did if we had not been rapidly gaining in population and wealth through immigration.

Uncle Sam Against the World

WE SEEM at length really to be girding up our loins in this matter of trust-busting. There is pending at Washington at this writing a joint resolution for a congressional investigation into what is alleged to be a world-wide Shipping Trust. More than ninety per cent of our overseas commerce is carried in foreign ships; and virtually all these ships, it appears, belong to various cartels, pools, traffic agreements, conferences and combinations, the acknowledged object of which is to maintain rates and prevent competition.

There are British, German, Dutch, French, Italian, Portuguese and Japanese shipping combinations in restraint of trade, hemming our shores, so to speak, from Maine to Florida, from San Diego to Seattle, and devouring us on every hand. Moreover, it is undeniable that some foreign governments themselves are—at least tacitly—parties to these pools and combines whose object is to suppress competition in overseas carrying.

Needless to say we hope that the joint resolution will be adopted and that a universal subpœna will be issued summoning the world to appear at Washington and stand trial under the Sherman law.

Possibly the Supreme Court would find the world guilty and decree that, hereafter, the two ends of all ships must sail in opposite directions in order to insure competition.

The President's Diagnosis

PROBABLY the following press dispatch was written with no satirical intention whatever:

"President Taft left New York at midnight after thirty busy hours in the city. He declared in the last addresses he made one of the chief faults of this age is that people are living too fast. . . . In his visit here the President spoke at five dinners, laid the cornerstone of a home for the blind, did Christmas shopping and received calls from many political leaders."

We ourselves are quite breathlessly of opinion that people are living too fast. We maintain it vehemently while sprinting for the eight-forty-five express, reading five newspapers on the way in and leaping for a cab at the station.

It is hardly absent from our minds during the day, except as from time to time we are distracted because the telephone operator takes sixteen seconds to answer our call or the office boy is two and a half minutes late in fetching up the mail.

Everybody thinks people live too fast nowadays; and if it were not for the intolerable afflictions of being compelled to wait three minutes for a street car, or having a train a quarter of an hour late, or finding dinner not ready at the minute—something might be done about it.

Rigors of the Law

A RECENT press dispatch under a New York date-line says: "As punishment for carrying on a stock swindle by mail, alleged to have extended over a period of two years and to have netted millions, four promoters of the firm of Burr Brothers were each sentenced today to serve a year's imprisonment on Blackwell's Island." The headlines say: "Jail for Swindlers—Perpetrated Long Series of Frauds—Promoted Oil, Mining and Railroad Projects Over a Series of Years—Sold Aggregate of Fifty Million Dollars of Stock—Their Profits Fifteen Millions!"

The sentence imposed was about the same that is commonly inflicted for slapping a policeman. We do not say it was inadequate; but we seem to recall a case that occurred about a year ago, where a youth who was intrusted with a special-delivery letter and stole five dollars from it was sentenced to something like five years!

We do not think any one can say exactly what the punishment for a given crime should be; but it seems clear that if this punishment was adequate then the ordinary sneakthief or pickpocket, instead of being sentenced at all, should be apologized to and presented with a new suit of clothes.

Perhaps, to speak by the card, there is not in this country one law for the rich and another for the poor; but, generally speaking, there is a vast difference in the rigors of the law as between the crimes of the poor and the crimes of the rich. Under this head see recent convictions in smuggling cases in New York.

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY



PHOTO. BY C. M. HAYES & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

An Auctioneer Who is Mayor—and Who Knows What the People Want

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Going! Going! Gone!

AN INDIGNANT citizen pressed his way into the office of the mayor of Indianapolis. "Say, Lew," he shouted, "are you going to let this potato outrage go on—or ain't you?"

"What potato outrage?" asked the mayor—for it was none other than Lew Shank—disentangling himself from his chair and sniffing the outrage from afar.

"These thievin' commission men have telegraphed to the farmers not to ship potatoes in here and they've jumped the price up to a dollar-forty a bushel, retail."

It was enough. Lew went into action then and there. He talked to a friend in the commission business and learned that potatoes could be bought at sixty-nine cents the bushel, F. O. B. at Indianapolis. He bought a carload.

The mayor called in the reporters.

"Boys," he said, "you print it in the papers that I have bought a carload of potatoes and will sell them to all comers at enough of a shade over the price to pay handling charges. Say they will be about half what they are now and that they will be sold to all comers. I'll sell 'em myself, by jinks!"

It was a week before the potatoes arrived and the papers had stories of the mayor's enterprise every day. Also, the price of potatoes in the local markets dropped to seventy cents a bushel, wholesale, and a dollar, retail.

The potatoes came. The mayor announced he would sell them at seventy-five cents a bushel, no buyer to have more than five bushels and small buyers to be given the preference. The people came from all parts of the city. Lew climbed into the car, helped shovel the potatoes into sacks, made change and supervised the sale. Before he quit he sold sixteen carloads of potatoes—or about eight thousand bushels; and the price of potatoes in Indianapolis has remained lower than elsewhere since that time. All that is necessary when a retailer gets gay with potatoes is to whisper:

"I'll tell Lew Shank on you!"—and there is no hoisting of prices.

They tried to put something over in the way of raising the price on turkeys and chickens just before Thanksgiving in Lew's town, but Lew was loaded for them. He brought in hundreds of turkeys and thousands of pounds of chickens and beat down the retail price several cents a pound. Now he wants a municipal market purchasing agent appointed who shall keep in touch with outside prices, and, when the local dealers try to screw up the prices arbitrarily or by restricting the supply, shall buy and sell, for the city and to the people, whatever articles are too high, at cost plus the expense of handling.

The Man He Picked for Mayor

YOU see, Lew is a hustler. His idea of being mayor is to do things for the folks who live in the town. He was running an auction and storage business when he broke into politics, and he was the auctioneer himself. An auctioneer is in close touch with what is going on in the community, and Lew figured the people would much prefer to have the price of potatoes hammered down than to have him fussing round with theoretical city problems. He doesn't claim to be a statesman, or a civic leader, or a reformer. He's an auctioneer who is mayor—and who knows what the people want.

He began by clerking in a furniture store. Then he developed into auctioneering, which is a distinct profession; and from that he built up his storage and auction business. He knew everybody in Indianapolis, and heard a good deal of politics talked—and saw a good deal of it practiced. He worked along with his party for a time and then decided he'd like an office himself.

"Boys," said Lew to the leaders, "I guess I'll run for county auditor."

"Guess again," replied the leaders. "We've got a man picked for that place."

"All right," said Lew; "then I'll run for sheriff."

"Not on your life!" shouted the leaders. "We've promised that place too."

Lew jammed his hat down on his head.

"By heck!" he said, "I'm going to run for something—and you can't stop me. I'll take recorder; and I don't give a hoot whether you've picked anybody for that or not."

Lew and Booth Tarkington, who was running for the legislature, campaigned together. They canvassed the city and drove night and day over the county. Lew, being thrifty, handed out cigars he bought by the pound; and Tarkington never asked a prospective supporter to smoke one that cost less than a quarter for two. Both were elected; but Lew knew his folks on the cigar question. He had a good many more votes than Tarkington.

In 1909 Lew called on the leaders again and the following dialogue took place.

"Boys, I'm going to run for mayor!"

"For Heaven's sake, Lew," pleaded the leaders, "be calm! You can't run for mayor. It ain't in the cards. We've got another man picked."

"Well," replied Lew, "I've got a man picked too. His name is Lew Shank, Esquire. He's going to run like a house afire too!"

And he did. When the returns came in Lew had carried every precinct in Indianapolis for the nomination except one.

Lew was a busy little campaigner. He promised a business administration by a business man; and he sent ice-cream and watermelons to the colored voters, of whom there are many in that city—and was elected.

The saloon problem faced him.

"Now look here," said Lew, "I don't care personally if the saloons are open every day and every night; but there's a liquor law here, and so long as it is here I'm going to enforce it."

Lew had his troubles. He and the liquor interests fought back and forth, and finally he did land on one saloonkeeper.

"Say," said Lew to this man, "I'm going to suspend your license—and I'm going to keep it suspended, too, until you bring me a certificate from a minister that you have attended at least one service on Sunday."

On the following Monday morning that saloonkeeper was the first man at the City Hall. He had his certificate and Lew allowed him to open his saloon again.

Just about this time Lew went into a moving-picture show and found that boys and girls went to moving-picture shows too—some to see the pictures and some because the rooms were dark and there was a good chance to spoon. Lew was astounded. He hurried out and issued his celebrated ukase against darkness in moving-picture theaters.

"But," protested the managers, "we have to have the places dark to show the pictures!"

"Not in this city!" announced Lew. "Keep enough lights burning so everybody among those present can be seen all the time." And they do—in Indianapolis.

Another enterprise was a municipal marriage bureau. Lew announced he had several applications from men who wanted wives and women who wanted husbands; and he opened an office where those seeking mates might get on the track. Three couples were married through Lew's efforts. Then he had to close down because people from all parts of the country began writing in and asking for soul-mates—and Lew didn't have clerks enough to answer the letters and provide the raw materials.

Mahogany Murals

LEW'S full name is Samuel Lewis Shank, but everybody in Indiana calls him Lew. He is thirty-nine years old and was born in Wayne County, moving to Indianapolis when he was a small boy. He is a big, broad-shouldered man, with a lot of chin, a continuous smile and not much hair. His education was received in the public schools.

Lew never lets the complexity of a municipal problem feaze him. He tackles them all as they come along and goes gayly to the mat with them. Not long ago he led a fight against mercantile insurance rates and forced concessions that will make a saving of one hundred thousand dollars a year in local mercantile risks.

A few hours before it was time to assume the office of mayor, Lew strolled up to the City Hall to have a chat with Mayor Brookwalter, who was retiring.

"Lew," said Brookwalter, "you don't need any advice from me about things; but whatever else you do I hope you will finish up the new City Hall properly. We have put in good material and it would be a shame to cheapen the finishing. I am especially anxious that you look out for the murals."

"Brook," replied Lew earnestly, "you needn't worry about that. Nothing but mahogany is to be used in finishing, and those murals aren't going to be any exception."

Home Truths

AN EDITOR in a Kansas town was showing a former resident, who had returned for a visit, round the place.

"Huh," said the former resident, "time was when I could have bought this hull blamed townsite for two hundred dollars, but I didn't think it was worth it."

"It wouldn't have been if you had bought it," replied the editor.

By Hook or by Crook

DICK WINTERSMITH was a crony of John G. Carlisle in Washington and, when President Cleveland made Carlisle Secretary of the Treasury, Dick promptly asked his friend for a job, supplementing the request with letters from all his friends. Dick wanted to go to Alaska.

Carlisle said he would look into the matter, and a day or two later sent Dick a present of a fine cane. It was a pretty cane and valuable, but it had no crook on it.

A few days later Wintersmith called on Secretary Carlisle again. "John," he said, "that is a fine cane you sent me, but I'll lose it sure. I can't hook it over the railing of a bar and I'll sure forget it some day."

"That's so," Carlisle replied, "and the way to keep that cane is to stop drinking."

Wintersmith went away, but in a few days he returned again and said to Carlisle: "John, I have changed my mind. I want to be a consul in Panama."

"Why do you want to go down there?"

"Well," said Wintersmith, "I've found out that down there you sit at a table when you take a drink, and I can put that cane on the table where I can see it all the time and I won't lose it. Alaska is different."

Carlisle got him the job.

Love by Lantern Light

A KANSAS farmer, returning home late at night, saw a light moving about the farmyard. When he investigated he found a neighbor's farmhand carrying a lantern.

"What are you doing here?" demanded the farmer.

"Courtin', sir."

"Courtin'? Courtin' with a lantern? Huh, you fool, I never used a lantern when I went courtin'!"

"No, sir," replied the farmhand as he moved off, "we can all see you didn't."

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EXTRAORDINARY CASES

The Gashed Finger—By Melville Davisson Post

DECORATION BY H. T. DUNN

The air is full of sounds; the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatures; and every object covered over with hints which speak to the intelligent.—EMERSON.

IT OUGHT to be admitted that the debt of the law to the modern scientist is great. Where certain of its mysteries have reached a point at which they appeared to defy solution he has come forward and easily cleared them up. He it was who scourged the witches out of the law courts; and he it is who, when the eye and ear fail, by mechanical appliances has been able to carry the investigation forward to a truthful solution. He has immeasurably increased the jeopardy of the criminal agent. In the one matter of the identification of the criminal he has swept all disguises into the rubbish heap. The wig and the paintpot have become the properties only of melodrama.

The Bertillon system, established in 1883 in Paris, has been so efficient as to render it possible to identify in a few minutes any old offender who has previously served a term in a French prison; and so accurate is it that in 1890 five hundred and sixty-two prisoners who endeavored to conceal their identity under false names and the like were easily identified.

But perhaps the greatest aid to the solution of the mystery of identities and perhaps the most efficient weapon that modern scientific methods have placed in the hands of the courts is the identification by fingerprints. This discovery ought perhaps to be attributed to Galton, whose treatise appeared in London in 1892, although it is said to have been suggested by Purkinje and Fauld. Tabor, a San Francisco photographer, is also said to have proposed this method for the registration of Chinese, and Sir William Herschel, as early as 1877, had been experimenting with fingerprints as a means of identifying the Indian coolies. But it was Galton who first reduced the thing to proper classification and made it a practical and efficient method of identification. He determined by a great many experiments that the minute anatomy of the skin of the fingertips, where the fine lines and ridges are highly developed, is of a very permanent structure. "Galton divides the patterns into nine classes, which, however, are not exhaustive. These divisions are based upon variation in the curved lines and whorls which usually occupy the center of the thumb, and of transverse and oblique lines which inclose this central whorl. . . . From the observations collected by Galton it appears to be demonstrated that almost absolute confidence may be placed in the permanency of these designs, a conclusion that seems justified from the anatomic basis on which the designs depend. Of seven hundred cases compared at different periods but a single instance was noted in which any variation was discovered, that being the union, in the course of years, of a ridge that had been cleft in early life." (Textbook of Legal Medicine, Vol. 1, page 91.)

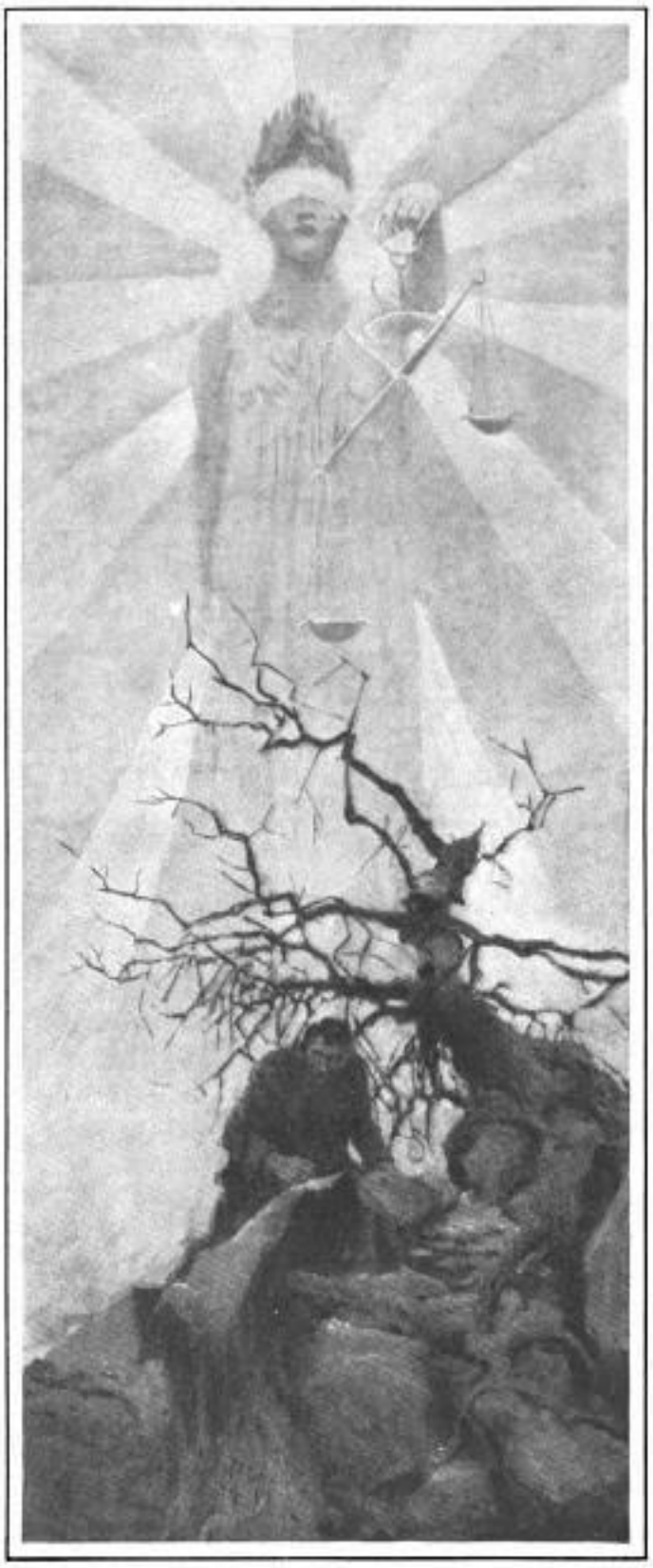
The Infallibility of Fingerprints

GALTON, in summing up his conclusions as to the value of these fingerprints, said:

"The fact remains that a complete or nearly complete accordance between two prints of a single finger, and vastly more so between the prints of two or more fingers, affords evidence, requiring no corroboration, that the persons from whom they were made are the same."

Now this method of identification at one stroke robbed the criminal of the benefit of all disguises; and in addition to this it has furnished what has proved to be one of the most efficient methods in the detection of crime. There usually remains about the theater of all forcible injuries some mark of the criminal agent's hands, and in innumerable cases, with his moist, greasy, bloody or otherwise soiled fingers, the criminal has left his signature behind him—a signature that cannot be forged and that cannot be denied.

In one case where a package of money was being transferred by an express company from New York to New Orleans it had been opened in transit and a portion of the money removed. Two of the seals had been broken and one of them had been resealed by thumb pressure. An expert took the impression of the thumbs of all the employees of the express company through whose hands the packet was known to have passed. He photographed and enlarged these impressions and very readily detected the robber.



The cases are simply innumerable. Only recently in New York a safe in the office of an importer was discovered to have been opened and robbed. The combination had been battered to give the idea that force had been used, but the police, upon a careful examination, were of the opinion that the combination had been thus battered with a hammer after the safe had been opened, and that the robbery had in fact been accomplished by some employee. The importer refused to believe that the robbery was what is called "an inside job" until the police pointed out that none of the doors or windows had been broken and that the undamaged condition of the safe showed that the force had not been sufficient to open it. Fortunately, in a careful examination the police found the impression of a thumb and forefinger; they appeared to be only faint smudges against the inner side of one of the steel doors, but the police considered them to be the signature of the criminal. They were photographed and after that, in spite of the protest of the importer, the police compelled every employee on the ten floors of the building to submit his fingerprints. There were some two hundred of these employees. The police carried away these signatures and were presently able to come back and put their hands on the criminal. The importer was amazed; he said that the prisoner was an old and trusted employee and that the police must be mistaken. But when the print of the thumb and forefinger of this man was compared with the print on the inside of the steel door even the importer was forced to admit that they were identical.

The efficiency of the fingerprint test was shown in the trial of Cæsar Cella, alias Charles Crispi, in the Court of General Sessions of New York, on May 12, 1911. Crispi was charged with accomplishing a robbery by removing a section of plate-glass from a door. When this glass was examined a number of fingerprints were found on it. The police removed the glass, photographed the fingerprints and declared that an old criminal named Crispi had done the robbery. Crispi was indicted. He set up an alibi. The case was on trial for several days, but the evidence of the fingerprints was so conclusive that on the third day the prisoner's counsel pleaded guilty to the indictment. In this case a police expert was put to the following severe test. The print of some dozen persons' fingers was taken from an inked pad on white paper. One of the persons was then directed to handle the glass in the way the prisoner was supposed to have handled it. The expert, who had been absent from the court room, was then brought in and the fingerprints and the glass placed before him. He examined the impressions on the white sheets of paper with a magnifying glass and pointed out who it was that had touched the glass.

The Gloves of Gonzalez

ONE would say that to avoid this jeopardy the criminal would need only to wear gloves when he went about his work. But it was the very fact that one of the assassins wore gloves that led to the detection of the criminal agents in one of the most extraordinary cases reported in New York. (People vs. Gonzalez, 35 N. Y. 49.) A Spaniard named Otero, on his way from Havana to New York, fell in with a countryman named Gonzalez. Otero was a young, frank, good-natured fellow, and as Gonzalez seemed to be an unfortunate person of his own country he took him up and evinced a friendly interest in him. When they arrived in New York Gonzalez went with Otero to the Barcelona Hotel in Great Jones Street, which was known as the Spanish house. The proprietors of this hotel were not pleased with the appearance of Gonzalez and, as he came without baggage, they refused him a room. However, upon the intercession of Otero he was finally permitted to enter. Otero said that Gonzalez was a poor fellow whom he was going to help, who had come to New York for employment. Otero seemed to be a very prosperous person; he exhibited considerable sums of gold that he carried about him. The clerk at the hotel advised him to deposit his money in the hotel safe, but he declined to take this precaution. It was afterward remembered that Gonzalez watched the movements of Otero with the keenest interest and constantly attended him. It was also remembered that within an hour after their arrival at the Barcelona, Gonzalez went to the Hotel de Cuba in Bleecker Street, a little more than a block from Great Jones Street, and there met with another Spaniard named Pellicier, who had been a former waiter at the Barcelona Hotel. Soon after his arrival Otero left for Philadelphia and did not return to New York until the following Tuesday. About half-past nine o'clock on Wednesday night it happened that William C. Mills, of Brooklyn, left his shop in Fulton Street to go to his residence in Cannon Place, and in the center of the park he discovered the body of Otero. The police were notified and came immediately. They concluded that as the body was still warm the assassins had been interrupted by the approach of Mills and had not completed their work of robbing the body. One of the pockets of Otero was turned inside out, but another was left undisturbed, although it contained over two hundred dollars in gold and the receipt for his bill at the Barcelona Hotel, by which he was at once identified. In the haste of their flight the murderers had dropped their implements and the police found a bent dagger and the detached blade of a razor. These weapons could not be identified and did not indicate

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the criminals, but fortunately on the ground near by the police picked up a pair of bloody gloves. When they came to examine these gloves they found that the left one had been cut. As the gloves did not fit Otero the police were of the opinion that they had been worn by one of the assassins, and they constructed the following theory: As Otero was an athletic and vigorous man he had evidently been surprised and overpowered, and as there were two implements found it was reasonable to conclude that there had been two assassins. As the most deadly wounds were stabs in the back the police concluded that the assassin who had worn the gloves had clutched Otero with his left hand while he applied his dagger from behind, and that the bolder assassin while gashing Otero in front with his razor inadvertently cut the gloved hand of his confederate. The police had now a clew to the assassins. They had only to find a man with a gashed left hand. As the victim was a Spaniard they began at once to visit those hotels and boarding houses to which Spaniards were accustomed to resort in New York, and they immediately picked up Pellicier and Gonzalez. When Pellicier was taken to the station house the glove was put on his hand and the cuts in it were found to correspond with the cuts in the fingers of his left hand. The judge said in his opinion:

"In the light of this evidence, undisputed and unexplained, the crime they committed in darkness is as clearly open to view as if they had perpetrated it in the blaze of the noonday. . . . The case furnishes a single illustration of the searching nature and the irresistible force of circumstantial evidence in the detection and exposure of secret guilt. So far as human sagacity could foresee the perpetrators of the crime were secure of absolute immunity. They had no thought when they were compassing Otero's death that they were lifting their hands against their own lives; but, step by step, as they were dogging him, retribution was following unseen close upon the heels of the criminals."

The careful and painstaking experiments of men in the medical profession have been of inestimable value to the courts in solving the enigmas of criminal defenses. They have pointed out the difference between wounds that were self-inflicted and homicidal ones; they have shown the peculiarities of wounds caused by certain varieties of implements; they have been able to say how far away from the victim was the weapon from which bullets were fired; they have shown how the nature of the wounds indicated that the assassin must have been in a certain position. They have studied the "brand" made by the firing of a weapon and the tattooing made by the powder, and by means of these studies have been able to confirm or to refute the testimony of persons charged with homicide.

Accomplished Impostors

Doctor Hall observed that the "brand" is always found above the line of sight of the weapon—that is to say, if the weapon be fired in an ordinary manner the brand will be above the bullet hole, but if the weapon be turned upside down the brand will be below. And, in the case of People vs. McLaughlin (Colo. 1890) this fact observed by Hall demonstrated the innocence of a prisoner against whom the indications of guilt were so strong that he was about to be lynched. The prisoner had stated that he had been in the act of striking the deceased and not of shooting at him intentionally, and as the brand was below the bullet hole in the dead man's face this fact proved that the prisoner's statement was correct.

By the manner and distribution of shot, men like Wetherill have been able to verify or to disprove stories of accidental shooting and the like.

The enigmas that the law courts are called upon to solve are not all confined to violent crimes accomplished in secret. The impostors who institute suits at law claiming damages for alleged injuries and those who seek to defraud the accident insurance companies often present the courts with problems quite as difficult of solution.

These problems lack the dramatic interest of robbery and murder, but they are hardly less important on account of their greater frequency. The time was when a skillful impostor could very well impose upon the administration of justice by claiming obscure injuries, the actual existence of which the ordinary person could not detect. If one boldly asserted and maintained that he had been rendered deaf in one ear or blind in one of his eyes or paralyzed in a limb by the shock of an accident, how could the courts say that this was not true? Such injuries are known to happen from such causes. There is often no visible indication of these injuries and the impostor would seem to be secure by merely holding to certain obvious symptoms. It is in this field that the modern scientist has rendered invaluable service. Today an intelligent physician, by the aid of modern devices, can easily solve any one of these enigmas.

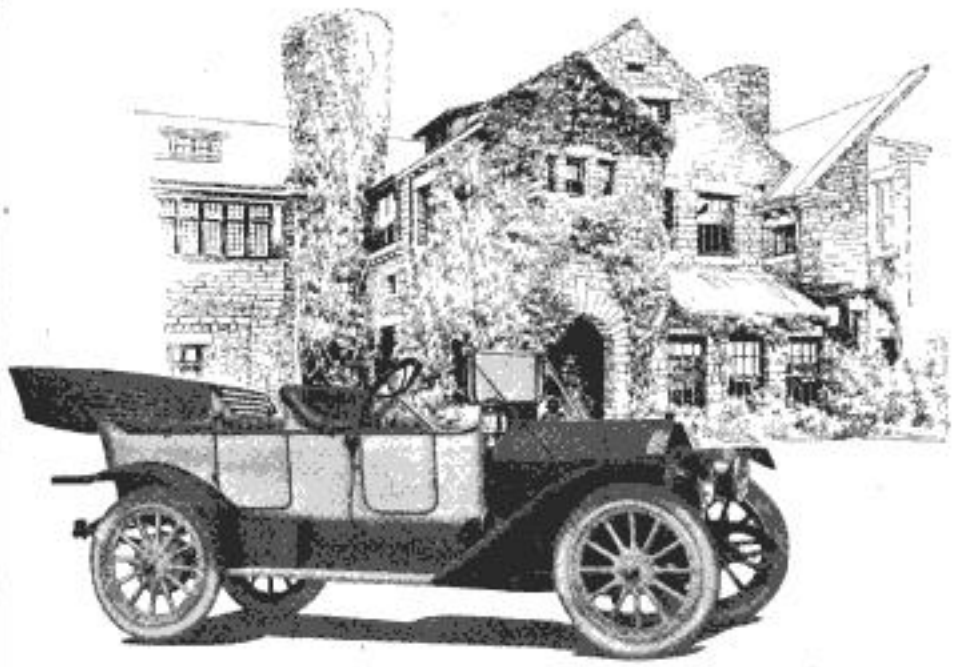
Fanny Freeman, who made it a business to simulate paralysis, was detected by the fact that when her leg was lifted up she forgot to let it fall, proving thereby that a certain muscular power remained in the limb; and the "dummy chucker" Clegg was finally shown to be an impostor by a like slight omission of a symptom. This man, by a careful study, had learned to imitate fits so realistically that many physicians were deceived by him. He gave no manifestation of pain when needles were thrust under his nails. He assumed all the characteristic facial expressions. He had scars on his head and back from falling. Being aware of the fact that impostors rarely fall in such a manner as to do themselves injury he once fell thirty feet in a prison, breaking some of his bones. But it happened that although this was Clegg's business and he thought he had carefully observed all the symptoms, nevertheless there was one symptom always present in the sort of fit that he simulated of which he was not aware. He had failed to note that when the hands are clenched by one in an actual fit the fingers are always closed over the thumb, and if the fingers are opened by force they remain open; and it was the failure of this accomplished impostor to present this symptom that led to his ruin.

Doctors as Detectives

In another case a supposed cataleptic was shown to be a simulator by the following test frequently resorted to: A weight was hung to the limb, this weight drew the limb down slowly and gradually, then when the tape was cut the weight fell and the limb flew up, showing that the catalepsy was feigned. Charcot has demonstrated by means of a certain registering apparatus exactly how a true cataleptic limb falls, and an examining physician could not now be deceived by an impostor. Severe pressure with the thumb on the supra-orbital nerve during a general spasm in a true subject never causes a responsive movement; there is only a slight corrugation of the skin on the forehead. But so much pain may thus be caused an impostor that he cannot resist making some responsive movement directed toward relieving himself of this torture. It is said that there is no record of feigning in which this test has completely failed.

The modern scientist does not believe with James VI, of Scotland, in his learned dissertation on demonology, that persons may carry upon them a certain spot insensible to pain, which James called the "seal of the devil," and solemnly advised the physicians to explore for with the prick of a long needle. On the contrary, when persons claim an area of anesthesia the experts are accustomed to blindfold him and mark out the spot that he claims to be insensible with a camel's-hair pencil, and then to apply an electric brush and see if he can tell where it is that the feigned cutaneous anesthesia ends. And even where the impostor is able successfully to resist giving evidence of pain or tenderness, the physicians will be able to determine whether or not the pain is actually felt by devices or means by which they are able to ascertain the increase in the rapidity of heart action.

Deaf-mutism, which used sometimes to be resorted to by criminals, can no longer avail them. The Abbé Secard long ago devised a plan for the unmasking of these pretenders. He observed that under the old system when the deaf and dumb were taught to write they were taught with the eye, and that the letters of a word were known to them only by their form and value; he observed that the errors in spelling of an impostor would always have reference to sound, thereby indicating that his knowledge had been obtained through the ear and not through the eye. A criminal who had defied all other means of detection wrote down several sentences in which the errors were produced by the sound of the words. The Abbé pronounced the man to be an impostor, without even taking the



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trouble to go and see him, and the subsequent confession of the criminal proved that the Abbé was right.

In a case in which a man pretended to be deaf in one of his ears Erhardt held a repeater at a certain distance in front of him and asked him if he could hear it; the man said that he could. Erhardt then asked him to close the good ear with his finger, leaving the pretended deaf ear open, moved the repeater closer to him and asked the man if he could hear it. He said that he could not. Erhardt then showed that the man must be an impostor, because by a series of experiments he had demonstrated that the repeater could be plainly heard at the last distance with the sound ear, although the latter be closed with the finger.

In suits for damages it used to be a favorite device of the impostor to pretend that he had suffered the loss of sight in one of his eyes, and it was considered extremely difficult to determine whether or not this was a fact. But there is no longer the slightest difficulty in ascertaining whether or not such a litigant is pretending.

Jackson (Textbook of Legal Medicine, Vol. 1, 497) has assembled the tests that may be applied to determine whether or not the blindness of one eye is feigned.

"It may be detected by placing a strong prism, say of five or six degrees, before the good eye, where, if both eyes see, it produces double vision. This will usually be complained of on the supposition that it depends entirely on the eye before which the prism is placed, while in reality it depends on the fact that the other eye also sees. A better test is to hold a prism of the strength mentioned above before one eye, and then suddenly to remove it. If the prism be held before an eye really blind no movement of either eye will occur, and none will occur on its removal. If the prism be placed before a seeing eye, the other eye being really blind, both eyes will move equally toward the apex of the prism, and they will move equally in the opposite direction on its removal. If placed before one eye when both see the eye before which it is placed moves toward the apex of the prism, and on its removal in the opposite direction. But the other eye remains fixed or shows a brief tremor. Another test is to place lenses before both eyes, the one before the feigned blind eye being of such strength as to give it its best vision, and the one before the admittedly good eye so strong as to prevent letters being read by it. The patient being asked to read with both eyes, and doing so, it is known that he does it with the eye alleged to be blind. Or the glasses may be of such strength as to allow him to read with either eye; but only with the eye alleged to be blind beyond a certain distance. The reading being started at that distance the page is gradually withdrawn until too far to be seen, except by the alleged blind eye.

"With the stereoscope certain words of a sentence or certain parts of a figure may be presented to one eye, and the other parts of the sentence or figure to the other. The impression made is as though the whole were visible to both eyes, and this can be escaped only by closing one eye. If the person tested keeps both eyes open he will, by his description of what he sees, reveal if both eyes see."

Day by day the advance of human knowledge increases the jeopardy to the criminal agent. The time has passed when the criminal and the impostor was able to construct a false consistency of circumstances, a theory, a story or a pretense that could be successfully maintained as the truth against a patient, persistent, intelligent inquiry.

Nature alone is able to retain her mysteries.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth in a new series of papers by Mr. Post. The sixth will be printed in an early issue.

How's Business and Why

PRESIDENT F. A. VANDERLIP, of the National City Bank of New York, has set tongues to working in denial of his assertion that a most serious condition confronts the business interests of the United States. The assertion appeared in a popular magazine—and people somehow have an idea that magazine print is more eloquent than ordinary print and therefore more entitled to respect, and more to be counteracted by contrary assertion if what is printed jars on the nerves of those whose interests are affected by what is said. There is no mistaking the importance of what Mr. Vanderlip says, whether he speaks through a daily newspaper or a monthly publication. What he says is accorded added weight because he is close to the most distinguished business men and the wealthiest men in the country. The bank over which he presides is the bank of largest deposits in the land. It deals in terms of millions. It wields a mighty influence upon money matters in this country and as much, probably, as any other bank of this country upon financial affairs in Europe.

Perhaps first place in this particular should be accorded to the National City Bank. Mr. Vanderlip declares it as "pretty generally agreed that business has ahead the most serious situation that has existed since you or I have been observers of business conditions, with the possible exception of those days when the integrity of the standard of value itself was in doubt." The gentleman found other and minor reasons for the conservative attitude of capital, including the prospect of tariff legislation; but declares that "the substantial cause of the hesitant and disturbed state of mind now universal among business men and capitalists is due to the chaotic situation resulting from the attempt to adjust business to a law." The particular law the gentleman had in mind is manifestly the Sherman Antitrust Law, so called—a law whose enforcement against the capitalists and business men affiliated with the National City Bank has caused them great inconvenience and loss. They who wish to excuse and weaken the presentiment of Mr. Vanderlip plead this fact in excuse for his extremely pessimistic view of the business outlook.

It cannot for a moment be assumed that Standard Oil people would enjoy the prosecution their concern has experienced or the notoriety attained by the individuals connected with the concern. Furthermore, the enforcement of the law by the Federal authorities has been distasteful to many less conspicuous offenders, and there has been great fear of extended application of the statute to other large corporations besides those named, and others who have thus far been immune; and the earnestness of purpose on the part of the prosecuting officers of the Government suggests that the fear is probably well grounded. No doubt the alleged offenders dread enforcement of the law. It has long been that way. Laws that are not enforced do no harm—and business men had come to think that certain laws in this country were made for political use and not to be enforced. The Sherman Law was one such; but there was behind the law, in course of time, a sentiment which insisted that it be enforced, and it is this sentiment which is disturbing men who think as apparently Mr. Vanderlip thinks, albeit Mr. Vanderlip may think that execution of the law is still a matter of politics rather than of serious sentiment.

If there is politics in the execution it is politics which responds to an existing and powerful sentiment—sentiment born of a moral uplift among the people; and if this diagnosis be correct it is unfortunate for the business interests of the land—whether they consist in Standard Oil, American Tobacco, United States Steel, or some of the minor monopolies—that they find it irksome to comply with the will of the people as expressed through legislation and the courts. It is for the people of a republic to determine what is right and what is wrong—and it is for business to abide by the decision. All corporate business in this country is done through legal permit; and the authority that grants the license is empowered to regulate it—and will regulate it if the conduct of business becomes abusive of common rights, which it had in cases of Standard Oil and some other gigantic concerns. Concede that the people are firmly determined to enforce the law in question, or similar ones, and it follows that business interests will have to accept the situation as a fact and not as a theory.

It is somehow fancied that, if there were no other obstacle to business expansion than enforcement of the law in mind, business would not be particularly interrupted by agitation under this law; that the true obstacles to business activity are economic



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and will be essentially removed before very long. One such obstacle appears to have been the policy of one of the great corporations that has been sued by the Government for alleged violation of the Sherman Law—the Steel Corporation. For a very long while this corporation insisted upon the maintenance of prices of its products when consumers could no longer afford to pay them. In order to maintain even a semblance of list prices it became necessary to hold relations with competitors which practically amounted to an offense in restraint of trade. There were other acts more obviously offensive, like the relation to the ore lands. Steps were taken to abandon the ore lands by cancelation of the lease at the earliest lawful date, unless the courts should hasten the day; and the true remedy for dull steel business was found in cutting rates.

It is now allowed that the steel business is improving temporarily. Of this fact there is proof without anybody's confessing it. There has been an advance of a dollar a ton in certain products of the Steel Corporation, with further advances hinted at. This ought to be a signal for better times if orders have so far increased as to sustain the new prices, which it may be inferred they have, unless the advance is backed by an improbable ulterior motive. As to the increase in unfilled tonnage, the evidence is conclusive from the 4,141,955 tons on the order books at the close of November, an amount not exceeded since June 30, 1910, when the record showed 4,257,794 tons on hand. This amount is not so large as on many past dates—notably upon the last day of December, 1906, when the high record of 8,489,719 tons was made. It may be remarked that the orders at the close of November, 1911—4,141,955 tons—were almost the same as the 4,136,961 tons on May 31, 1904. The low record was at the end of December, 1910—2,674,757 tons. How great the advance has been since then is apparent without the saying; and the contrast is to be cited in answer to the query at the head of this article—How's Business and Why? There may or may not be ahead difficulties of the character mentioned by Mr. Vanderlip, but there is no question as to growing activity in the steel and iron industry. It is said that the Steel Corporation is operating seventy to seventy-five per cent of capacity, which is not bad considering the large increase in the capacity of the works since the dull times set in. Orders to operate the works six months are said to be on hand, and steel and wire mills are operating in full.

The Copper Market

After steel, copper commands attention; and the story there is of a pleasing character, the trade says. The output for November and December, including imports, was the smallest for any months of 1911, for reasons not in sight. Let it be assumed that the reasons were legitimate and not in any way connected with an effort to start a movement in copper-mining shares in the security market. The November, 1911, output fell 6,378,841 pounds below that for October, 1911, and 7,476,662 pounds below that for November, 1910. It was, therefore, abnormally small. Domestic deliveries at the same time ran nearly 4,000,000 pounds ahead of those in October, 1911, and 615,460 pounds ahead of those for November, 1910. Exports showed even larger improvement over October—almost 7,000,000 pounds; and almost 6,250,000 pounds over those for the 1910 month. What with a reduced output and increased deliveries, the effect on the surplus was distinct. Stocks of copper were reduced by the November deliveries to 111,785,188 pounds, which is considerably less than the total deliveries of 135,089,055 pounds for the month.

In other words, the visible domestic supply at the close of November was less than deliveries for such a month as November. There have been few if any months of so large deliveries as that month. The average for the year 1911 was less than 103,000,000 pounds a month. The stock on hand at the close of October—111,785,188 pounds—compares with 130,389,069 pounds at the close of the month a year earlier and 165,995,932 pounds at the close of May last. Barring September and October, the decrease in American supplies of copper have been rather steady since the end of May, which likewise bears witness to improved demand for the metal—in some part likely speculative demand, but demand nevertheless; and the people who bought on speculation may have had an idea that consumption was going to improve. Sentiment in stock exchanges is mercurial and not to be relied on at all times; but the sentiment there regarding copper shares has been sanguine for a considerable time.

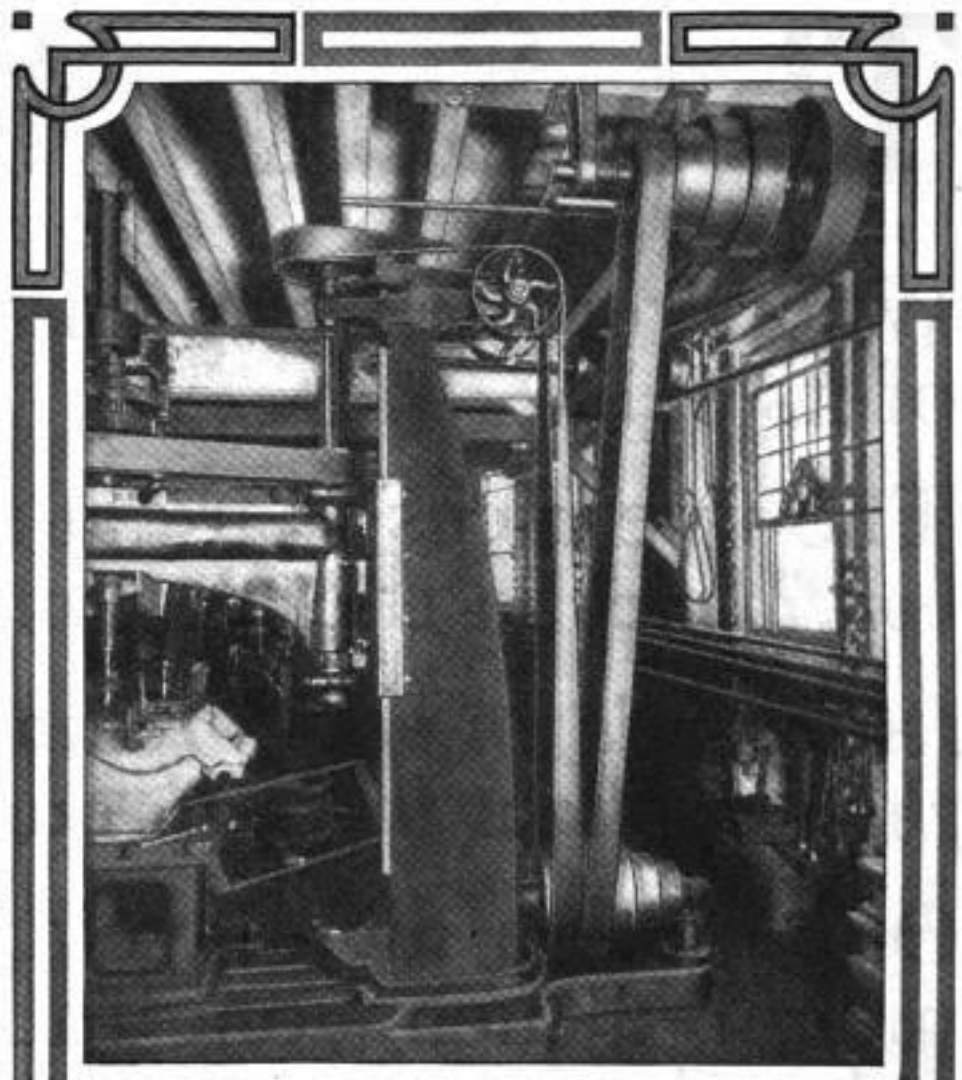
Reverting a moment to iron, the output of the United States in November was the largest in eleven months, barring March, April and October, 1911—larger than in November, 1910, 1908 and 1907. The rate of production a day in November, 1911—66,648 tons—was exceeded only by that in March and April, 1911, and contrasts with 63,659 tons in November, 1910, and by 84,917 tons in November, 1909. Daily capacity of the active furnaces on December 1, 1911, was 66,609 tons compared with 66,818 tons, November 1, 1911; 59,690 tons, August 1, 1911; 61,079 tons, December 1, 1910, and 85,460 tons on December 1, 1909. There ought truly to be little complaint with statistics like these. Comparison with near past conditions is favorable, though not with the booming conditions in the farther past. One of the best indices of business affairs is bank clearings. True, these are affected by conditions which militate against entire reliability, but they should be carefully observed in studying the general situation. November, 1911, clearings were $13,858,624,745 for the whole country—an increase of 4.1 per cent over those for October—and were the best for any month in 1911 except January, an exceptional month because of big financial payments. Still, the fall clearings always increase; and when compared with last year the result is not so hopeful.

Bank Clearings

Barring January, November clearings were the largest since April, 1910. The increase over November of 1910 was three per cent, but the decrease from the month in 1909 was five per cent. The gain for the country as a whole in November, compared with October, came entirely from New York—clearings elsewhere showing a nominal decrease. In New York there was, perhaps, more than customary speculation in stocks to swell the clearings. For eleven months ending with November the clearings of the country amounted to $143,762,048,371, a decrease of 2.9 per cent compared with 1910. In this instance all of the decrease came from New York, the amount being 5.5 per cent; while in the rest of the country there was an increase of .9 of one per cent. The sections of the country showing an increase of clearings were New England, .3 of one per cent; Western states, 1.4 per cent; Southwestern, 1.3 per cent; Southern, 9.7 per cent; Far Western, 2.4 per cent. The decreases were—in the Middle states, 5 per cent; Northwestern, 1.4 per cent.

Incidentally, it may be remarked that the bank clearings of Canada made a new high record in November of $771,772,898, showing an increase from last year of 24.7 per cent, while the increase for eleven months of 1911 was 16.2 per cent. The fruits of development of a new country plainly appear in Canadian clearings. It was the same in this country not very many years ago. How far Canada has to go even to approach this country in the matter of business may be judged by the comparison of clearings for the countries for the eleven months' period—$6,459,294,880 there and $143,762,048,371 here. Clearings here for November—$13,858,624,745—were more than twice those of Canada for eleven months.

Editor's Note—This article will be concluded next week.



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It is easy to make it right—simply boil it 15 to 20 minutes after boiling begins.

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And Postum is a palatable, nourishing food-drink—absolutely free from *caffeine* or any other drug.

"There's a Reason"

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The Senator's Secretary

MY IDEA of the human prototype of a rabbit is a Republican national committeeman. The members of the committee came to Washington recently and gave lifelike imitations of Molly Cottontails, all except Bill Ward, of Westchester County, New York.

Bill is no rabbit. He is a politician with a grouch—as all the rest of them were; but Bill didn't hide his when anybody from the White House was round. Not Bill! He has a large, two-fisted manner of speaking—and he spoke in a large, two-fisted manner. He was sore and he told all comers where it hurt. When they asked Bill up to dinner at the White House, along with the other national committeemen, to break bread with the President and assure him his renomination is a cinch, and his reëlection likewise, Bill stuck a cigar between his teeth, put his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, and said he'd be gum-swizzled if he'd go! And he didn't.

Franklin Murphy, of New Jersey, entertaining the same ideas as Bill, but being exceedingly diplomatic—oh, very, very diplomatic—told the reporters that the reason Bill, who weighs two hundred and has shoulders like Jeffries, couldn't go to the White House function was because Bill is delicate and can't stand the night air. That was a good joke; but the real reason Bill didn't go was not because he can't stand the night air, but the hot air! Bill was and is sore about the way Mr. Taft threw down his friend, Vice-President Sherman, in that little fracas in the state of New York two years ago, when they had slated the vice-president to a convention chairmanship at Saratoga; and he is sore also because his warm and personal friend, Charles F. Brooker, Republican national committeeman from Connecticut, was casually indicted one morning by Mr. Taft's Department of Justice for being a combination in restraint of the brass trade—maybe it was electrical goods or wire. Anyhow, it was a combination in restraint of something—and that's another reason Bill wouldn't go to the White House. Of course it cannot be that Bill is any sorer about this than Charles F. Brooker is, but Bill shows it more; for Brooker went to the dinner at the White House with the committeemen and broke bread, and so on.

A Busy Day for the Glooms

No reporters were present at that dinner, and it is just as well—for if there had been reporters present they would have been some of the same reporters who were present in the lobby of the Willard Hotel the day before and up to the hour of departure for the dinner; and those reporters, being veracious young men, would have been impelled to write pieces for their papers showing the remarkable change in conversation that occurs when a national committeeman goes to dinner at the White House from the conversation of that same national committee man in a hotel lobby.

All of which brings me back to the statement that your professional politician is a rabbit when it comes to courage. They began getting into Washington two or three days before the meeting of the committee was held; and the minute they landed they took positions in the lobby of the hotel and started to wail. As the new arrivals got in, the wailing increased—until, along about six o'clock on the evening before the dinner, transients at the hotel were deafened by the caterwauling.

To begin with, it was unanimously and tearfully agreed that the Republican party is gone—absolutely and irretrievably gone—stuck on the rocks—stranded on the beach—lost in the fog! Then, too, it was unanimously agreed that there isn't a chance on earth to elect Mr. Taft in November next year. It was the grandest collection of pessimists ever gathered together under one roof! Not a person present could discern a ray of light ahead. "Elect Taft! Why, what's the use of talking? There ain't a chance, my boy—not a chance! He'll be beaten worse than Parker was. It's all over. We can't carry Pennsylvania with him. Of course we've got to nominate him—got to!—and we'll do it; but we can't elect him."

There was woe sixteen feet deep all over the marble floor. Not a man could see anything but disaster ahead. Some of them talked privately, but a good many of them talked publicly. It was a Grand Lodge of Sorrow and a Hammerfest combined. Elect Taft? Not in a million years!

Then they went up to the White House to dinner—all but Bill Ward. He stayed down at the hotel—out of the night air—and continued his original line of conversation; but did that bunch of committeemen have the nerve to tell Mr. Taft what they honestly thought of the situation and how they held his chances for reëlection? Not one—not a single one! Instead, they went up there and kotowed and saluted, and told him how well he was looking, and pledged undying support and everlasting fealty; and said his nomination would be a walkover and that the Progressives wouldn't have a look-in; and that, once nominated, he would be safely elected—and they spread the salve round so thick it was positively sticky. Then they came away and went at hammer-throwing again.

What They Really Want

Not one of these patriots had the courage of his previous conversation. Not one of them told the President what the actual conditions are. To be sure, there may be an excuse for this reticence; for the President does not like to hear unpleasant things, nor does he believe anything of an unpleasant nature that may trickle to him. He wants to hear nice things, and nice things are told him. Still, it is odd that there wasn't one man in the outfit with nerve enough, and with sense enough, and with party loyalty enough, to take a chance at telling the President what the situation really is, and what the national committeemen had been saying and what they think. Not one did. They all smirked and smiled and ate, and toasted the President, and said nice things to him, and predicted he surely would be renominated and reëlected. Then they went back to the hotel and began giving up the ship again. Rabbit, did I say? Rabbit goes—*lepus timidus*, with the accent on the *timidus*.

And, in the middle of it all, a man strolled into the lobby and said: "I hear Roosevelt is a candidate!" Well, that settled it. The national committeemen fell over themselves to grab at that. In ten minutes—by the clock—a dozen national committeemen were telling confidentially that they had it straight from Teddy himself that he is a candidate, and that he is going to beat Taft out of it and take that nomination himself. In twenty minutes more there were half a dozen personal representatives of T. R.—they said—on the floor, all proclaiming they knew whereof they spake and all saying they had the documents to show that Roosevelt is in the field—that he intends to grab the nomination; and it wasn't long before the word was passed that, much as some of them despised Roosevelt, he is the only man to save the situation and lead the Grand Old Party to victory.

They buzzed like a lot of children at a candy-pulling. A great wave of Rooseveltism swept over that gang of *ingénues* and they chattered their heads off about the startling circumstance that had been called to their attention. A state chairman from Ohio and a state chairman from Indiana projected themselves into the middle of the yammering mass and declared stertorously that Roosevelt is the only salvation for this extremely delicate situation. The papers were full of it. Wow!—wow!—'rah!—tiddle-diddle!—'raw—'raw!—Teddy! Great sensation!

Then the national committee met and did exactly what Taft wanted the national committee to do, including the turning down of the proposition to provide presidential preference primaries, and did it in shorter time than any national committee ever worked out the preliminaries before, with doors open and in full view of the audience—did every last, living thing Taft demanded; carried out his program without a dissenting voice and beat it back home to get instructed delegates for the President, whereby he shall be renominated at Chicago next June. Likewise the vociferous state chairmen disappeared in the high grass, those who know what Mr. Roosevelt has in mind laughed a few times—and all was peace and quiet in our fair city.

There is no doubt the majority of those Republican national committeemen think as a large number of Republicans throughout the country think—that Mr. Taft cannot be elected if the Democrats use anything like reasonable restraint in naming their candidate. That feeling is so general in the Republican party as to be universal; but there are very few of the committeemen or of the section of the party they represent who think Mr. Taft will not be renominated. And he will be—unless he withdraws from the race. It is entirely up to the President. If he continues in his demand for renomination he will be renominated. His election is a different matter.

The tussle his supporters will have will be to get instructed delegations. The hope of the men who are pushing Roosevelt and the hope of the men who are desiring to defeat Taft with any man—no matter whom, but preferably La Follette—is that the delegations to the convention shall not be instructed. Of course the La Follette men want all the instructed La Follette delegates they can get, but they are anxious to have as many others not primarily for La Follette sent without pledge, so they shall be in a position to jump if a jumping-time comes. Taft's task is to get his delegates instructed; and he will get enough of them, too, to make his nomination a certainty. All he needs is one more than half of ten hundred and seventy-two. The Taft men have already started work. Presently reports of conventions that instructed for Taft will begin coming in.

There are as many variants of the Roosevelt business as there are men to voice them. Each politician has his particular line on the inside of the situation, and each particular line discloses a different angle of procedure contemplated by the Colonel. It is stated with great positiveness that Roosevelt is an active candidate; that he is not a candidate at all; that he will fight Taft openly; that he will conduct a secret campaign; that he will come out for the nomination; that he won't say a word; that he has given his friends permission to go ahead; that he deprecates anything in this line; that he will be sprung on the convention as the only man who can save the party from certain defeat; that the plan is to go ahead and let an organization for him grow up, like Topsy, until the crucial moment comes—and other flubdub that is unimportant and unauthentic.

T. R. the Man of Mystery

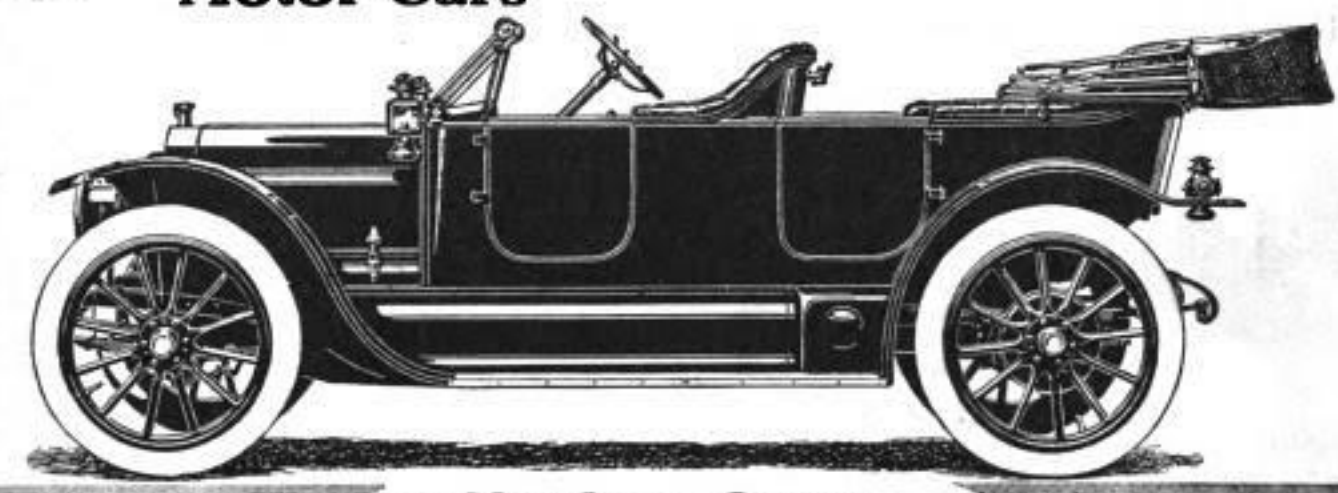
The only real fact in the whole situation is that when the time comes Mr. Roosevelt will do what he wants to do. The Taft people are happy in thinking they smoked him out at this meeting of the committee; but they didn't. They smoked out, instead, a lot of men who do not want Taft renominated and who have fallen back on Roosevelt as a means to prevent it, not because they love Roosevelt more, but because they love Taft less. Those are the only persons who have been smoked out; and as they emerge from the smudge it is at once apparent that they are not particularly important or impressive.

There is no doubt that a large number of Republicans think Mr. Taft cannot be reëlected. This opinion extends from coast to coast. Still, the mere throwing of Roosevelt into the situation will not defeat him for renomination unless Mr. Roosevelt throws himself in too—and it might not then. If Mr. Taft continues as a candidate for the renomination the Republican party will hesitate a long time, in convention assembled, before it repudiates him and selects Roosevelt or any other person to lead it; for such a selection will mean only one thing, and that is repudiation of all that is regular Republicanism in the present acceptation of the term.

Mr. Taft is serenely unconscious of the real situation. He thinks he will be renominated and reëlected because he won't let any one tell him anything that disagrees with these views; nor will he believe anything to that effect if some visitor should happen to make him hear it. The truth of it is that Mr. Taft has no close adviser who will tell him the real truth and take the consequences. Indeed, he has very few advisers of any kind. If he does win at the election the real reason will be his monumental political helplessness.

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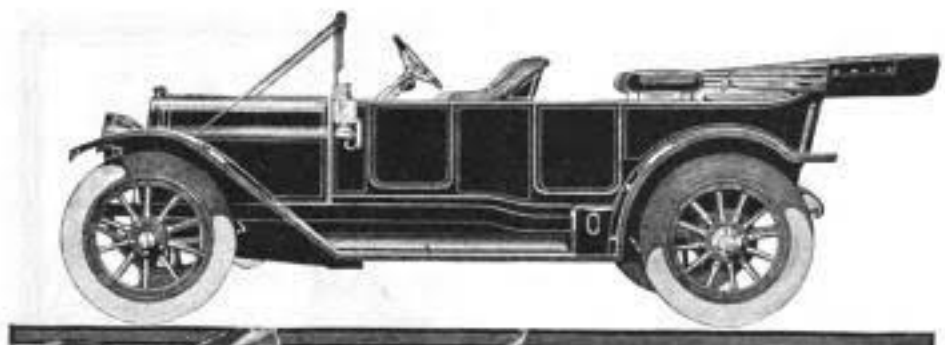
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You have sighed hundreds of times to be in business for yourself. Grasp the opportunity—one without the responsibilities of the everyday business man. Our pay as it earns plan is the most above-board, original and liberal ever devised. If you want that **eager money** in your locality send for our plan tonight—before some one beats you to it. (49)

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DYSPEPSY

(Continued from Page 11)

second commonest is lack of rest. Very few people overeat, but a great many people—particularly business men, indoor workers, and women of the well-to-do classes—underexercise. It is not too much fuel in the firebox that makes clinkers, but poor coal and the lack of proper draft. From four to eight miles of walking or its equivalent each day in the open air will cure ninety per cent of all cases of dyspepsia in men; and from two to five miles or its equivalent will do the same for women.

Tonics, appetizers and pepsins of all sorts are undesirable, for at best they simply trick you into swallowing, with an illusion of appetite and relish, food that your muscles are not prepared to burn up properly, for the real ultimate digestion of the food takes place in the muscles of the body. Muscle, not brain, is king of the body, and sends its orders to the stomach in the form of appetite; to the lungs, for deeper breathing; to the heart, for more rapid and more powerful beating; and to the brain, to devise means for meeting these demands, which results in what we are pleased to term thought. The only way that we can, through our own voluntary acts, affect our stomachs, our livers, our hearts and our nervous systems, is through our voluntary muscles in the form of exercise.

Make Your Own Pepsin

Pepsins and digestants of all sorts are peculiarly irrational and foolish. The stomach can make its own pepsin in abundance, if it is properly fed and the whole body properly exercised—in other words, hunger is the best digestant. Also, careful analyses of the gastric juice in all forms of dyspepsia have shown that, whatever else may be lacking, pepsin is always present in abundance. Acid is the thing needed. Furthermore, two-thirds of our so-called dyspepsias and chronic difficulties with digestion have their seat not in the stomach but in the intestine, where pepsin is about as effective and useful as snow in Timbuktoo.

The best temporary relief for dyspepsia is usually to be obtained by mild intestinal antiseptics, though it takes an expert to select the one best fitted to each individual case.

The next great remedy for dyspepsia is rest, first after meals, second between meals and third at night. The thirteen-minute counter lunch and the twenty-two-minute railroad-eating-station dinner, supposed to be typical of the American business man, are bad enough; but in view of the fact that their menus are usually appetizing, abundant and highly nutritious a healthy stomach would be perfectly able to take care of them if it were not for the equally hurried rush back to the desk or counter. The stomach is given no opportunity to call away from the brain and the muscles and the skin the supply of blood that it needs for starting its load on the way toward digestion and for the manufacture of its gastric juice.

In one sense exercise in the open air comes under this same head, inasmuch as it means giving the most overworked and incessantly occupied part of the body—the brain and nervous system—a comparative rest. But nine hours of good sound sleep at night with the windows wide open will be a wonderful help to most cases of dyspepsia; and a fifteen to thirty minute nap after lunch with a break about the middle of the afternoon for four-o'clock tea will also be found exceedingly helpful for both men and women. As for children, particularly of the restless, nervous and irrepressibly mischievous type, who have no appetite and would rather play than eat, we simply put them to bed and keep them there as many hours of the twenty-four as we can, until their appetite comes back and they begin to lay on fat. Another potent cause of dyspepsia and lack of appetite is overwork, especially in busy housewives, servants, clerks and day laborers.

If neither abundance of good food nor exercise nor rest will relieve your dyspepsia, then the probability is that you have to deal with some special disturbance or defect, either farther down the alimentary canal or entirely outside the digestive system.

One of the commonest causes of chronic dyspepsia is eye-strain, and persistent lack of appetite, or discomfort after eating, or gas on the stomach, or so-called gastralgia, will often be completely relieved by the use of glasses.

Another common cause of chronic digestive disturbances is so-called catarrh, by which is meant some chronic infective or suppurative process going on in the nose or throat. Closely allied to this cause—and even more common and potent—are bad teeth, which both make proper chewing and mastication of the food impossible and, as in the case of catarrh, pour down the throat into the unfortunate stomach one incessant stream of mucus and pus and the germs of suppuration and putrefaction.

It is not too much to say that probably one-half of all cases of chronic dyspepsia are due to these three causes combined—eye strain, bad teeth and catarrhal conditions in the nose and throat. Go to a competent expert and have these conditions relieved, and your dyspepsia will often disappear as if by magic.

Of late years we are discovering another set of conditions that are surprisingly common causes of chronic dyspepsia, particularly in the most utterly unmanageable and painful varieties. These are inflammatory or diseased conditions of other parts of the alimentary canal. One of the commonest of these is our centuries-old friend which we have so recently discovered—appendicitis. So frequent a factor is it, that when we are confronted with a case of severe, persistent and unmanageable dyspepsia, which has resisted treatment and for which we can discover none of the more obvious causes, we proceed to investigate most thoroughly the condition of the appendix. Even where there has been no marked open attack of appendicitis, a thickened, inflamed, adherent condition of the appendix, with or without the presence of a "stone" or other fecal concretion, will often be found, and when this has been relieved the dyspepsia comes to an end.

Next in frequency comes disturbance in another rudimentary sideshow of the food tube—the gall bladder. Many a chronic dyspeptic, especially if he has been subject to attacks of jaundice, will be promptly relieved by the opening and draining of an inflamed gall gladder, or by the removal of a couple of dozen gallstones.

Weak Hearts and Upset Stomachs

Still another cause of the more painful forms of dyspepsia, especially those attended by much vomiting or the passage of blood, is an ulcer either in the stomach or almost equally frequently in the duodenum or other parts of the intestine.

Last, but not least, those painful and common disturbances that affect the lowest and final segment of the alimentary canal are frequent causes of distress referred to the stomach and supposed to be a disturbance of the digestion. The method of action of these irritations lower down in the canal in producing dyspepsia may be roughly described as of the block-signal order. Each of the segments of the alimentary canal below the stomach, in order to protect itself, has the power of sending to the stomach an order to hold up the food. These block orders result in prolonged delay of the food in the stomach, quickly followed by putrefaction and the formation of gas, heartburn and all the rest of the familiar cycle of disturbances.

It must not be forgotten that the ability of the best intentioned and healthiest stomach to produce a proper supply of gastric juice will depend very largely upon the quality and quantity of blood supplied to it by the heart. Therefore, one of the first and commonest symptoms of a failing heart or some other disease of the circulation will be a chronic indigestion or dyspepsia. In fact, there is a fairly definite type of gastric distress that should at once arouse suspicion of a dilated heart and call for a careful examination of that organ. Many cases of troublesome indigestion—especially in the middle-aged or elderly—that have defied dieting and digestives of all sorts, will be promptly relieved by a few doses of some common heart tonic, as a physician may prescribe.

It is well to remember that one of the commonest points at which the body begins to show distress in a number of chronic diseases, such as heart trouble, Bright's

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disease, diabetes, gout and arterio-sclerosis, is the digestion, and the development of successive attacks of discomfort after eating in a middle-aged or elderly person who has never before been subject to them, ought to call for a thorough examination of all excretions.

Several chronic diseases of the nervous system, notably locomotor ataxia and epilepsy, are marked by furious attacks of apparent indigestion, known as gastric crises. These have nothing whatever to do with food or dietetic habits, and probably occur when the poisons accumulating in the body have reached a point that calls, so to speak, for some explosion.

Much of the popular impression that it is peculiarly dangerous to overeat or overload the stomach in later middle life or old age is due to these "explosions" from internal causes; and the poor old octogenarians have no cause to reproach themselves with their greediness or gluttony.

It is hardly necessary to mention—and yet it is a condition often misunderstood by the laity—that many attacks of acute infections or fevers, particularly the more serious ones such as pneumonia, typhoid, severe scarlet fever, diphtheria and appendicitis, are ushered in by a furious attack of nausea and vomiting, which may also be followed by pain in the bowels and diarrhea. Not infrequently these so-called attacks of indigestion are allowed to obscure the other symptoms of the situation, and the unfortunate sufferer is treated with hot water and toddies and laxatives, which simply aggravate the situation and allow the infection to get further headway, unrecognized and unchecked. It is also not uncommon to have a cold, as the vernacular expresses it, "settle" in the stomach and bowels, and produce a sharp attack of biliousness or dyspepsia. The moral of all which is to be quite sure what you are doing and what you are dealing with before you proceed either to blame, or wash out, or deluge or otherwise maltreat your unfortunate stomach, or even blame your own supposed greediness for an attack of acute indigestion. The luckless and much enduring stomach is a harp of many strings, each of which vibrates to a touch of some other organ or region of the body. It always has to pay the piper, without even the privilege of calling the tune.

ON MAIN STREET

(Concluded from Page 9)

intents and purposes, is a lost soul from that hour henceforward. Suffering intensely all the time, he perseveres in his course. He gets other invitations to speak at other dinners and he accepts them. His feet are upon the downward path and for him there is no turning back. He finds that his jokes go better each time that he tells them; the listeners get to know them and know the points and where to laugh, and welcome them as old friends. For that was ever the way with a good, durable after-dinner joke. Our hero gains in self-confidence. His vital organs no longer rise when he does. He learns to wait for his laughs and to nurse his applause. He acquires the typical after-dinner speaking face and voice and manner.

His doom is sealed then—sealed, stamped and delivered by the postman; and the handwriting is on the wall and the envelope. He has become one of New York's favorite indoor amusements—a professional after-dinner speaker. He can be reasonably sure of a chance to go somewhere every night and eat dinner and then earn it by talking; some nights there will be two or three dinners and two or three talks, provided his digestion, his voice and his stock of marble-top shirts stand the great strain. Once let the newspapers begin to mention any comparatively unknown man in their accounts of dinners, and that man will be deluged with invitations from people he never heard of to come to the dinners of societies he never knew of and respond to toasts on subjects he never dreamed of. It is wearing on the gastric juices and sometimes on the vocal cords, but it is less expensive in the long run than you might think. The confirmed after-dinner speaker only needs two outfits really—a suit of pajamas and a dress suit; he can sleep all day at small cost and eat all night at no cost at all.

Certain men in New York who enjoy—or suffer from—deserved reputations as clever after-dinner speakers literally have to fight off the invitations that descend upon them in paper showers. Augustus Thomas, the playwright, who combines real eloquence with a lively and biting wit, and Rennold Wolf, the dramatic writer, who combines satire with humor, could work every night in the week as toastmasters if they wanted to, because really able toastmasters are not made—they are born; and, unlike another class of the population, they are not born every second either, and they are never twins. Really humorous speakers—men like Job Hedges, the lawyer, who can be serious, and Simeon Ford, the hotel man, who can't, are in constant demand for big dinner functions. They decline a large number of these invitations because they are both busy men and men of affairs, but they accept a good many of them too. It is estimated that in the last fifteen years Mr. Job Hedges has delivered nine million four hundred thousand running yards of after-dinner speeches; and yet on the first of January Mr. Ford was only about a mile and half behind him and coming strong.

A large dinner in New York can hardly be said to be complete unless Mr. Hedges or Mr. Ford is at the guest table. The same may be said of William Travers Jerome; William H. McAdoo, the tunnel builder; Colonel George Harvey; General Stewart L. Woodford; Melville E. Stone, head of the Associated Press; Don C. Seitz, of the New York World; St. Clair McKelway, editor of the Brooklyn Eagle; Judge Morgan O'Brien; Judge Alton B. Parker; Dr. Lyman Abbott; Andrew Carnegie; F. Hopkinson Smith; Rabbi Wise; P. Francis Murphy; and perhaps twenty others almost as well known.

Some of the organizations whose dinners are notable events in the New York calendar, or eating year, depend upon their own members for after-dinner talent. The Dutch Treat Club, made up almost altogether of writers, artists, editors and publishers of newspapers and magazines, rarely goes outside of its own ranks to find its entertainers; but then Dutch Treat dinners are avowedly held for laughing purposes only, without intent or desire of hearkening to wisdom-weighted words of from four to nine syllables. The Friars Club, which is semi-theatrical in its makeup, gives more big dinners than any big club in town—half a dozen during a single winter sometimes—but can always furnish forth a complete assortment of after-dinner speakers, grave and gay, from its own membership rolls. The managers of the Amen Corner Dinner, which is probably the biggest dinner in point of attendance and enthusiasm that takes place during the winter, prepare in advance and carefully rehearse a program of skits and high jinks modeled on the pattern of the dinners of the Washington Gridiron Club, and, like the Gridiron Club, paying particular attention to the politics of the hour. Then there are several clubs of a more or less Bohemian aspect that have dinners every week or two, without any list of speakers at all, the toastmaster being presumed to pick out suitable talent from the table as he goes along. These are the exceptions, however. The committee in charge of the average dinner just go about on a general scouting expedition, seeking for speakers here, there and everywhere; and when they find one of any reputation who is willing to oblige and to perform, they fall upon his neck with a loud, glad cry. That is why the last city directory of New York contained the names of twenty-two thousand after-dinner speakers, with more coming in all the time.

All along, writing this piece, I've been wondering what it was in connection with the New York dinners I had forgotten. It has just come to me—the thing I forgot was the snapshot photograph that is invariably taken of the festive scene just before the eating starts. There couldn't be a dinner without some nervous young photographer climbing up on a ladder in the corner, adjusting a huge camera, asking everybody to look dead ahead, and then touching off a bomb in a bag—the result being that, in the finished photograph, all hands are shown staring and wild-eyed and delirious-looking, like a collection of typhoid-fever patients who've all just seen the same ghost.

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WHIPSAWED

(Continued from Page 7)

enjoyed a little laugh Mr. Mobley glanced up at the clock. It now marked 9:45, and feeling that all was well he momentarily twirled his mustache, then sauntered over to Adolf's on the corner.

If the morning had proved lucky, though, and if Mr. Mobley's star—as he felt—was indeed rising it had yet to rise even farther. "Say, 'Dolf," said Mr. Mobley through an orifice among the steaming towels, "seen anything lately of that guy, Osgood?"

It is to be said here, in passing, that Mr. Mobley, having given many I. O. U.'s in his own time, of course felt no delusions concerning them. Still, being at the moment shot full of luck, he told himself that he felt idly disposed to push his luck even to this extreme. That crook, Osgood, might be in funds, and if he were ——

"Mr. Osgood, eh?" A pained expression stole into Adolf's face. No, he had not seen the gentleman. "That so?" idly murmured Mr. Mobley, and was about to ask the barber how much he'd been "stuck" when Adolf spoke again. "Mr. Osgood is not in Wall Street now. He gives it up to go into a business."

In business—not in Wall Street? Gad! this was news, promising news besides! "What!" exclaimed Mr. Mobley breathlessly.

Having removed the towels Adolf attached the vibrator to the lamp bracket and turned on the current. "Yes," he said as he aimed the throbbing rubber at Mr. Mobley's inferior maxillary region. "Mr. Osgood he is agent for a champagne wine in William Street."

Instantly Mr. Mobley sat bolt upright. "No; cut out the face treatment!" he growled, and struggling to his feet, though Adolf sought vainly to compose him, he demanded hurriedly: "What number did you say in William Street?"

Of course the fact that Mr. Osgood had gone into the wine trade was nothing unusual. It is a line that Wall Street men often take up, especially after a prolonged inactive market. Mr. Mobley himself had, in fact, often thought of trying it. The real cause of his emotion was that if Mr. Osgood had an office of his own he must have also money, else he could not have put up for the rent. About five minutes later, consequently, Mr. Osgood was alarmed by a sudden commotion in the anteroom to his office. Looking out he was astonished to see a well-dressed gentleman engaged in a struggle with his office boy. The office boy, to be frank, was trying to bar the gate which the gentleman was as strongly trying to force. "Here! here!" exclaimed Mr. Osgood, who was a large, fleshy man, "what's the row?" As the room was piled to the windows with cases of Purple Top, Mr. Osgood's new brand, the light was too dim to let him recognize his caller.

The boy explained. "This gink here says I ain't to take in his name first. He says he knows you all right, all right, and he'll take in his own name, you bet!"

Mr. Mobley brushed the boy aside. "I want to see you, Charley," he announced bluntly, and with this Mr. Osgood recognized him. "Oh, it's you, is it?" he observed, and added hospitably: "What's eating you anyhow?"

Before replying Mr. Mobley edged into the private office, where with an air of some determination he helped himself to a chair. Then he spoke. "Looks like you're doing business, eh?" he remarked, to which Mr. Osgood replied that in some ways it indeed had that look. "All right, bo!" Mr. Mobley returned abruptly; "you've got a little piece of money now and I've got your I. O. U. I'd hate to say, too," he added morosely, "how long it's been growing whiskers."

Mr. Osgood treated his visitor to a brief, benevolent smile. "You've got nothing on me," he remarked pleasantly. "Some of yours, Mac, ain't so young they couldn't vote."

Mr. Mobley scowled fitfully. "Cut out the comebacks, Charley," he announced; "I'm paying off all of mine and that's why you've got to cough." After this happy periphrase he demanded stiffly: "Now are you going to come across?"

Mr. Osgood didn't know. At the moment, as he said, money was tight in the wine trade and he'd have to have time to think. Hearing this Mr. Mobley decisively pushed back his chair. "Nussir!" he retorted grimly; "I know how long it takes you to think. You'll pay it today or I'll—I'll ——"

"Well, what'll you do?" inquired Mr. Osgood.

Mr. Mobley hadn't thought, but at this instant a strong inspiration burst upon him with the glamour of a gem. "I'll report you at the club—to the governors—there!" he ejaculated, and tilting back in his chair he waited expectantly.

For a moment Mr. Osgood gaped, then gasped. He appeared, in fact, to be aghast, though had one looked closely he would have seen presently that Mr. Osgood's scrubby mustache concealed a sly, furtive smile. "Good Lord, Mac! You wouldn't do that?" he expostulated. "Aw, say now!" he protested, "you'll give me a little time, won't you? I'll tell you what," he proposed earnestly, "you wait till this evening—say seven o'clock—and I'll see you at the club. How's that now?" he asked anxiously.

Mr. Mobley wouldn't hear of it. Though he didn't say so, circumstances might prevent him that evening from going to the club. "Aw, come now!" pleaded Mr. Osgood. "I want only till seven to settle." His manner now was really perturbed.

Mr. Mobley pondered a moment. "Well, I won't be hard on you," he answered finally. "The amount's $61.80, and if by seven you send the money—not a check, mind, but the cash—to my apartments, I'll let the matter drop. Now understand!" he warned—"seven o'clock sharp!"

Mr. Osgood promised faithfully, and having written down the address he ushered his visitor to the door. Afterward, however, or when he found himself alone, the gentleman's air of humility suddenly deserted him. Anger took its place. "Holy smoke!" gasped the wine agent; "get me fired at the club?—that tout!" A cackle of ironic laughter burst suddenly from his lips.

. . . . . .

The Hocking panic is one that long will be remembered in brokerage circles. Coming, as it did, at a moment when the public was not in on the market the affair was doubly disastrous, for besides scaring off the public still farther it was on the brokers themselves that the stock was largely unloaded. However, there was at least one outsider we know about that had a block of the security—viz., Mr. Hoag, the hat clerk.

At eleven or thereabouts the young man was measuring a customer—one of his regular trade—for a light pearl six and seven-eighths. "Right natty!" he vowed, as he grasped its brim delicately with a thumb and forefinger and adjusted it to the gentleman's head. Then he added: "All our best dressers this season are wearing 'em. They are a great favorite in Wall Street." Naturally at so substantial a guarantee his patron took the hat, and stepping over to the cash register the young salesman was just making change when he heard his name called. "Party on the 'phone, Horace," said Miss Ziegler, the hatshop's bookkeeper, who had just come in from an errand.

Hoag smiled benignly. Miss Ziegler, though not exactly pretty, still looked almost fetching at times. In his hall bedroom up at Mrs. Mangin's the hat clerk often thought of the young woman, though up to the present he'd felt it best not to say anything directly to the lady herself. In time, however, he reflected, he might save enough to buy an interest in the hatshop, but time seems always long in such a case. It was for this reason, therefore, that Hoag had invested his money, hoping, in brief, that the investment might double or even treble it. Presently, as he felt certain, he would be enabled to speak frankly to Miss Ziegler, who unquestionably had been very patient. Now, with another fond look in her direction he put the receiver to his ear. "Hello!—yaas?" he called.

The voice that answered, though unknown to him, was suave and conciliatory. "Mr. Hoag? Ah, yes! This is Rooker, Burke & Co., Wall Street."

"My brokers—oh, yes! What is it?" he inquired. Frankly it thrilled him quite a lot to have the other clerks hear him talking to his "bankers." "Begging pardon," said the voice, now more suave, even more conciliatory; "if you don't mind we'd like a little more margin."

"Margin?" Hoag for a moment scarcely understood. "Margin!" he repeated.

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"Why, less than two hours ago I gave you a thousand dollars! My check for a thousand!" he added sharply.

The answer was immediate. "Yes, we have your check, Mr. Hoag; but you see it's not ——"

He instantly interrupted. "Say!" he cried, his tone brave, though the sweat was starting on his brow. "You don't mean anything's wrong with the bank, do you?" By now he'd utterly forgotten the other clerks who stood by listening.

There was nothing wrong with the bank. Explicitly this was made clear to him. Afterward, in the same explicit way—so plainly, in fact, that a little child would have understood it—Mr. Hoag was made to grasp exactly what had happened. All dabblers in the market look for action, and Mr. Hoag had got his. He turned to Miss Ziegler, whose face reflected his own clammy pallor. A brief smile for an instant struggled to assert itself. Then his lips inexorably parted with the words he couldn't hold back. "Oh, my God! my God!" whispered Mr. Hoag, and when she, too, had echoed his exclamation Mr. Hoag snatched up his hat and rushed blindly from the shop. Meanwhile over in Fred's place Mr. Mobley had just sat himself down to his well-earned simple breakfast.

Idly unaware of what went on so near at hand he struck a match, touched it to the Egyptian, then leisurely stirred his coffee. Decidedly things were looking up. Either Hoag or Pingree sooner or later must pay him a handsome bonus, on top of which he'd achieved the marvelous by forcing Osgood to come across. All this spelled Easy Street, for with Osgood's money he could take up the Bannerman check, while Mrs. Mangin, no doubt, could easily be stood off till Hoag or Pingree, as the case might be, made good. "Fine!" he murmured. Possibly he might not even have to consider Mrs. Mangin. The clothes up in his room were almost out of style anyway, and the old dame could hang on to them if she liked. Certainly with all the cash he now had in sight a new wardrobe was not only possible but desirable. Why wouldn't it be nice, too, when he had his new clothes, to run down to Atlantic City for a few days to show them off—somewhere anyway? However, as this would require a little more than he'd calculated he must see that Hoag or Pingree—whichever it was—must not be allowed to close out until the account showed a good profit—say, a couple of hundred for himself. Maybe, too, he might even song-and-dance Bannerman into taking a thirty-day note. Or if not that he might be able to get him into another bridge game, then trim him. He'd see about it anyway.

It was at this stage in his pleasant reflections that Mr. Mobley heard his name called. Looking up he saw the barman beckoning him to the telephone. "Call from your office, Mac," said the man.

"The office?" echoed Mr. Mobley. That was queer. Very rarely had there been occasion to call him up before. A little chill of apprehension touched him, a shiver of premonition. "Yes—well?" he said into the transmitter. "What you want?"

It was the quotation clerk who answered. "Say, Mac," he announced hurriedly, "there's one of your short sports over here throwing a cat fit. Got cleaned out on Hocking, I guess, so you'd better come over before he scatters any more hysterics." Then before Mr. Mobley could speak the youth added: "He says his name's Hogg or Hodge, only he's crying into his beer so's you can't tell."

Mr. Mobley breathed with relief. Moreover he had cause for jubilation. Hocking must be doing something or Hoag wouldn't be raising a fuss at the office. "Say! what's up?" he laughed interestedly. "Hocking must be shooting off fireworks."

"Holy Cassidy!" cried the clerk excitedly. "Haven't you heard? Why!" he exploded with a brief but illuminating bit of profanity. "After the opening the bear crowd gave that cat and dog a kick under the knee and now, oh me, oh my! Say, Hocking's landsliding like a house afire!"

The metaphor, though slightly mixed, was still graphic enough to fill Mr. Mobley with jubilation. "Phew!" he exultantly whistled. Of course, personally he'd have preferred Hoag to win, since Hoag would have settled up without haggling. Then again, with Hoag a loser it might be uncomfortable to have him at Mrs. Mangin's should he—that is, Mr. Mobley himself—decide for any reason to return there. In the midst of this reflection a second shiver struck him. What if Hoag kicked up rumpus enough to attract Pingree's attention? One could never tell about such dubs as Hoag. Sometimes they beefed pretty loudly when they got cleaned out, and there might be complications should Pingree overhear. "Look here, Spike!" said Mr. Mobley after wetting his lips; "is Pingree in the office?"

"Pingree?" echoed the other. As he waited for the answer Mr. Mobley felt his brow grow damp. "Pingree? Oh, why, no!" answered Spike. Pingree, it appeared, half an hour before had gone uptown. Since then, however, he'd run the private operator half to death calling up every three minutes or so. "Tell me," said Mr. Mobley, again thankful; "he hasn't closed out his Hocking deal, has he?"

No, Mr. Pingree still held on. Then utterly to his astonishment Mr. Mobley heard how Hocking had fallen and that a near-panic was raging upon the floor of the Exchange. "Fallen twenty points!" he roared. It was so and it would fall farther. Why, that meant he was already four hundred to the good; and executing a little buck-and-wing step by the telephone Mr. Mobley was about to hang up the receiver when Spike hurriedly restrained him. "Say!" he protested; "you ain't told me yet what I'm to do with what's his name—Hogg, ain't it?—the piker who's kicking up a fuss."

"Oh, him?" Mr. Mobley now was in a hurry to get back to his coffee. "If he starts anything," he laughed, "why, throw him out." He was about to hang up then when again Spike cut in. "Here, hold on, Mac!" he remonstrated. "Can't you wait till I'm finished?" A little grumpy at being detained—it was certain his coffee would be cold and if there was one thing he hated it was that—anyway Mr. Mobley asked crossly what he wanted.

The answer was a retort equally tart. "Now don't you get gay, son," the quotation clerk flung back at him, "'cause if you do you c'n come over here and hoe your own potatoes." Having delivered himself of this happy expression he advised Mr. Mobley that a second gentleman had been inquiring for him. It was, in short, Mr. Bannerman.

"Bannerman . . . what's he want?" echoed Mr. Mobley, though with a gasp he jumped instantly at the right conclusion.

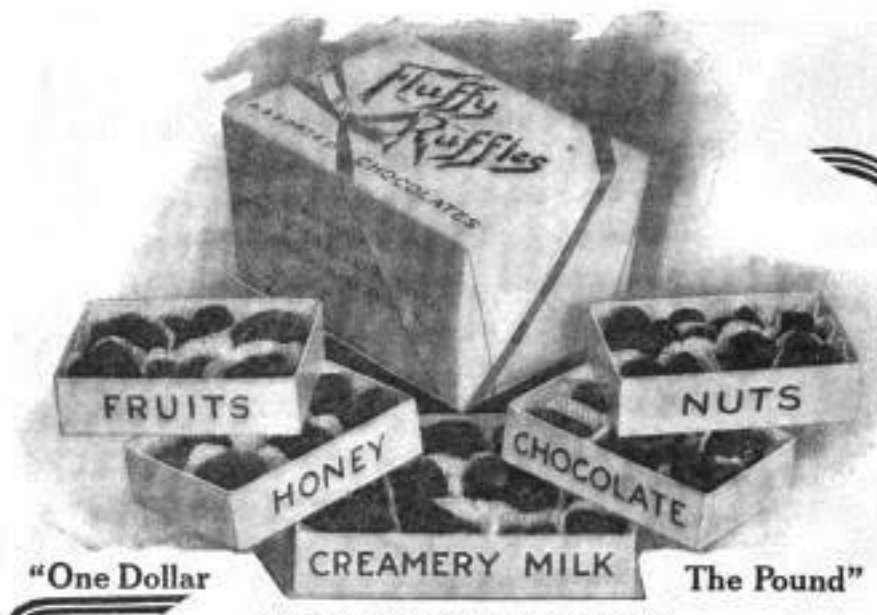
"Well," drawled Spike, "I kind of guess he's got a check of yours and wants to collect. Anyway he showed me one with your name on it and it was marked 'N. G.'"

Jove! This was a complication! The idea that Bannerman might take the check to the bank in person had never occurred to him. Ordinarily he might have tried to bluff off the fellow, but now he dared not. A scene at the office would be too painful—especially painful inasmuch as several of the customers from whom he'd borrowed lunch money might be present. Anyway a scene would be likely to start something, he couldn't say what. On the other hand he had to nab Pingree when he returned. Four hundred is a lot of money and he didn't just trust Mr. Pingree. What if he cashed in his winnings, closed out the account and departed elsewhere? For a moment Mr. Mobley turned quite pale.

"Listen!" he said as he wiped his brow; "you get rid of that fellow Bannerman. I had to stop that check on him because he tried to run in a marked deck on me. Yes, that's what!" he explained hurriedly. "He's only a short-card artist, and but that I didn't want any fuss at the office I'd come over and run him out myself. See? Well, you get rid of him, Spike," directed Mr. Mobley easily. "Say I'm off for the day—out of town—something like that. Then you call me over here at Fred's. . . . Get that now?" he inquired.

"Yeh, I'm wise. . . . Anyway," drawled Spike, "I cotton that you don't much want to see him."

Mr. Mobley's coffee was quite cold when he got back to it. After a sip he shoved it away and disgustedly ordered another cup. Gad! it was rotten, he told himself, that with all the money coming to him there should be any hitch about it. Anxiously he sat and waited, but at noon no call had come from Spike, and though Fred's place now began to fill with the usual midday cocktail throng Mr. Mobley sat apart, plunged in moody silence. Not only did he decline several warm invitations from the bar but an out-and-out bid to luncheon as well. Every time the telephone jingled he started consciously, and at one P. M., when



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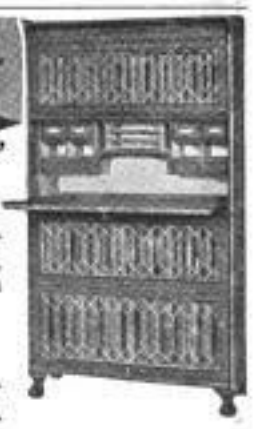
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he could stand it no longer, he sought the near-by privacy of a telephone booth and rang up Rooker, Burke & Co. Meanwhile, as he knew from fragmentary talk overheard at the bar, Hocking kept on tumbling. Rich though it made him—that is, rich comparatively speaking—he felt a deep sense of grievous personal injury in that he could not get his hands instantly on the money.

After some delay he got the quotation clerk. "That fellow Bannerman still there?" he sulkily demanded.

"He sure is," was the answer. Moreover, Mr. Bannerman, having announced he didn't believe Mobley was out of town unless he'd walked, had taken a chair and was prepared to wait indefinitely. "Sure, that's right," said Spike, and he added: "I shouldn't wonder if he sent out for a mattress and pillow and shook down a bed for the night." Hoag, however, had been shown the door, while Pingree still clung to the end of a distant wire. "Between you and me," advised Spike eloquently, "Pink's celebrating. From his remarks I take it he's collected quite a little sosh."

Mr. Mobley felt deplorable. "Wouldn't that beat you? Say!" he grumbled, "if Pink comes in or Bannerman quits you let me know, won't you, Spike? I'll still be over here at Fred's place." Spike promised, but at two P. M., when no message had yet arrived, Mr. Mobley with a grim visage walked to the telephone again. He'd decided now on a plan. If Osgood meant to make good at seven he could do it as well at the moment. With that money Mr. Mobley could go back to the office and square matters with Bannerman.

The plan proved as fruitless as Mr. Mobley's other efforts. Mr. Osgood, he was told, had left for the day. Moreover, the statement was the truth, for after an altercation over the wire Mr. Mobley had proved it to his satisfaction by going to Mr. Osgood's office and forcing his way inside. Returning to Fred's place he again called up Rooker, Burke & Co. This time hope dawned anew.

"I got hold of Pink," said the quotation clerk. "And say!" he added voluminously, "he's lit up like Coney on the Fourth!"

"Soused?" cried Mr. Mobley in the vernacular.

"Yes, up to the eyelids!" the quotation clerk replied. However, it was not so bad as it might be. Mr. Pingree had loudly expressed his gratitude to Mr. Mobley for giving him the tip and insisted on his benefactor joining him at once. Mr. Mobley cried out in relief. "Where did he say he was?" he demanded eagerly, and grinding the telephone to his ear he anxiously waited the answer. It was disappointing or, that is to say, rather more distracting. In brief, Mr. Pingree had now reached the cab stage of his celebration and was indefinitely somewhere between Fourteenth and Fifty-ninth Streets. The clew, however, was close enough for Mr. Mobley. "Listen, Spike," he cried animatedly: "if Pingree calls again tell him to wait exactly where he is. There's a ten-spot in it for you, Spike, if you hold him. Say it's a matter of life or death. No, wait! Tell him I know of another melon that's to be cut. Hand it out thick, Spike! Say it's got Hocking beaten a mile. Understand, don't you?" he cried appealingly.

Spike understood, and hanging up the receiver Mr. Mobley dashed out to the curb. Hailing a passing taxi he gave a frantic direction to the driver. "Fourteenth Street and Broadway!" he ordered, adding excitedly: "When you get there stop at every barroom going north where there's a taxi in front of the door!"

Leaping aboard Mr. Mobley settled back for what he knew indefinably was to be a wild-goose chase that would consume hours and would end—where?

. . . . . .

Seven o'clock had just struck when Miss Ziegler came up from the kitchen below bearing in her hands the dainty tray for the sick room. Thin slices of evenly buttered bread and a choice banana from the Italian's on the corner flanked a steaming bowl of rich oatmeal gruel. It was just such a repast, in fact, as would appeal most to one whose appetite as well as hope seemed forever to have departed.

"Oh, Mrs. Mangin!" cried the young girl, averting her head so that a stray tear should not besprinkle the oatmeal; "I don't know how I can ever repay your kindness in letting me stay to 'tend him!"

"Sssh!" said Mrs. Mangin bruskly. Withdrawing her ear from the keyhole

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of the parlor door she tiptoed back toward Miss Ziegler. "Now wouldn't it grab you!" she whispered mysteriously. "There's three of them in there now and the last one's plastered to his cowlick."

The remark, though somewhat cryptic, apparently was fraught with meaning to Miss Ziegler. "Oh, my heavenly stars!" she murmured tragically. "Then my poor Horace is not the only one the villain got into?"

Visibly annoyed, Mrs. Mangin slowly turned. "How can I make out," she demanded fretfully, "when you're making such a row? Can't you hush?"

A man's voice raised itself. "Yaas—and oh!" it said brokenly, "I says to him, so I did—'Yaas, it's only the Rubes that buy.'" After this came another sob, at which Miss Ziegler instantly dabbed her eyes in sympathy.

A second voice was heard. "Sho!" it said. "I couldn't never have—hic! believed it—hic! Why, the blooming—hic! told me to sell!"

Following this came still a third voice: "Yes, that tout always was out after an open and shut sure thing!" it said, whereat a fourth person spoke: "That's right now! Why, there's hardly a man in the club he hasn't stuck. Look at last night now!"

Miss Ziegler glided swiftly toward Mrs. Mangin's crouching form. "Ain't it offle?" she whispered, and added piteously: "Don't you think I'd oughter run out and get a cop?"

In answer Mrs. Mangin made a frantic grimace at the girl. "Sssh!" she hissed warningly. "Listen!"

The voices in the other room had suddenly hushed themselves, though now and again a strangled "hic!" could be heard. All at once a sharp grating noise broke in, the noise of a latchkey stealthily inserted in its lock. Then a hinge creaked upon itself, and with a swift movement Mrs. Mangin arose and sped toward the hallway, down which she crept on tiptoe. "Well, gents, here he is!" she cried abruptly, and leaping between Mr. Mobley and the street door she stood there triumphantly.

It was quite a little symposium that greeted Mr. Mobley. Like characters in a play the figures grouped themselves about him in a pretty tableau. Attired in a red-and-blue striped blanket from Mrs. Mangin's boudoir Hoag confronted Mr. Mobley like an image of avenging fate.

It was Mrs. Mangin who was first to dispel the stage illusion. "You needn't bother yourself to skip upstairs, Mr. Mobley," she remarked as he sought to reach the stairway. "Your door's locked and the key's right here in my pocket."

Hoag was next. "Oh, Mr. Mobley! Mr. Mobley!" he iterated. "I couldn't of believed it! No, I couldn't of!" he repeated.

He was still murmuring it when Mr. Bannerman spoke out. "Say, you!" he growled roughly. "Are you ready to square this check of yours or shall I go out and whistle for a peeler?"

Mr. Pingree now took his turn. What he had to say he confined briefly to a laconic word or two. "Hello, hic!—I mean Mac!" he said, hastily correcting himself. Mr. Osgood, however, said nothing. He merely smiled enjoyingly.

It may be said, though, that by now Mr. Mobley was in no mood to bandy words with any one. Having hunted Pingree high and low without avail, he might have continued the pursuit but for the taxi driver's rising objections. The meter already marked some twelve dollars or so, and alarmed by Mr. Mobley's growing agitation the man had demanded that Mr. Mobley either pay him at once or show him that ultimately he could pay. Not being in a position to do either, Mr. Mobley had directed him to drive to Mrs. Mangin's. Osgood would be waiting, and with Osgood's money he would be able to settle the cab bill and get rid of the taxi, after which he would again be at leisure to pursue Mr. Pingree.

But here now was Pingree himself. Lured on by the suggestion that Mr. Mobley had still another melon to cut, Mr. Pingree had himself set out to pursue Mr. Mobley. The result was obvious. It was at the same time bordering on the tragic. What if Pingree had learned that Mr. Mobley, so far from being a benefactor, had merely—as the Wall Street term so simply has it—been playing him "both ends against the middle!"

But nothing venture nothing do. Wetting his lips Mr. Mobley flashed a look of scorn at the others. "Come along, Pink!" he said genially; "I've got a taxi outside."

At the words the group abruptly disarranged itself. When it came together again it stood en masse between Mr. Mobley and the door.

"Go with you?" exclaimed Mr. Pingree. "Why, say!" he added; "I've got money on me, and d'you—hic! suppose I'd go riding round with a regular, bunco-steering, Wall Street—hic? Nix!" said Mr. Pingree.

Mr. Mobley laid a hand appealingly on Mr. Pingree's arm.

"Pink, old boy! good old Pink!" he appealed. "You're not going to throw me down, are you? You're not going to renege on me like this?"

Mr. Pingree looked at him in bewildered surprise.

"Ain't I?" he inquired; then added: "No, of course I'm not, of course I'm not, of course I'm not, of course I'm—hic!—not ——" Mr. Pingree having said this much might still be saying it, but that Mr. Mobley interrupted. "You two-spot! you four-flusher!" he remarked, and turned belligerently to the heretofore silent Mr. Osgood. "Well, how about it, Charley?" he demanded. "Are you one of these cheap skates too?"

Mr. Osgood grinned. "Now don't get huffy, Mac," he remonstrated kindly, "because if you do you might start something. . . . No, I'm not reneging any," he added, and to show that he wasn't Mr. Osgood produced an envelope from his pocket.

A throb of relief sprang in Mr. Mobley's breast. The envelope was fat, thick and soft. He knew what it held.

"Money?" exclaimed Mrs. Mangin inquiringly. "I've got a little bill, you know—nine weeks' room rent at five a week."

"Yes, and I've got a check too," put in Mr. Bannerman.

"Money?—oh, Mr. Mobley!" appealed Mr. Hoag.

Mr. Mobley thought swiftly. The cash in the envelope was but a drop in the bucket. If he paid Bannerman he could not pay Mrs. Mangin. If he paid either he could not square the cabman outside. That meant a ride to the nearest police station. Gad! it was growing pretty serious.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Mobley gravely, "I guess I'm up against it." Turning to Mr. Bannerman he asked him for the check. "And you, Mrs. Mangin," he observed, "I'll thank you for your bill." Tapping the envelope Mr. Osgood had handed him, he glanced about him slyly. Hoag, Bannerman and Mrs. Mangin together had left the door.

"I ain't got any bill," said Mrs. Mangin. "It's nine weeks at five a week, which ——"

Then she screamed. Making a bolt for the door Mr. Mobley flung it open, slammed it to again, then turned the key in the lock. Behind him, as he rattled down the front steps, he heard a complexity of muffled cries—Mrs. Mangin's shrill pipe of baffled anger, Hoag's high-pitched lamentation, a tipsy shout from Pingree, and from Bannerman an elephantine bellow. Over all this arose another sound. It was the loud and hearty voice of Mr. Osgood, guffawing with an intensity of enjoyment. "Let him go!" cried Mr. Osgood exuberantly, and somehow his voice struck a chill in Mr. Mobley's heart. But now it was no time to temporize, and throwing open the cab door Mr. Mobley leaped aboard.

"Where to?" asked the driver wonderingly.

"Anywhere!" cried Mr. Mobley, then added: "And drive like the devil too!"

In his hand he still clutched Mr. Osgood's fat, bulging envelope. Sixty dollars in cash! It was something, anyway, and after he'd had dinner he'd decide what he must do. Leaning from the cab window he called a direction to the driver. "To the Waldorf!" he said. After food and a good cigar he'd feel much better anyhow. So sitting back among the cushions Mr. Mobley tore open the envelope Mr. Osgood had given him.

The instant he broke the paper a hoarse cry escaped him. Now he knew why Mr. Osgood had guffawed so loudly. In the envelope were half a dozen visiting cards, each folded in half—only these and nothing else. Each was an I. O. U. What is more, to make it worse the I. O. U.'s were Mr. Mobley's own.

"Whipsawed!" groaned Mr. Mobley. "Whipsawed!"

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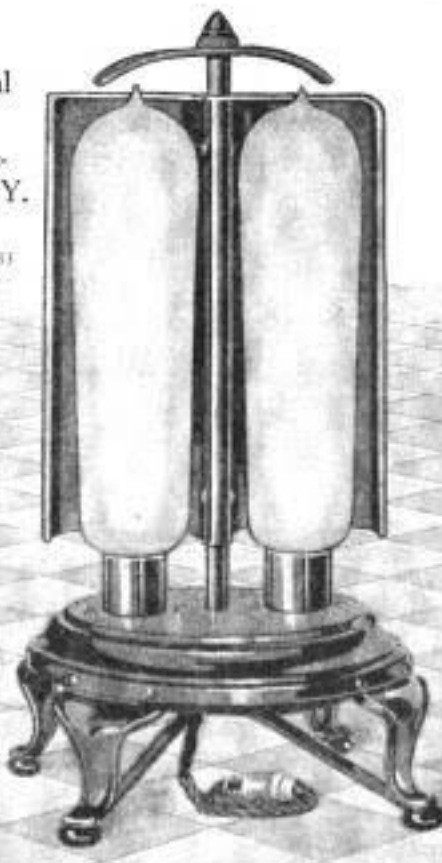
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THE EARL OF MAR AND KELLIE
THE MARQUISE VILLALOBAR OF SPAIN

these men think of the experiences of such world-famous concerns as Daimler, Panhard, Mercedes and Minerva. They know that nothing in motoring history has had the approbation accorded the Knight motor in every country where it is known, by engineers, manufacturers, designers and owners.

Our Own Experiences

It must be remembered that for the two years when we were experimenting with this motor, we were in the position of *buyers* —not *sellers*. The old Stearns power plant had for years been admitted among the best in the world. We had little to gain and much to lose by the adoption of something new. All the expert knowledge of our organization was pitted *against* the Knight motor. We gave the engine unfair tests—we tried it as we *could not* try a poppet valve engine. The whole future of our business was at stake on the issue.

The Knight proved itself. Our own experiments but confirmed the results secured by the greatest designers in Europe. The Knight came through every test—every trial—triumphant. Try as we would, the Knight principle forced us to the acknowledgment of its superiority. In our own factory with every man's hand against it—it won its own battle. On the road, with factory drivers under instructions to "drive it to death"—it answered every demand, fulfilled every claim made for it. Then, satisfied that we had the world's best, we abandoned the old type, and announced the new model.

The Verdict

We told the public months ago of the Stearns-Knight, and what it had in store for those fortunate enough to possess it. And now the great American public—the final court—is telling *us* of the Stearns-Knight. Telling us of the wonderful success of this car in the hands of users—telling us of the acid test of service. And these voluntary tributes are from all parts of America. From Coast to Coast, and the Great Lakes to the Gulf. They are from experienced motorists—men whose judgment is final.

We have reproduced these letters in booklet form—letters telling what the Stearns-Knight means to men who drive it. How it has opened a new era to them.

Let Us Send the Facts

We will send this booklet of letters to you if you wish. And, we will send, too, "The Story of the Stearns-Knight Motor"—a booklet telling of the trial of two Knight motors by the Royal Automobile Club of Great Britain. How three years ago, laughed at by designers, and belittled by competitors, the invention of an American went triumphantly through tests that experts deemed impossible, and leaped to the proud position of master of the automobile world! We have told how, after weeks of exhaustive tests, these wonderful engines developed *more* power at the finish than at the beginning, *and showed no sign of wear!*

All this information should be in the hands of every well-posted man. The Knight motor is fast adding new pages to automobile history—mail us the coupon, and we will place the facts in your possession.

12963 EUCLID AVE Cleveland, O.

Stearns
THE ULTIMATE CAR
(KNIGHT TYPE MOTOR)

Dealers in all other principal towns and cities

(Equipment continued) **Silk Mohair Top and Cover, Continental Q. D. Demountable Rims (two extra rims), Muffler Cut-out, Footrest, Robe Rail, Trunk Rack, Bulb Horn, etc.**

THE F. B. STEARNS CO. Dept. T
Cleveland, Ohio.

Gentlemen—

Please send me your booklets telling the Story of the Stearns-Knight.

Name _____

Address _____

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From an old print in La Telegrafe Historique.

Napoleon's Visual Telegraph

The First Long Distance System

Indians sent messages by means of signal fires, but Napoleon established the first permanent system for rapid communication.

In place of the slow and unreliable service of couriers, he built lines of towers extending to the French frontiers and sent messages from tower to tower by means of the visual telegraph.

This device was invented in 1793 by Claude Chappe. It was a semaphore. The letters and words were indicated by the position of the wooden arms; and the messages were received and relayed at the next tower, perhaps a dozen miles away.

Compared to the Bell Telephone system of to-day the visual telegraph system of Napoleon's time seems a crude makeshift. It could not be used at night nor in thick weather. It was expensive in construction and operation, considering that it was maintained solely for military purposes.

Yet it was a great step ahead, because it made possible the transmission of messages to distant points without the use of the human messenger.

It blazed the way for the Universal Telephone service of the Bell system which provides personal intercommunication for 90,000,000 people and is indispensable for the industrial, commercial and social progress of the Nation.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy ***One System*** ***Universal Service***

BULWARKS OF BUSINESS POLICY

(Continued from Page 18)

The first decade of this century brought still more expansion and order. Distribution was put on a national basis. The loud-talking drummer of other days was replaced by the temperate, soft-spoken salesman, backed by the new force of advertising. "Big business" expanded and at the same time a public conscience developed—and new business ideals, bringing us into the present decade, which will undoubtedly be one in which watered values must disappear, speculative methods cease, a better legal basis for business arrived at, and the machinery of production and distribution improved, simplified and based on real public service.

Business changes, but men seldom do. The promoter who was thoroughly at home in the bonanza eighties found it difficult to follow the ideas of the nineties; and if he survived into the present century he thought he had lived to see business turned into a mere Sunday-school. The broker who tipped a waiter a dollar in the nineties, when fortunes were made in Wall Street flotations, now matches nickels for carfare and will probably be overboard by 1915. This applies not only to promoters and brokers but to the president of the company, the sales force, the factory force and the office boy. Only the exceptional man grows from one period into another, by keeping his intellect working.

The best way of keeping a business organization in touch with today is to get men of today into it. That is the general policy of corporations. Their activities are so wide that many new men must be taken in each year, and they canvass the colleges and schools for good material. With smaller concerns, however, young blood may be introduced only when the sons or grandsons come out of college; and then the weight of outworn methods, backed by men who think in terms of an outworn period, may make readjustment difficult.

Applying the Soft Pedal

A young man went into a business founded by his grandfather. Many of his granddad's old clerks were still round the offices and a lot of his notions. New ways of handling routine work were introduced and young fellows brought in. As fast as the grandson built up, however, the old boys tore down. Seeing a newcomer tackling work on its merits and with energy, they took him aside, told how much money they had earned there at his age and how slightly salaries had grown since then. What if he did work hard? It would all come to the same thing in the end. Better take life easy. No headway could be made until most of these old clerks were weeded out.

Precisely the same spirit is often found in management, however.

One of the large corporations, during the past five years, has put a good deal of effort into getting capable young men away from other concerns. Some chap attracts attention in the trade for his knack at running a sales force or developing new territory. A contract is made at a large salary and he is brought to this company's general offices to repeat his success; but he never does, because he never gets a chance. For the management of that corporation includes no men of today. The officers were at their best fifteen years ago, when business was secured by crushing a competitor or a difficult price situation met with a railroad rebate. Nowadays, the true line upon which to build business is in the stopping of waste, the perfection of distribution so that an enormous volume of goods will flow almost automatically, turning slender profits, and so forth. The management is grandmotherly. Each official is surrounded by sycophants. When a young man proposes action these followers put the soft pedal on his scheme. "Let us take time and think this matter over," they advise. "Better let well enough alone—wise counsel ought to prevail." So nothing is ever done.

Some years ago a large English company got into difficulties and was placed in the hands of a receiver. More than a million pounds of capital were involved. The company had a trade name known for two generations. Whether to wind up its affairs, sell it as a going concern, or try to reconstruct it was a serious problem. The creditors most deeply concerned were holders



Children with sound bodies

make strong men and women later. You mothers can make your children well and strong by proper feeding. Whole wheat provides nature's most nourishing, body-building food, and

Ralston Wheat Food

is the most economical and the best. Just the finest whole wheat, ground, with all its nourishment and delicious flavor left in. A solid substantial food. Great for growing children.

Ralston is not factory cooked—but fresh cooked, every morning, in your own kitchen, and brought to your table, tempting and delicious. A cup full, when cooked makes six dishes—a box makes fifty breakfasts.



What is good for your children is good for you. Serve Ralston to the whole family. Buy a box today, for your children's sake—you will like it too.

Purina Whole Wheat Flour
makes delicious, nourishing bread, muffins, rolls, etc. Try it, too.

Ever Eat Chicken



Roasted in a Paper Bag?

TRADE MARK UNION Cookery Bag

Um-m! Better than your "Maryland" or "Southern Style." Everything cooked in UNION COOKERY BAGS tastes better, cooks in less time, no smell of cooking, no pans to wash.

Ask Your Grocer To Supply You

He can get them wherever he buys Union Bag & Paper Co.'s regular grocery bags. Or, write us.

Ordinary paper bags won't do. Union Cookery Bags are tasteless, moisture-proof, germ-proof. Sold in liberal, sealed, sanitary, 25c. packages.

Get "Soper's Paper Bag Cookery," 60c, postpaid.

The Union Bag & Paper Co., 1914 Whitehall Bldg., New York

MARVEL SOLDER
INSTANTLY MENDS ALL LEAKS



In all kinds of household utensils—enameled, tin, iron, copper, brass, etc. *Solders Without Heat.* Just squeeze from tube and spread over hole or crack with fingers. Hardening, it makes solid, smooth surface. Patches all machinery. Fine for motorists.
Send 10c for trial tube.
MARVEL SOLDER CO.
1937 Broadway, Dept. 9, New York

AGENTS WANTED
QUICK SALES BIG PROFITS

For full information about
PATENTS
Write, Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence
610 F Street, Washington, D. C.
Established Fifty Years. Useful Booklet FREE

50c Magnificent 1913 Hub Coin Book, Cloth-Bound, finely illustrated—A reliable guide for buying or selling "Rare Coins."—We GUARANTEE to pay prices quoted therein.—Alexander & Co., Bankers and Coin Dealers (established 1870), 18 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

CompoBoard

Just Nail It On



You can line your walls and ceilings in one-tenth the time it takes to plaster and without the muss and dirt. Compo-Board can be nailed over the old plaster or direct to the studding of new buildings.

Compo-Board walls and ceilings have a smooth surface—can be papered, decorated in oil or water color or paneled in effective designs as you wish.

Compo-Board is air tight and warp proof. Cold, heat, or moisture can't get through it. Will last as long as the house. Will stand the knocks and bangs of furniture without serious damage.

Send for Sample and Booklet—

See what Compo-Board is like, and learn in how many different ways it can be used about the house, as well as for lining of walls and ceilings.

Compo-Board is sold in strips 4 ft. wide and 1 to 18 ft. long, by dealers in nearly every town. Write at once for sample.

Northwestern Compo-Board Co.
4303 Lyndale Avenue N., Minneapolis, Minn.

An Established 6% Investment

We are offering, to net 6%, a small block of a First Mortgage bond issue marketed by us some time ago. **The bonds are issued under our plan of serial payments and the first installment of the principal has already matured and was paid promptly.** The security for these bonds is conservatively valued at more than five times the amount of the issue. The bonds are guaranteed and this guarantee places behind them additional assets of nearly twice the amount of the issue. We recommend these bonds as a conservative investment.

Ask for Circular No. 732 Y

Peabody, Houghteling & Co.
Established 1865 105 S. La Salle Street, Chicago

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THE very name Huyler's seems to many people to give this candy an extra degree of goodness—but this is an illusion. Huyler's candies could not be made better if they cost five times as much, and by any other name would taste as good.

Write for Interesting Huyler Booklet

and let us give you the name of the Huyler agent nearest you. The booklet tells how purity and quality are assured in all Huyler products.

Huyler's 64 Irving Place, New York
Sales Agents Everywhere

Huyler's
Bonbons Chocolates



TRADE Shir Gar MARK



Holds the Sox up. Holds the Shirt down.
Does not bind the leg.

Long or short drawers. No bulging of Shirt bosom. Fine for full dress shirts. Only garter endurable with varicose veins. Styles A and B in Silk, 75c.; Lisle, 50c. Style C, 25c.

Satisfaction guaranteed. At your dealers or send price and receive a pair postpaid.

Shirt Garter Co., Box 101, Columbia, Tenn.

LAW Study at Home

Graduate correspondence students most successful at bar examination. Write today for proof and free 112-pp. cat'g. We make your home a university. Leading home-study law course in Amer. Our text prepared by deans and professors from the big law colleges—Harvard, Chicago, Ill., Wis., Mich., Ia., Stanford and others. Very low cost and easy terms. Also business law course.
La Salle Extension University, Box 1331, Chicago, Ill.

20 Beautiful Post Cards 10c
Very Choicest Gold Embossed

Lovely assortment of 20 Artistic Friendship, Good Luck, Roses and Flowers in exquisite colors, all for only 10 cts. if you answer this ad. immediately.
J. H. Seymour, 404 W. Eighth St., Topeka, Kan.

CALIFORNIA'S Santa Clara Valley, known as the "poor man's paradise," surrounds SUNNYVALE, the manufacturing suburb of San Francisco. Ideal climate. Best soil for fruit, truck gardening, chicken ranching and diversified farming. Ample water. Write today for new fifty page illustrated book, mailed free. Address Sunnyvale Chamber of Commerce, 36 Crossman Bldg., Sunnyvale, California.

of a large issue of its bonds. A meeting of bondholders was called and decided to make the receiver general manager for a year, let him continue the business, and see what came of it.

The receiver was not a manufacturer and had no technical knowledge of the business, being simply an expert accountant, with a lot of courage and common sense. When the bondholders met a year later he was able to show profits amounting to nearly ten per cent of the total capitalization, and the bondholders were delighted to authorize him to go on.

What ailed that business was a general slackening due to old age. Years of trading had put thousands of accounts on the books, but they had not been weeded out. Old customers owed the company nearly a million dollars. The stock of goods on hand when the concern went into the receivership inventoried a couple of hundred thousand dollars. Yet latterly the business had come to such emergencies that railroads were seizing goods in transit for freight charges, and even the company's supplies of gas and water were in danger of being cut off for non-payment of bills.

The receiver simply brought in youth. He lifted the business out of the last generation and put it into this. First, sufficient capital was borrowed to meet running expenses. The product was improved. Then young salesmen were sent out to get young accounts—live accounts. Collection men were put on to the old book debts. Customers who had some life left in them were brought to time and those who had none decently buried. The business had held rigidly to the methods that had been good in a former period, and had ossified for lack of periodical infusions of young blood and new ideas.

Experience Versus Ignorance

Keeping business at the right age for maximum efficiency is not always a matter of bringing youngsters in and throwing the old boys out, however; for there are instances where youth and energy are rather too abounding and the sobering influence of experience is needed.

An excellent example of this is the automobile industry.

The automobile burst into the world with almost dramatic suddenness. One year it was rumored as a possibility and the next year it was an accomplished fact. It made an appeal to popular interest unlike anything that had ever gone before. The industry emerged from nothing in a period measured by months, and as a manufacturing and commercial proposition seemed to attract all that was youthful and adventurous in business life. Racing, sensational publicity and reckless finance marked the first years. The public looked for excitement in connection with the new wonder and the auto men met expectations, building every sort of racing machine. That attracted the most attention. Besides, it was easier to build racing cars and run them in sensational contests than it was to plod patiently at the development of the stock car for everyday service. Speculation entered into the management of even some of the more conservative concerns, for this exciting new business was peculiar in that the bulk of the sales was made during a very short period each year. At that season the auto manufacturer got his hands on some real money, though the rest of the year he ran his manufacturing, experimental and selling organizations as he could, and wondered what the next spring would bring forth.

This industry was finally given ballast by the disappearance of the more reckless concerns and the coming into it of solid men—fellows with the humdrum financial experience of the banker or the mill treasurer, for the most part, with not much romance about them, but a canny faculty of looking backward and forward at the same time. They saw the real issues, financed them, and put the business on a business basis.

The right age, really, is a matter of balance. Any business organization, whether it is large or small, is chiefly a way of thinking. Demand changes, business standards broaden and the competition keeps pace with the possibilities. The policymaker who keeps the organization in close and constant touch with conditions is the man who brings in new men from year to year and keeps the organization alert for the new viewpoints that come with them.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by James H. Collins. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

Diamond Tires



We could build them cheaper
But We Won't

We would build them better
But We Can't

THE dealer who sells you DIAMOND TIRES is thinking of *your* profit as well as his own—he is "tire-wise"—and believes in trading up—rather than trading down.

¶ He can buy cheaper tires than DIAMOND TIRES, and make a larger one-time profit, but he cannot sell you *better* tires.

¶ The dealer who sells you DIAMOND TIRES can be depended upon when he sells you other things—he believes in service—in integrity. He's reliable.

In addition to dependable dealers everywhere, there are FIFTY-FOUR Diamond Service Stations. Diamond Service means more than merely selling tires—it means taking care of Diamond Tire buyers.

The Diamond Rubber Company
AKRON, OHIO

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1912 Will Be Quality Year. The to the Warner Auto-Meter

The Motor Car Manufacturer's slogan for 1912-13 is "How much value can I give for a Dollar and still get out even?"

The Auto Show this year breathes *QUALITY*. You note it everywhere. It indicates the progress of the automobile into the field of good, sound, legitimate business. Success now depends on *Stable Values* and not on the ability to make immediate delivery of a car.

For this reason the Auto Buyer will find it harder than ever to pick the BEST for the money this year.

Many of the choicest cars in the shows—big 1912 successes—are Warner-equipped

The wisest manufacturers in the auto field are those far-sighted ones who forecast complete equipment with the BEST as inevitable. These have equipped with the Warner Auto-Meter for 1912 instead of waiting until 1913, as many have decided to do. Up to date of writing this ad eighteen makers of these *Quality Cars* have announced the Warner as regular equipment for 1912. Before the New York Show is over we expect at least *ten more* will have reached the same far-sighted conclusion.

The Warner on the dash of a car serves as a "guidepost" to the mechanically untrained buyer.

—Not only because of the great intrinsic value of the Warner itself, but because

The Quality Warner at three to four times the cost of other speed indicators visibly indicates the *Quality Policy* of these makers

We do not wish to even insinuate that these cars offer so much extra value simply because these makers have paid from $20,000 to $50,000 *extra money* on their season's output to give you a Warner Auto-Meter. Quite the contrary. It simply indicates that with these makers *Quality is of Paramount Importance in every item*, and that the BEST throughout is considered none too good for their trade.

WARNER AUTO-METER

"The Aristocrat of Speed Indicators"

Don't misjudge the maker who is equipping for 1912 with a low-grade speed indicator—or none at all

The maker of a car selling at $900 or less could not reasonably be expected to equip with a High Quality, therefore a High-Priced Indicator like the Warner. Buyers of such cars do not expect it. They are given full value without it.

The class of makers who are equipping with no speed indicator at all, consider it unwise to cast reflections on their otherwise high-quality cars, even for a single season, by using a Speed Indicator which they cannot recommend with the same sincerity as their car itself.

In the meantime they are frankly urging buyers who can afford the extra price without hardship, to select the Warner Auto-Meter, as in their judgment, BEST, most accurate, dependable and reliable.

No buyer of any automobile, except the very lowest priced, should be content with anything but a Warner Auto-Meter on a 1913 car

The automobile-using public is so thoroughly aware of the meaning of *Supreme Quality* and Lifetime Service without loss of accuracy in a Speed Indicator—and so generally acknowledges the Warner to perfectly meet these requirements—that inferior indicators will receive scant consideration after the present season. In fact, much impatience is being expressed by many buyers even now.

Makers committed to an inferior indicator for 1912 are now tacitly apologizing to their trade

Note carefully at the Shows that the man in the Booth "points with pride" to the Warner on the dash. *Warner*

WARNER INSTRUMENT COMPANY, Main Offices and Factory 1224 Wheeler Avenue

FREE TO AUTOMOBILISTS! A vest-pocket "Automobile Expense Record" tab indexed for conveniently keeping account of tires, gasoline, oil, repairs, etc. Sent FREE for name and model of your car. Address S. E. PATE, Booklet Dept., Warner Instrument Company, Beloit, Wis.

BRANCH HOUSES MAINTAINED AT

Atlanta	Chicago	Denver	Kansas City	Philadelphia	San Francisco
Boston	Cincinnati	Detroit	Los Angeles	Pittsburgh	Seattle
Buffalo	Cleveland	Indianapolis	New York	Portland, Ore.	St. Louis

CANADIAN BRANCH: 559 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario

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Big Landslide Steadily Growing

Equipment is used as a *selling argument*—and it is a worthy one. Then take notice how some makers in advertising and solicitation announce their cars as equipped with "A Speed Indicator." Why? No man ever need apologize for a Warner, no matter how high in quality his car may be, or how much he paid for it.

The man with $1,000 or more to invest in an automobile has a right to expect and demand *Supreme Quality* in every part of his car

The Warner Auto-Meter is justly termed "The Aristocrat of Speed Indicators." It is unvaryingly exact in indicating speed and distance. *Every Warner indicates exactly the same as every other Warner ever made.* For these reasons the Warner has been used for surveying the various Official Road Maps and Guides, which must be authoritative or they are valueless.

It is next to impossible to tour comfortably by route book without a Warner Auto-Meter

It has been found worse than useless to attempt to Tour with indicators even a *little* fast or slow—and inferior indicators are almost always one or the other. Because, if the indicator is inaccurate, when the route book says: "29.3 miles, church at right," there will be no church, and when it says: "35.8 miles—turn to the left," maybe it's a blind lane or a road through a swamp instead of the road you want. So without a Warner with its unvarying true-to-the-hair accuracy and reliability you are *tied to home* and must travel the old, uninteresting *known roads* over and over again. Or on the other hand, must suffer untold annoyances by being directed over impassable roads by those who seem to like to fool an automobile owner.

You need a Warner on the car you have or are about to buy

If the car you select is not regularly equipped with the Warner—*buy* one for it. It will double your pleasure in the car.

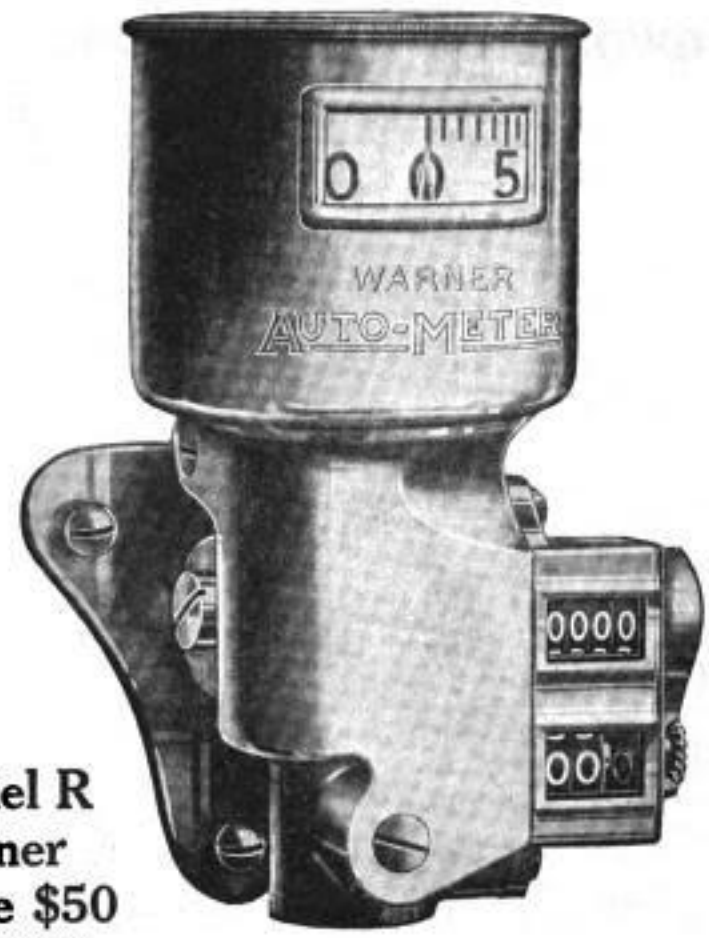
If the car you decide on has an inferior Speed Indicator on it—throw it away and *buy* a dependable Warner. It isn't worth the wear and tear on nerves and patience to bother with an inferior Speed Indicator.

If your dealer offers to throw in an unreliable indicator to get your order, don't take it. Pay the difference and get the BEST—the Warner—and *KNOW* instead of having to guess.

You'll get more pleasure out of the Warner than almost any of the conveniences and comforts on your car. Your dealer will gladly get you the exact style and model you like best.

BELOIT, WISCONSIN

The Warner can be secured through reputable Automobile Dealers in any city or town in the United States. Warner branches are maintained in all the principal cities for the convenience of these dealers and their customers. Inquiry to Beloit or at our branches is invited for Warner literature.



Model R Warner Price $50
(Actual Size)



Model K2 Warner Price $75
(Actual Size)

Other Models Up to $145
With and Without High-Grade Chelsea Clocks

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These Tires End Punctures and Blowouts on Electric Cars

You and your friends can now go ***any place*** in your pleasure electric car without the slightest fear of tire trouble.

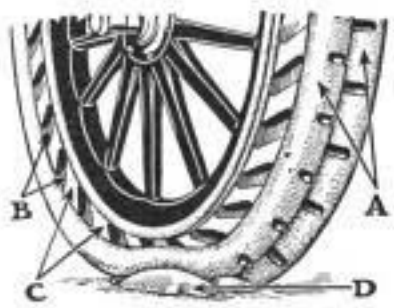
For a wonderful automobile tire has been invented.

—wonderful, because it will not skid, puncture, blow-out or rim-cut.

—***more*** wonderful, because it makes your electric just as comfortable and easy-riding as if equipped with properly inflated pneumatic tires.

Thousands of women now, having tried Motz Cushion Tires, would almost as lief give up motoring altogether as to have to go back to pneumatic tires or solid tires.

And leading makers of pleasure electrics acknowledge the added comfort and convenience of Motz Cushion Tires.



Pneumatic resiliency is accomplished by means of *double, notched treads, undercut sides, slantwise bridges* and *secret processed rubber.*

A—in the picture shows double, notched treads.
B—shows undercut sides.
C—shows slantwise bridges.
D—shows how perfectly the tire absorbs shocks when car passes over an obstacle (from actual photographs.)

They cheerfully pay more for Motz Cushion Tires than for pneumatics or solid tires, in order to please their customers.

Nor should one overlook tire ***economy.*** On Motz Cushion Tires, up-keep expense is nil. And these tires outwear ***five*** sets of pneumatics. Motz Cushion Tires are guaranteed for 10,000 miles—two years; pneumatics average but a fraction as many miles service.

When you buy your next electric, inform the manufacturer that you want Motz Cushion Tires and you'll get them. When you pay two to five thousand dollars for a pleasure car, you are certainly entitled to as much pleasure and comfort as money can buy.

It will be very easy to equip the electric you now own with Motz Cushion Tires. Motz Cushion Tires fit any standard clincher, universal quick-detachable or demountable rim.

We publish a handsome little book on tires for the benefit of electric pleasure car owners. It contains many letters from owners of electrics who are using Motz Cushion Tires. May we send this to you? Please ask for booklet 96. Please mention make and model of your car.

We also manufacture demountable solid and cushion tires for commercial cars.

The Motz Tire and Rubber Co.
Factories and Executive Offices, AKRON, O.

BRANCHES
1737 Broadway, New York; 2023 Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 999 Woodward Avenue, Detroit; 409 East 15th Street, Kansas City.

Motz Cushion Tires

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An Old Woman and a New One In the Old World

(Continued from Page 17)

stuff than women, using his hands like a chattering monkey when he talks."

Young people are apt to be extreme, but really there was something in Peggy's point of view. I attribute it in part, however, to the French language, which must have been invented by infants before they could talk plainly. But you will observe this, that when even the most stolid English woman begins to speak in the French tongue, that moment she undergoes a kind of insane change. She shrugs her shoulders, she rears back and plants her forefeet, so to speak, upon the empty air, and carries on in a way that is simply scandalous, all because she is conveying to you a little old-dried-fruit idea in French words! I called Peggy's attention to this phenomenon. I explained to her that the French are not to be blamed—at least not these living French people—for their language, and for the necessity of enforcing it with both hands when they use it. I reminded her that in former times this was the speech of courts and kings all over the world—that it has been ever praised for its grace and beauty.

"It is the language of emotions and nothing else!" she retorted. "Give me from this time on the plain American tongue. It may not be so elegant, but it is durable and strong; and you can say in it what you want to say without pawing! And they are so insufferable," returning to the French. "Today I saw in a shop this outrageous sign: 'English spoken here and American understood'!"

The Tears of a Suffragette

One evening I was thinking in a desultory fashion over the tide of the day when my revery was suddenly broken by a succession of faint, pathetic sounds from Peggy's chamber. Could I believe my ears? Was Peggy, the brave Peggy, the eaglet-clawed advanced woman, weeping? I arose, crept to the door, bent down and listened. Distinctly my niece was weeping, and in no half-hearted fashion. She was putting her whole female nature into a tune of rhythmic sobs. I opened the door and entered softly. She was lying face downward upon the bed, undulating convulsively like a little white craft upon a windy sea. I have never seen a man weep, but in case one ever did, I have wondered how he would go about it, standing or sitting. A woman is never really in earnest with her tears until she casts herself face downward.

"Peggy," I exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

She made no response. I did not expect that she would. A woman in this state becomes noisily dumb. You must wait for her to make up her mind whether she will distress you most by remaining silent or by confiding in you. I sat on the edge of the bed and waited.

"Are you homesick, my dear?" I ventured, after a suitably complimentary period had elapsed.

She would not admit homesickness.

"Does your tooth ache?" The only other time I had ever seen her so abandoned to tears was years ago when she had a bad tooth.

She waggled her head negatively in the red coverlid and snickered, to my astonishment. Then, to make up for the snicker she went off in a more dramatic gale of sobs. Presently, when I was about to despair, she murmured in a weak, smothered voice caught up with sobs:

"I—I'm afraid I've made a dre-a-dful mista-ke!"

"Is that all?" I answered cheerfully. "So do we all, to make life sufficiently interesting, my child, to be worth living. If we did not make any mistakes it would lie so straight, so dully, undeviatingly straight before us that we should lose interest in it. We could not bear to finish it. But we have an instinct for erring, for rendering it puzzling and brave by turning the wrong corners when we are young. Then we must use all our wits and courage to find our way back to the right course, or to go on and make the wrong one right."

"But you did not make a mistake about Uncle Tom—you married him," she wailed.

Ah, at last I had got to the root of the matter! If ever a woman weeps, actually



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weeps over a "mistake," it always has something to do with a lover. If she is rarely intelligent she may admit coolly, and as if you had injured her for life, that she is mistaken in her opinions or upon some point of facts; but if she is taken down alone in her bedroom at night with a mistake, having no one there to convict her of it but her own heart, you may know that she is regretting some man. Peggy's remorse had to do with her sweetheart at home, that excellent young man, Philip Ring, whose romantic obituary I have already recorded in these pages.

I sat silently stroking her head now, not answering. I had not thought that far back in the years for many a day, but now that she mentioned it I recalled another young man, not her Uncle Tom, so different. I will not say he was so good or that he would have made half so good a husband to me as Thomas did. But I say he was beautifully different. I hope it is not wronging Thomas' memory to say this much. My mind passed through the darkness of the night, back forty years, into the sunshine of happy days. I saw him standing before me—not Thomas, but the other, the lover I refused, standing before me—so tall (Thomas was barely medium height), so young (Thomas was past thirty before I ever saw him). He had a countenance in which angels and old war gods contended, it was so fierce, so lifted, so tenderly grave as he bade me farewell. (Thomas was a sedate man who would never have proposed to a woman until he was sure of her acceptance.) I never saw him again, never heard if he lived or died in the far West where he went, leaving me without another word or chance to repent. Then Thomas came and I married him. We lived together peacefully, surrounded with every comfort. I never had a care that he could keep from me. But after all, peace, just peace and comfort and nothing else, may become dull things. Now with my hand upon young Peggy's head I wondered how it would have been if I had taken the man I refused. What woman that has two to choose from knows if she made a mistake?

Peggy moved restlessly, despairingly.

"Tell me about it, dear," I said patiently.

She whirled over, displaying a sober, reddened, bedewed little face.

"It doesn't make any difference now," she began sadly, "but I never appreciated our men at home. I never understood how much more they respect us, how much more they give us when they care for us than these dreadful creatures do over here. If I'd understood I'd have answered Philip differently last spring. Ever since we have been in France I've felt the need of—an—an American man to respect me. I've missed Philip more than anything!" she wound up with a sob.

The Return of the Native

A woman never tells all of her truth. She will tell all of yours or anybody else's, but not all of her own. As a matter of fact, Peggy had battened and fattened her little feminism for years upon the love of men she had refused. It was as much a part of her fortune as her real estate. As long as she knew she had it she could refuse it. But the shock of seeing how Frenchmen do not value women had startled her into a knowledge of what she might lose. It is all very well to be a suffragette when you are young and have no need of strings to your bow; but it is a different matter later on to be nothing but a suffragette with no bow and no strings. Peggy did not admit this to herself, but it was one source of her grief. She had been deprived for some months of her income from lovers, and she was feeling impoverished in more ways than one. But I was careful not to let her know what she would scarcely admit even to herself.

"You might write to Philip and tell him that you have come to your senses," I suggested, smiling.

"I could send him something—a little token—just to show that I have not forgotten him. That would be perfectly proper, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, yes, and perfectly, sneakingly feminine also—saving yourself, leaving him still in suspense as to how much and what you mean."

"I could make it nearly clear, I think," she murmured absently, like an author preoccupied with an engaging composition.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Corra Harris. The sixth will appear in an early issue.

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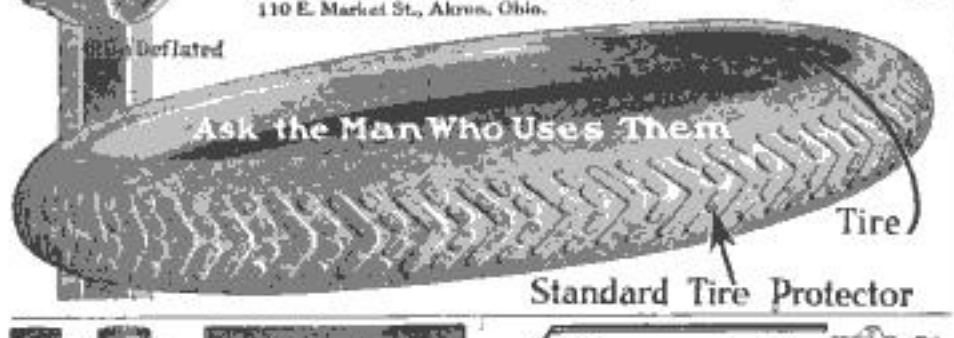
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THE LIGHTED WAY

(Continued from Page 31)

"Double it," Mr. Weatherley ordered promptly. "Three pounds a week I will make it. For three pounds a week I may rely upon your constant and zealous service?"

"You may rely absolutely on that," Arnold replied, not quite sure whether he was on his head or his feet.

"Very well, then, go and tell some of the porters to bring in your desk. Have it brought in this very moment. Understand, if you please, that it is my wish not to be left alone under any circumstances—that is quite clear, isn't it?—not under any circumstances! I have heard some most disquieting stories about blackmailers and that sort of person."

"I don't think you need fear anything of the sort here," Arnold assured him.

"I trust not," Mr. Weatherley asserted, "but I prefer to be on the right side. As regards firearms," he continued, "I have never carried them, nor am I accustomed to handling them. At the same time——"

"I wouldn't bother about firearms if I were you, sir," Arnold interrupted. "I can promise you that while I am in this office no one will touch you or harm you in any way. I would rather rely upon my fists any day."

Mr. Weatherley nodded.

"I am glad to hear you say so. A strong young man like you need have no fear, of course. You understand, Chetwode, not a word in the outer office."

"Certainly not, sir," Arnold promised. "You can rely entirely upon my discretion. You will, perhaps, tell Mr. Jarvis that I am to do my work in here. Fortunately I know a little shorthand, so if you like I can take the letters down. It will make my presence seem more reasonable."

Mr. Weatherley leaned back in his chair and lit a cigar. He was recovering slowly.

"A very good idea, Chetwode," he said. "I will certainly inform Mr. Jarvis. Poor Rosario!" he went on thoughtfully. "And to think that he might have been warned. If only I had told you to wait outside the restaurant!"

"Do you know who it was who telephoned to you, sir?" Arnold asked.

"No idea—no idea at all," Mr. Weatherley declared. "Some one rang up and told me that Mr. Rosario was engaged to lunch in the grillroom with my wife. I don't know who it was—didn't recognize the voice from Adam's—but the person went on to say that it would be a very great service indeed to Mr. Rosario if some one could stop him from lunching there today. Can't think why they telephoned to me."

"If Mr. Rosario were lunching with your wife," Arnold pointed out, "it would be perfectly easy for her to get him to go somewhere else if she knew of the message, whereas he might have refused an ordinary warning."

"You haven't heard the motive even hinted at, I suppose?" Mr. Weatherley asked.

"Not at present," Arnold replied. "That may all come out at the inquest."

"To be sure," Mr. Weatherley admitted. "At the inquest—yes, yes! Poor Rosario!"

He watched the smoke from his cigar curl up to the ceiling. Then he turned to some papers on his table.

"Get your desk in, Chetwode," he ordered, "and then take down some letters. The American mail goes early this afternoon."

IX

ARNOLD swung round the corner of the terrace that evening with footsteps still eager, notwithstanding his long walk. The splendid egoism of youth had already triumphed; the tragedy of the day had become a dim thing. He himself was moving forward and onward. He glanced up at the familiar window, feeling a slight impulse of disappointment when he received no welcoming wave of the hand. It was the first time for weeks that Ruth had not been there. He climbed the five flights of stone stairs, still buoyant and light-hearted. He glanced into his own room and found it empty. He crossed at once the passageway and knocked at her door. She was lying back in her chair with her back toward the window.

"Why, Ruth," he exclaimed, "how dare you desert your post!"

He felt at once that there was something strange in her reception of him. She stopped him as he came across the room, holding out both her hands. Her wan face was strained and something of the beautiful softness of her features had passed for the moment. She was so anxious, so terrified lest she should misread what was written in his face.

"Arnold!" she murmured. "Oh, Arnold!"

He was a little startled. It was as though tragedy had been let loose in the room.

"Why do you look at me like that, dear?" he cried. "Is there anything terrible to tell me? What have I done?"

She was leaning out from her chair. It was true, indeed, that at that moment some sort of fear had drained all the beauty from her face, though her eyes shone still like fierce stars.

"Don't come any nearer for a moment," she implored as he came toward her. "Stay there where I can see your face. Now tell me—tell me everything."

He laughed, not altogether easily, yet with some note half of resentment, half of protest.

"Dear Ruth," he pleaded, "what have I done to deserve this? Nothing has happened to me that I will not tell you about. And I have news—great news! Wait till you hear it."

"Go on," she said simply. "Tell me everything. Begin at last night."

He drew a little breath. It was, after all, a hard task, this that was before him. In his mind last night lay far enough back now, a tangled web of disconnected episodes linked together by a strangely sweet emotional thread of sentiment. And the girl was watching his face with every sense strained to catch his words and the meaning of them. Vaguely he felt his danger even from the first.

"Well, I got there in plenty of time," he began. "It was a beautiful house, beautifully furnished and arranged. The people were queer—not at all the sort I expected. Most of them seemed half foreign. They were all very hard to place in a respectable household."

"They were not really, then, Mr. Weatherley's friends?" she asked quietly.

"As a matter of fact they were not," he admitted. "That may have had something to do with it. Mrs. Weatherley is a foreigner. She comes from a little island somewhere in the Mediterranean and is half Portuguese. Most of the people were there apparently by her invitation. After dinner—such a dinner, Ruth—we played bridge. More people came then. I think there were eight tables altogether. After I left most of them stayed on to play baccarat."

Her eyes still held his. Her expression was unchanged.

"Tell me about Mrs. Weatherley," she murmured.

"She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen in my life," Arnold said. "She is pale and she has strange brown eyes—not really brown, but lighter. I couldn't tell you the color, for I've never seen anything else like it. And she has real red-brown hair, and she is slim, and she walks like one of these women one reads about. They say that she is a countess in her own right, but she never uses the title."

"And was she kind?" Ruth asked.

"She was very kind indeed," Arnold replied. "She talked to me quite a good deal and I played bridge at her table. It seems the most amazing thing in the world," he went on, "that she should ever have married a man like Samuel Weatherley."

"Now tell me the rest," she persisted. "Something else has happened—I am sure of it."

He dropped his voice a little. The terror was coming into the room.

"There was a man there named Rosario," he said. "He was a Portuguese Jew and a very wealthy financier. One reads about him always in the papers. I have heard of him many times. He negotiates loans for foreign governments and has a bank of his own. I left him there last night, playing baccarat. This morning Mr. Weatherley called me into his office and sent me up to the Milan restaurant with a strange message. I was to find Mr. Rosario and to see that he did not lunch there—to send him away somewhere else, in fact. I didn't understand it, but of course I went."

"And what happened?" she demanded.

He held his breath for a moment.

"I was to take a table just inside the restaurant," he explained, "and to tell him

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directly he entered. I did exactly as I was told, but it was too late. Rosario was stabbed as he was on the point of entering the restaurant, within a few yards of where I was sitting."

She shivered a little, although her general expression was still unchanged.

"You mean that he was murdered?"

"He was killed upon the spot," Arnold declared.

"By whom?"

He shook his head.

"No one knows. The man got away. I bought an evening paper as I came along and I see they haven't arrested any one yet."

"Was there a quarrel?" she asked.

"Nothing of the sort," he replied. "The other man seemed simply to have run out from somewhere and stabbed him with one thrust. I saw it all, but I was powerless to interfere."

"You saw the man who did it?" she asked.

"Only his arm," Arnold answered. "He kept his body twisted around somehow. It was a blackguardly thing to do."

"It was horrible!" she murmured.

There was an interruption. The piece of tattered curtain that concealed the portion of the room given over to Isaac and that led beyond to his sleeping chamber was flung on one side. Isaac himself stood there, his black eyes alight with anger.

"Liar!" he exclaimed. "Liars, both of you!"

They looked at him without speech, his interruption was so sudden, so unexpected. The girl had forgotten his presence in the room; Arnold had never been conscious of it.

"I tell you that Rosario was a robber of mankind," Isaac cried. "He was one of those who feed upon the bones of the poor."

"You go too far, Isaac," Arnold protested. "I never heard any particular harm of the man except that he was immensely wealthy."

Isaac stretched out his thin hand. His bony forefinger pointed menacingly toward Arnold.

"You lie!" Isaac shrieked. "Rosario earned his wealth by the monkey tricks of a dishonest brain. Never an honest day's work did he perform in his life, never a day did he stand in the market-place where the weaker were falling day by day."

"The man is dead," Arnold muttered.

"Yes, dead!" Isaac cried fiercely.

He caught up his cloth cap and without another word left the room. Arnold looked after him curiously, more than a little impressed by the man's passionate earnestness. Ruth, on the other hand, was unmoved.

"Isaac is Isaac," she murmured. "He sees life like that. He would wear the flesh off his bones preaching against wealth. It is as though there were some fire inside that consumed him all the time. When he comes back he will be calmer."

But Arnold remained uneasy. Isaac's words and his attitude of pent-up fury had made a singular impression upon him.

"If Isaac goes about the world like that trouble will come of it," he said thoughtfully. "Have you ever heard him speak of Rosario before?"

"Never," she answered. "I have heard him talk like that, though, often. To me it sounds like the waves beating upon the shores. They may rage as furiously or ripple as softly as the tides can bring them—it makes no difference. I want you to go on, please. I want you to finish telling me—your news."

Arnold looked away from the closed door. He looked back again into the girl's face. There was still that appearance of strained attention about her mouth and eyes.

"You are right," he admitted. "These things, after all, are terrible enough; but they are like the edge of a storm from which one has found shelter. Isaac ought to realize it."

"Tell me what it is that has happened to you?" she begged.

He shook himself free from that cloud of memories. He gave himself up, instead, to the joy of telling her his good news.

"Listen, then," he said. "Mr. Weatherley, in consideration not altogether, I am afraid, of my clerklike abilities, but of my shoulders and muscle, has appointed me his private secretary, with a seat in his office and a salary of three pounds a week. Think of it, Ruth! Three pounds a week!"

A smile lightened her face for a moment as she squeezed his fingers.

"But why?" she asked. "What do you mean about your shoulders and your muscle?"

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"It is all very mysterious," he declared, "but do you know I believe Mr. Weatherley is afraid. He shook like a leaf when I told him of the murder of Rosario. I believe he thinks that there was some sort of plot and he is afraid that something of the sort might happen to him. My instructions are never to leave his office, especially if he is visited by any strangers."

"It sounds absurd," she remarked. "I should have thought that of all the commonplace, unimaginative people you have ever described to me Mr. Weatherley was supreme."

"And I," Arnold agreed. "And so in a way he is. It is his marriage that seems to have transformed him—I feel sure of that. He is mixing now with people whose manners and ways of thinking are entirely strange to him. He has had the world he knew of kicked from beneath his feet, and is hanging on instead to the fringe of another of which he knows very little."

Ruth was silent. All the time Arnold was conscious that she was watching him. He turned his head. Her mouth was once more set and strained, a delicate streak of scarlet upon the pallor of her face, but from the fierce questioning of her eyes there was no escape.

"What is it you want to know that I have not told you, Ruth?" he asked.

"Tell me what happened to you last night!"

He laughed boisterously, but with a flagrant note of insincerity.

"Haven't I been telling you all the time?"

"You've kept something back," she cried—"the greatest thing! Don't you remember your promise before you went—you would tell me everything—everything! Well?"

Her words pierced the armor of his own self-deceit. The bare room seemed suddenly full of glowing images of Fenella.

"I haven't told you very much about Mrs. Weatherley," he said simply. "She is very wonderful and very beautiful. She was very kind to me too."

Ruth leaned forward in her chair; her eyes read what she strove yet hated to see. She threw herself suddenly back, covering her face with her hands. The strain was over. She began to weep.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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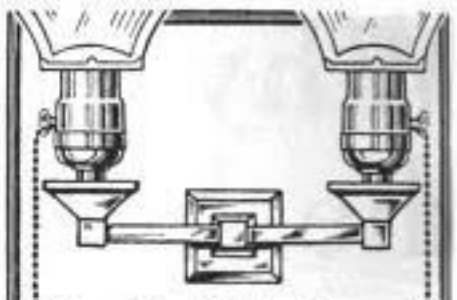
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If you, the Loafer, will go back to work
And be a bee and not a useless drone;
And you, the Laborer, will strive, not shirk—
I think we'll solve our troubles all alone.

If you, the Orator, will give us deeds
To thicken up the gruel of your speech;
And you, the Gardener, will pull the weeds
And cleanse your field so far as you can reach;
If you, the Milkman, give us honest milk
And leave the added water in the well;
And you, the Agitator, and your ilk,
Will toil, not talk—we'll have few woes to tell.

If you, the Voter, will be just as clean
As you think every Government should be;
And you, the Officeholder, make the scene
Of your activities a joy to see;
If you, the Citizen, by every act
Will prove your loyalty to civic good—
Our ills will be in dreams much more than fact,
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If you, the Man, will strive to reach the plane
You claim you want the Nation rested on;
And you, the Dreamer, wake up now and gain
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If you—just you, remember—cast the beam
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—*J. W. Foley.*



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How a Great Business Was Built Up

ON a bright September morning in the year 1839—or, to be more specific, on the twenty-first day of that month—there came into Frederick City, Maryland, a fellow who was an entire stranger—nobody had ever seen him before. He was a poor lad, and, as a matter of fact, did not have a suit of clothes to his back. However, he was quite welcome, and they did not throw him out, because he weighed only nine pounds. In due course of time—or, again to be precise, in 1846—he heard the call from the West—"Go West, young man"—and following it, he went to St. Louis. In those days it was a great trip—there were no railroads over the mountains—that part of the journey was made in a stage coach, to Parkersburg, Va., and from there by stern wheel steamboat to Louisville, and after waiting in that city a week or more a boat was advertised as going to the City of St. Louis. He proceeded in that boat, and landed in St. Louis on the 26th day of February, 1846. As time passed on he grew to be quite a good-sized lad—had a few years of grammar school and then a touch of high (school) life, but pressing financial necessity, and the shortness of the almighty dollar in his family compelled him to go to work.

Having been a great lover of pocket knives, and having bored most every man whom he met, to show him his pocket knife, that he might look it over and examine it carefully, he thought he would like to follow a business in which that useful article was a prominent factor. He therefore went to the largest (wholesale) Hardware Store in St. Louis—Child, Pratt & Co.—inquired for one of the proprietors, and was shown to Mr. Pratt, and he told him his errand. Mr. Pratt said, "What can you do, my boy?" This boy replied, "As much as any other boy of my age. Where shall I hang my coat?" That was the commencement of a career which afterwards culminated in the building up of the largest and best Hardware business in the world.

The first duty that this young chap performed was taking all the goods out of the shelves—dusting them off—dusting off the shelves, and putting the goods back again. It might be remarked in passing, that when he had finished this job, which took several weeks, he received the comment of "Well done" from his employer. Shortly after that he was promoted, and was allowed to run errands and work in stock a little. Again later he enjoyed the great privilege of carrying the store key, and opening the store. This gave him a great advantage—it taught him the habit of *early rising*, which he has ever regarded as one of the most valuable assets in a business career. It also enabled him, by being the first one in the store, oftentimes to meet and converse with country merchants who had come to the city to buy their goods, and not being accustomed to the noise of the metropolis, would get up early and wander around to pass the time before breakfast. In this way this young man was permitted to commence selling goods long before his employer thought him qualified for that work, and he became a salesman—almost unconsciously to them—and just by reason of these circumstances. In those days all the business was done by water transportation—there were no railroads—so that in the Winter when the rivers were frozen over, there was absolutely no business. Such things as traveling salesmen were totally unknown at that time. When the ice passed out and navigation was resumed, business came with a rush, and it was not an unusual thing for the employés of such stores to work sixteen hours a day for three months at a time, excepting on Saturdays, and then they always made it a point to quit at twelve o'clock at night. Passing through an education like this, which is akin to going to the university of adversity, is perhaps the best experience that any man can possibly have. Before many years had elapsed this boy imbibed the idea of having the best hardware store in the world, and became very ambitious to accomplish this purpose. Not the largest—*always the best*—and to that end he has worked ever since, and although for the past fifteen years he has been out of the active management of the business, he still remains connected with it—in a sense—ready to put his foot on the brake whenever he thought necessity required. He is the first man who gave to the world a full line of strictly first-class hardware goods—the best that brain and brawn can produce—all under one name or trade mark. That idea—speaking in a general way—has been copied very widely, and has been the means of contributing greatly to the success of other houses. Adopting the Trade Mark of **KEEN KUTTER** more than forty-five years ago, it has forged steadily ahead in the minds and confidence of the public, until to-day it is recognized as the synonym for the very best, and the goods are called for by name and brand every day and every hour in different parts of the United States—the demand extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Gulf of Mexico to and including Canada. That Trade Mark is now considered by many of the most intelligent men the most valuable one in the world. To illustrate—it is put upon more than one million pocket knives per annum—pocket knives that are made in our own factory—made by workmen who learned their business or profession in the factory of Wostenholm (I-X-L), Sheffield, England.

In the year 1873 this business man thought it wise to incorporate, in order that his associates, who were helping him to build up this great business, might share with him its prosperity and financial results, and finding that the laws of the State of Missouri provided for the incorporation of a mercantile concern practically in the same way that it did manufacturing concerns, the institution was incorporated—so that on January 1st, 1874, it became a corporation—the first mercantile corporation in the United States—with a cash capital of Two Hundred Thousand Dollars—all of which had been earned under this same administration.

From this beginning the business has grown so that since January 1st, 1874, the capital has been increased out of the earnings a number of times, until to-day it is Four and a Half Millions of Dollars. Besides that, during all these thirty-seven years there has been paid out in cash dividends about Six Millions of Dollars. From this statement you will see that this corporation has earned during these thirty-seven years over Ten Millions of Dollars, and that it has been a profit-sharing institution. During all this period it has remained entirely and absolutely independent—never having an agreement or understanding with any other house as to prices—division of territory, method of business or anything else.

In the year 1880, it gave to the Hardware world the first large and complete illustrated catalog—in which prices were put—that was ever printed—a catalog that became immediately the model for all future ones. It is interesting to note here that this catalog increased the business the next year, 1881, more than One Million Dollars, which was an enormous increase—in percentage—over the business of the previous year.

Some estimate of the value of the **KEEN KUTTER** Trade Mark can be shown by the following incident, which occurred in the month of September, 1911:

A salesman from our Minneapolis house, visiting Paynesville, Minn., was told by our good friends and customers—the Paynesville Hardware Company—that they were just establishing a Domestic Science School for girls, and this house wanted to capture the order for Scissors—calling upon our salesman to assist them to get it. Together they visited the Superintendent of Schools, and he said he was going to make it a competitive matter; he thought the quality of this class of goods was all the same anyway. Our salesman inquired who was going to pay for the Scissors—whether the school or the girls—and the reply was that each girl would pay for her own. Our able representative then suggested that as they were going to pay for them themselves, they should be permitted to have a voice in the selection, and that each girl be given a slip of paper to take home to her parents, and let them designate their choice by entering upon this piece of paper the name or make of Scissors they preferred. They all brought back their slips the next morning, and there were sixty-four pupils—therefore, sixty-four slips—and when the matter was summed up it read as follows: **KEEN KUTTER**, 54; Q, 9; C, 1; others of all makes, 10. Therefore, the Paynesville Hardware Co. got the order. It is hardly necessary to comment on this—it tells its own story.

Among the most important things made by this house is the **KEEN KUTTER** Safety Razor—a razor that is undoubtedly the best safety razor in the world. K-1, which sells at $3.50, is far and away better than any other razor ever put out, and has now been on the market about five years, but the K-10—which is called the **KEEN KUTTER** Junior—is a very close second, and retails at One Dollar—and is undoubtedly the best selling razor ever offered to the American public—which fact is testified to by hundreds of letters that we have received in the past sixty days, from merchants who handle them, saying they are wonderful in their results—pleasing to everyone who buys them—and the best sellers they have ever had in their stores. One man, who lives in a small place in the State of Missouri, voluntarily stated to us that he had sold 43 of them in thirty days. No live Hardware Dealer in the United States can afford to be without **KEEN KUTTER** Safety Razors, if he wants to keep up with the procession, and have the best seller of that kind that was ever offered to man. SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY.

P. S.—All Retail Hardware Merchants are cordially invited to come to St. Louis and pay us a visit. Let us take you to the factory and show you how **KEEN KUTTER** Tools are made and let you see, in the process of their manufacture, why they are the Best Tools in the World.—SIMMONS HARDWARE CO.

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THE VILLAIN OF THE PIECE

(Continued from Page 13)

I was appalled by what I saw, but I was obliged to admit that the little minx was playing her part well. Her uncle watched, grimly amused, and understanding, I could see, more than he would allow. Her style of dress impressed me most. All her pretty, useful frocks of linen and serge had been put away. Now she wore chiffon and airy muslin of the most useless and unserviceable kind, with skirts tied so narrowly round her pretty ankles that she had the greatest difficulty in getting upstairs and had almost to be lifted in and out of the motor; shoes with such absurdly high Louis heels that I trembled for her ankles; and fluffy, perishable parasols like great pink-and-blue flowers to shield her complexion. To me, one of Hyacinth's great charms had been the clear, peachy brown of her sunburnt skin in the summertime—but Harry, it seemed, liked lilies and roses best.

The little wretch reveled in her part. If she bicycled we had to walk all the hills and wheel her machine—an attention she had scorned before; if we danced—no kitchen lancers for her; if we picnicked, rugs and cushions had to be carried and arranged for her—Hyacinth, who had always loved to lie on the grass at the edge of the cliffs!

It may have been an amusing game to her uncle, but it was a heart-breaking one to me, for I could see that Harry was getting keener and keener. And the zest and enjoyment which the girl showed when she accepted his slavish attentions showed plainly what her own feelings were. As for Harry's scruples, they seemed to be dead. What a fool I had been! What a poor, shortsighted attempt at a Machiavelli! I had, indeed, been hoist with my own petard. I refuse to admit that I had let Hyacinth play her mad game because I had foreseen its success and wished her to be happy. I refuse to admit that I saw at once it was the right game to play. I hadn't seen it. I'm not an astute person. Harry had said that he wanted a capable, useful wife! Of course I thought he meant it. I didn't foresee such disastrous folly as this.

The days went by. I wrote the first volume of my gloomy epic of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, and reveled in the tragedy of it. I couldn't eat, and slept very little. Even Hyacinth saw that I was thinner and perhaps guessed why I was so wretched. God knows I had never tried to conceal my feelings from her. Sometimes I caught her looking at me so compassionately that my heart was pierced. Her voice grew very gentle. She let me wait on her when Harry was not there—but he was generally there.

At last the end came. I went into her garden a month before Harry was to sail—and stepped suddenly into the middle of a most embarrassing scene. Harry, in fact, was in the rose arbor on his knees. Hyacinth was sitting in her old place by the little unglazed window, with a nodding yellow rose swaying against her pretty ear, almost entangled in her pretty hair. I tried to go back unseen.

"Come back, Rupert!" said Hyacinth. "Mr. Constantine is just explaining why he can't propose to me. He is explaining how lacerated his heart is—to go away and leave me mourning like Ariadne on the seashore. He is telling me why it is best for him and best for me that we should never see each other's face again."

Here she laughed. Harry's face was pitiful—amazed—wretched! I glanced from one to the other in silence. It was difficult to think of a suitable remark.

"Weren't you?" she asked coldly.

Harry's scarlet face grew purple. "You are too bad!" he said. "I think, Rupert, you might have the decency to go."

"No—don't go, Rupert."

"You are cruel to me!" went on poor Harry. "I told you that I loved you and that it went to my heart to leave you. I told you about my hard, rough life. I told you that my wife would have to be able to share it. I told you how difficult it was to get servants and how often we are left entirely to our own resources. I told you ——" His voice broke and he stopped.

"Yes—you told me quite a lot of things," said Hyacinth softly. I gazed at her in amazement. Her eyes were shining with anger. Was it anger? What did she mean? Why didn't she put an end to this absurd farce? I felt ashamed of my pity for poor Harry. A really consistent villain is incapable of pity. Yet I did pity him.

"I told you everything," he said quietly. "I thought it was right to tell you everything before I asked you to marry me. I did say that it would be better for you if you never saw me again; but it won't be better for me, because I love you so much. If you will risk it and put up with the rough ways we have out there I will try to make it easy for you. You were meant to be waited on, with your pretty, useless ways. I am afraid you will grow to hate me in that lonely life."

She was silent—suddenly softened. He must have been putting his case very clumsily before, I thought. She meant to marry him. Why didn't she say so and let me go, that she might put the poor wretch out of his misery? Oh, these women!

She sat there, silent for some moments; then:

"Aren't you very rash? Think of the way I should burn up your mutton chops! Think of the heavy flapjacks—what are flapjacks, Rupert?—and the unswept hearth and the hungry chickens and the buttonless clothes! Poor Harry—aren't you very rash? How should I get my Paquin frocks and my Maison Rose hats out in Manitoba?"

I couldn't stand it any longer. Harry was really suffering—the girl was playing a most infernal game! There are times when a man is obliged to range himself on the side of his own sex. I gave up playing the villain and spoke to her sternly for the first time in my life.

"Hyacinth," I said, "I've had enough of this! It's not a pretty game. If you don't tell the truth I shall."

She laughed.

"I was waiting for that!" said she surprisedly. "I saw you melting before my very eyes."

I was really angry then.

"It's all nonsense, Harry," I said gently. "Hyacinth is amusing herself in peculiar ways at present. I'm afraid I am partly to blame for it. She wanted to please you and she's been playing a game."

"I know," said he forlornly. "She told me. She pretended to be able to do things ——"

"No," said I gravely; "that wasn't the game. That was the real thing. She can do things."

Hyacinth laughed softly.

"What?" Poor Harry looked confused.

"She can do things," said I again. "She can do anything! She can do too much. The pretense came in when she showed you that she couldn't."

"But ——" he began.

"Do go on," said Hyacinth calmly. "I like to hear you confessing for me, Rupert." I glanced at her indignantly. She was as pink as a rose. Her eyes were shining wickedly.

"She can cook and make her own frocks. She can wash and iron them, for I've seen her at it. She can bring up poultry and shoot as straight as any backwoodsman. She can ride anything on earth and she's not afraid of anything in the world. She'd glory in a wolf hunt and she'd meet a grizzly bear at the door with a smile. She ——"

"She does seem a nice girl!" said Hyacinth softly.

"She isn't a nice girl!" I said sternly. "She's an infernal little liar!—that's what she is!"

"Rupert!" She started.

"I shall not apologize!" I said. "She's merely amusing herself by trying to make you uncomfortable. She's been as successful in that as she is in most things; but at the bottom of all this she loves you and means to marry you. And now, if you will excuse me, I shall leave her to tell you so."

Harry—his eyes glowing, his face utterly changed—was beside her now, but the extraordinary girl waved him off and imperiously motioned to me to stay where I was.

"Don't go, Rupert!" she said once more. "I'm a detestable little pig! I've been a detestable little pig to you both—and I'm sorry. No, Harry; don't take my hand—it's not yours."

We both stared at her then.

"When you first came home," she said calmly, "I saw how all the other girls threw themselves at you and I couldn't help competing. I don't like to be beaten at any game. When you took no more notice of me than of the others it made me angry. I saw what you wanted and pretended to be

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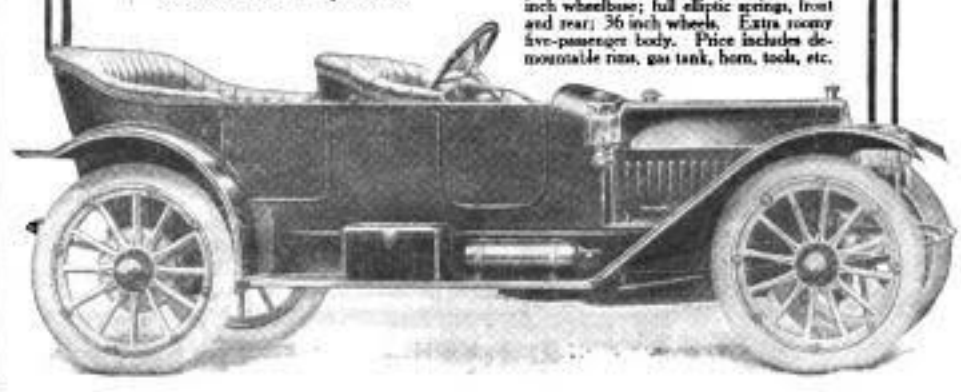
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a helpless, ornamental, Laura Matilda kind of creature."

"But," Harry eagerly began, "you can do things—you ——"

"I can," said she composedly; "but I don't want to."

If a thunderbolt had fallen it could not have shattered us more! She laughed at our consternation, minx that she was.

"You're a very nice boy, Harry," she said softly; "but I wouldn't go out to Manitoba and make your pumpkin pies and sew your buttons on if you were Prince Charming himself! I like you very much, but I don't love you; and one wants a lot of love—oh, oceans of love—to wash down such a life as yours!"

Poor Harry!

"I like to feel competent," said she. "I like learning to do things. I even like to feel that I can do them. I like conquering difficulties. But there it stops. When I've mastered a thing I've no more use for it. I'd rather die than go on doing the same thing hour after hour, day after day, year after year. Oh, Harry—I can find you half a dozen nice girls who'll love to make your flapjacks for you every morning for a thousand years! I'm a butterfly. I never realized it until I'd pretended it; but now I know. I like to be petted and waited on. 'Be helpless,' I told myself, 'and you'll be helped.' It was quite true, and I like it. I like being helped. I like wearing unserviceable frocks. I look much prettier in them. Don't I, Rupert?"

"I'm ashamed of you," said I; but I had met her eyes and my heart was beating furiously. There was something behind all this—something which Harry would never find.

"I'm ashamed of myself," said she slowly. "And I owe it to you, Harry, that I've seen myself in my true light. It wasn't until I began to play this game—this very ——" She hesitated.

"Reprehensible," I suggested.

"——reprehensible game that I found out the reality of things. I found out what things were real to me—what I wanted. I want a home here in England, with a garden and pretty dresses and expensive hats and lots of friends. I want to read new books and to hear good music and see good plays. I want the life I've been brought up to. I don't want to do chores. The song of the skylarks isn't enough for me. Wolf-hunting won't make up for dances and dinner parties and pretty speeches about my bright eyes ——"

"I could make the pretty speeches about your bright eyes," poor Harry said; but he rose to go for all that. He knew now. All the pretense was over. There was no doubting the sincerity of her tone. She caught his hand—pressed it for an instant against her soft cheek.

"Goodby, Harry. Ah, do forgive me!—I'm only an interlude. You've got a month still to find your Bluebird. You know you were half in love with a dozen of us before I began to pretend—Molly, Kitty, Hortense. Forgive me, Harry. They're all real! I'm the only sham one of us all."

Harry was gone however. We sat there in silence for a long time. At last I crossed over to her side. She smiled appealingly at me.

"I am ashamed!" she said. "I am ashamed!" But I couldn't scold her now.

"What else did you want?" I said. "I can provide most of your real things. I can provide the garden and the pretty dresses and the life you want to lead. What other real things do you want, Hyacinth?"

She couldn't speak—but she did not resist when I took her in my arms.

"Oh," she said at last, "those weren't the real things, Rupert. I didn't know until I began to play at love with Harry—I didn't know what real things were. I think I know now!"

"Well?" I asked.

"You were always real!" she said. "It has always been you; but I didn't understand. And you didn't speak!—you were so sure I didn't like you—weren't you? If you hadn't been so modest—if you hadn't been so considerate—if you'd once scolded me and then—perhaps—kissed me—against my will ——" She stopped and her voice broke. I laughed.

"I've been a villain," I said. "I let you run your head into a sack. I did it with the worst motives. It wasn't my fault that your mistake wasn't fatal. I gloried in my part. I was the villain of the piece."

Then she laughed too.

"When I go to the play," said she, "I always like the villain best!"

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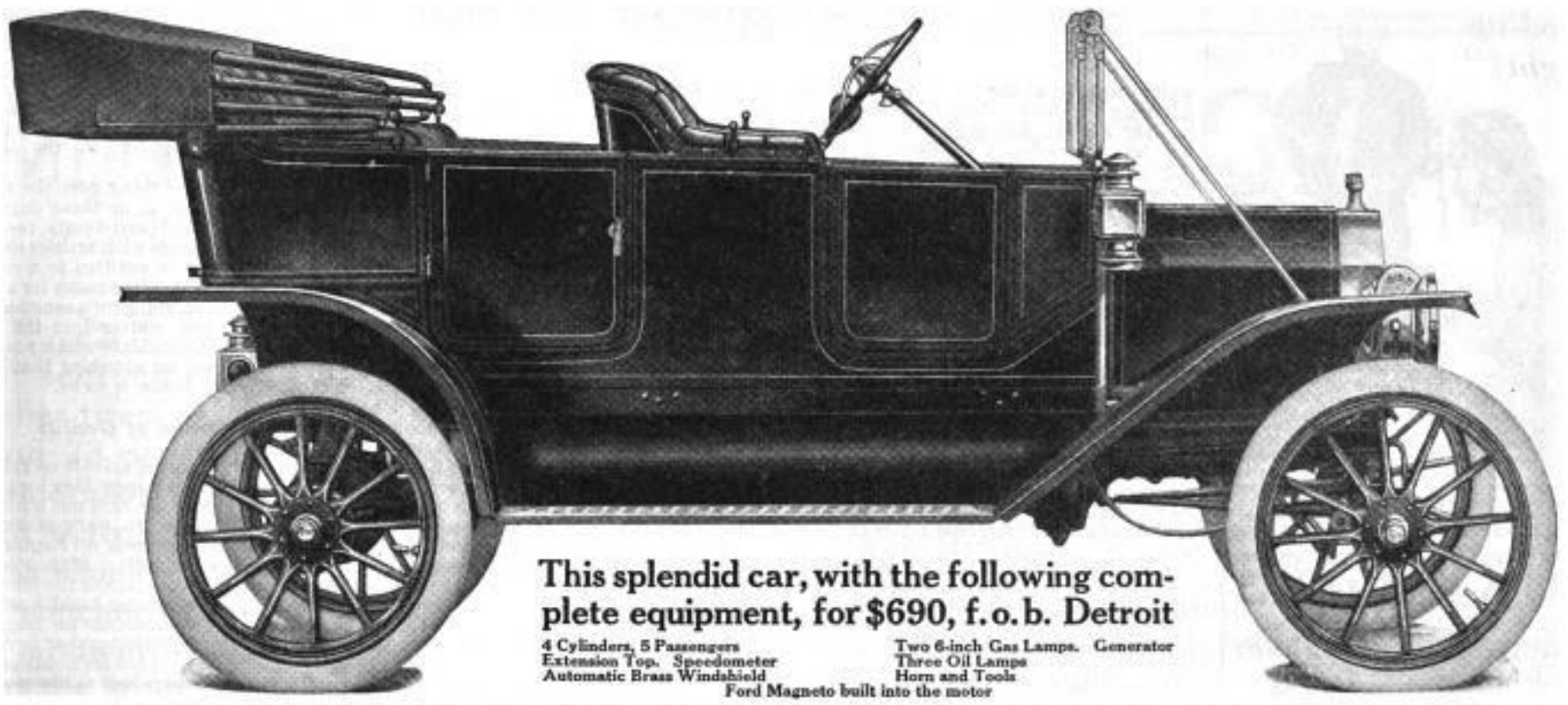
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Three Oil Lamps
Horn and Tools
Ford Magneto built into the motor

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Handsome—Foredoors—roomy—up-to-the-minute in desired details, strong, simple and backed with a record of five years' satisfaction—giving results in all parts of the world to more than 100,000 users. This beautiful motor car completely equipped for only $690 f. o. b. Detroit.

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¶ There are no "glittering generalities" in **FORD** advertising.—It gives you the established **Facts**—we appeal to your judgment through **Facts**, not with claims—and you know it's more profitable to live with a **Fact** than to nurse a family of "claims."

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¶ We tell you **FORD Model T** is the highest priced quality car and immediately follow with the **Facts**.

¶ Entire mechanical construction of Vanadium Steel, scientifically heat-treated—the very best as well as the most expensive steel made.

¶ The only motor car with the Magneto built into the flywheel as a part of the motor; the only motor car in which there are neither dry cells nor batteries. This is also a **FORD** Magneto—built entirely in our own shops.

¶ The lightest weight 4-Cylinder motor car in the world, size, power and capacity considered—60 pounds to the horsepower.

¶ The cheapest 4-Cylinder motor car in maintenance, 20 to 25 miles on one gallon of gasoline and 5,000 to 8,000 miles on one set of tires.

¶ The simplest motor car in design, anybody of ordinary intelligence quickly understands its every mechanical detail.

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¶ The **FORD Model T** has the lowest purchase price and running cost per mile per passenger of any motor car in the world.

FACTS from FORD

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¶ 1st: The extreme simplicity and accurately scientific design—the creation of the marvelous inventive genius of Henry Ford.

¶ 2d: The scientifically heat-treated Vanadium Steel material. We emphasize this because it is vitally important that you should know the sort of materials used in the construction of the motor car you buy.

¶ 3d: The most efficient automobile factory in the world, where the workmen are employed during the entire year building only this ONE WONDERFUL CAR.

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¶ 5th: The Ford Motor Company devotes all its energy to the production of only one car; it finances the entire business itself, and this is a mighty force in manufacture; no borrowed money, no interest-bearing bond issues, no mortgages, but everything bought and paid for with spot cash, and sold the same way.

¶ There is intense significance in the fact that every fifth car sold in America last year was a **FORD Model T**. This significance increases when you know that every third car made in America this year will be a **FORD Model T**.

¶ **FORD Model T** cars would not be made in such quantities if established merit had not produced the demand. If the **Model T** had not satisfied its thousands and thousands of users.

¶ **FORD Model T** car is in largest demand because of its all-round general utility; it meets the motor want of everybody, from the man of leisure to the busy worker, from the doctor and professional man to the banker and farmer.

¶ Remember all **FORD** cars are sold fully equipped—we specify the equipment article by article. When you buy a **FORD Model T** you buy a complete car.

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Ford Model T Torpedo, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit	**$590**
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¶ We have a series of valuable booklets covering important information for the owners of motor cars. These books will be mailed promptly on request. Branches and Large Distributors in all Principal Cities. No Ford Cars Sold Unequipped.

Ford Motor Company

Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

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It's tough, when the balls are well scattered, to have the cue-ball roll into a hopeless position. But it's all in the game—one of those elements of uncertainty that are part of the fascination of Billiards and Pool. These are fine games—they require skill, judgment and nerve—they are great games anywhere, but infinitely more enjoyable at home than in a public poolroom. They enliven the home atmosphere; all the family enjoy them. You can own a

BURROWES
Billiard and Pool Table

and play while you are paying for it. No special room is needed. The Burrowes Table can be set on your dining-room or library table or mounted on its own legs or compactly folding stand. Only a moment is required to set it up or to take it down and set it out of the way. Sizes range up to 4½ x 9 feet (standard). Complete Playing equipment of balls, cues, etc., free with each Table.

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Prices are $6, $15, $25, $35, $45, $55, $75, etc., on terms of $1 or more down and a small amount each month.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE

On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This insures you a free trial. Write today for illustrated catalog, giving prices, terms, etc.

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EYEGLASS & SPECTACLE MOUNTINGS



Persons Often Look Alike Without Being Alike

Other mountings may look like Shur-on Mountings, but close inspection will show that better mechanical construction which makes Shur-ons, when properly adjusted

Comfortable, Convenient, Durable

Write us for "How, Where and Why" a Shur-on.

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Don't miss the *real* comfort of this soft, smooth, lightest-for-warmth underwear.

Made by several leading manufacturers. Look for "Interlock" on their labels, and the metal lock.

For Men and Boys—cotton, mercerized cotton, and merino—shirts or drawers, 50c and up; union suits, $1 and up. For Infants—shirts, pants, and sleeping garments, cotton, merino, wool, and silk, 25c to $1.50.

Ask your dealer for one of the Interlock Underwears.

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General Knit Fabric Company, Utica, N. Y.

Electric Motor Bargains

500 New Quarter Horse Power $20 each

These motors are for alternating and direct current 110 volts light circuit.

Several hundred other Motors, Lighting and Plating Dynamos.

Geo. Bender, 82-84 Centre St., New York

THE POWER OF THE PLACE

(Concluded from Page 4)

white or black, as the case may be, in the following numbers: Alabama, 24; Arkansas, 18; Florida, 12; Georgia, 28; Louisiana, 20; Mississippi, 20; North Carolina, 24; South Carolina, 18; Tennessee, 24; Texas, 40; Virginia, 24. Of course there are Republicans in some of these states. Georgia and Tennessee and North Carolina, for example, and Kentucky with 26 delegates, Maryland with 16, Missouri with 36 and Oklahoma with 20, have plenty of active Republicans and for that reason are not included in the classification above. However, notwithstanding whatever Republicanism there may be in some of the states, the delegates from the states in the list above are usually counted as the delegates secured by patronage, and usually are so secured. Anyhow, if a Republican president wanted them for the purposes of renomination, he might secure them that way. It has been done.

The delegates from these states provide a neat little nucleus of 252 votes out of a required 537. With these tucked away, it is much easier to secure the remaining 285 than otherwise. Indeed, it is fair enough to say that a good, active, ambitious president can add to these 252 the 26 from Kentucky, the 16 from Maryland and 36 from Missouri and the 20 from Oklahoma, thus increasing his string to 350. That has been done also, and may be done again.

How Delegates are Secured

Then, by making a deal with Pennsylvania with 76 delegates and a deal with New York with its 90, and adding on a few of the smaller states where the bosses always come when called, it is all over but the shouting. Even assuming New York and Pennsylvania would not deal and some aspiring contender could garner some delegates here and there, the states that have presidential primaries will not furnish enough delegates—in 1912, for example—to spoil the general and desired result, and there are still enough organizations intact in the North and ready to keep step with the White House to furnish sufficient delegates to pad the 252 out to the required 537.

In practically every Republican National Convention since 1892 there has been a howl about this Southern representation business. There have been persons present with schemes to base the Southern representation on the Republican vote cast. Quay and Platt used this to force Hanna to nominate Roosevelt for vice-president at Philadelphia in 1900, and it has cropped up ever since. In the last Republican convention Jimmie Burke talked his fair young head almost off, showing the iniquities of the practice; but no matter what the future may hold, the next convention will see the same old bunch of Southern delegates there in the numbers set forth above.

They were eager to come to Hanna when he made his campaign for McKinley in 1895. There had been positively no nourishment in being a Republican in the South during the presidency of Grover Cleveland. Hanna took them up on the mountain and showed them what was in store for good, amenable McKinley delegates, and provided a little expense money. McKinley made every Hanna promise good. Next time they were all for McKinley. It was easy for Roosevelt in 1904, for he had been president three years after McKinley was shot. Likewise, when president, Mr. Roosevelt determined to nominate Mr. Taft, and Frank Hitchcock went scurrying South, and the result was a solid Southern delegation for Taft at the Chicago convention in 1908.

Hanna got them with the promise of patronage. Roosevelt got them for himself and for Taft by patronage. Out of the 9846 appointments that the president of the United States has, first off, there are just as many postmasters, internal revenue collectors, United States attorneys, collectors of customs, United States marshals, and so forth, in the South as elsewhere, in proportion to population. Likewise, places in the service outside of the South can be found if necessity requires. Inasmuch as the only Republicans in the South are in most instances practical politicians, the practicality of it is apparent. There was a virtuous statement or movement fostered by Cecil Lyon, of Texas, at the recent meeting of the Republican National Committee, to keep Federal officeholders in the South off the delegations to the national convention. That was virtuous, for a fact. Also it was a bluff. For if the Federal officeholders are not on the delegations the Federal officeholders will pick the delegates, and they will know exactly what these delegates will do and for whom they will vote. A supervising genius or two from Washington could attend to that, you understand. Not saying one will, but that one could.

It must not be thought that Southern delegates are more susceptible to patronage than Northern delegates. To be sure, a president who has been three years in office and desires a renomination has given out a lot of the jobs; but if he has had it in mind to get a renomination he has probably given out the jobs with that end in view. It is sad to say that the power of a great office would be used in this way, and I do not say it. I do not have to say it. Mr. Norton said it in his justly famous letter to his correspondent in Iowa, put out from Beverly, Massachusetts, some time ago.

The fact is, a president is in the most powerful position to put the screws on the men in the various states who control the organizations and who fix up the delegations. Even if the men in these various states are opposed to any president who seeks a renomination, it must not be forgotten that the president who wants a renomination does not cease to be president as soon as the nominating convention is held, but that he is president until the succeeding fourth of March, at noon—or for almost ten months. What an active and revengeful president can do to state leaders who turned him down for delegates, in a period of ten months, is sufficient to cause those state leaders to consider carefully his demands for the delegations from their states. For he makes demands only on men of his own party, and the men on whom he makes his demands want to continue in that party, or have to, and do not desire to have a president working against them as a president can work against them if he is so minded. Ten months is a long time, and a man who is president and aspires to be renominated loses none of his functions as president merely because he is not renominated. He remains as president until March fourth in the following year—March fourth at noon—and the terms of a good many appointed officials expire in that period, appointed officials who are needed by state leaders in their business. Also there is a session of Congress after the convention and before this president goes out. Thus it will be seen there is a certain leverage that can be employed to secure Northern delegates by a president who thinks his services entitle him to another term of four years in the White House.

Popgun Conventions

Far be it from me to say that any such method of reprisal would be used by a president vexed because he was refused a renomination. I merely point out that it is possible for a peevish president to do a lot of annoying things to his party fellows in a period of ten months, if he feels like doing them. Also I am here to observe that no persons on earth know this better, no persons have a keener appreciation of this condition, than the said state leaders and the men who represent these states in the Congress. Which is another reason why it is reasonably easy for a president determined on being renominated to count on delegates from sections of the country other than the South.

Public sentiment is a most interesting commodity, usually artificial and manufactured according to set formulæ. A president can make it by the ton if he so desires. Suppose he wants to be renominated and there is opposition. He can send a scout into any territory he chooses, round up the chaps with the offices, and they, in turn, can round up the chaps they control. The result will be a nice, enthusiastic convention where a set of resolutions indorsing the administration of the president and recommending him for renomination can be adopted with a whoop and sent out for public consumption to help make public sentiment. Conventions of this kind are known as popgun conventions, and there are a plenty of them in a campaign. Also bodies of editors of party papers and other similar gatherings can be induced to adopt resolutions laudatory of the G. O. P., of the titular leader of the G. O. P., and demanding in burning words that he shall be the gallant standard-bearer in the coming battle.

With this sort of thing goes the regular press-agenting that is in these days conducted skillfully and persistently, the flooding of the newspapers with articles showing why the president is entitled to a renomination, and all that. It is easier for a president who is campaigning for a renomination to get press-agent matter into the newspapers than for a candidate who is not president at the time, for anything that comes from the White House is news.

A Stroke of Genius

Once an enterprising private secretary of a president hit on a happy idea for getting puffs for his chief. He sent out a letter on White House paper to various and numerous prominent citizens, all Republicans, and asked for an expression of their opinion as to the accomplishments of the particular president he was serving, said particular president being a candidate for renomination. He stated in his letter that he desired to use some of the replies for publication in reputable newspapers and other mediums of publicity. Then came the stroke of genius. "I inclose," he said substantially, "a letter I wrote to Mr. Blank Blank Blank a short time ago, giving my ideas of the accomplishments of the president. It may interest you."

The inclosure was a long, mimeographed letter stating in detail the achievements of this particular president, as viewed by this secretary. Clever, wasn't it? You see, the secretary asked for letters about his chief, and sent along with the request a form letter that the man who was asked for the expression of opinion could use as a basis of his reply—a sort of a guide to easy president indorsing, so to speak.

However, the publicity end of it is well enough understood. Any president who is at all on to his job can maintain, at no expense to himself, a corps of fair-haired correspondent boys who will send out to their papers whatever he wishes, and be glad to get it; for, as I have said, anything from the White House is news. And this gives him a great bulge on aspirants who have no such advantage as a White House date-line in their press matter.

Added to these various lines of endeavor is what the president can promise. He has that ten months, whether he is renominated or not, and whether or not he is reelected. And he has four years more if he is reëlected. Again it is my painful duty to say that all the politics of this country is predicated on the foundation: What is there in it for us? There may be a heap in it if a president wants the job again very badly, not only for the politicians but for those who need varied legislative and executive aid in various enterprises of their own, or need to be let alone, which is a pressing need at all times in certain lines of endeavor. Politics is controlled largely, and politicians are controlled entirely, by outside influences. Gentlemen who represent powerful outside influences sometimes hold conferences at the White House when a campaign for renomination is on.

The office of president of the United States is the most powerful office, per se, in the world. The president of the United States is the most powerful individual in the world. If he wants to be renominated, all he must do is to play the game. He has the power to get the results—by results I mean a renomination. A reëlection is an entirely different matter.

Hostages to Fortune

UNCLE DALLAS WILLIAMS, while on his way to get on an excursion train to Richmond, Virginia, met one of his white friends, Mr. W, and asked for the loan of five dollars, which he got. A few days later he went into Mr. W's store and returned the five dollars. Mr. W asked him why he borrowed the money if he did not need it. Dallas replied:

"Well, I'll tell you, boss. I hadn't never been to Richmond before, and I thought I might git in some trouble, and I knowed if I did you'd take an interest in me so long as I owed you that money."

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Tire Cost—Where It Goes

23% is Due to Rim-Cutting—
25% is Due to Overloading

We sent out men to look at thousands of ruined clincher tires.

And 23 per cent of all those tires were rim-cut.

Sometimes this ruin is the driver's fault. He runs the tire partly deflated.

It is usually due to a puncture.

A clincher tire which goes flat may be wrecked in a moment—ruined beyond repair.

On the other side, note this:

No-Rim-Cut tires are more widely used than any other make of tire.

Men know they can't rim-cut, so they get more abuse—more under-inflation—than any other tire that's made.

But, despite all this neglect, we have never had an instance of rim-cutting in all the hundreds of thousands used.

Most tires are overloaded.

Not through any fault of the motor car maker. He equips for expected load.

But you add heavy extras.

And some of your passengers sometimes overweigh the expected 150 pounds.

The result is a blow-out.

That's why we make No-Rim-Cut tires 10 per cent over the rated size. The manner of fitting permits that.

That means 10 per cent more air—

Ten per cent more carrying capacity.

And that, with the average car, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

Yet these tires which can't rim-cut—these oversize tires—now cost no more than other standard tires. That's why they outsell others.

Average Saving, $20 Per Tire

These two features together—No-Rim-Cut and oversize—under average conditions double the life of a tire. This judgment is based on 13 years of experience, with 800,000 Goodyear tires.

If that is so, this single invention is saving an average of $20 per tire. On our output this year that will mean $10,000,000.

Those figures, of course, are only approximate. One can't be exact on the cost of tire upkeep.

Proper care and inflation, roads, speed, loads, etc., all affect tire mileage.

But the figures are fair.

Certain it is that No-Rim-Cut tires save all the ruin of rim-cutting.

Certain it is that their 10 per cent oversize adds an average of 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

No Extra Cost

These patented tires, when first brought out, cost one-fifth more than other standard tires.

Now they cost an equal price. Our multiplied output has cut the cost of production.

Note what that means.

No-Rim-Cut tires, 10 per cent oversize, cost just the same as old-type clincher tires. The saving is entirely clear.

You get all their advantages by simply insisting on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

By Far the Leading Tire

Now note the judgment of users.

The demand for these tires has doubled over and over. It now exceeds the demand for any other type of tire.

Last year's sales on No-Rim-Cut tires exceeded the previous 12 years put together.

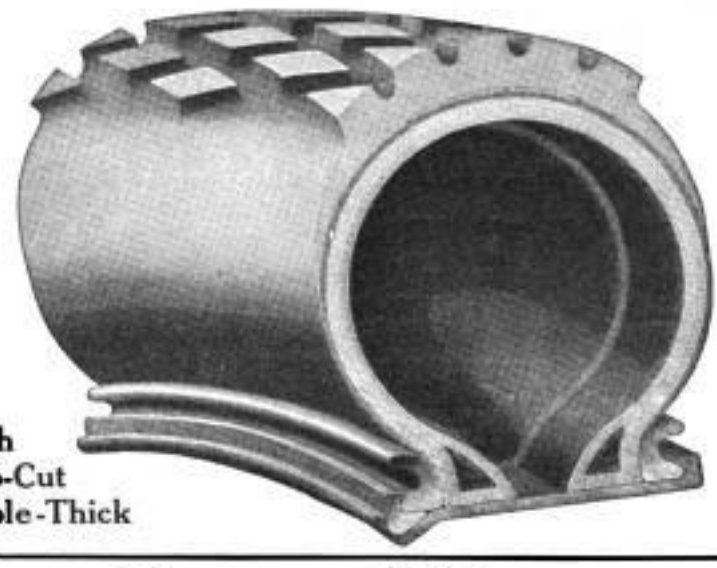
This year, 108 leading motor car makers have contracted for Goodyear tires.

That's the result of experience.

These tires have been tested by not less than 100,000 users. And that is the result of the testing.

Isn't that evidence enough?

THE NEW GOODYEAR NON-SKID TREAD



Tough
Deep-Cut
Double-Thick

GOODYEAR

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

Non-Skid Treads, if Wanted

Now these tires, if you want it, come equipped with an ideal Non-Skid tread.

Not any short-lived protection. Not a mere corrugation in a regular tread.

This is an extra tread, vulcanized onto the regular, so it gives you a double-thick tread.

This extra tread is of very tough rubber. And its thickness permits these deep-cut, enduring blocks.

The road surface is grasped by countless edges and angles—grasped with a bulldog grip.

Each block widens out at the base, so the strain is distributed the same as on smooth-tread tires.

One moment's comparison reveals a dozen advantages over any other non-skid invention. We have worked for three years to perfect it.

The Final Tire

The tire of the future, beyond any question, will be this No-Rim-Cut type.

The old-type clincher—the hooked-base tire—is being displaced on thousands of cars each month.

After 13 years of tire making we consider this tire the best that we ever can make.

It is so close to perfection that our liberal warranty now costs us but a trifle per tire.

Rubber never can be made more impervious to wear. Fabric can never be made more enduring.

This type and this tire, in our estimation, represent finality in tires.

Our new Tire Book is ready. It is filled with facts, based on 13 years of tire making, which every tire user should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

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We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

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New—The Holder Top Shaving Stick

The illustration shows the convenience and suggests the economy of the new Holder Top—the Shaving Stick de Luxe



Williams' PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick

The "Holder Top" Shaving Stick is firmly fastened in a neat metal cap that also serves as top of box. When in use the fingers grasp the metal holder and do not touch the soap. When not in use the stick stands firmly on the holder top or can instantly be slipped back into its handsome nickeled container Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick not only combines all the other good qualities that have made Williams' Soaps famous, but makes a strong appeal on account of its convenient, economical and sanitary form



The Familiar Hinged Cover Box

The new Holder Top Stick and Container

Williams' Shaving Stick Hinged Cover, Nickeled Box
Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick
Williams' Quick & Easy Shaving Powder



SPECIAL OFFER A miniature sample package of either Williams' Shaving Stick (regular, not the Holder Top), Shaving Powder, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Dentalactic [illegible] or Talc Powder mailed for 4 cents in stamps. All five articles in neat [illegible] 18 cents in stamps.

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The Grand Cross of the Crescent

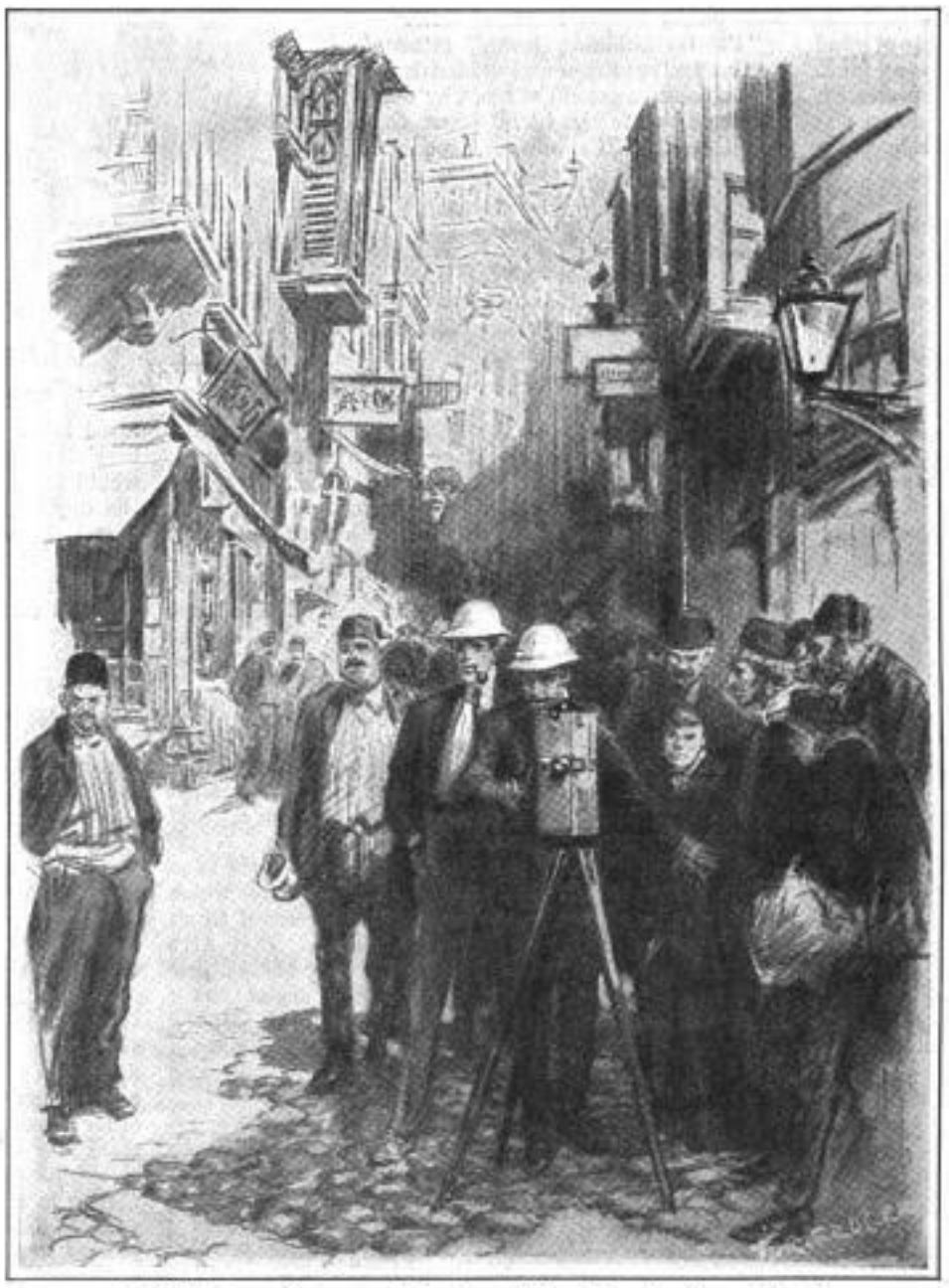
By Richard Harding Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

OF SOME college students it has been said that, in order to pass their examinations, they will stoop to deceive and cheat their professors. This may or may not be true. One only can shudder and pass hurriedly on. But whatever others may have done, when young Peter Hallowell in his senior year came up for those final examinations which, should he pass them even by a nose, would gain him his degree, he did not cheat. He may have been too honest, too confident, too lazy, but Peter did not cheat. It was the professors who cheated.

At Stillwater College, on each subject on which you are examined you can score a possible hundred. That means perfection, and in the brief history of Stillwater, which is a very new college, only one man has attained it. After graduating he "accepted a position" in an asylum for the insane, from which he was promoted later to the poorhouse, where he died. Many Stillwater undergraduates studied his career and, lest they also should attain perfection, were afraid to study anything else. Among these Peter was by far the most afraid.

The marking system at Stillwater is as follows: If in all the subjects in which you have been examined your marks added together give you an average of ninety, you are passed "with honors"; if of seventy-five, you pass "with distinction"; if of fifty, you just "pass." It is not unlike the grocer's nice adjustment of fresh eggs, good eggs, and eggs. The whole college knew that if Peter got in among the eggs he would be lucky, but the professors and instructors of Stillwater were determined that, no matter what young Hallowell might do to prevent it, they would see that he passed his examinations. And they constituted the jury of awards. Their interest in Peter was not because they loved him so much, but because each loved his own vine-covered cottage, his salary and his dignified title the more. And each knew that that one of the faculty who dared to flunk the son of old man Hallowell, who had endowed Stillwater, who supported Stillwater, and who might be expected to go on supporting Stillwater indefinitely, might also at the same time hand in his official resignation.



He Had Been a Newspaper Reporter, a Press Agent, and an Actor in Vaudeville and in a Moving-Picture Company

Chancellor Black, the head of Stillwater, was an up-to-date college president. If he did not actually run after money he went where money was, and it was not his habit to be downright rude to those who possessed it. And if any three-thousand-dollar-a-year professor, through a too strict respect for Stillwater's standards of learning, should lose to that institution a half-million-dollar observatory, swimming-pool or gymnasium, he was the sort of college president who would see to it that the college lost also the services of that too conscientious instructor.

He did not put this in writing or in words, but just before the June examinations, when on the campus he met one of the faculty, he would inquire with kindly interest as to the standing of young Hallowell.

"That is too bad!" he would exclaim, but more in sorrow than in anger. "Still, I hope the boy can pull through. He is his dear father's pride, and his father's heart is set upon his son's obtaining his degree. Let us hope he will pull through."

For four years every professor had been pulling Peter through, and the conscience of each had become calloused. They had only once more to shove him through and they would be free of him forever. And so, although they did not conspire together, each knew that of the firing squad that was to aim its rifles at Peter, *his* rifle would hold the blank cartridge.

The only one of them who did not know this was Dr. Henry Gilman. Doctor Gilman was the professor of ancient and modern history at Stillwater, and greatly respected and loved. He also was the author of those well-known textbooks The Founders of Islam and The Rise and Fall of the Turkish Empire. This latter work, in five volumes, had been not unfavorably compared to Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. The original newspaper comment, dated some thirty years back, the doctor had preserved, and would produce it, now somewhat frayed and worn, and read it to visitors. He knew it by heart, but to him it always possessed a contemporary and news interest.

"Here is a review of the history," he would say—he always referred to it as "the" history—"that I came across in my paper."

In the eyes of Doctor Gilman thirty years was so brief a period that it was as though the clipping had been printed the previous afternoon.

The members of his class who were examined on the Rise and Fall, and who invariably came to grief over it, referred to it briefly as "the Fall," sometimes feelingly as "the —— Fall." "The" history began when Constantinople was Byzantium, skipped lightly over six centuries to Constantine, and in the last two volumes finished up the Mohammeds with the downfall of the fourth one and the coming of Suleiman. Since Suleiman, Doctor Gilman did not recognize Turkey as being on the map. When his history said the Turkish Empire had fallen, then the Turkish Empire fell. Once Chancellor Black suggested that he add a sixth volume that would cover the last three centuries.

"In a history of Turkey issued as a textbook," said the chancellor, "I think the Russian-Turkish War should be included."

Doctor Gilman, from behind his gold-rimmed spectacles, gazed at him in mild reproach.

"The war in the Crimea!" he exclaimed. "Why, I was alive at the time. I know all about it. That is not history."

Accordingly it followed that to a man who since the seventeenth century knew of no event of interest, Cyrus Hallowell, of the meat-packers' trust, was not an imposing figure. And to such a man the son of Cyrus Hallowell was but an ignorant young savage, to whom "the" history had certainly been a closed book. And so when Peter returned his examination paper in a condition almost as spotless as that in which he had received it, Doctor Gilman carefully and conscientiously, with malice toward none and with no thought of the morrow, marked it "five."

Each of the other professors and instructors had marked Peter fifty. In their fear of Chancellor Black they dared not give the boy less, but they refused to be slaves to the extent of crediting him with a single point higher than was necessary to pass him. But Doctor Gilman's five completely knocked out the required average of fifty, and young Peter was "found" and could not graduate. It was an awful business! The only son of the only Hallowell refused a degree in his father's own private college—the son of the man who had built the Hallowell Memorial, the new Laboratory, the Anna Hallowell Chapel, the Hallowell Dormitory and the Hallowell Athletic Field. When on the bulletin board of the dim hall of the Memorial to his departed grandfather Peter read of his own disgrace and downfall, the light the stained-glass window cast upon his nose was of no sicklier a green than was the nose itself. Not that Peter wanted an A. M. or an A. B., not that he desired laurels he had not won, but because the young man was afraid of his father. And he had cause to be. Father arrived at Stillwater the next morning. The interviews that followed made Stillwater famous.

"My son is not an ass!" is what Hallowell senior is said to have said to Doctor Black. "And if in four years you and your faculty cannot give him the rudiments of an

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education, I will send him to a college that can. And I'll send my money where I send Peter."

In reply Chancellor Black could have said that it was the fault of the son and not of the college; he could have said that where three men had failed to graduate one hundred and eighty had not. But did he say that? Oh, no, he did not say that! He was not that sort of a college president. Instead, he remained calm and sympathetic, and like a conspirator in a comic opera glanced apprehensively round his study. He lowered his voice.

"There has been contemptible work here," he whispered—"spite and a mean spirit of reprisal. I have been making a secret investigation, and I find that this blow at your son and you, and at the good name of our college, was struck by one man, a man with a grievance—Doctor Gilman. Doctor Gilman has repeatedly desired me to raise his salary." This did not happen to be true, but in such a crisis Doctor Black could not afford to be too particular.

"I have seen no reason for raising his salary—and there you have the explanation. In revenge he has made this attack. But he has overshot his mark. In causing us temporary embarrassment he has brought about his own downfall. I have already asked for his resignation."

Every day in the week Hallowell was a fair, sane man, but on this particular day he was wounded, his spirit was hurt, his self-esteem humiliated. He was in a state of mind to believe anything rather than that his son was an idiot.

"I don't want the old man discharged," he protested, "just because Peter is lazy. But if Doctor Gilman was moved by personal considerations, if he sacrificed my Peter in order to get even ——"

"That," exclaimed Black in a horrified whisper, "is exactly what he did! Your generosity to the college is well known. You are recognized all over America as its patron. And he believed that when I refused him an increase in salary it was really you who refused it—and he struck at you through your son. Everybody thinks so. The college is on fire with indignation. And look at the mark he gave Peter! Five! That in itself shows the malice. Five is not a mark, it is an insult! No one, certainly not your brilliant son—look how brilliantly he managed the glee club and football tour—is stupid enough to deserve five. No, Doctor Gilman went too far. And he has been justly punished!"

What Hallowell senior was willing to believe of what the chancellor told him, and his opinion of the matter as expressed to Peter, differed materially.

"They tell me," he concluded, "that in the fall they will give you another examination, and if you pass then you will get your degree. No one will know you've got it. They'll slip it to you out of the sidedoor like a cold potato to a tramp. The only thing people will know is that when your classmates stood up and got their parchments—the thing they'd been working for for four years, the only reason for their going to college at all—you were not among those present. That's your fault; but if you don't get your degree next fall that will be my fault. I've supported you through college and you've failed to deliver the goods. Now you deliver them next fall, or you can support yourself."

"That will be all right," said Peter humbly; "I'll pass next fall."

"I'm going to make sure of that," said Hallowell senior. "Tomorrow you will take all those history books that you did not open, especially Gilman's Rise and Fall which it seems you have not even purchased, and you will travel for the entire summer with a private tutor ——"

Peter, who had personally conducted the football and baseball teams over half of the Middle States and daily bullied and browbeat them, protested with indignation.

"I won't travel with a private tutor!"

"If I say so," returned Hallowell senior grimly, "you'll travel with a governess and a trained nurse, and wear a straitjacket. And you'll continue to wear it until you can recite the history of Turkey backward. And in order that you may know it backward and forward you will spend this summer in Turkey—in Constantinople—until I send you permission to come home."

"Constantinople!" yelled Peter. "In August! Are you serious?"

"Do I look it?" asked Peter's father.

He did.

"In Constantinople," explained Mr. Hallowell senior, "there will be nothing to distract you from your studies, and in spite of yourself every minute you will be imbibing history and local color."

"I'll be imbibing fever," returned Peter, "and sunstroke and sudden death. If you want to get rid of me, why don't you send me to the island where they sent Dreyfus? It's quicker. You don't have to go to Turkey to study about Turkey."

"You do!" said his father.

Peter did not wait for the festivities of commencement week. All day he hid in his room, packing his belongings or giving them away to the members of his class who came to tell him what a rotten shame it was, and to bid him goodby. They loved Peter for himself alone, and at losing him were loyally enraged. They desired publicly to express their sentiments, and to that end they planned a mock trial of the Rise and Fall at which a packed jury would sentence it to cremation. They planned also to hang Doctor Gilman in effigy. The effigy with a rope round its neck was even then awaiting mob violence. It was complete to the silver-white beard and the gold spectacles. But Peter squashed both demonstrations. He did not know Doctor Gilman had been forced to resign, but he protested that the horse-play of his friends would make him appear a bad loser.

"It would look, boys," he said, "as though I wouldn't take my medicine. Looks like kicking against the umpire's decision. Old Gilman fought fair. He gave me just what was coming to me. I think a darn-sight more of him than I do of that bunch of bootlickers that had the colossal nerve to pretend I scored fifty!"

Doctor Gilman sat in his cottage that stood on the edge of the campus, gazing at a plaster bust of Socrates which he did not see. Since that morning he had ceased to sit in the chair of history at Stillwater College. They were retrenching, the chancellor had told him curtly, cutting down unnecessary expenses, for even in his anger Doctor Black was too intelligent to hint at his real motive, and the professor was far too innocent of evil, far too detached from college politics, to suspect. He would remain a professor emeritus on half pay, but he no longer would teach. The college he had served for thirty years—since it consisted of two brick buildings and a faculty of ten young men—no longer needed him. Even his ivy-covered cottage, in which his wife and he had lived for twenty years, in which their one child had died, would at the beginning of the next term be required of him. But the college would allow him those six months in which to look round. So he sat in his study, just outside the circle of light from his student lamp, and stared with unseeing eyes at the bust of Socrates. He was not considering ways and means. They must be faced later. He was considering how he could possibly break the blow to his wife. What eviction from that house would mean to her, no one but he understood. Since the day their little girl had died, nothing in the room that had been her playroom, bedroom and nursery had been altered, nothing had been touched. To his wife, somewhere in the house that wonderful, God-given child was still with them. Not as a memory but as a real and living presence. When at night the professor and his wife sat at either end of the study table, reading by the same lamp, he would see her suddenly lift her head, alert and eager, as though from the nursery floor a step had sounded, as though from the darkness a sleepy voice had called her. And when they would be forced to move to lodgings in the town, to some students' boarding house, though they could take with them their books, their furniture, their mutual love and comradeship, they must leave behind them the haunting presence of the child, the colored pictures she had cut from the Christmas numbers and plastered over the nursery walls, the rambler roses that with her own hands she had planted, and that now climbed to her window and each summer peered into her empty room.

Outside Doctor Gilman's cottage, among the trees of the campus, paper lanterns like great oranges aglow were swaying in the evening breeze. In front of Hallowell the flame of a great bonfire shot to the top of the tallest elms, and gathered in a circle round it the glee club sang, and cheer succeeded cheer—cheers for the heroes of the cinder track, for the heroes of the diamond and the gridiron, cheers for the men who had flunked—especially for one man who had flunked. But for the man who for thirty years in the classroom had served the college there were no cheers. No one remembered him, except the one student who had best reason to remember him. But in this recollection Peter had no rancor or bitterness and, still anxious lest he should be considered a bad loser, he wished Doctor Gilman and every one else to know that. So when the celebration was at its height and just before his train was due to carry him from Stillwater, he ran across the campus to the Gilman cottage to say goodby. But he did not enter the cottage. He went so far only as halfway up the garden walk. In the window of the study which opened upon the veranda he saw through a frame of honeysuckles the professor and his wife standing beside the study table. They were clinging to each other, the woman weeping silently with her cheek on his shoulder, her thin, delicate, well-bred hands clasping his arms, while the man comforted her awkwardly, unhappily, with hopeless, futile caresses.

Peter, shocked and miserable at what he had seen, backed steadily away. What disaster had befallen the old couple he could not imagine. The idea that he himself might in any way be connected with their grief never entered his mind. He was certain only that, whatever the trouble was, it was something so intimate and personal that no mere outsider might dare to offer his sympathy. So on tiptoe he retreated down the garden walk and, avoiding the celebration at the bonfire, returned to his rooms.



He Was "a Friend of a Friend of a Friend"



"If I Say So, You'll Travel With a Governess and a Trained Nurse, and Wear a Straitjacket"

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The Fees, the Fat Man Added, Would Also be Higher, But, He Pointed Out, it Was Worth the Difference

An hour later the entire college escorted him to the railroad station, and with "He's a jolly good fellow" and "He's off to Philippopolis in the morn-ing" ringing in his ears, he sank back in his seat in the smoking-car and gazed at the lights of Stillwater disappearing out of his life. And he was surprised to find that what lingered in his mind was not the students, dancing like red Indians round the bonfire, or at the steps of the smoking-car fighting to shake his hand, but the man and woman alone in the cottage stricken with sudden sorrow, standing like two children lost in the streets, who cling to each other for comfort and at the same moment whisper words of courage.

Two months later, at Constantinople, Peter was suffering from remorse over neglected opportunities, from prickly heat, and from fleas. Had it not been for the moving-picture man, and the poker and baccarat at the Cercle Oriental, he would have flung himself into the Bosphorus. In the mornings with the tutor he read ancient history, which he promptly forgot; and for the rest of the hot, dreary day with the moving-picture man he stalked subjects for the camera through the bazaars and along the waterfront.

The name of the moving-picture man was Harry Stetson. He had been a newspaper reporter, a press agent and an actor in vaudeville and in a moving-picture company. Now on his own account he was preparing an illustrated lecture on the East, adapted to churches and Sunday-schools. Peter and he wrote it in collaboration, and in the evenings rehearsed it with lanternslides before an audience of the hotel clerk, the tutor, and the German soldier of fortune who was trying to sell the young Turks very old battleships. Every other foreigner had fled the city, and the entire diplomatic corps had removed itself to the summer capital at Therapia.

There Stimson, the first secretary of the embassy and, in the absence of the ambassador, *chargé d'affaires*, invited Peter to become his guest. Stimson was most anxious to be polite to Peter, for Hallowell senior was a power in the party then in office, and a word from him at Washington in favor of a rising young diplomat would do no harm. But Peter was afraid his father would consider Therapia "out of bounds."

"He sent me to Constantinople," explained Peter, "and if he thinks I'm not playing the game the Lord only knows where he might send me next—and he might cut off my allowance."

In the matter of allowance Peter's father had been most generous. This was fortunate, for poker, as the pashas and princes played it at the Cercle, was no game for cripples or children. But, owing to his letter-of-credit and his ill-spent life, Peter was able to hold his own against men three times his age and of fortunes nearly equal to that of his father. Only they disposed of their wealth differently. On many a hot evening Peter saw as much of their money scattered over the green table as his father had spent over the Hallowell Athletic Field.

In this fashion Peter spent his first month of exile—in the morning trying to fill his brain with names of great men who had been a long time dead, and in his leisure hours with local color. To a youth of his active spirit it was a dull life without joy or recompense. A letter from Charley Hines, a classmate who lived at Stillwater, which arrived after Peter had endured six weeks of Constantinople, released him from boredom and gave life a real interest. It was a letter full of gossip intended to amuse. One paragraph failed of its purpose. It read: "Old man Gilman has got the sack. The chancellor offered him up as a sacrifice to your father, and because he was unwise enough to flunk you. He is to move out in September. I ran across them last week when I was looking for rooms for a Freshman cousin. They were reserving one in the same boarding house. It's a shame, and I know you'll agree. They are a fine old couple, and I don't like to think of them herding with Freshmen in a shine boarding house. Black always was a swine."

Peter spent fully ten minutes in getting to the cable office.

"Just learned," he cabled his father, "Gilman dismissed because flunked me consider this outrageous please see he is reinstated."

The answer, which arrived the next day, did not satisfy Peter. It read: "Informed Gilman acted through spite have no authority as you know to interfere any act of Black."

Since Peter had learned of the disaster that through his laziness had befallen the Gilmans, his indignation at the injustice had been hourly increasing. Nor had his banishment to Constantinople strengthened his filial piety. On the contrary, it had rendered him independent and but little inclined to kiss the paternal rod. In consequence his next cable was not conciliatory.

"Dismissing Gilman looks more like we acted through spite makes me appear contemptible Black is a toady will do as you direct please reinstate."

To this somewhat peremptory message his father answered:

"If your position unpleasant yourself to blame not Black incident is closed."

"Is it?" said the son of his father. He called Stetson to his aid and explained. Stetson reminded him of the famous cablegram of his distinguished contemporary: "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead!"

Peter's paraphrase of this ran: "Gilman returns to Stillwater or I will not try for degree."

The reply was equally emphatic:

"You earn your degree or you earn your own living."

This alarmed Stetson, but caused Peter to deliver his ultimatum: "Choose to earn my own living am leaving Constantinople."

Within a few days Stetson was also leaving Constantinople by steamer via Naples. Peter, who had come to like him very much, would have accompanied him had he not preferred to return home more leisurely by way of Paris and London.

"You'll get there long before I do," said Peter, "and as soon as you arrive I want you to go to Stillwater and give Doctor Gilman some souvenir of Turkey from me. Just to show him I've no hard feelings. He wouldn't accept money, but he can't refuse a present. I want it to be something characteristic of the country, like a prayer rug, or a simitar, or an illuminated Koran, or ——"

Somewhat doubtfully, somewhat sheepishly, Stetson drew from his pocket a flat morocco case and opened it. "What's the matter with one of these?" he asked.

In the velvet-lined jewel case was a star of green enamel and silver gilt. To it was attached a ribbon of red and green.

"That's the Star of the Crescent," said Peter. "Where did you buy it?"

"Buy it!" exclaimed Stetson. "You don't buy them. The Sultan bestows them."

"I'll bet the Sultan didn't bestow that one," said Peter.

"I'll bet," returned Stetson, "I've got something in my pocket that says he did."

He unfolded an imposing document covered with slanting lines of curving Arabic letters in gold. Peter was impressed but still skeptical.

"What does that say when it says it in English?" he asked.

"It says," translated Stetson, "that his Imperial Majesty, the Sultan, bestows upon Henry Stetson, educator, author, lecturer, the Star of the Order of the Crescent, of the fifth class, for services rendered to Turkey."

Peter interrupted him indignantly.

"Never try to fool the fakers, my son," he protested; "I'm a faker myself. What services did you ever ——"

"Services rendered," continued Stetson undisturbed, "in spreading throughout the United States a greater knowledge of the customs, industries and religion of the Ottoman Empire. That," he exclaimed, "refers to my—I should say our—moving-picture lecture. I thought it would look well if, when I lectured on Turkey, I wore a Turkish decoration, so I went after this one."

Peter regarded his young friend with incredulous admiration.

"But did they believe you," he demanded, "when you told them you were an author and educator?"

Stetson closed one eye and grinned. "They believed whatever I paid them to believe."

"If you can get one of those," cried Peter, "old man Gilman ought to get a dozen. I'll tell them he's the author of the longest and dullest history of their flea-bitten empire that was ever written. And he's a real professor and a real author, and I can prove it. I'll show them the five volumes with his name in each. How much did that thing cost you?"

"Two hundred dollars in bribes," said Stetson briskly, "and two months of diplomacy."

"I haven't got two months for diplomacy," said Peter, "so I'll have to increase the bribes. I'll stay here and get the decoration for Gilman, and you work the papers at home. No one ever heard of the Order of the Crescent, but that only makes it the easier for us. They'll only know what we tell them, and we'll tell them it's the highest honor ever bestowed by a reigning sovereign upon an American scholar. If you tell the people often enough that anything is the best they believe you. That's the way father sells his hams. You've been a press agent. From now on you're going to be my press agent—I mean Doctor Gilman's press agent. I pay your salary, but your work is to advertise him and the Order of the Crescent. I'll give you a letter to Charley Hines at Stillwater. He sends out college news to a syndicate and he's the local Associated Press man. He's sore at their discharging Gilman and he's my best friend, and he'll work the papers as far as you like. Your job is to make Stillwater College and Doctor Black and my father believe that when they lost Gilman they lost the man who made Stillwater famous. And before we get through boosting Gilman, we'll make my father's million-dollar-gift laboratory look like an insult."

In the eyes of the former press agent the light of battle burned fiercely, memories of his triumphs in exploitation, of his strategies and tactics in advertising soared before him.

"It's great!" he exclaimed. "I've got your idea and you've got me. And you're darned lucky to get me. I've been press agent for politicians, actors, society leaders, breakfast foods and horseshows—and I'm the best! I was in charge of the publicity bureau for Galloway when he ran for governor. He thinks the people elected him. I know I did. Nora Nashville was getting fifty dollars a week in vaudeville when I took hold of her; now she gets a thousand. I even made people believe Mrs. Hampton-Rhodes was a society leader

(Continued on Page 30)



He Was Considering How He Could Possibly Break the Blow to His Wife

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THE FIFTH AVENUE SHOPS

By Madge C. Jenison

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

UPPER Fifth Avenue runs suddenly with life after the middle of September. Every one is out for clothes. The motors are packed on it in deep cohorts, taking short turns into the curb, with the long veils of their occupants whipped horizontal on the air. Cabbies sweep their whips over faces seen in profile or glancing eagerly out at the wide, multicolored windows. The green omnibuses rock on their way, with their loads of conversational ladies sitting tight and looking down into the chariots of the predatory rich. On the pavement is that composite of hundreds of faces, of hundreds of eyes crossing with one's own, which make a crowd.

Pictures and stories lie in a crowd like bits of glass. A girl with a broad hat and narrow skirt, decorative and formal in effect, like a flat flower on a high stem, touches her heart lightly with a long, curved finger as she talks. She might be a part of a wall decoration, so much a thing of lines and masses is she.

A beautiful young mother goes in front of us from door to curb and steps into a brougham—beautiful and young, yet with a cold, fixed look under that drunken little hat; and in a file behind her come two little girls, with tea-colored eyes, dressed precisely alike from hat to boots, like French children—then the boy, prince of the blood—the nursery governess last, in ill-made cheviot.

Three sisters are disgorged in somber procession from a limousine, as like as three black fowl, all dressed in the same unexceptionable and costly black, with the same kind of face and the same kind of lacquered elegance. There are nine thousand just such women in New York—nothing extreme, skirts never wide, never narrow, George Eliot and Mrs. Humphry Ward for reading, three months out of every twelve in the bathtub, temperature slightly subnormal. The first one is a planner; I can see her planning as she goes in—the door closes behind them, leaving a delicate redolence of French soap and camphor ice in their wake. Two plump little squabs sniff it as they follow in.

In the Streets of Temptation

A PALE "buttons" in a cockaded pot-hat stands languidly beside a door, his empty boy's face fantastic above the harlequin yellow-and-green inside the collar of his livery. A drab, dry youth, with clothes pressed like a razor's edge, turns into one of the best shops with a companion twirling a striped parasol—young blood of the self-made, allying itself with dubious beauty. He must cost mamma many a tear.

"Well, when did you get back?" a man says behind us; and for a moment the sea rises, bronze-green, with long white combers rolling in on it. In the windows into which we gaze is the rape of the earth; laces fine as spun sugar or heavy as thongs of leather; deep furs; silks colored like a page of George Moore; muslins airy as a rush of Pavlova's feet; brocades, velvet, tinsel; trailing coats made to throw upon a chair in compromising situations, with the lines, "Can you not see? I love you!"—hats under which one could not choose but glance down and touch a flower—all in the modulated tones which American women so strangely like, with sometimes a mass of color which lies in the mind long after one has turned away, as a thought will lie in the mind, throwing out a glow of light.

Above the heads of the crowd, the street rolls itself out, with its rise and fall, like a sigh of pleasure. A golden smoke of Indian summer is in all the air. Clothes!—the most intimate inclosure of self!—personal as pain; society's powder and shot; regalia of conquest. In these shops marriages are made, love is won or lost, long-coveted goals are brought to hand; even dealings in high finance are maneuvered before they ever come to the green table. New York is as much forged in these blocks of Fifth Avenue as on Wall Street. It is strange to think that in these shops, with their vague, elegant floors and walls, and groups of shopgirls in beautiful dresses, standing with heads bent forward discussing the last customer, Life, with all its fires and ashes, is predetermined.

In the back of my mind I am always expecting a letter which shall say: "*My dear Madame:* Your aged uncle has purposely kept himself unknown to you—large properties—South Africa—your signature—Corn Exchange Bank. Yours obsequiously." It will come in the breakfast mail; and when it does I shall jump up quickly, ring up a cab, throw myself into it with graceful haste, drive to a certain shop on the west side of Fifth Avenue, not far from Forty-fourth Street, and buy everything in that shop I want. There is a long-to-be-remembered window in Unter den Linden which can make your rash visionary forget how impersonal are magazine editors, and Father, two thousand miles away; and it is always safer to walk round the Rue des Capucines unless the money market is extremely easy. But the "most magnificent street" can overtop them all. The smart dressmaking and millinery business of Fifth Avenue counts on profits of seventy-five to one hundred per cent and does not trade at less than sixty-five. One must attach The Rich and Great for an expedition after a hat, until the South African letter comes along. Fifth Avenue shopgirls have a look that sends unarrived novelist stock down several points. "Tell them you're from Boston," suggests a practical critic of life, "and they will expect you to look like a frump." But The Rich and Great with a lorgnette does the trick better.

One does not like all these girls' faces. Some of them are cheaply cruel and hard. It is dreary to think what ungratified worldliness lies behind them. Some atmosphere extends plainly from the office through each store—in some a convention of leisure and pleasant dealing; in others close calculation of values. They are a curious product, these girls, with their graceful gestures and subdued, light-touching manners and voices. They stand right; they sit in a chair right; they have the *bel air*—drinking up the graces of the women they serve as naturally as the skin drinks cologne. It takes brains to sell hats; and people with brains are always learning something. Selling millinery takes brains because every customer is a new problem and the stock never two days the same. A girl who can sell millinery can sell anything. They have twenty or twenty-five dollars a week, a buyer tells us—the high-priced women who keep stock four times as much.

"They like it—and marry late," she says.



Then the Boy, Prince of the Blood

A good many of them come from homes that would not have had a daughter in a shop twenty years ago. We saw a girl applying for a place in B——'s one day who seemed to be just off some university campus. She was a tall, elegant girl, with wide, curling lips and a dusky skin washed on the cheeks with high carmine, like a flower of the South. She had what the French call *verre*. She stood leaning against a counter when we first saw her, eying languidly a floorman who had gone to ask if she wished to be waited upon.

"No, I am waiting to see the manager about a place as a saleswoman here," we heard her say. He began to enlighten her that such applications were to be made in the office upstairs, but his suggestion faded away. When he said the manager was on the floor she informed him that she knew it already. The Rich and Great and I inquired of each other if we had heard her errand aright.

That Old Adage of Fine Feathers

THE manager was a well-appointed gentleman, with large, fruity eyes, a brown waistcoat, and that air of American business men of being on the way to catch a train, with a few moments to spare, which are yours unreservedly.

"No; we do not need a saleswoman—at any rate not at present," he added as he took a second look at her. "What is your experience?"

"I have no experience. I am just beginning," said the girl tranquilly.

He looked incredulous and then he laughed.

"Well, really, you are amusing," he said. "You expect to begin in a shop like this without experience? You will find it quite impossible, I assure you, Miss—er—ah—Harding." And he bent her card between his thumb and finger.

"I have other assets," offered the girl, looking over his shoulder and then back at him.

"What are these other assets?" he inquired good-naturedly.

"Well, I am tolerably good-looking. I have business ability. I have personality. I have tact. I have style. I know how to talk. I am educated. I am refined. I have been brought up so that I know what the right things are." She paused and took breath. He looked at her thoughtfully, seeming to feel himself in the presence of one of those opportunities which it is quixotic to seize and ill-judged to let pass.

"You see—another thing," he said slowly: "You don't know our big customers by sight, and that is a very serious drawback."

"Now how long would it take me to learn them?" she asked.

"They don't come in every day—these people."

"Perhaps we could get them to come in every day," she was saying sweetly as we came away.

"It is a serious thing, you know, not to recognize the rich customers," a girl who waited on us farther up the Avenue told us in a burst of loquacity. "The shop people don't like it, of course, when a fifty-dollar hat is sold to a woman who would just as well have bought a ninety-five-dollar one," she explained.

The discreet accomplishment of selling clothes at prices that would buy town lots is learned with some trepidation by the beginner.

"How can I tell her it's a hundred dollars?" wails the acolyte to the manager. "Why, there's nothing on it!"

"Tell her the birds are expensive," says that resourceful person sternly. "Tell her it cost twenty-five dollars apiece just to import such birds as this; and the velvet and felt are worth something!"

When big game is in the wind it is engaging to see these girls help each other out, in spite of the jealousy among



A Murmur of Adulation Whispers its Sweet Poison: "What a Beautiful Child!—Beautiful Child!—Beautiful Child!"

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them. A young member of one of the families about which New York talks most goes down the center of the store, leading an ugly fat child by the hand; and all along her progress a murmur of adulation whispers its sweet poison: "What a beautiful child!—beautiful child!—beautiful child!"—not too much, not too loud, nothing fulsome; but what a mind one would be in for hats after two hundred yards of this! When a certain beautiful and arrogant model of fashion appears on the floor it is the rule of one house that as many of the girls as possible shall keep themselves free to hover near, to form a horizon, to make an audience! Vanity Fair, and the green silk purse, and Becky's sidling glance! What grist for the cynic it is!

One summer, on the steamer crossing to Liverpool, we had in the stateroom a girl whom we could never make out. She had manners so graceful, an air so high-bred, such clothes as made the writer of the serious-minded short story turn over in the berth and groan. And yet—and yet—sometimes she made bad work of the English tongue as it is spoken. It is one of the compulsions of ocean travel to make people out; and so we bent ourselves to this question with persistence. I always knew that I had seen that girl somewhere before and one day I remembered that once she had sold me a suit. We began to interview her shamelessly. She had become a buyer. She was making her first trip over to Paris; and if she was successful she would have a salary of three thousand dollars a year. And then, after a while, as we sat on the deck in those wide, murmuring nights o'ervaulted with silver fire, she told us such stories!—which I will now repeat in confidence to the attentive reader.



Every One Is Out for Clothes

Miss Milbanks had begun in an interesting little shop in the thirties—the little girl who hooks and unhooks you, and who stands at madame's elbow handing pins. She stayed there seven years, until she became head saleswoman. Madame had the most exclusive trade—the most distinguished actresses and opera singers, and the wives of the gentlemen whose names appear in the yearly statement of assets which one's bank sends out the first of the year.

Rather extraordinary things sometimes went on in a little room partitioned off at one side of the shop. Certain merry customers, with whom madame was on a very friendly footing, sometimes shared a cocktail with her in lieu of afternoon tea, which beverage she mixed very well after a formula that she did not confide to inquirers. Sometimes there was even more than one cocktail, after which refreshment all hats became enchanting; and she who came for one went away with three or four, from which it had been found impossible to make a choice, the bill making pensive meditation for the morning after.

Sometimes a customer would buy a pattern gown with a sacred Parisian name embroidered on the waistband—"absolutely exclusive—only two were sent out from this design, and the other went to a Russian grand duchess—Marie, the hand-glass!" On such a dress it was always managed that some alterations should be necessary; and then, between the time when it was ordered at eleven o'clock and its delivery in the late afternoon, it would be copied to the stitch. The waistmaker, the skirtmaker, the collarmaker, the sleevemaker, the finisher—all would be put to work on it. Sometimes six or eight girls would be gathered about the gown at once; and at five o'clock the copy would be sent, the absolutely exclusive only model except the Russian grand duchess' remaining in stock, unimpaired except for the pricks of a few pins.

The most extraordinary exhibition of madame's gifts came in the rush season, when there was trouble with help and dresses were not finished on time. If a dress was to be ready for a dinner on Thursday, by Thursday at ten the telephone calls would begin to come at intervals of an hour. By two madame would reply that the dress was on the way. Then work would be seriously begun on it! Telephone calls followed close upon each other between three and five, culminating in the appearance of a footman at the door—without, in the carriage, a declamatory and fire-breathing patron. Then madame would rise to the height of her ability to create with only chaos before her. Her manner would be the perfect blend of business dignity and friendly concern. The dress had been sent. She herself had seen Absalom off with it—impossible to account for this delay!

Absalom's Hard Luck

SHE assures herself in patron's presence that the address is correct on the books. She goes to the workroom to inquire if any confusion could have been made in the boxes. In the workroom the object of concern, still on the form, is pulled together with hasty last stitches. It is quickly packed. Absalom is hustled out the back door, stern adjurations attending him to speak his lines trippingly on the tongue—that he be not too tame neither. Madame reappears with solicitude creased upon her brows. Yearly assets in the person of a customer who spends goodly thousands a year on clothes is of divided mind between the *insouciance* of a perfect lady and an inward yearning to kick and scream.

Upon this crisis enters Absalom by the street door, having gone round the block through the alley. Dress-box is under arm. But what has happened, Absalom? It develops that he has been hunting up and down Sixty-sixth Street all the afternoon—and there is no such name. But it is only a few doors off Fifth Avenue! Absalom's jaw falls. He thought it was West Sixty-sixth Street. Tableau! Where is one to look for any intelligence in the working class?—a glance for Absalom that would ice molasses! Exit customer in haste, mollified and "emitting rays," as the French have it—footman in the rear with box borne triumphant. Madame draws a deep breath and makes her comment to one of the girls, with a shrug, watching the procession from the window:

"Tyrants! Why must they have everything in a moment?"

There was no fixed price for anything in the shop. You used your talents, judged always by your customer and guided yourself by that intangible quality of desirability upon which values rise and fall with such alacrity. Of three copies of a dress one year, one went to a friend of madame's for eighty-five dollars—which was probably about cost price; the second was sold for one hundred and seventy-five dollars, and the third for three hundred and fifty.



By Five Minutes After Six the Street Has Become One for the Workers

"Why, you had that blouse last year, didn't you?" says a little fashion reporter whom madame likes, at the fall opening.

"Yes, it is the third year. I shall never be rid of it. Take it very cheap, Miss Steele." No; Miss Steele has just disposed of three weeks' salary in an adorable pattern hat and is not considering lace blouses at the most seductive prices.

Before the day is over it has a bidder. "I have always admired that blouse"—price of blouse is immediately pulled several points—"but it was too expensive!" Madame became very suave. "We have marked it down to sixty dollars—that is half. You will find it quite as good this year as last, Mrs. Tynans."

She is called away and leaves the game to sniff the bait. At certain stages of a sale madame was always called away. Mrs. Tynans will have it. It is fitted to her; in the afternoon it is brought down in its lavish nest of white tissue paper for madame to look over before it is sent out.

"What a beautiful blouse!" says the patron with whom madame is at present occupied.

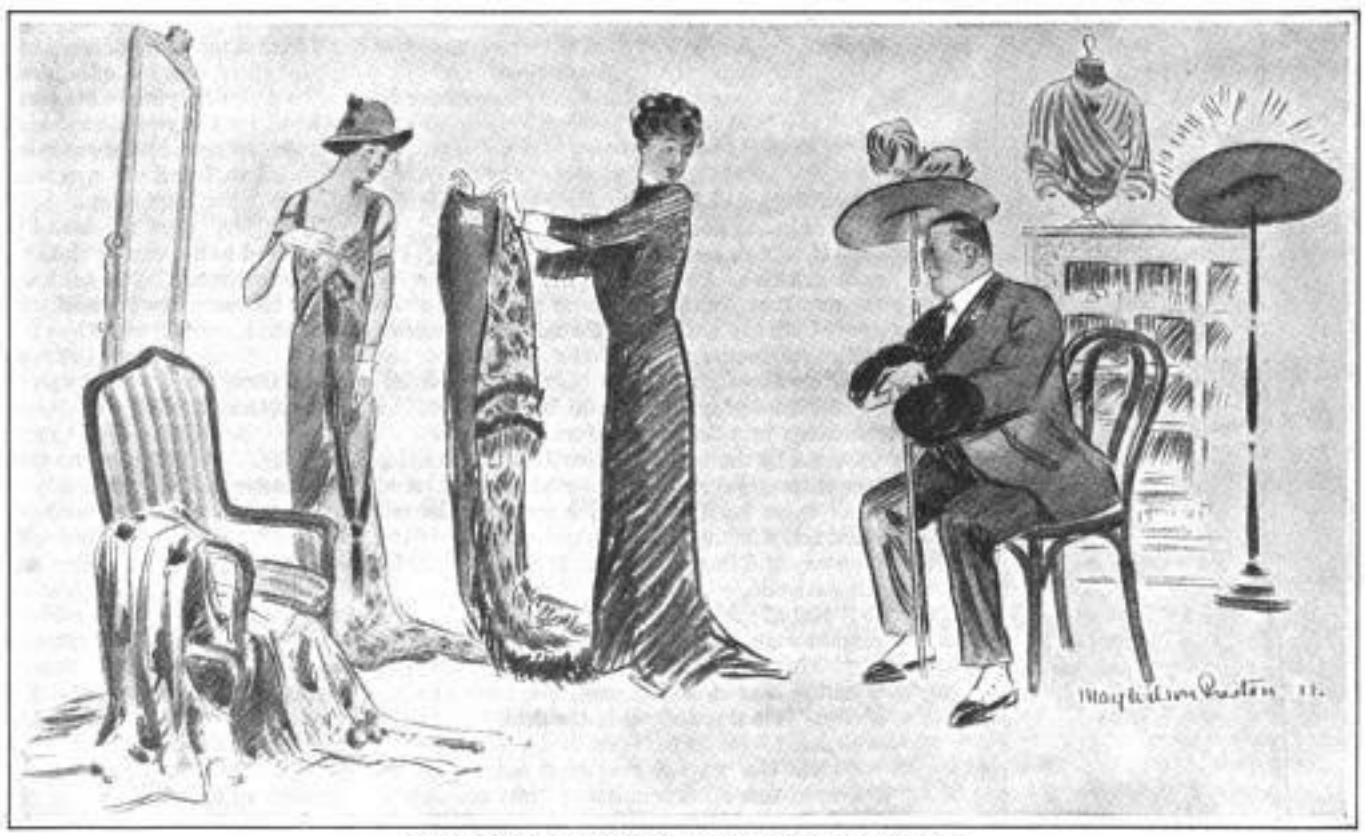
"Yes; but it is sold." "Thank Heaven, it is sold!" Madame is known by the initiated to be thinking. "But we could copy it for you, Mrs. Hunt. The price is higher, because we shall make only one copy—one hundred and twenty-five dollars—yes—by Saturday. Yes; the collar and the waistband. You are looking so well and growing slender. It is quite the miracle!" All in a day, after two years with it on one's hands! How is one to account for these shufflings and quicksteps of fortune?

The story I liked best of all, however, was one which had no scenery or business—just plot, like a love letter. One morning, on a little shopping foray, madame picked up at a department store a blue serge suit, with black silk braid round the edge—very simple, very chaste. It was seventy dollars—and she sold it the next day for one hundred and forty.

I have long meditated that these shops must be one place where women are making money. The last census shows that women are now in all the occupations, except nine, which take men. There are women plumbers, thousands of women ironworkers, many hundreds of women pit-brow workers. In all the ill-paid intellectual pursuits women are long since established. The last places they will get will be those where money is to be made at large profits. When one meets at week-ends women who have their boys in St. Paul's School and their daughters at Bryn Mawr, who go to Paris every summer and put up at the Lyceum Club, because "you see all the interesting people there"; and it develops that they are the owners of Fifth Avenue shops or of some of those innumerable small and very smart ones which spill over into the thirties and forties, it seems that the times are already at the full. Two-thirds at least of these shops are owned and managed by women—a great merchant says three-fourths. Some of them are women of family who have come by a turn of the wheel face to face with the question of a living, and no trained perception except taste. One is an English peeress. Many more have "come up from the table."

"I engaged one of them fifteen years ago

(Concluded on Page 51)



"This Goes Nicely With That Dress," She Would Say

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HEART'S DESIRE

By John Fleming Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

WHIN a gir-rl is for-rty, and unwed, she knows much about everything excipt hersilf," said Mickey O'Rourke, shoving aside a bundle of ancient photographs that he had dug out of a locker. "The age of her guarantees wisdom and niver having had a husband makes it sure that she niver lear-rned what was in her own hear-rt—which is the beginning and the end of knowledge. Look here at the face of pretty Kate Maguire, daughter of me mother's own sister. Ye would say that she was lovely—which is thrue; and if yez had seen the eyes of her, and held the sthrong fingers of her in your own, yez would swear she was a wise woman—which was false."

I stared at the somewhat faded portrait of the unknown Kate Maguire. Behind the gloss of the paper and in the strained pose insisted upon by some earnest photographer I seemed to catch something feminine and appealing—something beautiful and clean.

"She was evidently a fine woman," I said.

"She was," said the chief engineer. "I raymimber her as a child, with one skir-rt over her little limbs and an ould bodice of her mother's aslant of her thin shouldhers. Whin I wint away for the lasht time and I had looked back to see the ould woman standing in the cottage door—Saints make her har-rd bed soft above!—I hear-rd a rustle in the weeds by the pathside and little Kate stood out before me.

"'And where are yez going, Mickey O'Rourke?' says she to me.

"'To Ameriky,' says I.

"'Take me wid yez, Mickey,' says the little one, looking at me wid her blue eyes.

"'And for why would yez leave your mother, colleen?' I quistions her.

"She stepped out and took me hand, the slim, sthrong fingers of her tight about me own. 'I can't tell yez, Mickey! Maybe I might whisper it—but yez would niver undherstand,' says she. And like a puff of wind she was gone and I wint on—to Ameriky.

"'Twas ten years afterward that me sister and her husband came across and settled in Oakland. I was running on the State of California thin, and whin we lay in por-rt I would go across the bay and sit over a pipe wid Mary and Tim, her good man. And in due course I asked about Kate Maguire.

"'She is grown into a blue-eyed, black-haired woman,' says Mary; 'but she will look at no felley twice and carries a high head. She is a queer gir-rl and vows she has plinty of time to find a man. But she has tur-rned away the best in the parish and listens to the wind.'

"Tim knocked out his pipe before he spoke up. 'If I were a youngster I'd thry ——'

"'Was I so easy to win that yez think ye have the power over all gir-rls' hear-rts?' says Mary. 'I would ye had married Kate, for thin I would have kept me good looks for a betther man,' says she.

"'She listens to the wind,' says me bould Tim, kissing his wife for luck. 'I have seen her whin but a gir-rl wid her head cocked on one shouldher and the light in her eyes. 'Tis God that whispers to the childher, but whin one is ould 'tis Satan himsilf that speaks. Powers that be! I would that Kate was wed to a man like mesilf, wid strength to keep her indoors at evening.'

"And wid that we spoke no more of Kate Maguire.

"'Twas ten years later, and I was on the City of Panama, whin I came home from the coffee run on the lower coast for a month's holiday. Whin I had kissed me sister and the childher and shook Tim's hand I hear-rd a voice from the kitchen say:

"'And is it Mickey O'Rourke?'

"'It is,' I retor-rts to the voice. 'And who asks for him?'

"'Kate Maguire,' says she, appearing in the doorway, barearmed from the dishpan.

"'Each year has been a blessing to yez,' I tould her, staring at the beauty of the woman. 'And who is your man? Trot him out, for I hear-rd that ye would niver marry and I am anxious to see him.'

"'I am unwed,' says she, standing looking at me as she wiped her long fingers one by one on the towel.

"'Have yez niver been in love?' I axes in astonishment.

"'Niver but once,' says she. 'He was oulder than I and depar-rted to Ameriky, l'aving a poor gir-rl by the roadside.'

"And I raymimbered and was silent till she laughed. And whin I hear-rd the sound of it I knew she was the same Kate Maguire. 'How could I bring a gir-rl wid but one skir-rt and a poor bodice to Ameriky?' I demands. 'I have me pride.'

"The quick look of her searched me for the momint and I hild me breath for fear she would discover me secret; but she only smiled and nodded.

"'I am still hunting for the man,' says she. 'I have plinty of time, for me beauty is permanent, Mickey.'

"'Tis a fool's prettiness!' says me sister sharply. 'Yez are thir-rty-five years gone and the hollow of your shouldher is still empty.'

"And Kate Maguire smiled, dropping her white hands to her sides and cocking her head as though she were listening.

"That evening, because Tim was going to lodge and Mary was busy wid the childher, I asked Kate to walk wid me on the streets. 'I will show yez the magnificence of Ameriky,' I tould her. 'Moreover, I am an ould man and would walk beside a lovely gir-rl for the last time.'

"So we stepped out and she held up her long skir-rt and looked at the houses and the little lawns lying soft in the dusk till we came to the foot of the hills. Thin she tur-rned to me.

"'Me feet are war-rm and me shoes heavy in the evening. I will walk barefooted in the grass.'

"'Let be!' I war-rns her. 'Tis a disgrace to wear no boots in Ameriky. Only the poor do so.'

"'Thin I will be poor, Mickey,' says Kate. 'Tis only the poor that have the blessing.'

"'If wor-rk and throuble be a blessing the poor are rich,' I replies to her. 'But I see by the hands of yez that ye do no wor-rk, and the eyes of yez say nothing of throuble. So ye can walk barefoot and gain the reward of the destitute.'

"So Kate Maguire took off her shoes and her stockings in a fence corner and we walked up the grass by the side of a little sthream, the white feet of the gir-rl shining under her skir-rt. And it all came back to me—the mor-rn I looked back and saw me mother standing alone in the doorway and hear-rd the rustle in the weeds by the pathside.

"'Kate,' said I, 'was none of the young men man enough for yez?'

"'Tis not the loud voice in the room that wins the hear-rt of a woman,' she answered me softly. 'Tis the whisper in the dusk—and none whispered.'

"'Tis the way of men that are afraid—to speak in shouts,' I admitted; 'but even them that are afraid are men. And the whisper in the ear is often the sound of the wind only.'



"'I am Unwed,' Says She"

"She tur-rned on me, her fine skir-rt held between her slim fingers, her pale feet deep in the green grass.

"'I have listened to the wind,' she tould me. 'And it has promised me youth till I find my mate. Mickey, I have seen young gir-rls marry young men, and I have seen ould women marry ould men—and the end of it was a husband asleep by the fireside and a woman dozing in the corner.' The gir-rl stretched out her ar-rms. 'I will wed a man!' she tould me.

"'But the childher!' I protisted. 'What is a woman widhout childher?'

"'She is but a maid waiting for the whisper,' she answered me—'listening to the wind, Mickey!'

"'And yez listen to the wind?' I demanded.

"The laughter of her sounded out along the sthream and she slipped her bare feet through the grass.

"'Ould men ask quistions which only the young can answer,' says the wild gir-rl. 'I will answer that whin a young man asks me.'

"'I have traveled much,' I retor-rted, 'and I have seen manny an upstanding man; but I misdoubt yez will niver meet them.'

"'For why?' demands me bould lady. 'Do they not tur-rn round on the street whin they see me?'

"'And yez will pick out your choice whin he comes?' I inquires, in a rage at her ignorance.

"She laid the two sthrong hands of her on my shouldhers and looked me between the eyes.

"'Whin he comes I will take him,' says she. 'I will take him annywhere and from annybody. Have I kept me youth in vain? Mickey O'Rourke, I have the power and I am waiting for me hear-rt's desire. He was not in Ireland. Maybe he is in Ameriky. If so be I shall hear him coming—but he will niver go by me, as did a bhoy manny years ago along an ould path whin a gir-rl stood in the weeds of a mor-rning.'

"'Yez were a chit of a gir-rl—not fifteen years ould,' I retor-rted.

"And the uncomfortable laughter of the woman rang out again while I stared at her black hair above her pale cheeks.

"In that momint I seemed to catch a whisper underneath the laughter, a sound of hidden tears. It was the sound of me own youth dying in her hear-rt. 'Twas a strange thing to hear, for I raymimbered another gir-rl whose name yez will niver know, and it came over me that I was ould and the wisdom I had got was worthless. Me voice was like a croak whin I spoke.

"'Kathie,' says me bould Mickey, 'nobody has iver whispered in me ear. I shall niver have annybody slip up to me and speak softly to me. 'Tis me luck. But do not listen too much to yoursilf. Yez have looked at manny men and have said over their faults and at the end tur-rned away. All men have their confissions to make if they speak thrue; and who, do ye think, is better to hear and forgive than a wife?'

"She tossed her proud head in the twilight. 'Forgive!' says she. 'I will forgive no man! Whin I marry it will be my master, not my servant!' She laughed once more, her head on one side. 'I wondher if the man, whoiver he may be, will forgive me? For I will make his life sleepless and I will follow him all day with my whispers. Mickey O'Rourke, thank Hiven yez did not take the little gir-rl wid yez whin ye left the ould home!'

"So I took her back through the streets to me sister's house and left her there and wint back to the ship wondhering at the ways of women. The City of Panama was laid up for repairs and there was only mesilf and big Tom McCarthy to look after the engine room. I found Tom stripped and thrying to shave the back of his neck by the light of an oil lamp.

"'Tis late for such doings, Tom,' I remar-rks. 'The beauty show doesn't open till Tuesday week.'



"'For Why? Do They Not Turrn Round On the Street Whin They See Me?'"

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"'I am shpoiling for a fight,' says Tom, stretching the huge ar-rms of him. 'And whin I am taken to the hospital I will be clean and proud, so that no man shall say I am not a gintleman.'

"'More power!' says me bould Mickey. 'And whin do yez star-rt on your career of crime?'

"'Tis one thing or the other,' says Tom. 'I will either get married or I will fight ten men.'

"'Yez will niver find the good woman to wed yez,' I tould him. 'Yez are homely—ugly—and your voice is like a fog-whistle. I will pick yez ten men.'

"Tom McCarthy stared at me superciliously and continued his work of desthruction. Whin he had concluded he rang the bell for the poor panthry-boy who was keeping watch in the saloon.

"'Bring me a pot of Java,' says me bould Tom. And whin it came he drank it scalding hot and tur-rned in to sleep. I sat up and thought over twinty years of wor-rk and misspent pay-checks.

"The nixt mor-rning Tom woke and dressed himsilf wid care. I inquired wherefore he was so particular and he answered me that the early wor-rm was the tidbit for the bir-rd.

"'Tis the good women are abroad in the early hours,' says he. 'I will step out and see who and what they are, for I am minded to get married while me pay for two years is unspent.'

"'Yez are a reprobate and destined for the pains of Purgat'ry,' I tould him. 'Who would marry wid yez?'

"'I have waited twinty years for the whisper of a woman,' says he.

"I thought while he was dressing. I raymimbered the har-rdness of the man, the fights he had been in, the sprees he had gone on—the ways of the man altogether. He was a har-rd customer, was Tom McCarthy, wid a hear-rt that niver broke and eyes that grew colder the more he fought. And I recalled the language of the man in times of stress, the big hands of him at wor-rk, the shouldhers of him heaving under his cinglet.

"'Me sister has a fri'nd,' I remar-rked—'a gir-rl from the ould place in Ireland. Her name is Kate Maguire and she is nigh for-rty years ould. I will take yez over and inthroduce yez.'

"'I will wed wid no ould woman!' says Tom.

"'Tis a bet I make wid mesilf,' says I calmly. 'Kate thinks no man is her equal and she vows she can bring anny man she wants to her feet.'

"'Whin I hunt a crowd 'twill be to fight and not to make love,' says me bould Tom. 'Who am I to struggle toward a woman in a throng of miserable landlubbers?'

"'No man has iver tamed her,' I wint on. 'She has listened to the wind these twinty years.'

"He cocked his head on one side.

"'Ye say?' he demanded.

"'She has listened to the wind,' I repeated. 'She is lovely and has white feet; but the hear-rt of her has niver left her bosom for anny man. And whin she has scor-rned yez ye will still have the opportunity to fight your ten men.'

"'No woman has iver scor-rned me,' he remar-rks.

"'She will freeze yez in one momint,' I tould him. 'Will yez go?'

"'I will go,' says he bouldly.

"'We will go tonight then,' I agrees.

"'This mor-rning,' says me brave Tom fir-rmly. 'I will not wait before I tame that girl with the proud hear-rt.'

"'Tis unseemly to make calls before evening,' I remonstrated.

"The felley squared his shouldhers under his big coat. 'I will go now,' says he. 'Yez have roused me curiosity and I will see this woman that listens to the wind.'

"So I surrindered; and we took ferry and car and came to me sister's house before nine in the mor-rning. Whin the door opened she was surprised. 'The childher are just gone to school,' she tells us. 'Tim is at wor-rk and the house is not swept.'

"'Let be, Mary dear,' says I. 'Tis Tom McCarthy, one of the engineers on the City of Panama. Call Kate Maguire.'

"'She has gone for a walk—I don't know where,' says me sister. 'Come in and wait.'

"'We cannot wait,' I remar-rks. 'I know where she is.'

"'Thin yez know much that does yez no good,' says me brave Mary; 'for the woman is unblessed and a wanderer.'

"But I dragged McCarthy off and we took the road to the hills and into the little cañon where the sthream flows down between the green meadows. 'Twas a war-rm mor-rning and before we had got far Tom reached up and took off his collar.

"'Tis considhered poor taste to walk undressed through the streets,' I remonstrated.

"'I will choke mesilf for no man, or woman either!' answers me bould Tom, and stretched the big neck of him.

"So we came into the hills and, as I knew, Kate was walking in the soft grass undher the trees. She saw us and stopped, hiding her bare feet undher her gown.

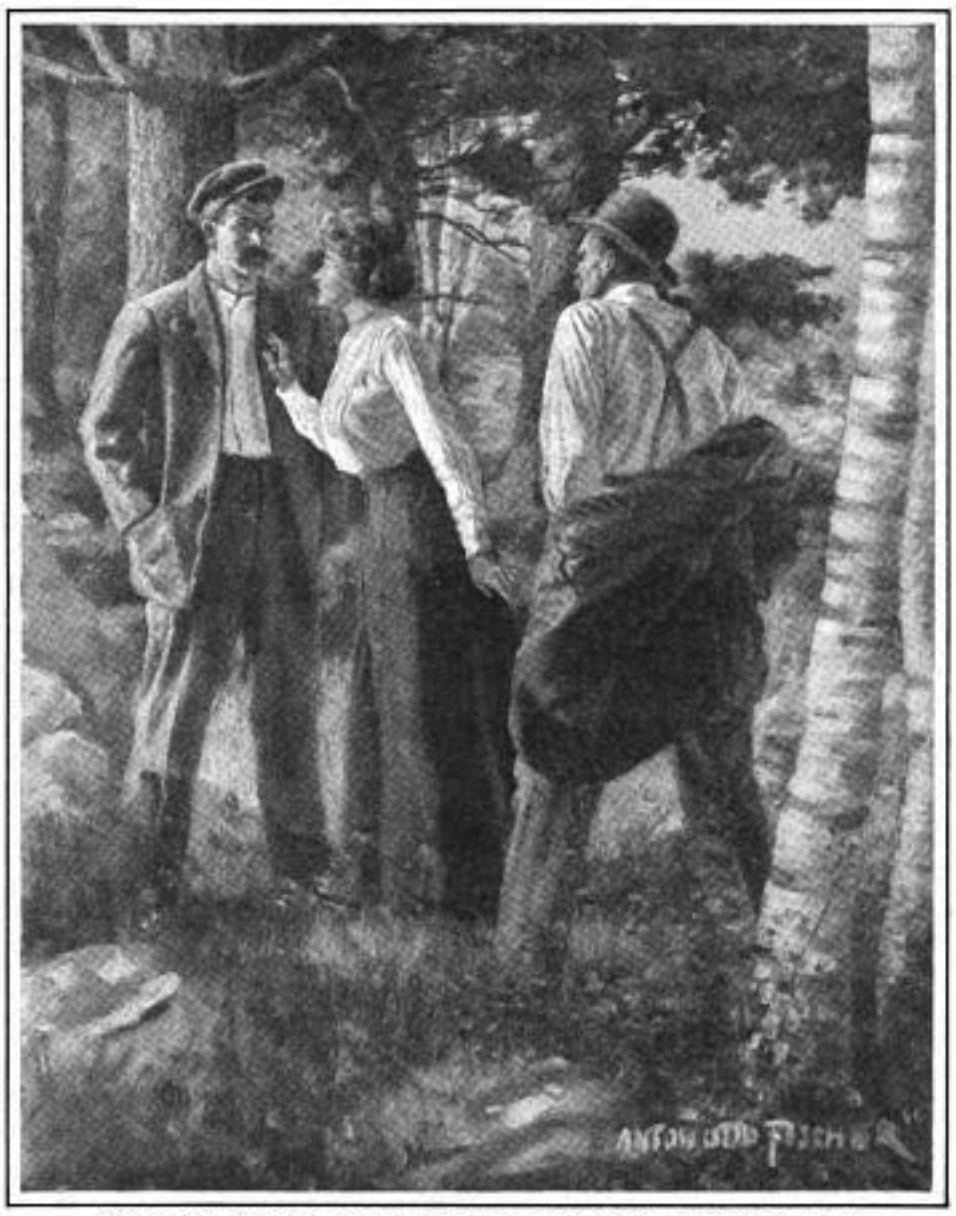
"'Tis Misther McCarthy, Kate darlint,' I tells her. 'He is an engineer on the ship.'

"She looked at him through her blue eyes and the face of her was very pale undher the shade of the pines; but she said nothing. And I was ashamed of me bould Tom, wid his collar off and his throat swelling out of his shir-rt.

"Suddintly he said in a hoarse voice: 'I raymimber a gir-rl that walked barefoot across the fields whin I was a bhoy. Her feet were white.'

"'The childher see much that the ould folks have eyes for but niver catch a glimpse of,' retur-rns Kate, brushing her black hair from her ears.

"'She would have married me had I asked her,' wint on McCarthy. 'But what is the spor-rt of wedding a woman who needs no coaxing? I have forgot her till this day.'



"'Yez Will Not Touch Him! Whin I Was a Bit of a Gir-rl I Loved Him'"

"She tur-rned to McCarthy. 'Yez will not touch him!' she said softly. 'Whin I was a bit of a gir-rl I loved him. He wint away, but his place in me hear-rt is war-rm.'

"And thin McCarthy laughed too. 'I will not touch him,' he swore. 'I am going away now; but yez will raymimber me—Tom McCarthy. And whin the wind whispers of a dewy mor-rning yez will hear the voice of me calling.'

"'But if I call?' she says slowly.

"'I will not come,' he replies, staring at her. 'I have niver yet come whin a woman called.'

"The laughter of her sounded undher the trees like a sthream of happiness, but her eyes were dar-rk undher her brows. 'Yez will call and yez will hear only the wind,' says she. 'Now go!'

"To me wondher and amazemint we wint, McCarthy in the lead, his great shouldhers square and his fists closed be his sides. Whin we were downtown he tur-rned on me.

"'I will stay and tind the engines of no ship laid up for repairs,' he tould me. 'I am going down and ask the superintindint to change me to another steamer.'

"'But ye have been in por-rt but three days,' I protisted.

"'I am going back to the sea,' he remar-rks coldly.

"So he did. That night whin I came on board I found he had taken his clothes and exchanged with the first assistant on the Peru, which had left at noon for Ançon.

"I saw little of Kate Maguire the rest of me time ashore and it was a year later when Tom rejoined the City of Panama, the same big, obstreperous brute of an Irishman as ever before.

"He said nothing whin he thrust his stuff into my room, but merely nodded. And whin we were at sea he had still nothing to say for the two months it took us to run down to the Isthmus and back. Once more at Pier Forty-two, he came in and said:

"'I'm going to see Kate Maguire. Is she still with your sister?'

"'She is,' I answered. 'I expict she is married by this time.'

"'She is not married,' says he.

"'How do yez know that?' I demanded.

"'Because she is to marry me,' he announced fir-rmly.

"'Whin did yez ask her?' I inquired, astonished.

"'I have not asked her,' says me bould Tom. 'She knows that I will wed her.'

"'More power!' I remar-rks. ''Tis a fine woman yez are having to wife.'

"So he wint across the bay and I stayed by the ship till the nixt day, whin I wint over to see me sister and me brother-in-law Tim. They were full of the happenings of the day before.

"'That big mutt McCarthy was over here,' says Mary, 'and Kate tur-rned him down. The gall of the man!'

"'He tould me they were to be wed,' I remar-rked.

"'I could weep over the foolishness of men,' says me sister. 'To think that that felley should presume to marry Kate widout asking her!'

"'I will stay here tonight,' I remar-rked; 'for if Tom McCarthy has not his hear-rt's desire he will lick ten men before mor-rning, and I am too ould to be one of manny.'

"'He is a coward!' says a voice from the doorway—and I looked up to see Kate, lovelier than iver.

"'No man has iver said that,' I remonstrated; 'but 'tis a woman's right to speak what she need not prove.'

"'I have proved it,' she said, smiling at me.

"'How?' I demanded.

"'Yez are all alike—ye men,' she answered me. 'Shall I wait this long and thin marry a man to refor-rm him?'

"'Speak plainly, Kate darlint,' I insists. 'Hivin help the person that thries to refor-rm Tom McCarthy!'

"'I will listen to no more nonsinse,' says me sister, getting up. 'Tim and I will go to the theater and leave yez to chatter.' So she left us by oursilves. And once more I asked Kate what the matther was.

"'He came to me like a master and left me like a whipped dog,' she tould me. 'He could not speak for thinking of his sins, and he demanded of me that I help him overcome his faults. He made me his confissor!'

"''Tis the way of men who are in love,' I protisted.

"'And I wed wid no man who is not big enough to have his faults and still be my master,' says she.

"'Whisht!' I retur-rns. 'Is it no sign of love that a man would be clean before marrying?'

"'The fields are still green, but none walk them with white feet for yez anny more,' she answered.

"McCarthy bowed his head thoughtfully. 'Sometimes I think I see the grass bending undher her feet,' he said softly.

"''Tis the wind,' she replied.

"'I have listened to the wind manny times,' he responded; 'but I hear no wor-rds.' He lifted his big head swiftly, the man of him flaming in his eyes. 'I have hear-rd no wor-rds for twinty years!'

"She stood there, her feet undher her skir-rt, her hair drifting across her brows, and she studied him for the while. Then she laughed.

"'Mickey O'Rourke,' she cried, 'go away, and I will put on me shoes and speak wid this man for a momint.'

"I don't know why I spoke out, but before I knew it me tongue was wagging. 'I've known this waster for ten years,' I tould her. 'He is a brute of a creature—always fighting; always swaggering about the streets and cur-rsing his betthers. I have stood for his nonsinse for all this time; but I can lick him and I'll do it now, for that he has looked on you wid wide eyes and widout the rayspict due a gir-rl.' And I took off me coat.

"'No man has iver said that,' I remonstrated; 'but 'tis a woman's right to speak what she need not prove.'

"'I have proved it,' she said, smiling at me.

"'How?' I demanded.

"'Yez are all alike—ye men,' she answered me. 'Shall I wait this long and thin marry a man to refor-rm him?'

"'Speak plainly, Kate darlint,' I insists. 'Hivin help the person that thries to refor-rm Tom McCarthy!'

"'I will listen to no more nonsinse,' says me sister, getting up. 'Tim and I will go to the theater and leave yez to chatter.' So she left us by oursilves. And once more I asked Kate what the matther was.

"'He came to me like a master and left me like a whipped dog,' she tould me. 'He could not speak for thinking of his sins, and he demanded of me that I help him overcome his faults. He made me his confissor!'

"''Tis the way of men who are in love,' I protisted.

"'And I wed wid no man who is not big enough to have his faults and still be my master,' says she.

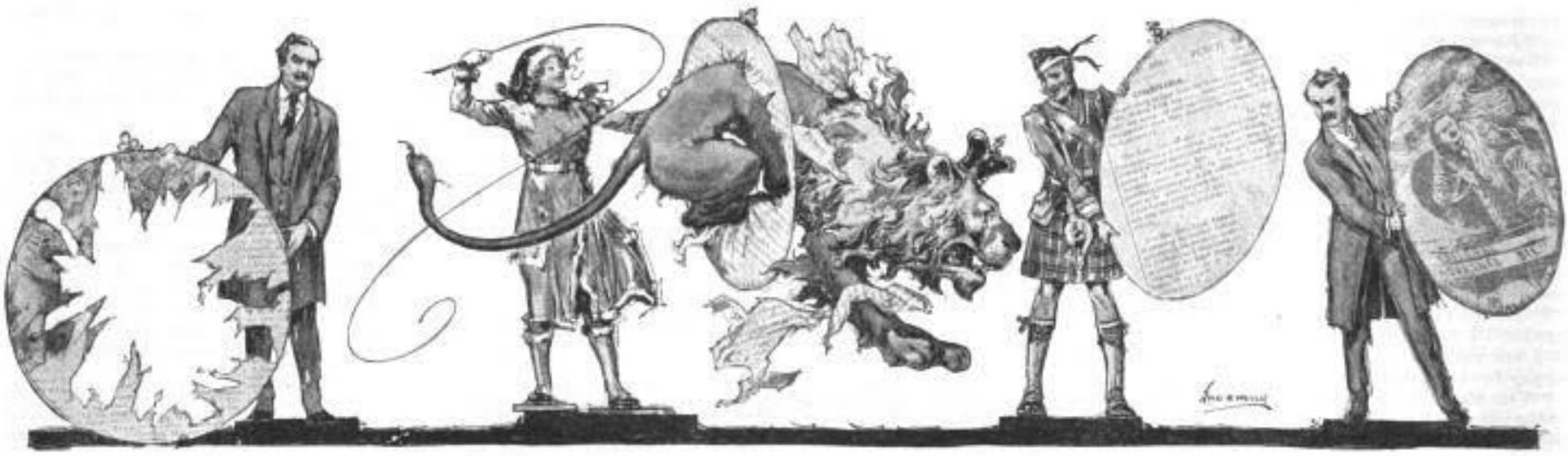
"'Whisht!' I retur-rns. 'Is it no sign of love that a man would be clean before marrying?'

(Continued on Page 45)

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THE LIGHTNING CHANGE

The Americanization of the Conservative Party in England



By ROBERT BARR

DECORATION BY JOHN R. NEILL

WITH the retirement of the Right Honorable Arthur James Balfour from the leadership of the Conservative party there departs from English public life the last of the great gentlemen. The door that closes on him closes also upon a very notable and interesting era of English history, an era that reflects the figures of great statesmen who engaged in politics, actuated by personal ambition, of course, but inspired mainly, as we may suppose, by love of country and a desire to promote what they thought would be its welfare—men like Pitt, Peel and Palmerston, like Melbourne and Canning, like Gladstone and Disraeli, like Salisbury and Lord Hartington. The position of the British Empire today among the nations of the world is a monument to their memories. They made many mistakes, no doubt, and the man who knows it all will find much to criticise in their careers; but their general trend was toward the light—toward freedom for the individual and liberty for their country.

To the casual observer, Balfour is a man who has led his party to defeat three times in about double as many years. The general election of 1906 was overwhelming. The Conservatives were buried under a landslide. The next general election—or budget election, as it is called—resulted in a tie, so far as Liberals and Conservatives were concerned. Great Britain really elected to supreme position a man it did not know it was voting for—namely, Mr. John Redmond, who, with the Irish Nationalists, held the balance of power. The third and latest general election produced a victory for Mr. Balfour. His party had a majority of two; but once more Mr. John Redmond held the balance of power. Now no man in public life is more honored, respected and even loved than Arthur James Balfour. He himself knows this very well; why, then, does he chuck up the game at this interesting point?

There is one expressive word which sums up the whole situation, and that word is "scrapped." Mr. Balfour has voluntarily scrapped himself. It is as if the venerable "one-hoss shay" accomplished its final act on meeting its first automobile. Balfour is "the knight in shining armor," as William Hohenzollern picturesquely expressed it; but the mailed fist of the latter, potent in its day, is of no use when it meets another holding an automatic revolver. Balfour belongs to a day that is gone, so far as England is concerned; and to understand this we will turn, if you please, from him to his constituency—from the man to Manchester.

The Splash that Mrs. Rylands Made

THE letter M is potent. "As Maine goes, so goes the Union," we used to say, and Maine begins with M. "Any man can carry Michigan!" cried Conkling contemptuously, even though M is Michigan's initial letter.

"What Manchester thinks today England will think tomorrow!" claim the inhabitants of that town. For long the Manchester school of politics ran the country. Manchester is solidly built, to last till the Judgment Day, or after. Its architecture is the final word in ugliness and utility. Its weather is the most drizzly, foggy and dismal on the planet. Nevertheless, the Manchester man possesses plenty of self-conceit. The Manchester man is as granite-hard as his city and is almost universally disliked, but he doesn't mind that. He cares nothing for the Colonies, except as they furnish him a market; he cares nothing for the Empire, except as an organization that enables him to make more money.

It is odd that the dreamiest, most literary philosopher in all England should have represented such a man and a section of such a city; but there is a streak of snobbishness in the Manchester citizen which inclines him toward a born aristocrat as long as that aristocrat makes no call on his pocket. In even a short conversation with you, a Manchester man is sure to mention his friendship with Sir James Thingummy or Lord John What-d'ye-call-him!

I do enjoy the treatment which Mrs. Rylands meted out to Manchester. Old John Rylands was in trade, of course, and every one knew he was well off; but none realized how rich he really was, for John was a nonentity in Manchester—a self-effacing, taciturn man, who lived frugally and had no friends to speak of. Neither had he any aristocratic connections; and as his mode of living convinced people that, though not exactly hard up, he couldn't be wealthy, society had nothing to do with him. He married somewhat late in life a very inconspicuous, commonplace woman, easily ignored—and she was ignored. In due time John died; and when his will came under the publicity of probate Manchester learned with amazement that he had been unbelievably rich. Mrs. Rylands was probably the wealthiest widow in England. Everything had been left to her.

Society began to sit up and take notice, but Mrs. Rylands proved much more exclusive than even the most aristocratic of duchesses. As more became known of John Rylands, it was discovered that in his quiet way he had been an amazing collector of books; rare and priceless editions had been bought, together with treasures of art and what-not. Mrs. Rylands, who would accept no advice, no friendships from Manchester society, continued this collecting, privately purchasing world-famed libraries that came into the market.

Through an agent she acquired one of the largest and costliest building sites situated on the main street of Manchester, and here was erected a structure differing from anything else in that town, considered by architects one of the finest of modern buildings. There was no publicity about this—no interviews: Mrs. Rylands would talk to nobody, would see nobody. When the building was finished it was used to house the priceless collection that had been accumulated, and was called the John Rylands Library. On ascending its broad stairway from the entrance, you are confronted with the honest, rugged face of John Rylands, done in white marble. This sumptuous palace and its contents of such incalculable value are free to all the world, and commemorate that face of stone which all must pass who enter the precincts of the library.

And now came the climax. Mrs. Rylands was a deeply religious woman, and the Bible has a text to the effect that an honest man shall stand before kings. She invited royalty to stand before the monument of her husband and present the gift of the magnificent building and its contents to the city of Manchester. As a usual thing, royalty does not accept invitations from private persons. It will open a great university or a senate house or some notable municipal achievement, but it won't launch a Dreadnaught or inaugurate even the most sumptuous Carnegie library. Mrs. Rylands' great if unostentatious benefactions were known in elevated circles, however, and royalty accepted the task of unveiling the bust of John Rylands.

Now Manchester awakened to the fact that the greatest social function of its day and generation was at hand; now was its time to grovel and beg for invitations; but Mrs. Rylands was not encouraging any groveling. She issued no invitations, leaving all that sort of thing to a committee of the court, and did not herself attend the gorgeous function.

Whatever may be said against Manchester from an esthetic point of view, it is, nevertheless, an efficient town. It knows what it wants, goes for it—and gets it too. When the mountain would not come to Mohammed, Mohammed went to the mountain. Manchester is much more modern. When it wished to be a seaport it didn't go to the sea, but lassoed the old ocean with its ship canal and hog-tied Neptune at its gates. The wonder is it put up with a meditative, inefficient man like Mr. Balfour for so long as it did; but at last he threatened its pockets by proposing to tax food. It would thus cost labor more to live and Manchester would be compelled to pay higher wages. So Manchester smashed him. Here is an English journalist's very human and touching note about Mr. Balfour when the debacle was announced:

> I saw him once in one of the greatest moments of his life. It was in the Conservative Club in Manchester, on that January night in 1906 when he suffered the overwhelming defeat of his career. His own constituency had rejected him. The whole of Manchester had abandoned his cause. The whole of England was denouncing his policy. There was a scene of bewildering excitement; and in the midst of it, with the gentle-faced, gray-haired sister weeping by his side, he stood erect and undismayed, humbly accepting personal responsibility for defeat, but proudly, serenely confident in the justice of his cause and its ultimate triumph.

And so, farewell, Mr. Balfour.

Who takes his place?—a roughrider of very different caliber. Well may Manchester, standing stolid like a bucking horse, gaze on the cowboy rising from the ground, who, with a grim smile, is brushing the dirt from his clothes. Manchester has flung him too. A year or two ago he was sent to contest a division of Manchester and, though he lowered the Liberal majority, he was defeated.

The Iron Man From Glasgow

ANDREW BONAR LAW is an iron man in every sense of the word. He dealt in iron in the iron city of Glasgow, and most successfully. He is a Canadian-Scotchman, or a Scotch-Canadian, whichever way you like to put it. Being one of that breed myself, I have naturally taken a great interest in his rise in the political world. He was born in Canada and I was born in Scotland. In our youthful days we changed places, and passed each other on the ocean, as it were. He had relatives in Scotland and I had relatives in Canada. His birthday is September sixteenth—so is mine. He wanted to get a university education—so did I. He tackled Glasgow University and I made an attempt on the University of Michigan, but neither of us pulled it off. He went to a practical school in Glasgow that taught him business, and I went to a practical school in Toronto that taught me my profession, so far as I was capable of understanding it. I prophesied that he would be the next premier of England, and thus combined we are the law and the prophet.

Keep your eye on Bonar Law. He is the only man in Britain who wrestled with Lloyd George and, oratorically speaking, flung that Welshman on his back, both shoulders and one hip touching the mat. It is odd to read in the papers that England does this or England does that. The

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truth is, England does nothing. Its victories in war or peace are achieved by Irishmen, Scotchmen or Welshmen. It was a Scotchman—Campbell Bannerman—who led the Liberal party to victory and defeated another Scotchman, Balfour. It is an Irishman who rules the Empire today—John Redmond; while the bravest, most reckless, most resourceful, most competent politician in the Liberal ranks is David Lloyd-George, a Welshman. Even Winston Churchill is half American. Roberts and Kitchener, who saved England in South Africa, are both Irishmen; and, as I have admitted, I am a Scotch-Canadian.

Mr. Bonar Law brings an asset to the Conservative party it has never before possessed, and that is American efficiency. He is a human calculating machine. It's hard luck for any opponent of his who is careless in his facts or his figures, in Parliament or on the platform. Bonar Law, like a steam hammer, smashes him into smithereens.

"Not quite fair as a controversialist," wails one of the Liberal papers this morning in speaking of the new leader. Any one who has listened to Bonar Law in debate will appreciate the pathos of this remark. Mr. Law is a sort of looseleaf encyclopedia. During his speeches I have never seen him refer to notes; but they are there, all the same. He is like a magician who fishes up unexpected rabbits from impossible places. Let one of his figures or one of his facts be challenged, and quietly, from vest pocket, or from outside or inside coat pocket, or from hip pocket, or from trousers pocket, Mr. Bonar Law produces his authority. There's the original document in every case—statistics, reports of speeches, pages from the Hansard, which is the parliamentary Congressional Record, as it were. If you stood the man on his head and shook him out there would float from his pockets enough of fragmentary information to fill up Webster's Unabridged. He is the live wire of controversy; and even the confident Winston Churchill keeps clear of the current when he can. Proceedings in Parliament will be interesting from now on.

To illustrate what I have been trying to tell you, I shall relate two incidents exactly as they occurred during the last election in our cherished city of Manchester. The incidents are strictly true, though I suppress all names to prevent heartburnings.

When a man is nominated to contest a constituency he or his friends must put up a certain sum of money with the returning officer, or whoever the official may be, which sum varies from a hundred dollars to three thousand or thereabouts, depending on the size of the constituency. I am not learned enough in election practice to know just what the particulars of this donation are. I think the money is returned to the candidate after election and that the donation is merely a sort of guaranty fund, so far as the candidate is concerned—an evidence of good faith, like the signing of your real name when you communicate with the newspapers. Anyhow, the law demands it, and the money must be paid on a specified day between the hours of twelve noon and three P. M., during which time the officer is at his post in the Town Hall to receive it.

In one of the divisions of Manchester at the last election a wealthy young aristocrat received the Tory nomination. He and his agent called with the cash in Bank of England notes at eleven o'clock that morning, and were informed the money could not be received until twelve.

"In that case," said the young fellow, "let's go and have luncheon." So they went out, got into his automobile and departed to a spot where the feeding was good, for the Manchester man loves the pleasures of the table and has the boodle to pay for them. Some time later a certain noble lord who takes a vivid interest in elections came up with a few friends to the room of the official, to make sure the money was paid. The official courteously informed him that the candidate and his agent had called in with the cash, but came too early. They had gone to luncheon and he was expecting them back every moment.

The afternoon wore on, as novelists would say, but neither the candidate nor his agent put in an appearance. Too late, the noble lord, who had been consulting his watch a good deal and comparing it with the big clock over the official's desk, rushed out and into the nearest bank.

"Give me five hundred pounds in Bank of England notes!" he cried.

He was well known, was a mighty lord, tremendously rich; and, in spite of Manchester's accurately businesslike bank habits, the money was produced and flung to him, without check or note. He made record time back to the office. The clock showed it was four minutes after three.

"Too late," said the official.

The remarks of the noble lord would not be printed in this weekly if I wrote them. A few moments later, panting and disheveled, in rushed the election agent with the money in his fist; and so heedlessly he ran and so exhausted was he that he fell full length on the floor. He was followed into the room more leisurely by the inane candidate; but his opponent was already a Member of Parliament. He had been elected without a contest the moment the hour of three had struck—elected through the default of the other side in not lodging the money in time.

Here you have inefficiency *in excelsis*.

The next dramatic scene I have to relate took place at midnight of the day that ushered in the last general election. The scene is the very comfortable dining room of the Conservative Club in Manchester. All political work was finished and the next twenty-four hours would record the result. A midnight meal had been spread out for the tired Conservatives, when there entered a young man, rather shopworn in appearance, with a slouch hat pushed well to the back of his head. He shied this hat into a corner and sat down at the table with a sigh of exhaustion. He was received with something like a cheer. The noble lord aforementioned was on the opposite side of the table, and beside him was the editor of the chief Conservative journal.

"How goes it?" said the latter across the board to the tired young man.

"I think I've got 'em!" he replied confidently.

Now a few weeks before that young man had no more idea of standing for the British Parliament than he had of aeroplaning to the moon. He was a Canadian from the same district that had produced Bonar Law, but he had never resided in England. On this occasion he was over in the old country merely on a visit, when he suddenly made up his mind to take part in the fight, and so was given a hopeless constituency. The Liberal who represented it had a majority considered safe. The Canadian had given Manchester the campaign of its life. A few nights before he had hired every motor to be procured, filled them with the best speakers he could get, and thus paraded his constituency. The motor cars, when collected together, would fill the biggest square in Manchester.

Now, as he said, he was hungry as a bear.

"What have you got to eat?" he cried.

"Anything you like, sir," replied the urbane waiter.

"Put me on, then, the biggest beefsteak you can find."

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Inner Secrets of a Merchant's Rise

By Edward Mott Woolley

ILLUSTRATED BY HY. J WATSON

AT THE age of eighteen I was a clerk in a hardware store about two hundred miles from the city of New York. One day it occurred to me to build a locomotive in our show window, using for its construction as many different items of hardware stock as I could get into it.

"This was not the first idea of the kind I had put into execution. I had built a warship, a fort, a factory, a threshing machine and other somewhat unique displays, all of which had attracted a great deal of attention from our townspeople. So now, when I started my locomotive, on a more elaborate scale than I had ever attempted before, I had an audience at once. Our local newspaper indulgently announced that 'Buddie Jones has begun work on a locomotive in the window of our enterprising friends, Smith Brothers, and half the town is watching him. Unfortunately Buddie can work on it only during his spare hours; and, since the Smiths are busy folks, the engine is growing slowly. Buddie says he hopes to finish it in about two weeks. We are proud to have such an enterprising boy in our midst. Some day he will be a great architect or engineer.'"

This local newspaper, however, was very much mistaken. The man who quoted the foregoing extract is today one of the greatest merchants in New York. Had the newspaper been analytical it would not have made the mistake of predicting a professional career for "Buddie."

This man's rise from obscurity to a high position in the world of commerce was very rapid. A good many sketches of his career have been published lauding his ability, industry and perseverance; but no one has ever printed the real secrets of the formula by which he climbed the ladder. He gives them here for the first time in such concrete form that any man of ability and reasoning power can adapt the principles to his own case.

"My locomotive," he went on, "was about six feet long, taking up pretty much the whole window. I worked from a photograph I had taken one Sunday. I used a concealed framework of wood, into which I fashioned many kinds of cutlery, cooking utensils and general hardware. At best, the thing was a grotesque locomotive, but it had the general outlines; and, what was more important, it drew the biggest crowds ever seen round a show window in our town. Everybody was talking about Smith Brothers' locomotive, and even the farmers for miles about came in to see it. Of course a lot of trade drifted our way because of it.



He Was Not Naturally a Bold Merchandiser and Had to be Crowded All the Time

"One day, when I was putting the finishing touches on my creation, a man came into the store and spoke to me:

"'Boy, where'd you get that idea?'

"'Why, I got it out of my head, I suppose,' said I, a little suspicious. 'Don't you like it, sir?'

"'Yes, of course,' said he; 'if I hadn't liked it I wouldn't have bothered coming in here. Do you think you could get more ideas of that sort out of your head?'

"There was a big crowd outside the window watching us. Unlike some window-trimmers, I worked in the open. I was doing the thing to attract attention, so why hide behind a curtain? Half our town seemed to be fascinated in watching that clumsy contrivance grow day by day.

"'Well,' I told him, 'I rather think this isn't the last, by any means. Look at those people out there! So long as I can draw the crowds, I imagine I'll keep on digging up ideas.' Then I told him about the warship and fort and factory and threshing machine.

"'How much wages are you getting for all this?' he asked.

"I wasn't quite sure I ought to tell him, but finally I confessed that Smith Brothers allowed me five dollars a week, but generously promised me six after New Year's.

"'Well,' he said, 'I'll give you ten dollars a week if you'll work for me in Blankville. I run a hardware store over there, you see. And let me tell you, boy, if you make good on these ideas you seem to have there's practically no limit to the money you can earn in time. What we men in business want is chaps who can get the trade for us, and wages don't count if you show results.'

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"I was staggered. That night I put the proposition before my father and mother, and they consented reluctantly to my going to Blankville, a city of a hundred thousand people forty miles away.

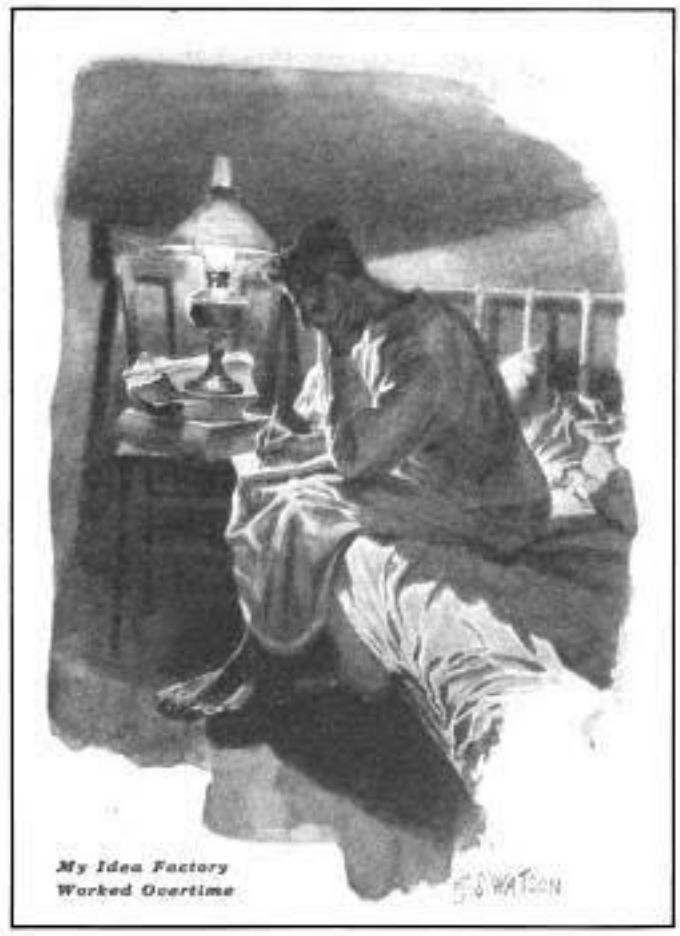
"So here I made my first upward step; and luckily I had an employer who gave me to understand very clearly how it had come about. It wasn't merely a boy he wanted. He could get plenty of husky eighteen-year-old youths in his own city. There were thousands of them who could sweep the store and handle stoves, and even sell goods over the counter; but somehow—it seemed very strange to me—there was a scarcity of boys and men who had ideas. In all the history of this Blankville hardware store, nobody connected with it had ever drawn the crowds in the way I had drawn them for months to Smith Brothers' little store.

"I think the events I have so far narrated were the most vitally formative of anything that ever happened to me. They gave me, at the beginning of my career, the key to success. The ordinary hardware clerk, I perceived, worked merely with his hands; I had been working with both hands and brain. And, now that I had the principle of the thing brought home to me by the episode of the locomotive, I set to work to think out ways by which I could get the people to trade at our store. That, I realized, was what I had been hired for; and my fabulous salary of ten dollars a week spurred me on. I simply had to make good!

"When I returned from dinner the first day I was in Blankville I noticed that all the stores on the street were very much alike in outward appearance—indeed, so much alike that I had to look sharp to make sure I was getting into my own place of employment. This set me to thinking. I had been hired, I imagine, chiefly as a window-trimmer with original ideas, but already I was outgrowing my job. I asked my employer why he didn't do something to make his store-front different from the common lot, so that people could spot it at a distance and remember it.

"This rather primitive idea struck him as unique. Like most business men, he hadn't even thought of making himself distinctive. He said he would get a painter at once and change the color to red. 'Why don't you paint it black?' I asked. 'Black is the natural hardware color; and, besides, it's a color that isn't likely to be imitated. If I were you I'd paint it the blackest black I could get.'

"He demurred at first, declaring that black was a funereal color, but finally he decided that even a brisk funeral was better than some live folks he knew. Black it was thereafter, and the effect was absolutely startling! Among those cold drab fronts that lined the street our store stood out in somber gravity, but unmistakable distinction. 'Now if we only had a brass band and a procession,' he remarked dubiously as he stood on the opposite side of the street the day after the painting was finished, 'we'd be ready to march to the graveyard!'"



My Idea Factory Worked Overtime

The Rise of the Black Store

"WE GOT the brass band a few weeks later, and the procession followed—a procession of customers. For some days I had been building a model kitchen in our show window, for the purpose of displaying to the best advantage our stock of cooking utensils, and I had been trying to think up the best way of getting the people out to see the thing. Suddenly recalling the remark about the band, I dropped my work and hunted up my employer, suggesting that we build a little balcony outside the upper windows and really get a band to give a series of afternoon and evening concerts. The plan proved popular; our funereal-looking store was really getting to be a lively proposition. Already it stood out among the stores of the city in a way that was undeniable. There was nobody in town now who didn't know the black store.

"I can't just explain how all these ideas came to me, but I know that ideas, after all, are a sort of habit. So far as I could see, I was cast pretty much in the mold of other men, but the men about me certainly didn't get ideas the way I got them. I haven't a shadow of doubt but they could have got them had they really tried. One must go after ideas and catch them, and when they are caught must chain them up so they can't escape. All my life I have been running up against men who had valuable ideas flitting through their heads and didn't know it. I have gathered from other people a host of selling schemes in just this fashion—often from my competitors.

"That, indeed, was the way I got my idea for a traveling show window, which was one of the biggest hits we made during those early years. It chanced that I boarded at the same house with a young fellow who worked in a competing hardware store. One night at supper he asked me, with some sarcasm: 'Well, Bud'—my nickname had followed me to Blankville—'what window monstrosity are you going to have on parade next?'

"Quick as a flash the idea was mine—and I kept it dark, you may be sure. As soon as I got away from the table I took out my notebook—in which I was in the habit of scrawling fragments of ideas as they came to me—and wrote: 'Window on parade.' Thus I chained up the idea for future use. That notebook was really a marvel. Why, even to this day I go back over that first soiled and almost illegible record of ideas and get from it material for present use. Since then I have filled notebook after notebook; I am still doing it and always shall. There is scarcely an hour of the day that I don't take it out to imprison some fleeting germ of a selling scheme which otherwise would be gone in a moment. Without doubt I have sold millions of dollars' worth of goods through the ideas I thus corralled.

"To go back to the particular idea I thus abstracted from my competitor's clerk at the boarding house. I pondered it long and deeply. Why wasn't it just as logical to take our show window round the city as to have the city come down on Main Street to see it? My employer agreed with me that it was. He was getting to be an enthusiast in ideas, like myself, for he was reaping substantial returns from them.

"We hired a suitable wagon, inclosing it with a special body having long glass windows on both sides. In this we fitted up a very pleasant sort of living room, the most conspicuous feature of which was a big baseburner stove. My employer hired a pretty girl to ride round in this cheerful living room; and, with a real fire in the stove, the thing was as catchy a piece of advertising as I ever invented. Our policy was to have it cover different streets day by day, making frequent stops of an hour or two on the corners, so as to give the advertising a chance to soak in. Of course we had placards and literature accompanying it.

"I've forgotten how many stoves we sold that season, but I do know that we put out a great many more than ever before. The wagon was continually surrounded, wherever it went, by an interested crowd. The whole town talked about the black hardware store.

"We followed up the traveling stove display with others, such as a moving cutlery exhibit, a razor demonstration, a garden-implement display, a tool exhibition, and the like. Some of these were so successful that we sent the wagon out among the farmers. The most notable of our efforts in this campaign, however, was our paint display. That year we more than doubled our sales in this line of goods.

"All this time our chief competitor never dreamed that one of his own clerks had given us an idea that helped us to exceed him greatly in volume of sales and profits. Of course he might have taken the plan himself after he saw we were making good with it, but he didn't want to put himself in the position of imitating us. And, not having any original ideas of his own, and no policy of capturing the escaped ideas of others, he lay back and watched us grow.

"My idea factory worked overtime. Nobody realized how hard it worked to get up selling schemes. These were my hobby, my delight, my companions day and night. I can say without hesitation that my success has come from a multiplicity of selling schemes. And yet these schemes did not come to me ready made, any more than the products of industry come to the manufacturer ready to sell. It was my deliberate business to reach out in every direction for the microbes of plans to be put into cultures and developed. I made mistakes, a lot of them, and came near capturing a pestilence now and then; but far oftener I succeeded. Better a man who falls down now and then than one who never ventures in a difficult path!

"I have often been amazed at the selling opportunities some business men let slip through their fingers without even seeing them. For instance, I learned by investigation that an average of half a dozen weddings a day took place in our city among the well-to-do people. The majority of these newly married couples settled down to housekeeping right there and, of course, became steady customers of various stores. Yet no systematic effort was being made by a single merchant in town to get their trade.

"I kept thinking of this curious state of affairs and wondering how we could appeal to such prospective customers, when one day I was invited to a wedding myself. It was up to me to send a present and I selected a coffee-pot from our stock. It was a new design and of new material, and I learned afterward that it was much admired. Straightway I had my idea for the selling scheme. I proposed to my employer that we order a special lot of these coffee-pots and then, watching the marriage licenses, make each bride a wedding present of one, together with our compliments and literature. It would give us a splendid opening wedge, I suggested, into a valuable line of trade, and we could clinch it with a diplomatic follow-up campaign. Of course, I admitted, we should have to use some discretion and several grades of coffee-pots. Some of them might well cost us two or three dollars apiece, while others would have to be kept down below a dollar.

"My employer looked askance at the plan at first. He was not naturally a bold merchandiser and had to be crowded all the time. He consented to try the scheme as a feeler. Well, we sold to those newly wedded folks that year enough goods to pay for the coffee-pots a hundred times over; and, furthermore, we secured scores of steady customers who remained with us for years. In the first place, it was a delicate and personal appeal, which general advertising never would have had; in the second place, the black hardware store already had an individuality that clinched the thing. I often saw the wisdom of establishing a personality before we specialized like this.

"Then I saw another selling opportunity—generally overlooked—in the carpenters and builders. Here was a big line of tools in which no dealer in our city had specialized. We ordered a lot of first-class hammers; then we selected from our lists a hundred journeyman carpenters and made each a Christmas present of a hammer, along with a card that read: 'Don't knock anybody with this; but remember that the black hardware store can sell you high-grade tools at the lowest prices.'

"Did it pay? Why, we were amazed at the tools we sold! We kept getting results during the whole year; and you may be sure we kept up our specialized campaign in this direction. We had a most marvelous system of follow-ups.

"So, in like manner, we took up all the various trades that used our lines and worked ourselves into their good graces by every insidious scheme I could invent. No line of trade was too small to be captured. We even directed an individual campaign upon schoolboys by offering prizes in a Saturday jack-knife guessing contest."

How Bud Boomed Blankville

"I AM not telling you these schemes for you to imitate, though some of them are still good. Conditions have changed in some respects since those days, and old ideas often can be vastly improved upon. Indeed, we found it wise even then to originate new schemes constantly and let the old ones die when they had lost their novelty. Selling is a lively game when it really gets results; and one reason so many men fail at it is because they don't work their idea factories hard enough.

"My employer was strong on store management and values, but weak on the actual selling. Most merchants don't seem to understand that the goods comprise only half the art of business. The other half is the handling of the people. Either half by itself must fail.

"When I was twenty-five years old I was receiving a salary of forty dollars a week, which was not so bad at that period. About this time we began to reach out into new territory. If we could sell so many goods in Blankville, why not in other towns? So, one by one, my employer picked up a chain of small, unsuccessful hardware stores. One of the first he acquired was the store where I had built my original hardware locomotive. I felt sorry for my former employer. I could see all about him the same opportunities for selling that I had found up at Blankville. The markets were there, but he hadn't risen to them. He hadn't made the specialized, sustained effort necessary to

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get them. Business with him was a lump sum; in reality, it is a complex maze, each problem of which must be reckoned with by itself. The same scheme that will sell a bride a stove will not sell a carpenter a kit of tools or a builder a lot of door-hinges. You must reach out and get hold of your different lines of customers, and not merely stand behind the counter and call to the general public.

"The local paper in my old town now came out with a genial personal, in which it said: 'Our former townsman, Buddie Jones, has been in town for several days, making arrangements to take over for his company the store of Smith Brothers. We understand that Smith Brothers, always enterprising, have sold out at a handsome profit and will look round a while before engaging in business again. Buddie is now general manager for his house and will make his headquarters, as formerly, in Blankville; but we hope to see him oftener at his old home. We always predicted that Buddie would make a howling success of business. Lucky boy, Buddie!'

"This was about as close as anybody—our competitors included—came to analyzing my success correctly. Lucky boy, indeed! It is about as close as some men come to analyzing success today."

Bud Shakes Up His Own Town

"RIGHT there in my birthplace I duplicated the things I had done up at Blankville. My first employers had had seven years in which to watch me since I left them. It seemed to me that any men, with even mediocre capacity for observation, might have seen how I had done it; but, even under the shadow of success, they had gone along courting failure. The 'handsome profit' spoken of by the local newspaper was in reality a despairing grasp at a straw. The store that I had given an individuality with my warship and locomotive, and the like, was about as limp a little proposition as one could find. I had to take hold all over again and bolster it up; but within two years I had made it the most profitable enterprise in the town. By getting my selling grip on people I made them buy. To tell you one-tenth of the schemes I put into operation would take a book. I used the same black paint, the same brass-band idea, the same traveling show window. I broadened the black idea by using black wrapping paper and twine, and heavy black lettering on all our literature. I never lost an opportunity to feature our store and goods, but watched with hawklike eagerness. In some way every local event had our store pinned to it. If there was a fair, or church sociable, or picnic, there the black store was busy with a contribution or a puzzle game or a booth—or something whereby the people gained as well as the store. At births, weddings—and even funerals—we were on hand. To every boy born in the village we presented a sled or something of the sort; to every girl a doll's buggy or an appropriate toy. Each bride got a handsome present and every new widow a cluster of white roses, with our condolence. It was a little town, and we were very close to the people. We meant to make our store the most popular institution in town, and we did.

"And then the special sales we held! Why, the people came from the country and surrounding villages to take advantage of them! I announced, for instance, that if it rained on a given day I would mark down certain goods forty per cent. The interest in this proposition was really amazing. I got echoes of it from far out in the country districts. The day in question dawned bright, but in the afternoon there was a furious thunderstorm. Then came the crowd—and we had to keep open until eleven o'clock that night to get rid of customers. We sold enough stuff to make up the loss on our gamble and a neat profit besides. In addition, we kept the game moving, which was my chief motive.

"Another time I staked my reputation as a weather prophet on the announcement that the temperature would go to zero on a specified day; if my prognostication proved correct, then I would celebrate my skill by giving from ten to twenty per cent discount on various lines of stock. In this little scheme I not only stimulated a great deal of interest in the black store but I assured the store of a very fair trade on a day that must otherwise be extremely dull. Well, it did go to zero; but the farmers came in just the same and carried away a cheerful lot of merchandise.

"Again, I advertised that if the weather were bright on a Tuesday it would be a splendid day for painting barns and the like, and that therefore I would offer big bargains in paints and brushes if bought between the hours of eight and five. This was in the summer, and I knew how absolutely dead our store would be on a bright day in harvest-time, with all the farmers in their fields. If I sold them anything on such a day it would have to be through skillful engineering. Furthermore, I knew that few of the farmers would come themselves, but would send their sons and daughters and wives. I claim, however, that my cunning was thoroughly legitimate. What is a man in business for? I fixed up a special display of everything in the store that would appeal especially to women and children.

"The day was perfect. Between eight o'clock and two the forerunners began to straggle in; by two o'clock the store was pretty lively; by four there was a veritable crush of womenfolk and children—and we did the biggest summer day's business on record.

"And all this—Heaven save the day!—was in that little old store where first I got a job!—the same little old store that had barely lived for so many years, yet suddenly had been galvanized into a proposition that cleared—net—five or six thousand dollars a year! Will anybody say that Buddie Jones was merely lucky?

"No; this thing we call success is a definite art that one must cultivate with the exercise of his gray matter.

"But I had a test ahead of me that was far more severe than this. At the age of twenty-eight, when I was drawing sixty dollars a week as general manager of our chain of hardware stores, I received an extraordinary offer from a New York wholesale house. Already I had refused several New York offers, for I had a girl in Blankville and was in no hurry to leave. Now, however, with a salary of six thousand dollars a year in sight and an interest in the wholesale business, I could not afford to let the opportunity slip. My Blankville employer realized too late that he had made a mistake in not letting me in on the good thing I had built up for him. He offered now to set aside a partnership interest for me and raise my wages to seventy-five dollars a week; but I saw a bigger thing in the metropolis.

"So we had a quiet wedding, and my wife and I moved down to the great town on the Hudson. I scarcely realized the tremendous fight I was undertaking, but I think I should have gone anyway. The fight for business is to me the greatest sport in life.

"The wholesale hardware house of which I was now the general manager was, I soon discovered, a losing proposition. I was almost dismayed when I began to realize how it had been dropping down in the list of aggressive houses. I understood now why the chief owners of the business had sent up to Blankville for a manager.

"It took me quite a while to get my bearings and measure our competitors. They were a powerful lot, backed by great capital and carrying goods that had the advantage of popularity and trademarked reputations. Our own establishment was by no means young and in its earlier years had enjoyed an excellent trade; but bad management on the part of the heirs who had fallen into it had brought it to its present straits.

"My first proolem, then, was to find out the precise elements that had gone tc make up that bad management. I never waste breath over lump-sum propositions. Many a time I have seen a man buy out a poorly managed business and then go right along in the old rut!

"A careful analysis of our goods showed me that many of them were mediocre or lacking in a definite standard. For instance, we were carrying a nameless half-breed line of tools, some of which were very fair and some practically worthless. Formerly we had carried a certain line put out by a high-grade manufacturer; but another house had got it away from us and was handling it exclusively."

Putting Life Into a Dying Business

"TO GET our goods back on a sound basis was the problem requiring my earliest attention. What I did with our lines of tools is typical of my efforts with other goods later on; I concentrated first on tools, because it was vitally necessary to get quick action on something. My advice to the downhill business always is to concentrate—first upon the most likely line available, and then, one by one, on other lines.

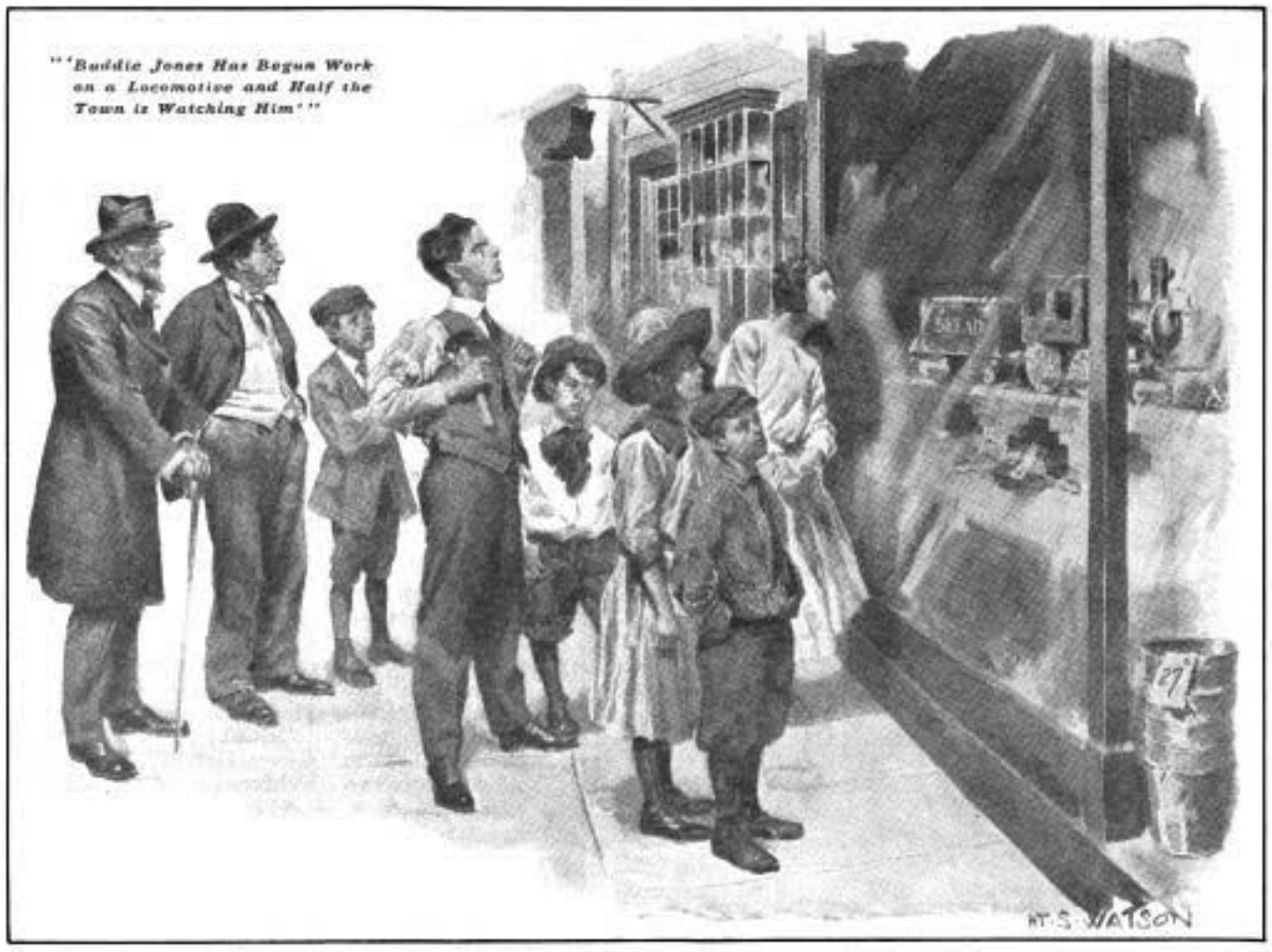
"I went up into Massachusetts and had a day's earnest talk with the head of a certain establishment manufacturing hand tools. I proposed that together we undertake a determined selling campaign. I agreed to invent all the selling schemes and do the actual marketing, while he was to strengthen his qualities to a definite standard, trademark some of his lines in a pulling way and spend some money on specialized advertising. Of course my house was to have the exclusive handling of these particular trademarked lines.

"The reputation I had gained up in the Blankville territory enabled me to close the contract, especially as this manufacturer had been wondering for a long time how he could sell more of his product.

"While the manufacturer was getting his quality into shape I was busy with my selling organization. We had only nine traveling men at that time and our financial handicaps prevented plunging, even had I wanted to go about it that way. I called in all our salesmen and studied them at first hand, went over their records, analyzed their territories and put the results on paper. I have always found that an analysis, no matter what, takes on a different aspect when it is written out in cold words.

"Then I gave a little dinner to these men, taking care that no outsiders were within hearing. Over our cigars, I talked until three o'clock in the morning. I suppose what I said about the art of salesmanship sounded rather fantastic to some of those men, but every word of it was based on what I had done at Blankville. I told them that selling was really a science composed of a host of little things and that each one of these little things was of itself a selling scheme. One by one I took up a score of these lesser ingredients of salesmanship—entirely removed from the great problem of the goods themselves—and

(Concluded on Page 33)



"'Buddie Jones Has Begun Work on a Locomotive and Half the Town is Watching Him'"

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LOVE IN LONGACRE SQUARE

A PAGE OUT OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDER'S BOOK

By Robert Emmet MacAlarney

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

GEORGE HENRY LEFFINGWELL was not interested in the tenets of the man who was said to have discovered the germ of business efficiency.

"How in the dickens can he have the nerve to say he has found the secret of running your business for you better than you are running it yourself?" he would ask when his opinion of this new cult in trade was called for.

"Of course there are badly run businesses. Why not? But they get snuffed out as soon as the dry rot sets in. The man who can't conduct his own enterprises without calling in a spectacled first-aid visitor—at a more than efficient salary—is booked to shoot the chutes; he ought to shoot them—the quicker the better. I believe in efficiency all right. When I find that the advertising game is going against me I won't wait to be told what is the matter with my office. I'll just shut it up and take to conducting on a pay-as-you-enter car until I get a stake to hit the efficiency trail in some other line. Do you get me?"

Leffingwell's visitor usually would "get him" and know that he meant what he said.

From all of which it may be inferred that the head of the G. H. Leffingwell Display Advertising Company, with a suite that occupied the top floor of the Vampire Building, was a deliberate efficient. He was. He represented the residue of what had been subjected to that most acid of tests—competition to splotch Broadway and the theater and hotel zone with yellow-and-red painted tin in the daytime and surprising electrical displays at night. No play producer ever worked more savagely to stage spectacular drama than did this young man to devise an ad in green and red tungsten bulbs which should have the "kick" in it.

You know his work just as well as you know that a canvas with yellow sunlight dripped over it is Sorolla's, or that a blend of wiry ponies, a few redskins and a cloud of alkali dust has been painted by Remington. You've seen, and remembered, and told your second cousins in Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania, about the creations of the Leffingwell School, when those second cousins have come to town to pay that long-threatened visit.

You haven't? Let's see about that. Remember the three motors racing round a hairpin turn just abaft the Hotel Astor? The motors were in red and green and the hairpin turn in white and yellow lights. Oh, yes? Well, that was a bit of Leffingwell impressionism. And the giantess in red, whose skirts flapped in streaks of white rain while her umbrella, in green, blew inside out—with the legend beneath her that the Cantbreakem Umbrella was the only sort that would withstand Manhattan's zephyr changes? Of course you do. Well, that was what George Henry Leffingwell could produce when in pre-Raphaelitish mood.

As one of George Henry's diamond-cut-diamond competitors said in the Forty-Second Street Country Club—a clever Sun reporter once called the genial bar with the picture of Old King Cole behind it by that name, and it has stuck—after business hours, when even advertising men may tell the truth and shame the demon that lies at the bottom of a highball glass—as this rival display artist remarked: "You go to the theater in New York to see a show; but the best show you see is the ads in electricity that you get going in and coming out."

Leffingwell looked for talent wherever it might be had. He read the newspapers and the magazines, faintly hoping to find the man with bizarre ideas. Bizarre ideas are hard to get into the magazines because the editor is afraid of them. You see, he can't stand in front of his latest effort and hear the folks on the sidewalk saying: "Oh, how pretty!" and "Ain't that the clever idea though?" or "That's punk! Why can't they put up something that gets over?" He has to sit at a desk and wait for the public's impressions to filter in to him second and third hand, with a ready ear always to the complaint of the circulation man.

That's where George Henry had his advantage. He knew in twenty-four hours whether he had "put it over." When the local color of Broadway and the lobster-palace belt is chronicled by scribblers a few centuries hence, people who like their fiction flavored with the used-to-be are going to read about Longacre Square and its umbrella giantesses and hairpin-turn motor-car races in electricity.

They will read about such things just as we like to read about the lamps in Vauxhall Gardens, while we relish the stories which lug in good old Samuel Johnson and Garrick, and Topham Beauclerk, and his long-suffering and angelic Lady Di, and the rest of that fascinating, far-off crowd.

And though it is probable that no modern John Stow will take the trouble to put upon paper the name of George Henry Leffingwell, none the less his handiwork will be talked about much longer than many a canvas that is being smeared today in double-decker studios, with arras on the walls, a polar bearskin on the floor near the fireplace, and plenty of tea, with thin bread-and-butter sandwiches, poured by purring and art-loving ladies at four of the clock every afternoon.

But, conquering hero of the hoardings by day and of the pleasure-hunting crowds by night, George Henry—Minnie always called him George Henry, and so shall we—had been baffled in landing the biggest prize of his busy existence.



A Half-Grown Girl Acting as a Kindergarten Cerberus at the Gates of the Firm

To put it brutally frankly, he had been "turned down" by Miss Minnie Marsh, who, with her one-time college roommate, Clara Blackney, had opened modest law offices in the Trinity Building, where they were beginning to catch the drippings which now and then came their way when the more prosperous offices—with the two and three tier names on the frosted glass doors—were unable to consider cases which afforded no retainers whatever, and which really ought to have been referred to the Legal Aid Society in the first place.



"You Stay In Here!" She Ordered

The firm of Marsh (Minnie) & Blackney (Clara) had not begun practice with definite ideas regarding that legal *x*, the unknown quantity—the retaining fee. And when widow or orphan or disabled longshoreman—the latter sent to them in a moment of jest by a law clerk in the offices across the hall, said longshoreman being much under the influence of West Street whisky—appeared for advice, the formality of initial cash down for studying the evidence was usually waived.

Marsh & Blackney had put a partition between two-thirds of an office that in size was nothing more than a sublimated hall bedroom. The other third was occupied by a half-grown girl who spent half of her day at a business college and the remaining half acting as a kindergarten Cerberus at the gates of the firm, hammering out the few letters that Marsh & Blackney found it necessary to write in their restricted sphere of legal activity. The kindergarten's correspondence usually had to be rewritten—by hand—by one of the firm; but Miss Marsh was hopeful that Gertie would learn how to punctuate and spell in time; and besides it looked well to have some one banging away at the keys of the firm's second-hand typewriter.

And here, lest the fact that a jestful law clerk across the hall piloted to their door a genially tipsy longshoreman be taken to indicate that the partnership of Marsh & Blackney was a joke as well, let this be entered on the record: Both Marsh (Minnie) and Blackney (Clara) had passed their bar examinations with an ease which aroused consternation in the bosoms of several score products of university law schools, who had been plucked in their efforts to take the Albany hurdle which every law student must negotiate before he is turned loose to ravage the unsuspecting client.

The showing made by these two onetime college roommates, with firmly rooted convictions about being useful in a world which, regrettably but none the less actually, was after all a workaday place, had furnished the topic for one or two Sunday newspaper stories. And a modestly gloating paragraph in the college weekly—not among the alumnæ notes, where the paragraphs are lumped under class numerals, but occupying two sticks of space with a head all its own—had been featured at the college town beside the rumor about a new and much-needed dormitory.

Yes, it was an earnest but none the less charmingly feminine young person who had turned down George Henry Leffingwell.

"Look here, Minnie," he had said; "I'm a practical person. I know that dawdling round, with nothing but bridge and an occasional Saturday matinée at the opera on your mind, is worse than selling six-button gloves over a Wednesday bargain counter. But you don't seem to understand me. I shan't interfere with your career. You can motor down to your own office when I go to mine. The car could drop me at the Vampire Building and then whiz you down in time to open up the busy headquarters of Marsh & Blackney before the rush of clients begins."

"Don't try to imitate the funny law clerk across the hall, George Henry!" Miss Marsh had snapped—Leffingwell had heard about the longshoreman litigant.

"I'm not trying to be funny," he had assured her. "I mean it. I believe in careers for women—if they want them. But think how snug we could be in that apartment on the Drive I told you about! You can't carry your office home with you in the evening. If you do you wake up without a fresh idea in your head the next day. You'd

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shake the law for a few hours and I'd toss into the discard my brand-new ideas for something big in crisscross colored searchlights. And we'd look at one another over the crown roast and then go out into the parlor and rehang an etching, and then ——" George Henry found himself gearing his conversation at a lower speed because of the withering stare in the eye of the young woman across the restaurant table. "Well, there is always cribbage. That's literary and improving anyway, you know. Sir John Suckling invented it."

Miss Marsh's eyebrows were uplifted with well-defined if half-amused interest. "Indeed! That is interesting, George Henry," said she. "I didn't know you dabbled in the world of meter. How did you become interested in Sir John?"

The head of Leffingwell & Company blushed. He was a practical man; he believed in facing realities frankly. Still it was a bit disconcerting to know that derision lurked behind the dark brown eyes regarding him.

He rallied in good order, however. "I often use the poetry thing in going after the public," he said. "You'd be surprised to see the nice little library I've got stacked up beside the Dun and Bradstreet reports and the business directories in the office. There's a whole set of Shakspere and a lot of other good stuff besides. My ad writers need reference volumes. One of them picked out a slice from Suckling that made a hit on Broadway, in yellow and red bunchlights, two years ago." He sighed. "That was before I met you, Minnie. You wouldn't remember that electric sign, would you?"

The senior member of Marsh & Blackney softened at the unconscious wistfulness in his question.

"No; I don't think I do," she replied. "What was it?"

"It was a corker," said George Henry. "We had a new line of petticoat braid that Barnum & Company laid down fifty thousand—cash—to push. You're probably wearing some of that braid now, for it went—big. We put up an electric show girl in Herald Square, big enough to see it a mile off. She was coming down some steps, one hand grabbing her skirts the way women do. And below her were two lines of poetry—to rub in the petticoat-braid idea, you see. I've forgotten what the words were, but it was Suckling all right."

Miss Marsh interrupted him, with memories stirring of the course in Cavalier Poets she had taken in her Junior year.

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,"

she murmured, playing with her coffee-spoon. "You used that to sell skirt braid! Shades of Sir John! And yet probably he would have peddled that for the same thing if they had used electric signs in his day. Sir John was a utilitarian rhymester if ever there was one."

"How the deuce can you remember it?" cried George Henry in admiration. "Those were the words. I remember the mice part. Jim Horner, that young Harvard chap in the office, cooked the thing up. He was proud of it. I wanted to have little electric mice, in green or red, come running downstairs beside the show girl, alternating with the poetry—first flash the show girl and the poetry, you know, and then make the poetry dark and turn on the scampering mice at half-minute intervals; but Jim wouldn't stand for it. He said it would be too much of a joke and make the people forget to read the name of the braid—in big letters at the top. Jim was right, I guess. There's such a thing as putting too many ideas in one display. One idea too many kills the rest."

"Perhaps," remarked Miss Minnie Marsh noncommittally.

"When Jim came in with the scheme he had his finger between the pages of a book and said: 'Here's a funny thing. I've played about a million hands of cribbage, but I never knew that this Suckling gink invented the game.'"

"'Did he invent cribbage?' I said. 'Well, any man who can frame up a game like that is worth while using to push Barnum's braid.' But that's shop talk, Minnie. When I get to talking shop it winds me up. Aren't you going to throw a life-preserver to a man who's getting to see red and green electric lights in everything he eats and drinks? Honest, Minnie, I want you awfully bad."

There was no softening, however, in the dark brown eyes of the senior member of Marsh & Blackney. Then George Henry did the cowardly thing that a man in love never does until he feels that it is a last resort.

"I need you awfully, too, Minnie," he said. It was George Henry's vox-humana stop pulled out to the limit. And, like every other woman, Miss Minnie Marsh, attorney-at-law, felt its throbbing note.

"I'm sorry, George Henry," she said, putting out one hand to touch his on the tablecloth; "but I've got my career. And, besides, Clara and I have organized the suffrage campaign in our assembly district. Election day is only four weeks off and we are going to try to defeat the man who broke his promise to us at Albany last winter."

"But, Minnie, I'm for suffrage. I'm the hottest brand of dyed-in-the-wool male suffragette! I'll carry handbills for you. I'll make carttail speeches alongside of you. My elocution's horrible, but I've got a voice like the bull of Bashan. I could bore a hole through any yelping the street-corner rabble might start going when you unrolled the glorious yellow banner of Votes for Women. I'm the original wild suffragette from Ballot Borneo. I'd eat any policeman that slapped Mrs. Pankhurst—alive! 'B-rought here at an incalculable expense, ladies and gentlemen, from the wilds of his native jun-gul! The horrible, hideous suffrage snatcher! Step up lively and get your little yellow badge. They're going like hot cakes ——'"

George Henry Leffingwell discovered that his table vaudeville was not making a hit with Miss Minnie Marsh. He halted abruptly, the grin effacing itself from his boyish features.

"Clara was right," remarked Clara's law partner with conviction in her tone. "She told me that the average man ——"

Now it was George Henry's turn to interrupt. He eyed Miss Marsh placidly as she began buttoning her gloves.

"Then you won't?" he asked.

"I won't." Miss Marsh's tone was as sharp as the snap of the last fastener as it clicked into place.

"Take it from me, Minnie," declared George Henry—"I'll make you! You're trying to make yourself believe you want a career without a home. And you don't. What you want is a career plus a husband who will fag for you and humor you when you come home at night discouraged because the law business is on the blink and naughty boys have been throwing ticker tape into your taxi, after you've gone down to convert the neathen in front of the Stock Exchange at the luncheon hour."

"Indeed!" gasped Miss Marsh. She knew that this was inadequate; but for the moment she could think of nothing else to say.

"I mean it," grinned George Henry. "I'm not sore, Minnie. You aren't to blame. Neither is Clara; though frankly I should like to give Clara a good hard slap on the wrist.

"Why doesn't she marry that Murray boy? He'll joy-ride once too often if he doesn't acquire a wife who'll make him keep within the speed limit. I wouldn't say all this if I didn't know you cared for crude, coarse little me—George Henry, the electric ad man.

"We're going to be good friends for a while; but I'm going to knock you on the head and run away with you pretty soon, the way those genteel South Sea Islanders do when they want a bride. This isn't a threat—it's a promise. You aren't going to be angry, Minnie, are you?" Again a suspicion of that vox-humana stop.

Through the window they could see the streaks of electric rain splashing on the flapping skirt of the giantess with the inside-out umbrella.

"You aren't going to be angry, Minnie?" repeated George Henry. "Because if there's one thing in New York that burns brighter than those six thousand tungsten bulbs over yonder it's my caring for you!"

"Some speech for a common or garden ad man," he reflected as he watched her frown fade.

"Why, George Henry!" she exclaimed. "You seem to have been studying Sir John to advantage. I don't think I'm angry. Do you know that what you just said was near poetry?"

"Maybe I'll invent a cribbage of my own one of these days," was George Henry Leffingwell's reply.

In the advertising game it is the rule not to let Broadway grass grow under your feet. The Leffingwell Company—meaning George Henry—always adhered to the rules of any game it played, even if it did play a bit harder and surer than its competitors. That is why George Henry was satrap of an entire suite on the top floor of the Vampire Building.

One week after he had pulled the vox-humana stop out to the limit—without, however, persuading Miss Marsh to alter the angle from which she regarded him—he was dining with her again at their favorite corner table in Trittori's. They were going to a play later, and conversation had been steered into midchannel, at a safe distance from the rocks of her career and his caring.

As their taxicab slid into Longacre Square, however, slowing to become a unit in the stream of motors that inched toward the theater, George Henry touched Miss Marsh upon the arm.

"Hello!" he said. "There's that new sign the whole town is talking about."

The senior member of Marsh & Blackney looked out of the taxi window and saw, splotching the perspective, an exclamation in huge white electric letters. The sign said:

I LOVE!

She turned to George Henry suspiciously.

"It seems to me ——" she began.

"Oh, that is only the beginning," said he. "Broadway is waiting to read the rest of it. They'll be making verses about the new sign mystery for the topical songs in the musical comedies by day after tomorrow."

Miss Marsh eyed him with disapproval—an uncertain, inquiring disapproval; but she later enjoyed the play to the fullest extent.

(Continued on Page 49)



One Week After He Had Pulled the Vox-Humana Stop Out to the Limit, He Was Dining With Her Again

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An Old Woman and a New One In the Old World

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

SLEEP is a queer, transient death, the quiet grove in which we rest for a few hours before we are resurrected into the next day's life. It is a little repairing-time when Nature forgives us, "knits up the ravell'd sleave of care" and nurtures us, without the interference of that nervous, peevish thing, the human mind. If a man could sleep soundly enough he might awaken a hundred years forward or backward in time without experiencing any grave shock. There would be nothing but his memory to confirm the past, and there is so little difference between memory and a dream, if you do not attempt to confirm it by the Encyclopædia Britannica or some other outside authority.

It was with a strange peace and some such confusion of the senses as this that I awakened after a deep sleep one Sabbath morning in October of our pilgrimage. We were on the train bound for Madrid, moving very slowly, almost noiselessly. I climbed out of the berth in our stateroom, pulled up the shade, looked out of the window and saw Spain for the first time, in the pallor of early dawn. It was as if we had been traveling steadily back through the centuries all night, as if the land had drawn us back a thousand years into the past. If we had not been in a twentieth-century railway coach, if Peggy had not been asleep in the upper berth—a convincing proof of the fact that Columbus did discover America, the only country in the world capable of producing exactly that kind of young woman—I should have half believed that I myself was some being of the middle centuries.

A Spanish Breakfast En Route

WE WERE passing through a kind of desert, a sea of yellow dust, covered thickly with grass so dry it was white, like the straggling beard upon the sallow face of a very old man. In the distance lay the barren cheekbones of a range of mountains. Presently we were slipping down through their foothills, the same desert made wilder, more desolate by herds of huge gray boulders, as if the earth some day long ago had cast them in a fury from her breast and had driven them together into that place, to remain there forever with their leviathan backs humped against the distant horizon. The only habitations visible were flagmen's huts miles apart along the railroad track. No fields, no harrowed ground, no green hint of hope in the land, only an occasional shepherd with his flock in the distance, always wrapped in his cloak, a mournful figure in a mournful country, left over from ages that are gone. We began to pass by olive trees scattered among the rocks, such sad old beggar trees, with their gnarled limbs half clothed in branches of pale green leaves. I thought of Gethsemane. My heart ached for the Son of Man, Who in the loneliest hour of His life had only such ragged sentinels to watch with Him. My mind trailed away into a mist of sorrowful memories, haunted by angels. At last we met the sun—a red mystery at first behind the rocks and olive trees—which presently covered the land and the distant shepherds and their flocks with a fan of yellow light, as if God was reaching out His hand over them, claiming them, everything, even the little branches of glistening green leaves upon the limbs of the olive trees.

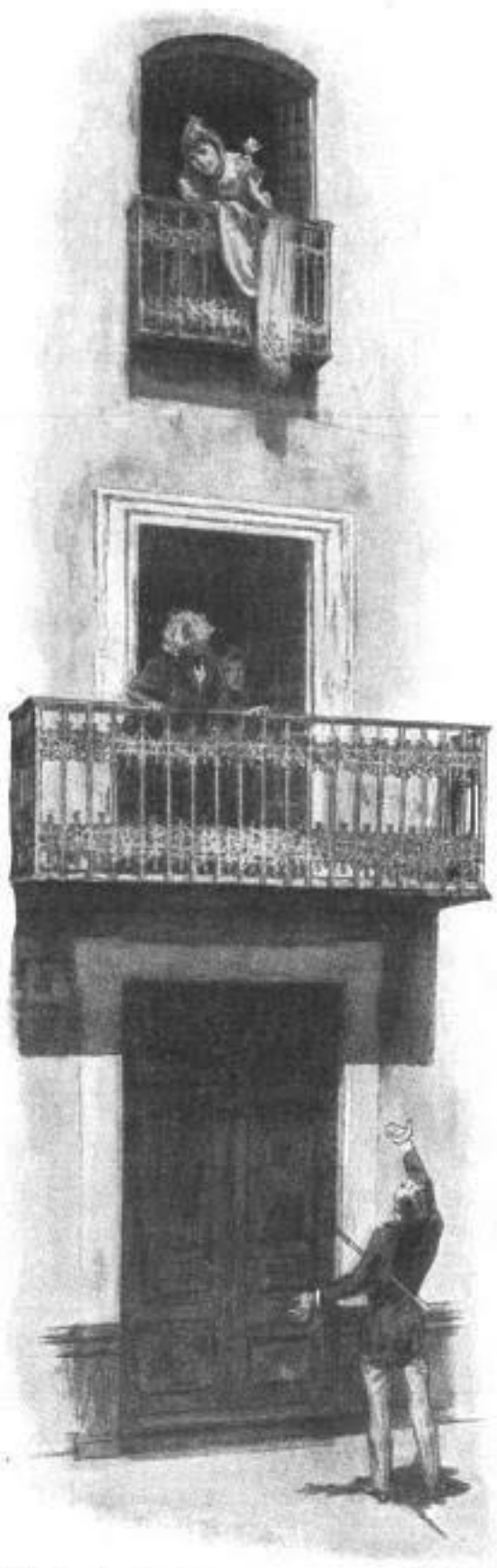
I got out my Testament and crawled back into my berth. There was no literal scripture in it to confirm the emotions through which I had just passed. The scenes of it are laid in another land; but no one can travel in Spain without recognizing its close relation to Africa and to the Holy Land. This part of it can never support a modern civilization, even if the people were capable of it, which they are not. It must forever remain a sort of natural museum of that past when men cast long shadows upon the midnight hills and found their way by the stars.

It was ten o'clock before I rose and realized that Peggy was still asleep and that we had had nothing to eat.

"Peggy," I called from below, "wake up and order breakfast."

She refused actually to awaken, merely reached out languidly and pressed the bell-button. When the porter appeared she murmured her demand in imitation Spanish carefully learned from her book of Spanish conversation the night before for this purpose.

A few minutes later a porter came in. He carried a small tray upon which were two pint cups of black coffee, two long rolls of bread crossed on top like a man's straw hat, a saucer with a slice of butter and a knife on it. There were no glasses for water, there were no plates, there was no silver except a spoon with which to stir the coffee. To



"Oh, Don't, Aunt Peg! They are Sweethearts. Don't Embarrass Them!"

each of us he offered a cup, then wiping half the butter on one roll and half of it on the other, he handed them to us—literally with his hands. Then he withdrew as nonchalantly as if he had served us in courses. I could not see Peggy in the upper berth, but her stillness excited my curiosity. Nothing in the Old World has entertained me so much as the different ways she has submitted from time to time to strange customs and conditions. I carefully deposited my cup and roll upon a stationary table under the window and, holding to a convenient strap, stuck my head out and stared at the figure of my niece. She was sitting cross-legged in the middle of her berth, her black hair streaming over her shoulders. In one hand she held the buttered bread, with the other she held the enormous cup. She was swaying from side to side with the motion of the train, and with every movement the coffee leaped like a long-tailed black imp over the brim of the cup and fell on the bedclothes. She was staring straight ahead, with the corners of her mouth pulled down like those of a prayerful virgin about to make a libation upon an invisible altar.

"Peggy," I laughed, "eat your breakfast!"

"Have we been insulted?" She looked down anxiously.

"No, we have been fed!"

"But that's just it. Fed!"

She was thoroughly awake now and began obediently to lift to her mouth first her right hand, then her left.

We reached Madrid in the late afternoon and saw the sunset through the arches of the palace. Peggy came down into it from our little stateroom in the railway carriage, with her head up and her feet firmly planted. But I could see that she was panicky. There was none of the noise and bustle about the station that we had observed in other foreign cities, but it is a nerve-racking experience to step face foremost, with a blindfolded experience, into a "jimber-jawed" nation, even if it is a Sunday afternoon. For the Spaniard is a man who frowns with his chin, whose lower teeth are too often visible, and who achieves a formidable dignity of manner even when he is begging.

I think it was entirely because of these features and this manner that Peggy insisted upon letting the American consul at Madrid know that we were in town. As a matter of fact, we found the people much milder, gentler, than the French; but they do not look it. So Peggy wrote to Mr. Hoover, the consul, to say that she had come; she also informed him of her mission—that she was trying to learn something about Spanish women. She wished him to know how innocent her motives were and hoped he'd tell the people. I have never known her to be so mild, so anxious to pursue the line of least resistance.

This was a fortunate inspiration, as it turned out, for not only were the Hoovers themselves very cordial, but through them we met some of the most delightful people in Madrid. Thus our experiences there were different and happier than they were anywhere else on the Continent.

Peoples Who Never Grow Up

BUT before I come to that I must give some impressions of the streets and of the people. Strangers alone have photographic minds. This vivid negative state lasts but a few days. Once the sights become familiar, they are like blurred plates, never distinct, far more difficult to record. Most Americans, I have observed, employ this precious period in studying the monuments, museums, picture galleries and historical features of the country they happen to be in. Therefore, when they return home they are apt to give vague or false impressions of the people, as if they exhibited the old family album of that race rather than the race itself. I should have made the same mistake but for Peggy, whose mind was so fixed upon the hopes of the modern woman that wherever we went we saw the people first and the art galleries last.

The people in Spain do not fit into their history or resemble the barbaric splendor of their monuments, any more than their children resemble their grandparents. They are a little like the people here in our South, who until recently have lived too much upon the glory of the past and worked too little at the glory-fetching business themselves. The explanation is simple if you are willing to see it. The character of achievement has changed in the last fifty years. You do not win glory now with a sword, but you win wealth instead through the strength of your corporation and through your ability to outdo the other fellow. The Spaniards are not yet ready for this kind of success, if indeed they ever will be. They are lazy and proud. They are no longer grandees, but merely primitive beings stripped of their armor rights and their feudal privileges. They are not prepared mentally or morally to grasp the meaning of modern civilization. They have changed, but they have not yet evolved. They are the children of the past, not of the present—but children, you understand. This, I believe, is the real difference between the Anglo-Saxons and—say—the Latins. There remains in them something irresponsible, which never has changed or developed in any of their many civilizations, which never matures even when they reach the highest intellectual attainments. Whatever it is, it is unmoral and conscienceless, like the quick temper of a child.

So much I say in general before we come to particulars. Peggy soon recovered from her timidity, for, after Paris,

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They Take the Place of Newsboys

Madrid is like a lazy Southern town. We spent some happy days driving and walking leisurely through the narrow streets. Quite unconsciously to herself, she showed much more interest in the men than in the women. This may have been due to the splendid appearance of the soldiers, who are undoubtedly the handsomest, most spirited we saw in Europe. They march with a quicker step, carry themselves with a fiercer and more graceful precision, which shows that the native mettle of this people is for war and nothing else.

The palace is far from the fashionable quarter of the city. It is surrounded by narrow streets in which the working people live. In front is the Plaza de Oriente, a circular garden surrounded by the statues of the ancient kings of Spain. And to the horror of all English visitors to Madrid, a tramline passes along the street directly in front of the palace. Undoubtedly the English are the most snobbish people in the world. From their point of view this tramline in sight of royalty is scandalous, suggestive of the poor, the meanly respectable. But to me there was something more becoming to monarchy in the scenes before the palace of the Spanish king than is to be observed about any other royal residence in Europe. All day long the people are there—the real people. Workmen in their blue blouses sit in the shade of the garden at noon with their wives and children to eat their soup and bread, the inevitable midday meal, which is taken out in the open if possible. Always the great ox-teams are moving majestically past. Mule-carts and donkeys follow in and out everywhere, laden with baskets of vegetables or, it may be, bearing some wild-looking, bareheaded Spanish girl from the country, who sits erect with her bare feet in the basket hanging at one side of the animal. Upon the steps, under the statues, and in the middle of the street pushing carts, walk the women of the people—poor mothers in gay rags, carrying their children, and pretty maidens with their glossy black hair parted on the side. And mixed through all the varied, never-ending pageant are troops of brilliantly uniformed soldiers and an occasional royal carriage, a beggar, anybody, anything, however mean or however splendid.

The Women of Madrid

WE WERE told that it was impossible to give a truthful impression of Spanish women without taking into consideration the different races in different parts of the country. The Castilian must never be confused with the Andalusian. The Basque people in the north were quite different from the Catalans, and the descendants from the Moors in the far south were different from all the others. But they are all Spanish, differing merely in the shapes of their noses and a few minor customs. So far as Peggy's purposes were concerned, the women of Spain were divided into only three distinct classes. First, those who wear hats and are to be seen every sunny afternoon driving along the promenade. They do not differ greatly from those to be seen on Rotten Row in Hyde Park, or driving on the Champs Elysées. They are only a little less fashionable in appearance, not because their gowns are less smart but because the figure of a Spanish woman cannot be made to look stylish. It is too natural, even when she is slender, and those who drive in the promenade rarely ever are slender. They rouge less than their Parisian prototypes and powder more, and they all look subdued, as if they were asleep with their soft black eyes wide open. Of the second class are those who wear black mantillas, who walk instead of ride. They are nearly all very round, like human vowels, with no distinction, no accent. These are the wives and daughters of shopmen, clerks, and so forth. The third class are the women of the poor, who wear neither hats nor mantillas. They are homely with a wrinkled brown homeliness that seems to relate them to the desert. There is something arid about them. They have no expression of pathos or sorrow stamped upon them, common to women who endure great hardships. One receives the impression that they have no minds, only instincts which adjust them to the lives they live as unflinchingly as the earth yields to the weather. They move through the streets, crying their wares, with a celerity and grace that is as swift and dramatic as if the wind carried them. They take the place of newsboys in the Puerta del Sol, where their raucous voices may be heard above the din of that crowded thoroughfare, hawking the daily papers, lottery tickets, herbs, anything that is comparatively valueless. They fill the markets with their donkeys and their clamor. They squat under sunny walls to suckle their babies, little old-looking creatures as brown and withered as their mothers. But never do you see intelligent care or anxiety upon their faces: merely want, curiosity, determination. One might as well try to induce an eagle hen to hatch duck's eggs in a barnyard nest as to attempt to rescue these wild creatures from the street desert life. They are born to it as tragedians are born to the stage. But it is all acting, no real suffering.

One day we made an excursion into the oldest part of the city, where the desperately poor live. I have observed this in every great city—that the oldest sections have always been invaded and conquered by the poor. It is a significant circumstance and suggests that this ever-increasing horde will, in time, come into the next streets and the next, until at last they fill the palaces and overrun the very gardens of the once rich and prosperous. In these narrow streets we saw the former homes of princes, with unspeakably filthy doorways, filled from garret to basement with men and women in rags, with half-naked children, all swarming in and out like insects. As we were returning we came to a church in the Calle de Alcalá where noonday mass was being celebrated. We entered the brown twilight through the old paneled doors. The candles upon the altar before the Virgin shone like steady stars. More than a hundred women and girls were kneeling here and there upon the floor, all with their faces turned in a kind of trance toward this altar. But there was scarcely a man to be seen anywhere, except the priests.

The same afternoon we went to the matinée in a little theater adjoining this church. The audience was composed almost entirely of middle-aged men.

"Where are the women, señorita?" I inquired of the beautiful Spanish girl whose guests we were upon this occasion. "In America it is the women more particularly who go to the theater in the daytime."

"They are at home," she answered, smiling. "In Spain when a woman marries she stays at home. Her husband expects that of her, and she obeys, while he entertains himself here, at the club, anywhere he chooses to go. Most of the men you see here are married, but their wives are at home, alone or with their children. Spanish men do not like them even to receive visits from the girl friends they had before their marriage. They are jealous of these also. This is perhaps the chief reason why our women receive so little education beyond the religious and needlework training they get in convents. The men believe that mental development renders them dissatisfied with their lot. Consequently they see to it that they do not get this development. A really educated girl in Spain stands little chance of getting a husband. Our men do not want the companionship of intellectual women. They want them only for domestic purposes."

She delivered this astounding information gravely, without a trace of malice in her voice or manner, merely as if she were stating a national characteristic.

I come now to one of the most interesting and delightful events during our visit to Madrid. This was a tea-party at the home of Señor and Señora Collaje, to which we had been invited. The hospitality of a Spanish home is as informal as it is graceful, and this was a particularly happy occasion for two reasons. First, a friend of Señor Collaje had just presented him with a very handsome piano. In Spain, if you love your friend, if you have some special reason for being grateful to him, you do not give him a watch or a walking-stick, but, say, a thousand-dollar piano. Señor Collaje is one of the most celebrated physicians in Spain. He had saved the life of this gentleman, who paid his bill and added the piano as an expression of gratitude. The other circumstance that made the party memorable was the fact that on the following day the son of the house was to leave for Berlin, where he was going to finish his education. This also accounted for the presence of a number of young men in the party, who are never ordinarily invited into a Spanish home where there are daughters unless they are betrothed to them.

Always on the Continent any social gathering is cosmopolitan. There were a number of young señoritas, two Cubans, a famous statesman from Uruguay, a Frenchman and four Americans in the company about Señora Collaje's tea-table, besides half a dozen young men, some of them belonging to the oldest and most noble families in the country.

I cannot say that these latter looked upon Peggy with favor when they learned that she had come to Spain for the purpose of writing about Spanish women, but they hastened to avail themselves of the opportunity to compliment their hostess and her daughters. Señor Criado, of Uruguay, proceeded to write an appreciation upon a flyleaf of his notebook and offer it to his hostess with a bow like that of an orator who has finished a proper peroration. When translated into the comparatively commonplace American tongue it means:

A Literary Tea-Party

"THE Spanish woman is the mixture of all the races that inhabit the Iberic Peninsula. She conserves the Phœnician slenderness, the Greek esthetics, the Arabian sculpturalness and the Gothic beauty—a mask of grace and genuine frankness which attracts all who see her!"

The other young men were impatient to follow Señor Criado's example. They made haste to copy their sentiments and offer them to Peggy. All were in Spanish, but to save space I set down here only the translation of two more. The first written by Señor Fernando Aguilas, whose father is secretary to the queen; and that of Señor Edoardo Perez Artega, a young officer in the army.

Señor Aguilas is very proud of his English and insisted upon making his own translation, standing over Peggy, a tall, dark Adonis with tremendous black eyes and arms designed by Nature for the making of graceful gestures. I give the exact translation, unadorned by the gestures. One sees immediately that he has cause to be proud of his English:

"The Spanish woman is the true prototype of beauty on account of her different dispositions. And she has characteristic manners, as in Andalusia exists the type beautiful and arrogant. The proof of this is given they are seen in the Feria de Sevilla, showing her garb and genteelness. And also, considering the women of the north, it is seen that if this one is pretty she is not so pretty as that one, but for conditions of work [he means domestic duties!] she is more complete. Summing up: The Spanish woman calls the attention wherever she is found."

Being a military man, Señor Artega was briefer. He had large, dreamy black eyes and regarded Peggy from time to time as his pencil moved slowly over the paper.



With Every Movement the Coffee Leaped Like a Long-Tailed Black Imp Over the Brim of the Cup

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Having finished, he offered it with an imploring softness, as if he petitioned her not to read what he had written until she was quite alone. Peggy was never able to translate all of it, but the divine inspiration of femininity led her to decipher this much:

"The opinion I have for women, Spanish, Greek, Russian or American, is the same, independent of nationality. It is the sum of all goodness without a spot of evil."

I have copied these sentiments exactly, because they represent the masculine language of the best class of Spaniards when it is set down for the delectation of women. You will find passages like it in Richardson's novels in English literature, and some a great deal like it in the literature of the Southern states before the Civil War. Then all women represented prettily trailing stanzas of poetry whom the years never quite converted into prose. As long as they lived these women of the old South retained a veiled sweetness. As long as they lived they suggested faded copies of the old Juanita love-song, combined with tender hymns. Now and again you may come upon one like a worn copy of a very old collection of verses set to high treble music. But they are rare: rare enough to be out of drawing with the life about them. The queer thing is that they last longer in the ideality of men than they do in actual modern society. It was interesting to find them still enthroned in the hearts of these Spanish gentlemen. You observe that not one of them expressed the least desire for intelligence in his description of the excellent woman. She is to be praised only for her beauty and virtue.

Romeo Method of Courtship

BUT when a Spanish gentleman marries exactly this kind of woman he puts her in his house, closes the door and goes his way to his club or to the theater. He has a good deal more time for amusement than other men because he works less. I do not say that there are not others, but the only man I heard of in Spain who habitually remained at home with his family in the evenings was one who had lived two years in the United States and capped the climax by marrying an American wife, a brilliant woman who adapted herself to Spanish life and customs, but who probably knows more about the art and music and literature of the country than any woman born there. My impression is that, whenever men succeed in producing exactly the kind of women they think most desirable and satisfactory and obedient to their views and wishes, these are the very men who are most unfaithful to them in married life. They tire of such women sooner, tyrannize over them more, and neglect them altogether in the comradeship that should exist between them. This is why so many European women fail to command the real honor and respect of their men. They are the products of poor creators, the creatures of masculine fancy rather than of masculine honesty and integrity. The woman who best keeps the attention and affection of a man is the one who loves him and remains faithful to herself, which is a much higher standard of virtue than remaining faithful just to him. She then retains forever some of the charm and mystery of the unknown and unconquerable, like a fair and beautiful land along the frontiers of which he travels, often entranced, not by what he knows and sees but by the deeper, distant parts that he never reaches and about which his fancy is all the better exercised. There is no such subtlety about Spanish women. They are primitive and simple, whether they are dancing girls or saints.

That evening, after our return from the tea-party, Peggy and I sat inside the window of my room, which opens upon the narrow iron balcony, watching the people in the street below—a blind beggar playing a Spanish love-song upon his guitar; another asleep in the corner of the wall; men coming and going in and out of a wine-shop; half a dozen boys engaged in a mimic bullfight; a soldier in the tobacco shop opposite ogling the pretty girl behind the counter; women walking slowly with little children clinging to their skirts; and, rising out of it all, the soft, lisping sound of Spanish conversation.

"Peggy," I said after a long silence, "you might as well look for an electric light in the tomb of Rameses as to expect to find the advanced woman in Spain."

"Why?" she demanded.

Up to this time she had not begun an active search for the Señorita Suffragist, being concerned first to get some general idea of women and their apparent relation to things.

At this moment we were interrupted by the voice of a man on the pavement below, an adoring, vibrant voice. Immediately he was answered by another voice from the balcony above ours. I regret that I cannot say softly answered, but the truth is that the average señorita has a squawky, broad, flat, duck note in her voice that even love does not soften.

I leaned forward, determined to see what was going on.

"Oh, don't, Aunt Peg! They are sweethearts. Don't embarrass them!" Peggy was positively pink with sympathy.

"Why shouldn't I? The whole street can see them." As a matter of fact, the people in the street pretended to be oblivious, but I leaned out, turned my head this way and that. A young girl with a small round white face and in a white dress was bending from the gallery above, swinging a yellow rose in her hand. On the ground beneath stood Romeo, a very handsome young man with brilliant black eyes. He was standing with his head thrown far back and his hand lifted imploringly for the rose. I must say that he looked astonished and not altogether agreeable when the wrinkled face and gray head of an old woman intervened between him and the flower. But it was only for the space of a moment. I drew back and almost at once the rose came drifting down, the long stem whirling and the leaves fluttering in the gentle wind.

Peggy was so indignant that she excused herself to write one of those letters which I observed she wrote every day now since that night in Paris, when in a paroxysm of tears she had confessed to the "mistake" she had made about Philip Ring. But I kept my place by the window, listening attentively to the two lovers, understanding not a word of what was said, but feeling that excited interest old people often have in these affairs of the young.

Such courtships are to be witnessed every evening from ten until one o'clock in nearly every street in the city. You may look down the narrow chasm between the tall houses and see sometimes two or three young gallants here and there under different balconies in the most exaggerated attitudes of adoration. This is due partly to the warmth and passion of Spanish love-making and partly to the fact that they must hold their heads so far back to see the señoritas who are probably leaning out of fifth or sixth story windows, like white lilies with veils over their heads. This is the custom. A young man sees a girl he admires in the park or at the theater. He follows her, finds out where she lives. Then the pavement courtship begins. The parents of the girl pretend to be ignorant of what is going on, although they know and approve.

At last, when the lover can endure his suspense and torture no longer, he goes, accompanied by his father, to the house of the señorita. The affair has been arranged beforehand. He is expected. He carries a bracelet, which he gives to the girl, while the two fathers discuss and draw up the marriage contract. Sometimes the girl gives the gallant a ring. The betrothal is very formal and is made in the presence of a priest and both families. Until then the young man cannot enter the house, but after the engagement he comes as often as he likes, only he never sees the girl alone until after the marriage.

If I had not seen it I could not have believed that the Romeo and Juliet form of courtship still existed anywhere in the civilized world. But there is much to be said in favor of it. For one thing, it appeals to the romantic, adventurous spirit of youth, which is too much suppressed in some other countries, like France, for example. And it proclaims the triumph and charm of a señorita in her neighborhood, where they might not otherwise be known. One should not begrudge this to a woman whose married life becomes so narrow and desolate. Above all, it is the safest form of love-making for the woman that I have ever seen devised. The most ardent and unscrupulous Romeo cannot take many liberties with a Juliet perched fifty feet above his sea-level, so to speak.

Peggy's First Countess

I NEVER learned what would happen if two lovers attempted to stand under one señorita's balcony. But my opinion is that no man living would risk so dangerous an experiment. Spanish men are obviously afraid of each other. This is illustrated by their serious politeness. Wherever you see men extremely courteous to one another you may infer one of two things—they are either puerile or dangerous. The French, I think, are extraordinarily polite because they are neurasthenic and because they have no very deep or real sense of the dignity of manhood. The Spaniards are polite because upon the slightest provocation they are always ready and extremely willing to cut one another's throats. This is the characteristic crime of the country, not theft or drunkenness, but a well-developed instinct to stab, especially where a woman is involved. No pistols, no quarreling, merely a quick, long, keen blade.

Peggy met her first countess in Madrid. They both labored under a singular mistake. The Condesa de San Rafiel thought the young American girl was interested in charities, and Peggy thought the countess was a suffragette. She went to call upon her in response to an invitation, and if I live to be a hundred I shall probably never witness a more diverting interview.

We were ushered into a beautiful salon. I wore my best things, and I never saw Peggy looking more piously, deceitfully sweet than she did in her new winter suit and a white hat that folded over her head like a nesting bird.

The countess came in prettily a moment later. She was a short woman with gray hair, blue eyes and pleasant face. She greeted us cordially, and I afterward learned that she told us her house was ours, which is what every Spaniard tells you when you cross his threshold, and what he means.

The trouble began at once. The countess did not speak a word of English, Peggy could not understand a word of Spanish, and the interpreter had not come. They sat eying one another like little Pandoras anxious to pull each other's lid off. At first sight I knew that my niece was doomed to disappointment. I perceived by the ritual expression of the countess' face that she belonged to the ancient order of good women, not to the new order of provisionally good ones. But it was impossible to endure that phonetic silence. I began to talk. Our hostess looked at me amiably, with a kind of Spanish interrogation in each serene blue eye. Peggy tried to stop me, but I went on with desperate animation. I discussed the weather, the prophets, the court life of Joseph the Second of Austria. Our hostess began to look

(Continued on Page 24)



I Passed From Joseph the Second to Two or Three Lines I Recalled From Wordsworth's Ode to Immortality

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THE LIGHTED WAY

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

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MR. WEATHERLEY laid down his newspaper with a grunt. He was alone in his private office with his newly appointed secretary. "Two whole days gone already and they've never caught that fellow!" he exclaimed. "They don't seem to have a clew even."

Arnold looked up from some papers upon which he was engaged.

"We can't be absolutely sure of that, sir," he reminded his employer. "They wouldn't give everything away to the press."

Mr. Weatherley threw the newspaper he had been reading on to the floor and struck the table with his fist.

"The whole affair," he declared, "is scandalous—perfectly scandalous. The police system of this country is ridiculously inadequate. Scotland Yard ought to be thoroughly overhauled. Some one should take the matter up—one of the ha'penny papers on the lookout for a sensation might manage it. Just see here what happens," he went on earnestly. "A man is murdered in cold blood in a fashionable restaurant. The murderer walks out of the place into the street and no one hears of him again. He can't have been swallowed up, can he? You were there. What do you think of it?"

Arnold, who had been thinking of little else for the last few days, shook his head.

"I don't know what to think, sir," he admitted, "except that the murderer up till now has been extraordinarily lucky."

"Either that or he was fiendishly clever," Mr. Weatherley agreed, pulling nervously at his little patch of gray side whiskers. "I wonder now—you've read the case, Chetwode?"

"Every word of it," Arnold admitted.

"Have you formed any idea yourself as to the motive?" Mr. Weatherley asked nervously.

Arnold shook his head.

"At present there seems nothing to go on, sir," he remarked. "I did hear it said that some one was trying to blackmail him."

Mr. Weatherley pushed his scant hair back with his hand. He appeared to feel the heat of the office.

"You've heard that too, eh?" he muttered. "It occurred to me from the first, Chetwode. It certainly did occur to me. You will remember that I mentioned it."

"What did your brother-in-law think of it, sir?" Arnold asked. "He and Mr. Rosario seemed to be very great friends. They were talking together for a long time that night at your house."

Mr. Weatherley jumped to his feet and threw open the window. The air that entered the office from the murky street was none of the best, but he seemed to find it grateful. Arnold was shocked to see his face when he turned round.



"I Can Quite Imagine Rosario Defying Him"

"The Count Sabatini is a very extraordinary man," Mr. Weatherley confessed. "He and his friends come to my house, but to tell you the truth I don't know much about them. Mrs. Weatherley wishes to have them there and that is quite enough for me. All the same I don't feel that they're exactly the sort of people I've been used to, Chetwode, and that's a fact."

Mr. Weatherley had resumed his seat. He was leaning back in his chair now, his hands drooping to his side, looking precisely what he was—an ungraceful, commonplace little person without taste or culture, upon whom even a good tailor seemed to have wasted his efforts. A certain pomposity that in a way became the man—had proclaimed his prosperity and redeemed him from complete insignificance—had for a moment departed. Arnold could scarcely help feeling sorry for him.

"I shouldn't allow these things to worry me if I were you, sir," Arnold suggested respectfully. "If there is anything that you don't understand I should ask for an explanation. Mrs. Weatherley is much too kind and generous to wish you to be worried, I am sure."

Then the side of the man with which Arnold wholly sympathized showed itself suddenly. At the mention of his wife's name an expression partly fatuous, partly beatific, transformed his homely features. He was looking at her picture which stood always opposite to him. He had the air of an adoring devotee before some sacred shrine.

"You are quite right, Chetwode," he declared, "quite right, but I am always very careful not to let my wife know how I feel. You see the Count Sabatini is her only relative, and before our marriage they were inseparable. He was an exile from Portugal, and it seems to me these foreigners hang together more than we do. I am only too glad for her to be with him as much as she chooses. It is just a little unfortunate that his friends should sometimes be—well, a trifle distasteful—but one must put up with it. One must put up with it, eh? After all Rosario was a man very well spoken of. There was no reason why he shouldn't have come to my house. Plenty of other men in my position would have been glad to entertain him."

"Certainly, sir," Arnold agreed. "I believe he went a great deal into society."

"And no doubt," Mr. Weatherley continued eagerly, "he had many enemies. In the course of his commercial career, which I believe was an eventful one, he would naturally make enemies. By-the-by, Chetwode, speaking of blackmail—that blackmail rumor, eh? You don't happen to have heard any particulars?"

"None at all, sir," Arnold replied. "I don't suppose anything is really known. It seems a probable solution of the affair, though."

Mr. Weatherley nodded thoughtfully.

"It does," he admitted. "I can quite imagine any one trying it on and Rosario defying him. Just the course that would commend itself to such a man."

"The proper course, no doubt," Arnold remarked, "although it scarcely turned out the best for Rosario."

Mr. Weatherley distinctly shivered.

"Well, well," he declared, "you had better take out those invoices and ask Jarvis to see me at once about Budden & Williams' account. . . . Bless my soul alive, why, here's Mrs. Weatherley!" A car had stopped outside and both men had caught a vision of a fur-clad feminine figure crossing the pavement. Mr. Weatherley's fingers, busy already with his tie, were trembling with excitement. His whole appearance was transformed.

"Hurry out and meet her, Chetwode!" he exclaimed. "Show her the way in! This is the first time in her life that she has been here of her own accord. Just as we were speaking about her too!"

Fenella entered the office as a princess shod in satin might enter a pigsty. Her ermine-trimmed gown was raised with both her hands; her delightful nose had a distinct tilt and her lips a curl. But when she saw Arnold a wonderful smile transformed her face. She was in the middle of the clerks' office, the cynosure of twenty-four staring eyes, but she dropped her gown and held out both her delicately gloved hands. The fall of her skirts seemed to shake out strange perfumes into the stuffy room.

"Ah! you are really here, then, in this odious gloom? You will show me where I can find my husband?"

Arnold stepped back and threw open the door of the inner office. She laughed into his face.

"Do not go away," she ordered; "come in with me. I want to thank you for looking after me the other day."

Arnold murmured a few words of excuse and turned away. Mr. Tidey, Junior, carefully arranged his necktie and slipped down from his stool.

"Jarvis," he exclaimed, "a free lunch and my lifetime's gratitude if you'll send me into the governor's office on any pretext whatever!"

Mr. Jarvis, who was answering the telephone, took off his gold-rimmed spectacles and wiped them.

"Some one must go in and say that Mr. Burland, of Harris & Burland, wishes to know at what time he can see the governor. I think you had better let Chetwode go, though."

Mr. Tidey, Junior, turned away, humming a tune.

"Not I!" he replied. "Don't be surprised, you fellows, if I am not out just yet. The governor's certain to introduce me."

He knocked at the door confidently and disappeared. In a very few seconds he was out again. His appearance was not altogether indicative of conquest.

"Governor says to forget Burland, or words to that effect," he announced ill-naturedly. "Chetwode, you're to take in the private checkbook. I tell you what, Jarvis," he added, slowly resuming his stool, "the governor's not himself these days. The least he could have done would have been to introduce me, especially as he's been up at our place so often. Rotten form, I call it. Anyway, she's not nearly so good-looking close to."

Mr. Jarvis proceeded to inform the inquirer through the telephone that Mr. Weatherley was unfortunately not to be found at the moment. Arnold, with Mr. Weatherley's checkbook in his hand, knocked at the door of the private office and closed it carefully behind him. As he stood upon the threshold his heart gave a sudden leap. Mr. Weatherley was sitting in his accustomed chair, but his attitude and expression were alike unusual. He was like a man shrinking under the whip. And Fenella—he was quick enough to catch the look in her face, the curl of her lips, the almost wicked flash of her eyes. Yet in a moment she was laughing.

"Your checkbook, Mr. Weatherley," he remarked, laying it down upon the desk.

Mr. Weatherley barely thanked him—barely, indeed, seemed to realize Arnold's presence. The latter turned to go. Fenella, however, intervened.

"Don't go away if you please, Mr. Chetwode," she begged. "My husband is angry with me and I am a little frightened. And all because I have asked him to help a very good friend of mine who is in need of money to help forward a splendid cause."

Arnold was embarrassed. He glanced doubtfully at Mr. Weatherley, who was fingering his checkbook.

"It is scarcely a matter for discussion——" his employer began, but Fenella threw out her hands.

"Oh! *là, là!*" she interrupted. "Don't bore me so, my dear Samuel, or I will come to this miserable place no more. Mr. Starling must have this five hundred pounds because I have promised him and because I have promised my brother that he shall have it. It is most important, and if all goes well it will come back to you some day or other. If not you must make up your mind to lose it. Please write out the check, and afterward Mr. Chetwode is to take me out to lunch. Andrea asked me specially to bring him, and if we do not go soon," she added, consulting a little jeweled watch upon her wrist, "we shall be late. Andrea does not like to be kept waiting."

"I was hoping," Mr. Weatherley remarked with an unwieldy attempt at jocularity, "that I might be asked out to luncheon myself."

"Another day, my dear husband," she promised carelessly. "You know that you and Andrea do not agree very

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well together. You bore him so much and then he is irritable. I do not like Andrea when he is irritable. Give me my check, dear, and let me go."

Mr. Weatherley dipped his pen in the ink, solemnly wrote out a check and tore it from the book. Fenella, who had risen to her feet and was standing over him with her hand upon his shoulder, stuffed it carelessly into the gold purse she was carrying. Then she patted him on the cheek with her gloved hand.

"Don't overwork," she said, "and come home punctually. Are you quite ready, Mr. Chetwode?"

Arnold, who was finding the position more than ever embarrassing, turned to his employer.

"Can you spare me, sir?" he asked.

Mr. Weatherley nodded.

"If my wife desires you to go, certainly," he replied. "But, Fenella," he added, "I am not very busy myself. Is it absolutely necessary that you lunch with your brother? Perhaps, even if it is, he can put up with my society for once."

She threw a kiss to him from the door.

"Unreasonable person!" she exclaimed. "Today it is absolutely necessary that I lunch with Andrea. You must go to your club, if you are not busy, and play billiards or something. Come, Mr. Chetwode," she added, turning toward the door, "we have barely a quarter of an hour to get to the Carlton. I dare not be late. The only person," she went on as they passed through the outer office and Arnold paused for a moment to take down his hat and coat, "whom I really fear in this world is Andrea."

Mr. Weatherley remained for a moment in the chair where she had left him, gazing idly at the counterfoil of the check. Then he rose and from a safe point of vantage watched the motor drive off. With slow, leaden footsteps he returned to his seat. It was past his own regular luncheon hour, but he made no movement to leave the place.

XI

THE great car swung to the right out of Tooley Street and joined the stream of traffic making its slow way across London Bridge. Fenella took the tube from its place by her side and spoke in Italian to the chauffeur. When she replaced it she turned to Arnold.

"Did you understand what I said?" she asked.

"Only a word or two," he replied. "You told him to go somewhere else instead of to the Carlton, didn't you?"

She nodded, and lay back for a moment silent among the luxurious cushions. Her mood seemed suddenly to have changed. She was no longer gay. She watched the faces of the passers-by pensively. Presently she pointed out of the window to a gray-bearded old man tottering along in the gutter with a trayful of matches. A cold wind was blowing through his rags.

"Look!" she exclaimed. "Look at that! In my own country, yes, but here I do not understand. They tell me that this is the richest city in the world and the most charitable."

"There must be poor everywhere," Arnold replied, a little puzzled.

She stared at him.

"It is not your laws I would complain of," she said. "It is your individuals. Look at him—a poor, shivering, starved creature, watching a constant stream of well-fed, well-clothed, snug men of business passing always within a few feet of him. Why does he not help himself to what he wants?"

Arnold looked at her in sheer amazement. It was surely a strange woman who spoke! There was no sympathy in her face or tone. The idea of giving alms to the man seemed never to have occurred to her. She spoke with clouded face, as one in anger.

"Don't you believe," he asked, "in the universal principle—the survival of the fittest? Where there is wealth there must be poverty."

She laughed.

"Change your terms," she suggested—"where there are robbers there must be victims. But one may despise the victims all the same. One may find their content ignoble."

"Generally speaking it is the industrious who prosper," he affirmed.

She shook her head.

"If that were so all would be well," she declared. "As a matter of fact it is entirely an affair of opportunity and temperament."

"Why, you are a Socialist," he said. "You should come and talk to my friend Isaac."

"I am not a Socialist, because I do not care one fig about others," she objected. "It is only myself I think of."

"If you do not sympathize with laws you at least recognize morals?" he asked.

She laughed gayly, leaning back against the dark green upholstery and showing her flawless teeth; her long, narrow eyes, with their seductive gleam, flashed into his. A lighter spirit possessed her.

"Not other people's," she declared. "I have my own code and I live by it. As for you ——"

She paused. Her sudden fit of gayety seemed to pass.

"As for me?" he murmured.

"I am a little conscience-stricken," she said slowly. "I think I ought to have left you where you were. I am not at all sure that you would not have been happier. You are a very nice boy, Mr. Arnold Chetwode, much too good for that stuffy little office in Tooley Street, but I do not know whether it is really for your good if one is inclined to try and help you to escape. If you saw another man holding a position you wanted yourself, would you throw him out if you could, by sheer force, or would you think of your laws and your morals?"

"It depends a little upon how much I wanted it," he confessed.

She laughed.

"Ah! I see, then, that there are hopes of you," she admitted. "You should read the reign of Queen Elizabeth if you would know what Englishmen should be like. You know I had an English mother, and she was descended from Francis Drake. . . . Ah, we are arrived!"

They had lost themselves somewhere between Oxford Street and Regent Street. The car pulled up in front of a restaurant that Arnold had certainly never seen or heard of before. It was quite small and it bore the name of the Café André painted upon the wall. The lower windows were all concealed by white curtains. There was no commissionaire and only a very small entrance hall. Fenella, who led the way in, did not turn into the restaurant proper, but at once ascended the stairs. Arnold followed her, his sense of curiosity growing stronger at every moment. On the first landing there were two doors with glass tops. She opened one and motioned him to enter.

"Will you wait for me for a few moments?" she said. "I am going to telephone."

He entered at once. She turned and passed into the room on the other side of the landing. Arnold glanced around him with some curiosity. The room was well appointed and a luncheon table was laid for four people. There were flowers upon the table, and the glass and cutlery were superior to anything one might have expected from a restaurant in this vicinity. The window looked down into the street. Arnold stood before it for a moment or two. The traffic below was insignificant, but the roar of Oxford Street only a few yards distant came to his ears even through the closed window. He listened thoughtfully and then, before he realized the course his thoughts were taking, he found himself thinking of Ruth. In a certain sense he was superstitious about Ruth and her forebodings. He found himself wondering what she would have said if she could have seen him there and known that it was Fenella who had brought him. And he himself—what did he think of it? A week ago his life had been so commonplace that his head and his heart had ached with the monotony of it. And now Fenella had come and had shown him already strange things. He seemed to have passed into a world where mysterious happenings were an everyday occurrence, into a world peopled by strange men and women who always carried about with them secrets. And in a sense no one was more mysterious than Fenella herself. He asked himself as he stood there whether her vagaries were merely temperamental, the air of mystery that seemed to surround her simply accidental. He thought of that night at her house, the curious intimacy that from the first moment she had seemed to take for granted, the confidence with which she had treated him. He remembered those few breathless moments in her room, the man's hand upon the window-sill, with the strange colored ring worn with almost flagrant ostentation. And then with a lightning-like transition of thought the gleam of the hand with that selfsame ring raised to strike a murderous blow, which he had seen for a moment through the swing doors of the Milan. The red seal ring upon the finger—what did it mean? A doubt chilled him for a moment. He told himself with passionate insistence that it was not possible that she could know of these things. Her words were idle, her theories a jest. He turned away from the window and caught up a morning paper, resolved to escape from his thoughts. The first headline stared up at him:

THE ROSARIO MURDER
SENSATIONAL ARREST EXPECTED
RUMORED EXTRAORDINARY DISCLOSURES

He threw the paper down again. Then the door was suddenly opened. It was Fenella who appeared.

"I am going to order luncheon," she announced. "My brother will be here directly."

Arnold bowed a little absently. Against his will he was listening to voices on the landing outside. One he knew to be Starling's, the other was Count Sabatini's. He closed his ears to their speech, but there was no doubt whatever that the voice of Starling shook with fear. A moment or two later the two men entered the room. Count Sabatini came forward with outstretched hand. A rare smile parted his lips. He looked a very distinguished and very polished gentleman.

"I am pleased to meet you again, Mr. Chetwode," he said, "the more pleased because I understand from my sister that we are to have the pleasure of your company for luncheon."

"You are very kind," Arnold murmured.

"Mr. Starling I believe you met the other night," Count Sabatini continued.

Arnold held out his hand, but could scarcely repress a start. Starling seemed to have lost weight. His cheeks were almost cadaverous, his eyes hollow. His slight arrogance of bearing had gone; he left behind a most unpleasant impression.

"I remember Mr. Starling quite well," Arnold said. "We met also, I think, at the Milan Hotel a few minutes after the murder of Mr. Rosario."

Starling shook hands limply. Sabatini smiled.

"A memorable occasion," he remarked. "Let us take luncheon now. Gustave," he added, turning to the waiter who had just entered the room, "serve the luncheon at once. It is a queer little place this, Mr. Chetwode," he went on, turning to Arnold, "but I can promise you that the omelet, at least, is as served in my own country."

They took their places at the table, and Arnold, at any rate, found it a very pleasant party. Sabatini was no longer gloomy and taciturn. His manner still retained a little of its deliberation, but toward Arnold especially he was more than courteous. He seemed, indeed, to have the desire to attract. Fenella was almost bewitching. She had recovered her spirits and she talked to him often in a half-audible undertone, the familiarity of which gave him a curious pleasure. Starling alone was silent and depressed. He drank a good deal, but he ate scarcely anything. Every passing footstep upon the stairs outside alarmed him. Every time any voices were heard he stopped to listen. Sabatini glanced toward him once with a scornful flash in his black eyes.

"One would imagine, my dear Starling, that you had committed a crime!" he exclaimed.

Starling raised his glass to his lips with shaking fingers and drained its contents.

"I had too much champagne last night," he muttered.

There was a moment's silence. Every one felt his statement to be a lie. For some reason or other the man was afraid. Arnold was conscious of a sense of apprehension stealing over him. The touch of Fenella's fingers upon his arm left him for a moment cold. Sabatini turned his head slowly toward the speaker, and his face had become like the face of an inquisitor, stern and merciless, with the flavor of death in the cold, mirthless parting of the lips.

"Then you drank a very bad brand, my friend," he declared. "Still, even then, the worst champagne in the world should not give you those ugly lines under the eyes, the scared appearance of a hunted rabbit. One would imagine ——"

Starling struck the table a blow with his fist that set the glasses jingling.

"Stop, Sabatini!" he exclaimed. "Do you want to ——"

He broke off abruptly. He looked toward Arnold. He was breathing heavily. His sudden fit of passion had brought an unwholesome patch of color to his cheeks.

"Why should I stop?" Sabatini proceeded mercilessly. "Let me remind you of my sister's presence. Your lack of self-control is inexcusable. One would imagine that you had committed some evil deed, that you were indeed an offender against the law."

Again there was that tense silence. Starling looked round him with the helpless air of a trapped animal. Arnold sat there, listening and watching, completely fascinated. There was something that made him shiver about the imperturbability, not only of Sabatini himself but of the woman who sat by his side.

Sabatini poured himself out a glass of wine deliberately.

"Who in the world," he demanded, "save a few sentimentalists would consider the killing of Rosario a crime?"

Starling staggered to his feet. His cheeks now were ashen.

"You are mad!" he cried, pointing to Arnold.

"Not in the least," Sabatini proceeded calmly. "I am not accusing you of having killed Rosario. One can scarcely understand your agitation. If you are really accused of having been concerned in that little *contretemps*, why, here is our friend Mr. Arnold Chetwode who was present. No doubt he will be able to give evidence in your favor."

Arnold was speechless for a moment. Sabatini's manner was incomprehensible. He spoke as one who alludes to some trivial happening. Yet even his light words could not keep the shadow of tragedy from the room. Even at that instant Arnold seemed suddenly to see the flash of a hand through the glass-topped door, to hear the hoarse cry of the stricken man. "I saw nothing but the man's hand!" he muttered in a voice that he would scarcely have recognized as his own. "I saw his hand and his arm only. He wore a red signet ring."

Sabatini inclined his head in an interested manner.

"A singular coincidence," he remarked pleasantly. "My sister has already told me of your observation. That certainly is a point in favor of our friend Starling. It sounds like the badge of some secret society, and not even the most ardent romanticist would suspect our friend Starling here of belonging to anything of the sort."

Starling had resumed his luncheon and was making a great effort at a show of indifference. Nevertheless, he watched Arnold uneasily.

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"Say, there's no sense in talking like this!" he muttered. "Mr. Chetwode here will think you're in earnest."

"There is, on the contrary, a very great deal of sound common-sense," Sabatini asserted gently, "in all that I have said. I want our young friend Mr. Chetwode to be a valued witness for the defense when the misguided gentlemen from Scotland Yard choose to lay a hand upon your shoulder. One should always be prepared, my friend, for possibilities. You great ——"

He stopped short. Starling, with a smothered oath, had sprung to his feet. The eyes of every one were turned toward the wall; a small electric bell was ringing violently. For the next few moments events marched swiftly. Starling, with incredible speed, had left the room by the inner door. A waiter had suddenly appeared as though by magic, and of the fourth place at table there seemed to be left no visible signs. All the time Sabatini, unmoved, continued to roll his cigarette. Then there came a tapping at the door.

"See who is there," Sabatini instructed the waiter.

Gustave, his napkin in his hand, threw open the door. A young man presented himself—a person of ordinary appearance, with a notebook sticking out of his pocket. His eyes seemed to take in at once the little party. He advanced a few steps into the room.

"You are perhaps not aware, sir," Sabatini said gently, "that this is a private apartment."

The young man bowed.

"I must apologize for my intrusion, sir and madam," he declared, looking toward Fenella. "I am a reporter on the staff of the Daily Unit and I am exceedingly anxious to interview—you will pardon me?"

With a sudden swift movement he crossed the room, passed into the inner apartment and disappeared. Sabatini rose to his feet.

"I propose," he said, "that we complain to the proprietor about this excitable young journalist and take our coffee in the palm court at the Carlton."

Fenella also rose and stepped in front of the looking-glass.

"It is good," she declared. "I stay with you for one-half hour. Afterward I have a bridge party. You will come with us, Mr. Chetwode?"

Arnold did not at once reply. He was gazing at the inner door. Every moment he expected to hear—what? It seemed to him that tragedy was there, the greatest tragedy of all—the hunting of man! Sabatini yawned.

"Those others," he declared, "must settle their own little differences. After all, it is not our affair."

XII

IT WAS fully half past three before Arnold found himself back in Tooley Street. He hung up his coat and hat and was preparing to enter Mr. Weatherley's room when the chief clerk saw him. Mr. Jarvis had been standing outside, superintending the unloading of several dray-loads of bacon. He laid his hand upon Arnold's shoulder.

"One moment, Chetwode," he said. "I want to speak to you out here."

Arnold followed him to a retired part of the warehouse. Mr. Jarvis leaned against an old desk belonging to one of the porters.

"You are very late, Chetwode," he remarked.

"I am sorry, but I was detained," Arnold answered. "I will explain it to Mr. Weatherley directly I go in."

Mr. Jarvis coughed.

"Of course," he said, "as you went out with Mrs. Weatherley I suppose it's none of my business as to your hours, but you must know that to come back from lunch at half past three is most irregular, especially as you are practically junior in the place."

"I quite agree with you," Arnold assented, "but, you see, I really couldn't help myself today. I don't suppose it is likely to happen again. Is that all that you wanted to speak to me about?"

"Not altogether," Mr. Jarvis admitted. "To tell you the truth," he went on confidentially, "I wanted to ask you a question or two."

"Well, look sharp, then," Arnold said good-humoredly. "I dare say Mr. Weatherley will be getting impatient and he probably saw me come in."

"I want to ask you," Mr. Jarvis began impressively, "whether you noticed anything peculiar about the governor's manner this morning?"

"I don't think so—not specially," Arnold replied.

Mr. Jarvis took off his gold-rimmed spectacles and wiped them carefully.

"Mr. Weatherley," he proceeded, "has always been a gentleman of very regular habits—he and his father before him. I have been in the service of the firm for thirty-five years, Mr. Chetwode, so you can understand that my interest is not only a business one."

"Quite so," Arnold agreed, glancing at the man by his side with a momentary curiosity. He had been in Tooley Street for four months, and even now he was still unused to the close atmosphere, the pungent smells, the yellow fog that seemed always more or less to hang about in the streets; the dark, cavernous-looking warehouse with its gloomy gas-jets always burning. From where they were standing at that moment the figures of the draymen and warehousemen moving backward and forward seemed like phantoms in some subterranean world. It was odd to think of thirty-five years spent among such surroundings!

"It is a long time," he remarked.

Mr. Jarvis nodded.

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The Eyes of Every One Were Turned Toward the Wall

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 20, 1912

The Yellow Peril

FOUR hundred and thirty-three millions is the latest estimate of the population of China. Whether these people, or any large proportion of them, are capable of making a real nation at this time and "adopting Western civilization" no one can yet pretend to say; but we rather hope not, for it might prove uncomfortable for the rest of the world.

If China were capable of exerting a national power in proportion to her population at all approximating that of an Occidental state or of Japan, and adopted Western civilization, she would, of course, at once begin to pillage and oppress every state that was weaker than herself—just as Western civilization has pillaged and bullied her ever since she has had any experience of it. Following Great Britain's civilized example in the Opium War, she would promptly dispatch a fleet, four and a half times as powerful as ours, to shoot up San Francisco and other Pacific Coast cities until we agreed to admit her coolies or any other product which she wished to force upon us. A local ordinance in Seattle that injured the hand-laundry business would be quite sufficient excuse for her to establish a protectorate over Washington, Oregon, and as much of the hinterland as she could profitably use. It was only a few years ago that Western civilization turned loose upon Peking a horde of looting vandals who destroyed whatever precious stuffs they did not choose to steal.

We should really shudder to see China adopt the methods Western civilization has taught her, provided her power to follow the example were in proportion to her numbers.

Purchasing Power of an Acre

ON THE face of the returns, and so far as existing records go, the year 1909 was highwater mark for agriculture in the United States. Taking our chief crops, the Department of Agriculture finds that the product of an average acre was then worth more than in any other of the forty-five years for which it has statistics—more than in 1896, the low mark, by nearly eight dollars and a half, or one hundred and seven per cent, and even a little more than during the inflated prices that followed the Civil War.

It was higher than in 1899 by more than seven dollars an acre, or nearly eighty per cent; and from that year onward the Department has also retail prices in many localities of a great list of articles that are commonly purchased by farmers. It thus deduces that the purchasing power of an acre increased fifty-four per cent in the decade—in other words that, with the product of an acre, a farmer could buy fifty-four per cent more of the things he commonly needs. Now 1899 was not a positively bad year for agriculture. Most farmers, no doubt, then purchased the things they really needed; and we might jump to the flattering conclusion that in 1909 the farmers had a net surplus equal to about half their total income.

Of course it never works that way. Net surplus tends always to vanish. The tables show those necessary or strictly useful articles that an average farmer might have bought in 1899 and again in 1909; but no possible tables can show what he did buy. The plain kitchen chair that cost seventy-two cents in 1899 could have been had for eighty-two cents in 1909; but, in fact, the farmer bought an upholstered chair at two-fifty. The yard of calico that cost five and a quarter cents in 1899 was not only bought at six and a half cents in 1909, but silk ribbon went with it. Otherwise, what would be the use of prosperity?

The Investing Public

WALL STREET complained of a poor year, but sales of bonds on the Stock Exchange were larger than in the year before by about two hundred million dollars; and returns to the Journal of Commerce from two hundred and thirty-four big railroad and industrial corporations show that their stock is now held by nine hundred and thirty thousand persons, the number of stockholders having increased during the year by more than sixty-four thousand.

The investing public continually grows in number and in monetary power. The corporations reporting to the Journal of Commerce have nearly eleven billion dollars of capital stock outstanding, about equally divided between ninety-one railroad companies and a hundred and forty-three industrial companies—the five and a quarter billion dollars of capital stock of the latter now being held by five hundred and thirty thousand persons. These industrial companies include, of course, the more conspicuous trusts; and, it is asked, Instead of fighting them, why don't the people own them by investing surplus capital in their shares?

The most obvious answer is that by owning them the people could not in the least control them. Over nine hundred thousand persons have contributed capital, by stock investment, to the big corporations above referred to, and many thousands more have contributed capital by investment in bonds; but probably the effective control of these corporations is in the hands of two or three hundred men—and it is possible, no doubt, to pick out a score of men who could exert a more powerful influence over their policy than nine hundred thousand relatively small and scattered stockholders could. The bigger the company and the more widely its stock is distributed the less possible is it for the body of stockholders to participate in control—the more they are bound to follow a few leaders. There is no power or agency in sight, except the National Government, that can participate effectively in control.

A Bit of Beef-Trust History

IN MAY, 1902, the Government sued for an injunction against the big Chicago packers, alleging that they agreed together as to bids for live animals and in disposing of their products, thereby suppressing competition and creating a "restraint of trade" under the Sherman Law. Such agreeing together was no doubt illegal, and Judge Grosscup so held it; but it was commonly held, under the decisions of the Supreme Court up to that time, that for these packers to consolidate their plants and businesses outright by turning them over to a New Jersey holding company was quite legal.

Accordingly, as evidence recently taken at Chicago shows, the packers and certain eminent financiers agreed upon a merger under the holding-company plan. The tangible assets of the concern would have been something under three hundred million dollars, for which bonds and preferred stock were to be issued. Also, the holding company was to issue something over six hundred million dollars of common stock, representing goodwill—or water. The promoters were to get ten million dollars for financing the combine, and no doubt there would have been vast speculation and manipulation of the watered stock, as in the case of the Steel Trust.

The country was saved from this stroke of high finance only by exigencies of the money market; but if the deal had been carried through we could have thanked the Sherman Law for that six hundred millions of "goodwill" common stock, because it was that law which forced a resort to the holding-company scheme.

Insurance in Great Britain

ONLY twenty-one votes were recorded in the House of Commons against the National Compulsory Insurance Bill, under which some nine million men and four million women will receive medical attendance and a money allowance during illness, a life pension upon becoming permanently disabled, and in some cases a money allowance during unemployment.

There was very little opposition to this insurance bill; and The Statist, a recognized authority upon life-insurance, presents a novel argument in its favor. Life-insurance, The Statist shows, has made big advances in Great Britain of late. Thus, in twenty years the number of policies in "ordinary" life companies has increased from less than a million to more than three millions. At the same time the number of policies in "industrial" companies—insuring mostly small-salaried people and wage-earners—has increased from less than ten millions to more than thirty-three millions and the amount of insurance in force from ninety million pounds to over three hundred and thirty millions. This shows, The Statist thinks, not only that nearly all classes of the British public are in receipt of larger incomes, so that a far greater proportion now has some surplus over actual necessaries of life, but also that all classes, especially wage-earners, are more inclined than formerly to make provision for the future when their means permit. The national insurance bill will lighten the dread of poverty through sickness and unemployment that many wage-earners now feel. Its effect will be much the same as assuring greater permanence of employment and steadier income; so more wage-earners than ever will take something from the weekly pay envelope for insurance other than that provided by the national bill.

Certainly the whole bread-winning population of every country ought to be insured.

Our Old Friend, Cost of Living

THE new year begins with prices substantially at the top notch, and if the supply of gold is to be the governing factor there is no sign of any important decline. The African mines have again, as usual, broken the record, but more decisively than in any recent year. In 1909 the output increased something over three per cent, and in 1910 in about the same proportion; but in 1911 the increase was nearly ten per cent—so that the Transvaal alone last year yielded almost as much gold as was produced in the whole world in 1894. As for the world, its yearly output is over four times what it was in 1888. The year just closed was by no means a boom period. In some lines business was rather dull and there was much talk of reaction and depression; but from spring onward prices generally tended to advance. Notwithstanding a big drop in cotton, the Department of Agriculture's index number for the prices of leading farm products advanced about fifteen per cent. Apparently, if a dollar goes any farther in the present year of grace than in any recent year, it will do so only because its possessor stretches it harder.

Pensions for Government Clerks

WITH great alacrity, the House passed a military pension bill which was accompanied by a report from the Interior Department that its provisions, if applied to the number of pensioners on the roll June 30, 1910, would increase pension expenditure by seventy-five million dollars. Whatever the merits of this measure may be, they certainly do not include increased efficiency and economy.

The case of civil pensions stands, in this respect, in complete contrast. One department head and bureau chief after another have urged a retiring allowance for Government clerks strictly on the ground that it would promote economy. It has been shown repeatedly that every—or nearly every—department contains clerks who have passed their efficient years—men of sixty-five and upward. The Government retains these old men simply because it hasn't the heart to turn them into the street—for which, certainly, we are thankful. Secretary MacVeagh repeats that a system of contributory retirement pensions may be set up that will cost the Government very little in actual money and will decidedly increase the efficiency of the clerical force.

The military pensions are partly a matter of sentiment. Civil pensions are strictly a matter of business. It is not altogether creditable to Congress that sentiment should get all the attention and business none.

Illogical Eloquence

ONE of the most eloquent appeals that has ever reached us comes from a devoted antivivisectionist. It is couched in such noble language and contains so many beautiful sentiments that upon reading it we immediately felt ourselves to be a little brother to the dog and the cat—a quite unworthy little brother too: one of the sort that privately eats the best apples in the basket before divvying up, and then lies about it.

Upon reflection, it set us to wondering what would be the effect if a carefully selected assortment of reptiles were suddenly liberated in an antivivisection convention. Would there be noble reminders of our duty to love all divinely created things?—or wild shrieks for a club?

The whole strength of the antivivisection movement lies in the picture of a beautiful dog, bandaged, upon which scientists are about to perform an experiment. If the picture showed the anesthetic that makes the dog insensible to pain it would lose two-thirds of its appeal, and the movement would be correspondingly crippled. If it showed him frothing with rabies pity would change to abhorrence—except as the Pasteur treatment, made possible only by vivisection, has diminished our terror of mad dogs. If it showed an ugly animal—a bat, say, or a toad—nobody would care in the least what became of it. Many times more stray dogs and cats are killed in the city of New York alone than are used in all animal experiments; but they are presumably ill-conditioned, mangy brutes, and we never heard of a tear being shed over them.

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Meditations of Marcus

ONE morning the original Marcus Aurelius, having had a good breakfast, lighted a Flor de Catacumba cigar and walked out on the terraces of the imperial palace to do a little meditating. Marc, as is well known, was full of meditations when he wasn't full of choice Falernian; and, though he was a Roman, did his classiest meditating in Greek, just to show some of the hammer-throwers round the place that he had an education, and with the end in view of putting his thoughts into a book and making it a best seller—which was a cinch, when you come to figure on it, for the Greeks might buy it and the Romans would have to or it would be the galleys for theirs.

The emperor was feeling very fit. Things were coming his way. His campaign for renomination was going along smoothly and there were no disquieting rumors that the T. R. of the period had it in mind to be a candidate against him. Naturally his meditations took on a pleasant turn and, instead of reflecting on death as was his wont in many instances, he qualified for membership in the S. P. Q. R. Optimist and Marching Club. As he stood on the terrace and listened to the haunting melodies that came floating out on the soft Italian air from the atrium, where the Royal Hungarian Orchestra was playing, he meditated as follows: "This is pretty soft. Marc, old scout, they are coming in carriages for you. The ways of the gods are full of providence."

Commentators differ about the first part of that meditation, holding, in some instances, that the text is corrupt; but the last part of it stuck, being vouched for by that well-known disseminator of the classics, H. Altemus, and appearing in all editions of the Meditations put out by him. "The ways of the gods are full of providence." And, strangely enough, not so long ago another Marcus Aurelius, walking out of the club at Tucson, Arizona, looked off toward the Old Mission and meditated along similar lines. There, in the brilliance of a Tucson night, Marcus Aurelius Smith, removing a broad-brimmed hat, took a twist at his handsome mustachios and murmured: "The ways of the gods are full of providence."

Which, dear brethren, is the charming fact, so far as Marcus Aurelius Smith is concerned—not, of course, that the gods had anything to do with the particular circumstance that evoked the murmurous thanksgiving from Marcus Aurelius Smith, but that in a broad, general sense the term may be used as applying to the free and untrammeled voters of Arizona, the same being a new star in the flag—an imperial commonwealth, a little stranger in the glorious galaxy of states—and Marcus Aurelius Smith having been chosen as United States Senator therefrom.

United States Senator! Think that over for a moment in view of the years and years when Marcus Aurelius was merely a delegate in the House of Representatives from Arizona, a territory—a delegate—an imitation legislator, who could talk until he was black in the face and introduce bills; but who, when it came to the real excuse for being in the House—the voting—had to sit silent as the roll was called. A voice without a vote—a pipe without tobacco—a thirst without a drink—a cause without a result—an automobile without gasoline!

The Essence of Arizona

AND now, at one jump, Marcus Aurelius has landed in the Senate, where he can vote without let or hindrance; has achieved the upper house without stopping to be a Representative; has leaped from neuter to nectar, from trammel to toga—a Senator! "The ways of the gods are full of providence"—and that goes double for Arizona—and Mark.

Many persons have observed territorial delegates in the House of Representatives sitting round on the edges, having none but vocal functions—excess baggage in the legislative halls—and wondered why. To what end should a man persist in coming to Congress from a territory when his coming meant nothing to anybody save the salary for himself and an occasional chance, by courtesy, to make a speech? He has no functions. He is an added member of committees, always at the bottom, and merely a noise at committee meetings if so be he chooses to be noisy. To be sure, he can help some in getting legislation for his territory if he is popular, but it is all by personal solicitation and not by any power of voting that he may have.

To what end, did I ask? Well, in the case of Marcus Aurelius Smith, aforesaid, it has been to the end just attained—the United States Senate, to be exact; and maybe Mark didn't know what he had in mind! Maybe he didn't—and then again maybe he did! The dids have it.



PHOTO. BY CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Voice Without a Vote Has Compensations

He did! Arriving in Washington as a territorial delegate, with a voice and no vote, Marcus Aurelius didn't bore anybody with his voice. He just moved round and watched developments.

He first came to the Fiftieth Congress, a soft-spoken, genial, pleasant man, who soon developed as a good story-teller, a likable companion and a citizen of parts. He was modest and unassuming and effective. Even in those days there was a demand that Arizona should be a state. Mark fostered that demand. In season and out of season he worked for statehood. Occasionally when the matter was up he made a speech about it and showed how valid the demand of his territory was; but mostly he circulated and talked and maneuvered and planned and tried to get statehood over. It was a long job and a tiresome; but Mark stuck to it.

He came back to the Fifty-first, the Fifty-second and the Fifty-third Congress, dropped out of the Fifty-fourth, got to the Fifty-fifth, dropped out again for the Fifty-sixth, was there in the Fifty-seventh, couldn't make it for the Fifty-eighth, but did get to the Fifty-ninth and Sixtieth. They beat him for the Sixty-first or he didn't run—I forget which. Anyhow, all these years every time there was any talk, however desultory, about statehood for Arizona, Mark Smith was on the job. He was there, and urged his claims and the claims of his people. On several occasions it looked good—but at the last moment something happened. Mark took a few twists at his mustachios and began all over again. Though it may be he didn't have much to do with the enabling act, as it was passed finally, it is undeniably true that his work during all these years laid a good share of the foundations for the statehood Arizona now has.

Nor did Marcus Aurelius lose sight of the fact that when a state is made two Senators are made also, or can be made. He had an eye on that toga from the beginning. Politics in a territory is as various as elsewhere—and mostly more so. He had to fight for everything he acquired personally; and some of the fights were bitter ones. Still, the fighting part of it didn't bother him much, for he comes of a line of sturdy Kentucky folks; nor did he let any grass grow under his feet—if grass does grow in Arizona—let any cacti grow under his feet—that's better—for he hadn't moved from Kentucky more than a year when he went out for the office of prosecuting attorney for his district and was elected. He has been active in Arizona politics ever since—and that was away back in 1882.

As the original Marcus Aurelius meditated on an occasion when he was meditating in good form: "That which comes after ever conforms to that which has gone before." What went before for Mark Smith was sixteen years of consistent, intelligent service for his people as territorial delegate. He is experienced in legislative ways, knows the mechanics of Congress, is popular and an able citizen. Also he will be a notable addition to the Democratic Story-Tellers' Club; but he will not devote so much time to that end of the game that he will not get all that is coming to him as representative of the new state in the Greatest Deliberative Body in the World. Three cheers!

Reverting to the Great Meditator, he once handed out this advice: "Look to the essence of things." They gave that to our present Marcus Aurelius when he was a boy in Kentucky. For sixteen years and more he looked carefully to the essence of things—which was a Senatorship from Arizona. He never forgot the essence for a minute. All of which goes to show that being a voice without a vote has compensations—especially if one can spare the time.

Not Enough Naughts

GRAND CENTRAL PETE was a noted bunco-steerer of the old days, but he could neither read nor write. Once he fell upon hard times, and he and a younger but equally luckless confidence man undertook to beat their way on a freight train to Washington. A brakeman kicked them off at Trenton.

It was getting late and neither of them had a cent. Across the tracks from where they had landed was a good-looking hotel and right next door was an express office. Grand Central Pete had an idea. He went into the express office, borrowed one of the large manila envelopes such as are used for transporting currency, filled the envelope with pieces of newspaper cut to the size of banknotes and sealed it carefully.

"Now, then," he said to his partner, "you take your fountain pen and write on the back of that envelope $9000. Then we'll go over to that hotel and explain that we've lost our baggage, and I'll hand this envelope to the clerk and ask him to lock it in the safe. He'll look at the figures on the back—and he'll take us for moneyed guys and give us rooms and grub until we can raise a stake."

The scheme sounded good to the younger man. He got out his pen and obeyed orders. Grand Central Pete took the envelope back in his hands and examined it carefully.

"Does that say nine thousand dollars?" he demanded.

"Yep," said his partner.

"Well, it don't look big enough to me," said Pete. "You'd better add on some more of them naughts."

The younger con man protested, but Pete would have his way and kept after him until the educated one had tacked on three more naughts, making the grand total $9,000,000.

Then Pete marched grandly over to the hotel, registered for himself and his friend, passed the stuffed envelope across the desk to the clerk and called for the bridal suite.

The clerk took one look at the envelope, another look at the soiled faces and shabby apparel of the newcomers—and rang the bell for the house bouncer. A minute later the discomfited pair were sitting on the sidewalk.

Grand Central Pete raised himself painfully and eyed his companion with a scornful, angry glance.

"There now—dad-gum you!" he shouted; "I told you you hadn't wrote enough of them naughts!"

A New Route

"YES, gentlemen," shouted an orator at a recent convention in New Orleans, "this Panama Canal will be a great thing for New Orleans—a grand thing! It will increase our business and our facilities for doing business. It will make trade easier for us. Why, gentlemen of the convention, it will enable us to get our manufactures and produce to Brazil without going round the Horn!"

Conducting a Collection

THE Reverend Allen Fort, pastor of the Baptist Tabernacle in Chattanooga, asked J. B. Capeheart, a railroad conductor, to take up the collection one day. It was Mr. Capeheart's first experience as a taker of collections in church.

He started down the center aisle. There were several children in the first pew and each put in a penny. The people in the next pew also contributed something each. A big, glum fellow sat alone in the third pew. Capeheart passed him the plate. The man shook his head and stuck his hands deep in his pocket.

Capeheart stopped, put up his hand as if to jerk the bell-cord and said: "Well, you'll have to get off."

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AND not such a deep secret either.

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"A hurry call has sounded
In my little tummy tum.
And with ecstasy unbounded
For my *Campbell's Soup* I come."

An Old Woman and a New One in the Old World

(Continued from Page 18)

alarmed. She arose and moved briskly from one bell to another, ringing up all the servants in the house. If you have never tried it it is a thrilling experience to listen for fifteen minutes to an animated monologue addressed to you and in a foreign tongue. I sympathized with her, but I went on doing my duty as a well-trained social being, scarcely drawing breath as I passed from Joseph the Second to two or three lines I recalled from Wordsworth's Ode to Immortality. The countess was on the verge of hysterics and Peggy had begun to titter. Fortunately the interpreter arrived at this moment.

I subsided into silence and left my niece to ask for what she wanted to know. But my lady continually referred to me with her eyes, as one watches a homely old pot that is apt to boil over.

And I cannot think Peggy was sufficiently explicit, for the countess never understood the kind of little suffragist serpent she was nursing in her noble bosom. On the contrary, she ordered her carriage and took us for a drive to see her good works. She showed us her workingmen's bazaar, where through donations she has accumulated about twenty carloads of every imaginable thing, from household furniture to shoes for club-footed children. During the past year the work of repairing this stuff and rendering it salable has kept enough people employed to support twenty-seven families. The things are sold to the poor at nominal prices, merely enough to pay for the repairing. In addition to this, the countess had rescued from the streets of Madrid four hundred and fifty girls, whom she has distributed in the twenty-eight convents in the Order of Adoratrice. We saw a hundred and fifty of them in the convent at Madrid, all working over embroidery frames. Here they have good food, clean beds. They spend several hours at prayer every day, but they may go to the little theater in the evenings which is a part of the convent and in which morality plays are given by the girls themselves.

The Ideal State for Women

Spain is a far more expensive country to live in than France or Germany. Some idea of the condition of women who cannot work will be understood when you consider that house servants receive from fifteen to twenty pesetas a month—that is, less than three or four dollars. Few women work in the shops, where the wages there are scarcely more. None of the professions is open to women. And it is only recently that they have been employed in telegraph offices and as stenographers. In this kind of work they rarely receive more than seventy-five pesetas a month.

There is no law in Spain corresponding to the married women's property act in other countries. The husband has the same rights over his wife that he has over his children. He can punish her if he chooses, and strange tales are told about instances of this kind even in the best social circles. A woman has no right to her children unless they are illegitimate. She cannot testify as a witness in the courts. She is classed with children and idiots and minors. The men have recognized the "danger" of feminism, and they are deliberately taking every precaution to prevent the spread of this pernicious body of ideas in Spain. Their success may be inferred from the fact that the women are furiously antagonistic to the suffrage movement in all its forms. They are like those slaves in the South before the war who petitioned the Government not to cast them out into freedom. They are absolutely dominated by their masters, the men. And this is really the ideal state for women—I say it and stick to it!—if the men knew how to or were disposed to take proper care of them, as many Southerners before the war did of their slaves. But no one intelligent person can live in Spain a day without realizing that the women are not properly cared for, not properly loved or cherished, even when they are magnificently provided for with every luxury that wealth affords. Yet the only suffragist we found there was a retired officer of the army, a dingy old man who confided to Peggy, naïvely wagging his gray head, that his friends thought he was a bit "touched" because he believed in more freedom and better laws for women.

As for me, I do not think Spain is any more benighted than some parts of the United States. In Tennessee I have seen the second wife and her children live in luxury upon the first wife's estate, while the first wife's children suffered privation. I have known a rich woman to marry a worthless man without a penny, who turned her out of her own house and continued to live in it on her income, while she depended upon the charity of friends for support. And this was all legally done according to the laws of that state. While we are looking at the condition of women abroad we may as well look round at home some. No history of the women of any nation has ever been written. When that of American women is published—if it ever is—we shall hear less than we do now about her dominating ways and arrogant abuse of rights and privileges. Ah me! I actually tremble when I think what will happen in the world if the women actually do take a notion to tell all they know, and especially what they have suffered from the tooting gallantry of men. They will have a frightful advantage if they ever do begin it, because men can never tell what they have suffered from women without doing some violence to the reticence and courage of their manhood. It is written for every man: "Thou shalt not complain or tell on thy woman, however mean and abominable she has been to thee!"

The Gossip of the People

I do not know what is going to happen to us. The immediate future for women seems angry and dark, full of fury and accusations against the very beings we love most. What I wish is that in our country at least the men who govern would get together in this matter before it is too late, revise our laws and make others for the better protection of women, and stop this suffrage movement before it really takes deep hold upon the minds of American women. It may be the right thing, the lifted wing of our next evolution in the scale of things—this franchise of women—but to me it seems terrible in its dangers and responsibilities. I reckon this is because I am old and have lost the courage of the young present.

So far I have confined myself to general impressions of Spanish life and to the conditions of those poor little vowels of humanity—Spanish women. But this account of our visit in Spain would be incomplete without some attempt to describe another experience we had there. However much of a stranger you are in a strange country, you may always know what circle of society you have got into by the quality of conversation current. If it is very poor the topics most discussed are the daily needs of the people and their daily crimes. The poor always have bloody imaginations. They are always interested in murders and violent deaths. And out of their great necessity comes much talk about the cost of living. But if the conversation is ugly gossip about the immorality of men and women, you may know that you are in the back-door circles of the better class, garbage conversationalists who batten eagerly upon the faults of those above them. If the talk is always of pleasures, indulgence, if everybody is planning his own comfort, you will understand at once that you are among the idle, selfish, anemic rich. If the subjects most discussed are impersonal, matters of art and science, music and literature, you will understand that you have the dubious good fortune of being in the best, truly refined circle of society. I say dubious because, after all, mere talk about these things does not indicate the existence there of the people who actually accomplish them. I have observed everywhere that those who achieve do not belong to any circle of society. They are silent forces, dumb, foolish, embarrassed-looking "lions" at dinners, men and women who have acquired some stronger instrument of expression than the merely garrulous human tongue. But over and above these distinctions there is in every nation some subject of conversation more or less common to all classes and circles of society. In England you are bound to hear more or less about cricket and politics at five o'clock teaparties. In Germany there is always dinner-time talk of music and the opera, with a little beery spice of pessimism about life in general thrown in. In France it is the latest scandal or witticism and aviation. In Spain everywhere we heard of the lottery and of the bullfight, just as in America one hears of graft and baseball. In the streets of Madrid there is not a beggar so poor that he cannot afford to buy at least one ticket a month in the lottery. There is not a child old enough to speak who cannot tell you about the last bullfight he saw.

The popular heroes there are not warriors or statesmen, but the favorite toreadors, just as in our country the boys no longer idealize George Washington, but the best pitcher in the baseball leagues.

Safe in the Gallery

Peggy, of course, being young and ardent, was more interested in the tales of the bullring than I was. She urged over and again that we should go to see the next bullfight, which was to be on Friday before we left. I demurred. I have always been afraid of cows, to say nothing of bulls. She overcame this objection with the assurance that we should have seats in the gallery fifty feet above the ring, entirely out of reach of the most ferocious bull. But my circulation is not good. When I get excited my feet swell and I should have to take off my shoes even if we were at the grand opera. In vain I held this out as a threat, and I consented at last to accompany Peggy to the bullfight.

We had good seats in the gallery—too good. Beneath us was tier after tier of stone benches, then the space between the seats and the ring, which was a circle about two hundred yards across and inclosed by a stout stockade a little higher than a man's waist. I have seen many a spotted Georgia yearling that could jump it without lifting his tail. My comfort was that cows cannot climb a staircase like this one below us formed by the tiers of stone seats. We were immediately under the royal box, which was in the next gallery. One of the arguments Peggy had used to get me to attend this fight was the fact that the long ribbon streamers, with which the bulls are decorated, are often made by the queen and the various *infantas* of Spain. It was inconceivable that women, royal women, the leaders of life and sentiment in the best society of the nation, would countenance an absolutely revolting and barbarous performance.

Scenes at the Bull Fight

It was a cloudless afternoon. We took our seats amid the fourteen thousand other spectators, including several members of the royal family in the box above. The stockade was informally and brilliantly decorated with the cloaks of the toreadors, red, blue, purple, pink, orange-colored, all gleaming in the afternoon sun like rainbow rays hanging upon the sides of the ring. There were many women to be seen besides the Spanish, who were distinguished by their white and black mantillas. Most of the others, I think, were English and Americans. I did not meet in Spain a single person of another nationality—man or woman—who was not fierce in his condemnation of bullfighting, but who, when pressed, did not admit that he had attended more than one fight if he had been there long enough to get to a second one.

Presently the sunny silence was rent on all sides by continued calls for "The bull! The bull!"

A gate was thrown open and two gayly uniformed horsemen galloped into the ring, crossed it, stood under the president's box and asked for the keys of the city. They immediately disappeared. Another gate was flung open and six toreadors streamed into the ring. They were dressed in tights of as many colors as were represented in the capes already hanging on the sides of the stockade, and very handsomely embroidered in gold and silver. After these came four picadors mounted upon horses. I was disappointed in the horses, poor old worn-out hacks with sprung knee joints, no more capable of speed than blind mules. In fact, there was a bandage over one eye of each horse, the one on the side that was to be next to the charging bull, as we afterward learned to our unutterable horror. Each picador carried a long spear, and lumbered round the ring upon his ludicrous

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steed amid the joyful exclamations of the crowd. Meanwhile the toreadors that were on foot had withdrawn to safety behind narrow wooden barriers placed inside the stockade for this purpose. At this moment a bugle sounded from the president's box. A gate was flung open and an immense black bull rushed into the ring, bellowing and sweeping his long horns from side to side—horns that had been sharpened at the ends for a purpose that we should presently understand. The streamers from between his shoulders fluttered wildly. A little girl in the seat next to me, who had been telling her English governess of how she had been entertained the previous Sunday watching the slaughter of lambs at some shambles she had visited in the country, paused in the midst of her story to watch the bull—eager-eyed, delighted at what was to come. A boy not more than four years old began to cry because there was no blood. His father began to comfort him with the promise that there would be a plenty! This was the first intimation we had of what was really to come.

The Last Stand of the Bull

The bull, blinded by the fierce light in the ring, saw nothing at first. It merely charged madly round and round. Each time the picadors turned the blind sides of their horses to him and awaited. It was not in the plan of the sport that these poor beasts should have the slimmest chance of escape. Presently the enraged animal paused, became aware for the first time that he had enemies in the ring nearer than those he had seen vaguely in the seats beyond. He singled out an old gray horse fifty yards away and started with lowered head, bellowing as he came.

"Peggy!" I screamed, "my feet are swelling! If that cow gets that horse I'll have to take off ——"

I never finished the sentence. That instant the old gray rolled over, his side ripped from flank to shoulderblade. While the gray was receiving this wound the picador was thrusting his spear into the neck of the bull. There was the wildest excitement among the spectators, yells of frenzied delight as the infuriated beast charged from one horse to another, each time doing fatal work with his sharpened horns, each time receiving into his own flesh the terrible spear of the picador.

Again the bugle sounded, the toreadors turned from their hiding-places and began to play the bull with their capes. The old gray mercifully lay dead. A picador led through the gate another horse that was dragging his entrails in the sand. The other two, still ridden, limped after with wounds that gaped in their sides. The shoulders of the bull were covered with blood.

I looked round and at first did not see Peggy. She had slipped down and hidden her face in the folds of my skirt. And she did not lift it again until the bull was dragged dead from the ring. No such merciful courage to turn my head away was possible to me. I was fascinated. I could not keep from staring at the hideous drama below. There is nothing so tyrannical in its hold upon attention as horror, once you are dominated by it. I saw two men in red tights, as slim and active as if they had wings, with *banderillas* as poised and malevolent as inspired devils, and before that maddened creature and incite him to charge. When he did each successive bull's lowered head and thrust the wings into his neck. There was an instant explosion.

Peggy Gets Enough

Red blazes shot out over him and fire streamed down with the blood upon his shoulders. No word can describe the intensity of his rage and terror that followed. The bugle sounded again. A slim youth in lavender tights embroidered in silver jolted over the stockade. He carried a red flag in one hand and a sword in the other. For the next ten minutes the crowd was as silent as if it held its breath. This was to "square" the bull and kill it with one thrust between the shoulders. If he made a mistake, failed to thrust in the vital spot, he would be shamed and disgraced, also he might lose his life—not that that mattered to the spectators, except that it would bungle the science of this brilliantly scientific sport.

The bull charged and turned and charged again. The boy moved like a marionette, always keeping the red flag a little to one side, waiting for the moment before each charge when the bull would stand squarely in front of him with lowered head. Suddenly the instant arrived. The boy rose fully six feet in the air, the sword gleamed and disappeared. Only the hilt of it was visible now between the bloody shoulders. The bull stood perfectly still. In the twinkling of an eye his nature was changed, gone from him. He looked mildly from one of his tormentors to the other, disregarding the bondage of the red and purple cloaks flaunted before him. He saw them—the men who had tortured him—clearly for the first time. His air was so gentle it was as if he said:

"Gentlemen, there is some mistake. I do not understand what has happened. I am tired. The grass is green here. Excuse me."

He knelt slowly, with that singular, deliberate dignity which belongs to all great animals.

The bugle sounded. The gate was thrown open. Two mules that had had their tails cut off and red and yellow pompons fastened to the stumps trotted in, backed up gayly to the fallen form of the only hero I saw in Spain. A chain was buckled round the base of the dead bull's horns and the mules trotted out, dragging the immense body.

"Peggy," I whispered, "it is over. Let us get out of here quick before the next one comes in!"

We hurried out, Peggy white and so limp she could scarcely stand. At the door of the gallery the ticket man smiled.

"Your first time, I reckon. A heap of folks can't stand it the first time. But, ha! ha! they always come back again. It's great sport! I'm an ——" His voice followed us indistinctly as we clattered down the stairs.

Outside all was peaceful and still, as if this part of the great city had suddenly moved far out into the country. There was not a human being to be seen. They were all inside. There were still five more bulls to fight and kill.

An hour later, when we had reached our *pension* and I had put my niece to bed with a hot-water bottle at her feet and had given her a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia, I said this:

"Peggy, the next time you want to go to a bullfight take some one else, for you'll never take me; not if the Infanta Isabella offered me a seat beside her in the royal box!"

She looked at me meekly and said nothing. And that was the last reference to a bullfight between us.

The Love of the Horrible

What I have written here is not elegant. The theme does not lend itself to nice literary treatment. But I have told the truth. And my readers will not have any nice literary magazine excuse of ignorance if they are ever tempted to go to a Spanish bullfight.

What I wish I knew is this: Does the national mind of a people, as it grows old and callous, rot into a degraded sort of appetite for what is bestial and cruel? Do we come at last to crave horror as a motive in any drama of life? In this connection I recall a circumstance connected with Strauss' opera, Salome. Some years ago, when it was put on at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, the people revolted at the monstrous meaning. Even in New York, where so much of life is neurotic and diseased, they could not bear the motive of the thing, which was horror. It was taken off after the third performance. But the next season it was put on and had a rather successful run. In a year the sensibilities of the audience had decayed that much.

How would a Spanish audience, the same people who rejoice in a bullfight, receive an opera like Salome? They are said to be rather squeamish about what goes on the stage in Spain. Is bullfighting merely an illustration of the universal cruelty of the Latin people everywhere in their relation to the lower animals?

It is hard to say. But, for one, I am not sure that it is not healthier morally and mentally to witness a bullfight than to see some of the febrilely refined and decadent plays that are so popular in some American cities.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth in a series of articles by Corra Harris. The seventh will appear in an early issue.



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BOOK-RAISIN'

By Blanche Goodman

"DIS heah presen' gingeration," said Viney as she sprinkled down the clothes preparatory to ironing and tightly wadded each piece before placing it in the basket, "lays too much sto' by books."

"Folks says," observed Uncle Peter, "dat hit's books what mek de young people smahter'n de ol' uns nowdays."

"Folks!" sniffed Viney scornfully. "What folks says dat? De young uns deyself says hit, dat's who. But you an' me knows better. De things what 'mounts to somep'n am always heah to be learnt, ef dey is put down in books er not; an' de things what don' 'mount to shucks dries up an' blows 'way, jes' lak all no 'count things does ef you goes on an' lets 'em alone. I had a exspe'unce oncet where I run plumb up against dat book-learnin' business, an' you can be de jedge of who come out on top.

"I was out in de yahd one day hangin' out clothes when Miss Fanny sent word fo' me to come on up to de house right dat minute an he'p her git ready to go 'way, 'cause she'd jes' got bad news fum Miss May an' she was gwine to take de train dat ve'y aft'noon an' go to her.

"I run as fas' as my laigs could tote me, an' when I come on up to de house I foun' Miss Fanny dat tore up an' worritted dat I couldn't sca'cely do nothin' wid her. She tol' me dat a telegraph had come sayin' Miss May had a pensights an' have to have hit tuck out ef she want to live. Dat's whut Miss Fanny tol' me 'tween cryin' an' wringin' her han's. Fum de soun' of hit I knowed dat whut Miss May had mus' 'a' been somep'n awful, an' I helped Miss Fanny to git ready as fas' as I could.

"'Viney,' say Miss Fanny as I went on out to de ca'ige wid her an' de Cunnel to tell her goodby, 'I reckon Miss May'll be ca'ied to de infernery, an' Ise a-gwine to sen' de white nuss she's got ovah heah wid de baby, 'cause hit'll be better fo' hit to be heah twel she am all right again; an' I'll pen' on you to ovahsee things even ef de nuss am a fus'-class one.'

"Dat was on a Choosday, an' on Thu'sday Cunnel Slocum got word to meet de nuss an' baby at de depot. Isom hitch up de ca'ige an' me an' him an' de Cunnel went on down to wait twel de train come in. Pretty soon here hit come a-rumblin' an' puffin' in, an' when hit slowed up an' stopped a white lady carryin' a baby in huh ahms steps off.

"We all got in de ca'ige, an' den I tuck a good look at de baby. Laws, Uncle Peter, I don' know when I has evah seed such a puny lookin' chil'—nothin' but skin an' gristle—an' fo' de life er me I couldn't he'p sayin': 'How come de baby so po' an' spin'ling?' I don' think de Cunnel notice how bad dat li'l thing look, he was so chuck full er bein' a gran'pa, er else he didn' want to let on.

"'De baby am puffeckly well,' say de train nuss. 'He am not perzackly what you calls fat, but he am healthy, 'cause we's a-raisin' him cordin' to de rules laid down in Doctor Bolter's book an' he's a-gwine to be de fines' baby in de lan'.'

"I says to myse'f: 'Ef he's a-gwine to he better hurry up an' git on de road, fo' he's a fur ways frum hit.' Den I says out loud: 'S'posen you lets me hol' him in my ahms a while so dat you can res'.' I was jes' achin' to fol' dat li'l lamb up to me. At dat de nuss open her eyes wide at me an' 'spon's: 'Thanky, Viney, but 'cordin' to de book hit's bad fo' de baby to be helt by so many dif'ent people so I'll jes' keep him.' Well, ef dat didn' beat my time! I ain't open my mouf after dat, an' I jes' set an' listen to de Cunnel axin' questions 'bout Miss May an' how she was gittin' on, while we rid on up to de house. Dat mawnin' I had gone on up to de garret an' brung down a cradle what was up dere—de ve'y one dat Miss May herse'f had been rocked in—an' had put hit in de room where de nuss an' de baby was to be. De minute we come in de room an' her eyes lit on hit she say: 'Am dat fo' de baby?' 'Yes'm,' says I, awful proud, 'dat's de one dat de baby's own ma slep' in.' An' den what you reckon dat nuss say, Uncle Peter?" The old man shook his head as he gazed at Viney with a blank expression.

"She tol' me," said Viney slowly, watching the effect of her words on Uncle Peter, "dat de rules er de book was dead agin cradles! Yes, dat's what she said! Den she went on to 'splain dat de rockin' did somep'n er other to de baby's diges'ment an' addled up some sort er gray stuff what am in de brames, an' a lot mo' fool talk 'bout things what no one evah hearn tell of outside er de man what writ de book, an' he nevah was no ma hisse'f, so how could he tell?

"Well, I seen den an' dere dat one of two things was gwine to happen—dey was gwine to be a set-to, er else I'd have to jes' nachully let her walk all ovah me an' not say nothin'. As I knows better'n to be unmannerable to white folks I stepped back an' give her de middle er de road.

"Of all de nonsense dat evah I hearn tell of dat baby was put thoo de wussest. You mus'n't pat him on de back when he have de colic 'cause hit jars de spine. You mus'n't 'low no one to kiss him 'cause dey am li'l wiggly things on folks dat you cain't see wid de neckid eye, what am li'ble to drap off on de baby an' give him all kinds er 'zeases. I ax de nuss: 'How come ef folks has got dem things on 'em dat dey ain't got de 'zeases you say dey gives to de baby?' but she couldn' 'splain hit to me un'erstandably, an' I don' b'lieve she knowed herse'f. You mus'n't talk much in front er de baby, 'cause dat gits hits mind to wukkin' befo' de time sot fo' hit to wuk an' de book am strong agin dat. I cain't 'member all de things dat nuss did tell me, but no matter what she say, I always tol' her 'Yes'm,' 'cause I knowed hit was de bes' way to ac'.

"De baby wan't pickin' up a bit, an' dem book doin's was hahmin' him. Anybody wid a half-eye could see hit. Babies has got to have some love, an' dis un didn' have nothin' but rules to live off'n. One aft'noon when de nuss had gone out to take her airin' I went on up to de room where de baby was layin' an' frettin' sof' lak to hisse'f, jes' wantin' to be tuck up in some one's ahms. 'You po' li'l angel,' says I, 'I don' keer ef a hun'erd books an' fo'ty-nine train nusses say hit's agin de rules, I'm a-gwine to rock you to sleep.' Wid dat I tuck him out'n de bed, an' settin' down in a rockin' cheer I commence goin' back an' fo'th an' singin', jes' lak I use to sing to my own chillen an' Miss Fanny's. I ain't got no fu'ther ways long dan,

Blow, Ga'b'el, blow, an' call yo' chillen home,

when de baby open his eyes at me wid de queerest look, lak as ef he was pleased but didn' know what to mek of hit. Den he closed 'em agin an' put his li'l haid on my bosom, much as to say: 'Go on wid it. Dat's what I has been missin' all dis time.' I went cl'ar to de back er my haid fo' all de songs I use to sing to de chillen when dey was babies, an' one after another I sung an' sung an' us two havin' de grandes' time together whatevah you hearn tell of. He jes' sung long wid me, in de way babies does, sorter croonin' lak, twel bimeby de han's er de clock had crep' roun' mos' to three an' hit was time fo' de nuss to come back. I had kep' a eye on de window so's I could see up de street, an' sho' nuff heah she come back fum her airin'. De baby was soun' asleep. I laid him on his bed an' I says: 'Don't yo' fret no mo', honey lamb, you an' me am a-goin' to have a good time together ev'ry aft'noon.' An' dat's jes' what we done. Somehow befo' long hit seem lak dat baby commence lookin' mo' happier; but yet he wan't doin' de way a baby ought to be doin', fo' what he needed was fat. I couldn' see how he was a-gwine to evah git a staht.

"One day when de nuss was standin' down in de kitchen fixin' de milk an' stickin' a li'l glass stick in hit to see how many hots hit was—she could er jes' as well poke her finger in hit to fin' out—I says to myse'f: 'Milk ain't all dat chil' needs.' An' dat aft'noon when de nuss was gone I ca'ied some pot-liquor up to de baby. You ought to seen de way he enjoyed hit an' smack his lips ovah hit fo' mo'. 'Dat shows what you needs,' says I, an' sho 'nough 'twan't many days befo' de pockets in his skin begin to fill up an' he look lak a real baby stid er a imbertation er one.

"De nuss was takin' de credit to herse'f an' swellin' up 'bout dat book-raisin' business, an' I jes' set back an' let her. I reckon she nevah would a foun' de real cause ef she hadn't a walked in on me an' ketched me feedin' de baby while I was holdin' him on my lap in de rockin' cheer.

"When she ketched her breff she dashed at me lak a houn' after a possum, grabbed dat baby up an' say 'tween her teef: 'How das' you tech dis baby what's in my cha'ge? How das' you set in a rockin' cheer wid him? How das' you feed him milk widout me pescribin' hit?' At dat I broke in—tho' dey wan't 'nough room in her conbersation to git in a pinpoint sca'cely: 'Dis ain't milk, hit's pot-liquor'; an', Laws! you ought to hearn de yell she let out.

"Cunnel Slocum was downstairs in de libery wid de rheumatiz, but all dat noise distracted his intention an' he drug hisse'f upstairs to see what de fracas was 'bout.

"'Cunnel Slocum,' de nuss hollered as soon as he hit de do', 'dis heah woman am feedin' de baby pizen when my back am turned, an' interferin' wid my wuk heah!' At dat de Cunnel's eyes bulge out too fo' a minute, but befo' he had time to say a word I picked up de cup an' spoon dat quick an' belt 'em un'er his nose. 'Pot-liquor,' says I, jes' lak dat, an' de Cunnel's eyes went back in again.

"'Tut! tut!' he say to de nuss as he sniffed at de cup; 'ef dis am pizen I reckon dey wouldn' a been no sojers in de Souf to fight in de wah, fo' dey wan't none of 'em but what knowed de tas'e of dis stuff when dey was babies.'

"'You means,' says de nuss, 'dat you's a-gwine to let dis baby be fed on stuff what dey ain't no rules in de book fo'?' 'Viney's de one dat can settle de question,' 'spon's de Cunnel. 'She's brung up all my chillen an' her'n, an' I reckon she knows somep'n 'bout hit.'

"'Den,' says de nuss, 'I designs my job right heah!' an' dat's what she done.

"'You's all mine now,' says I to de baby, an' he crowed at me lak he un'stood what I say. De Cunnel an' me made hit up dat we wan't gwine to say nothin' to Miss Fanny ner Miss May twel dey come.

"De time pass by an' de baby doin' finer ev'y day twel he was so fat an' sassy you wouldn' a knowed him. Miss Fanny writ dat she was ready to bring Miss May back wid her an' keep her heah twel she git mo' stronger. Dey come on home one evenin', an' de fus' thing Miss May ax fo' of cose was de baby. She was dat anxious an' 'cited dat she couldn' sca'cely wait twel I brung him in de room—an' such a-goin' on as dey was when I toted him in an' helt him out to her! She couldn' sca'cely b'lieve hit 'twas her own chile, de improvements on him was so pow'ful much. As soon as she sorter settled down she say: 'But where am de nuss? Why ain't she in de room? She am a puffeck wonder an' I wants to see her right dis ve'y minute!'

"'You's a-lookin' at her right now,' says de Cunnel, chucklin' to beat de band. 'Heahs de onlies' nuss what knows how to raise de Slocum babies anyhow,' an' he laid his han' on my ahm. Den he ups an' tells de whole story, an' I don' nevah remember when I ha' seed Miss Fanny ner Miss May so please wid me.

"In de middle of de talk, though, I notice Miss May sniffin' an' sniffin' at de baby, sorter curious lak, an' den she say: 'Viney, hit 'pears to me lak I smells bacon on de baby.' 'Dat's jes' edzackly what you smells,' says I, 'fo' I lets him chaw on a strip now an' den de same lak I use to let you.'

"'Bacon!' say Miss May; 'bacon! Why, Viney, de book say ——' an' at dat she stopped an' we all busted right out laughin'. Dat was de las' I evah hearn of book-raisin' in dat house."

"Den," said Uncle Peter, "I reckon you don' set much sto' by no kin' er book dat dey has now'days, does you?"

"Ef you's bawned widout common sense, dey ain't a-gwine to do you no good; an' ef you's bawned wid common sense, you don't need 'em," was Viney's answer.

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The Senator's Secretary

YOU may have observed some recent pother in the Congress and at the White House over the Russian passport question. The Republican President, the Democratic House of Representatives and the what-is-it? Senate all took a hack at it. Far be it from me to say there was any politics in this question of national honor and discrimination against American citizens; but if so be there was a suspicion of politics—a soupçon of the same, so to speak—diligent care was taken that all interested might know where to bring their admiring tributes of thanks, and where, furthermore, to deposit their admiring tributes of votes when the time should come when voting shall be desirable.

There were those who know the ways of Washington that predicted, when William Sulzer, of New York, was made chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee, there would be something doing. William was not keen for the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Affairs—that is, he was not apparently keen. He was ranking minority member on the Committee on Military Affairs for several Congresses when the Republican party was in power. Being somewhat of an experienced person in strategy as it applies to committees, William ascertained that it was not the intention of the Committee on Committees to make him chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs. Whereupon William let out a roar that could be heard for miles, demanding that place as his by right, by justice and by heck! He made such a fuss that the Committee on Committees sought to placate him by asking what he desired that was just as good. Reluctantly—that is, reluctantly, with the reverse English on it—William condescended to let them salve his wounded feelings with the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. Thus was justice done, for that was what he wanted all the time.

Mr. Sulzer Gets Action

Now William represents a district in the city of New York where there are more Jews than there are in Jerusalem. He knew all about the Russian discriminations against those men and women who, as American citizens and provided with passports, were accorded no passport rights as set forth in the treaty of 1832 between Russia and the United States—and had known all about those discriminations for years. Moreover, he had spoken frequently on the subject in the House of Representatives and had spoken also against the massacres of Jews in Russia.

The matter was one of common knowledge. Sulzer agitated it and introduced resolutions and made speeches—and the Republican Committee on Foreign Affairs and the Republican House of Representatives laughed at him and voted his resolutions under the table, and otherwise had fun. Presently, however, William arrived as chairman of the Foreign Affairs in the manner described. At that moment there also arrived a crisis in the Russian-Jewish question. He was in a position to do things, and he began to do them with a rapidity that brought everybody up standing.

Influential Jewish citizens had been passing resolutions and calling on the President and the Congress for action; and the matter had been dragging along. When the regular session of Congress opened in December it ceased to drag and began to gallop. William Sulzer, Esquire, was on the job, and he stirred up that passport question until, for a few days, it seemed as if we were about to go to war with Russia and that William would lead the troops.

The policy of the State Department and the White House had been to express regret to the American protesters and let the matter alone. Suddenly, a series of scouts began galloping up to the White House and shouting: "For Heaven's sake, get busy on this Russian passport business! Bill Sulzer has got it going in the House of Representatives; and he is a Democrat and the House is Democratic—and the Democrats will grab all the credit unless you do something!"

"Do what?" asked the White House.

"Do anything—everything—something! Get busy, we tell you—or the Democrats will grab all the glory of it!"

It is not too much to say the White House got busy. The activity round that historic edifice was hectic—even feverish. Meantime Sulzer's own resolution had been reported unanimously out of his Committee on Foreign Affairs and the House was ready to pass it with a whoop. There were as many conferences at the White House as if war had been declared; and the Russian Ambassador was as much round the Executive Offices as if he were a member of the Golf Cabinet, while they burned the cable with messages to Curtis Guild, our representative at the court of the Czar.

William Sulzer put his resolution over with but one dissenting vote. It was a resolution that slapped the Czar rudely on the wrist. The press dispatches said it was an insult, which is probably what William intended it to be; but that is neither here nor there. Whatever knobs there may have been on the language, that language was pretty fair for home consumption, and it was language officially adopted by a Democratic House at the behest of William Sulzer. Do not forget that. After the House resolution had passed it was eminently up to the White House to get into the game good and hard, though the White House had been invited to get in a dozen times a year for a dozen years. So Mr. Taft announced he would abrogate the treaty himself, leaving out all of William's rough talk; and then there came a howl from the Senate.

The Senate labors under the delusion that it is the only treaty-making power there is. This theory has had several rude shocks in the past when treaties have been handed to that august body with curt instructions to ratify them and be quick about it; but the Senate has a sort of an eye on politics too, and it wanted its share of the perquisites resultant from this affair, whatever those perquisites might be in the shape of votes. So the Senate messed into the situation also.

There were hopes the Supreme Court and the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Civil Service Board and the Waterways Commission and the Soldiers' Home might take a hand also, for all those institutions are bipartisan—or, to be more exact, some Republican and some Democratic; but the situation was saved without that. Rather the politics was saved; and it now rests with the skillful protagonists of the various parties to get the votes, American honor having been vindicated in a tearing hurry, but vindicated just the same—and not so very long before a presidential election.

An Expert in Programs

There seems to be no adequate reason why the other Senators shall not have a bully time this winter and spring, provided they leave the Honorable Francis G. Newlands on the job—where, by the way, the Honorable Francis G. Newlands is perfectly willing to be left. Mr. Newlands is a Senator of earnest spirit, active habit and intense agility of mind. It has irked him for a long time to observe the hit-or-miss, slipshod methods by which the Senate does business. Though willing to admit the Senate gets its results in the long run, and generally along those lines the experienced result-getters have laid out, he is of the opinion that what the Senate really needs is some scientific shop management; and to that end he has offered his services and has laid out a program.

Laid out a program! That is absolutely the best thing Senator Newlands does. He can lay out a program—and will, if encouraged—for anything from the christening of a pair of twins to the reconstruction of China. He is our grandest little programmer. To be sure, it often occurs, after the Senator has laid out a program, that he forgets the program he has laid out and begins to lay out another; but that is of no consequence! The main fact is that he lays out the program.

The Senator, having thought deeply on the problems before the body of which he is a member and before the country at large, has decided there are thirteen topics of immediate and vital concern on which the Senate should take legislative action at this session; and he has arranged them in orderly fashion in a resolution, beginning with the tariff and ending with a reduction in the cost of the upkeep of the army and navy to some two hundred millions of dollars a year—which is number thirteen. Between the vanguard of the tariff and the rearguard of a hundred millions each for the army and navy are marshaled about all other legislative questions that can be imagined—even by an expert imaginer of our needs.

It is the Senator's idea that what the Senate needs is a guiding hand—a man at the tiller who can steer it straight to the desired haven of accomplishment. Wherefore he offers his services. He desires to organize the opinion of the Senate as he thinks it should be organized; and then, if the Senate knows a good thing, he will proceed unfalteringly along the path he has marked out and do those things he has selected as the things that should be done.

It is a grand idea! At one comprehensive swoop, Senator Newlands has relieved the Senate of all its responsibilities. He has picked out the paramount measures; and all the Senate has to do now is to take them up, from one to thirteen inclusive, pass them as he shall indicate—and a lot of trouble will be escaped, a lot of useless political manipulating avoided, and a lot of valuable time reserved for the Senator himself in which to elucidate some few of his well-known ideas touching on all sections of human knowledge, human need and human accomplishment. Oddly enough, the Senate has not yet grabbed at this attempt to organize its opinion for it.

Congressional Christmas Money

Once more the boys in the House of Representatives came marching to the front and saved their twenty cents a mile for mileage. An impious Pennsylvanian or two and others from near by tried to reduce the rate, but the chaps from the Far Western points and from about every other point rallied, and the rate stands—at twenty cents a mile. Besides, it was allotted in time to give the statesmen some Christmas money—and if there is anything a statesman dotes on it is Christmas money, especially at the rate of twenty cents a mile from home and back, said travel costing him about three cents a mile or less.

There was Palmer, of Pennsylvania, who had the audacity—to say nothing of the temerity and the ingratitude—to stand up and say his mileage, at twenty cents a mile, from his home in Pennsylvania to Washington and back, is one hundred and three dollars, while his ticket actually costs him ten dollars and fifty cents. Wherefore he thought the rate might just as well be cut in half. Immediately there came loud cries from the West and South—a clamor from patriots who pay out about one hundred and twenty-five dollars for their round trips and garner about two thousand dollars mileage—that this outrage on the rights and perquisites and immemorial precedents of the members must not and should not prevail. They are all for the strictest economy, they say, as witness their votes in keeping down clerical salaries and in disallowing just claims; but to be economical at the expense of that ancient but established mileage of twenty cents a mile was a sacrilege that would not be permitted. Nor was it. They turned in and voted themselves the twenty cents a mile. Meantime they couldn't see their way clear to give five thousand dollars to a young woman who, when working in the Census Office, was caught in a shaft and had her scalp torn off—and by no fault of hers!

Nor is it any wonder that Oscar Underwood has decided he must stay in Washington and keep an eye on things if the Democrats are to go into the next campaign with a record for economy, however his presidential prospects may suffer. His fellow Democrats are fixing up a rivers-and-harbors bill and a public-building bill, and they are insisting that to the victors belong the spoils—which was true enough in the time of it; but there are various candidates for the Democratic nomination for president among the Democratic members of the House, and they read it another way. If these hungry Democrats do not listen to reason, so far as these candidates are concerned that sentiment will read: To the victors belong the spoiled!

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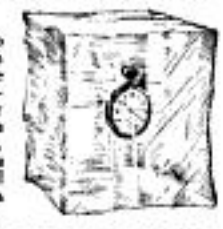
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Look For This
W. K. Kellogg

The Grand Cross of the Crescent

(Continued from Page 5)

at Newport, when all she ever saw of Newport was Burgers and the Meuschenheim-Kings."

"It's plain to see you hate yourself," said Peter. "You must not get so despondent or you might commit suicide. How much money will you want?"

"How much have you got?"

"All kinds," said Peter. "Some in a letter-of-credit that my father earned from the fretful pig, and much more in cash that I won at poker from the pashas. When that's gone I've got to go to work and earn my living. Meanwhile your salary is a hundred a week and all you need to boost Gilman and the Order of the Crescent. We are now the Gilman Defense, Publicity and Development Committee, and you will begin by introducing me to the man I am to bribe."

"In this country you don't need any introduction to the man you want to bribe," exclaimed Stetson; "you just bribe him!"

II

THAT same night in the smoking room of the hotel, Peter and Stetson made their first move in the game of winning for Professor Gilman the Order of the Crescent. Stetson presented Peter to a young effendi in a frock coat and fez. Stetson called him Osman. He was a clerk in the foreign office and appeared to be "a friend of a friend of a friend" of the assistant third secretary.

The five volumes of the Rise and Fall were spread before him, and Peter demanded to know why so distinguished a scholar as Doctor Gilman had not received some recognition from the country he had so sympathetically described. Osman fingered the volumes doubtfully, and promised the matter should be brought at once to the attention of the grand vizier.

After he had departed Stetson explained that Osman had just as little chance of getting within speaking distance of the grand vizier as of the ladies of his harem.

"It's like Tammany," said Stetson; "there are sachems, district leaders and lieutenants. Each of them is entitled to trade or give away a few of these decorations, just as each district leader gets his percentage of jobs in the street-cleaning department. This fellow will go to his patron, his patron will go to some under-secretary in the cabinet, he will put it up to a palace favorite, and they will divide your money.

"In time the minister of foreign affairs will sign your brevet and a hundred others, without knowing what he is signing; then you cable me, and the Star of the Crescent will burst upon the United States in a way that will make Halley's comet look like a wax match."

The next day Stetson and the tutor sailed for home and Peter was left alone to pursue, as he supposed, the Order of the Crescent. On the contrary, he found that the Order of the Crescent was pursuing him. He had not appreciated that, from underlings and backstair politicians, an itinerant showman like Stetson and the only son of an American Cræsus would receive very different treatment.

Within twenty-four hours a fat man with a blue-black beard and diamond rings called with Osman to apologize for the latter. Osman, the fat man explained, had been about to make a fatal error. For Doctor Gilman he had asked the Order of the Crescent of the fifth class, the same class that had been given Stetson. The fifth class, the fat man explained, was all very well for tradesmen, dragomans and eunuchs, but as an honor for a savant as distinguished as the friend of Mr. Hallowell, the fourth class would hardly be high enough. The fees, the fat man added, would also be higher; but, he pointed out, it was worth the difference, because the fourth class entitled the wearer to a salute from all sentries.

"There are few sentries at Stillwater," said Peter; "but I want the best and I want it quick. Get me the fourth class."

The next morning he was surprised by an early visit from Stimson of the embassy. The secretary was considerably annoyed.

"My dear Hallowell," he protested, "why the devil didn't you tell me you wanted a decoration? Of course the state department expressly forbids us to ask for one for ourselves, or for any one else. But what's the Constitution between friends? I'll get it for you at once—but, on two conditions: that you don't tell anybody I got it, and that you tell me why you want it and what you ever did to deserve it."

Instead, Peter explained fully and so sympathetically that the diplomat demanded that he, too, should be enrolled as one of the Gilman Defense Committee.

"Doctor Gilman's history," he said, "must be presented to the Sultan. You must have the five volumes rebound in red and green, the colors of Mohammed, and with as much gold tooling as they can carry, I hope," he added, "they are not soiled."

"Not by me," Peter assured him.

"I will take them myself," continued Stimson, "to Muley Pasha, the minister of foreign affairs, and ask him to present them to His Imperial Majesty. He will promise to do so, but he won't; but he knows I know he won't, so that is all right. And in return he will present us with the Order of the Crescent of the third class."

"Going up!" exclaimed Peter. "The third class. That will cost me my entire letter-of-credit."

"Not at all," said Stimson. "I've saved you from the grafters. It will cost you only what you pay to have the books rebound. And the *third* class is a real honor of which any one might be proud. You wear it round your neck, and at your funeral it entitles you to an escort of a thousand soldiers."

"I'd rather put up with fewer soldiers," said Peter, "and wear it longer round my neck. What's the matter with our getting the second class or the first class?"

At such ignorance Stimson could not repress a smile.

"The first class," he explained patiently, "is the Great Grand Cross, and is given only to reigning sovereigns. The second is called the Grand Cross, and is bestowed only on crowned princes, prime ministers and men of worldwide fame ——"

"What's the matter with Doctor Gilman's being of worldwide fame?" said Peter. "He will be some day, when Stetson starts boosting."

"Some day," retorted Stimson stiffly, "I may be an ambassador. When I am I hope to get the Grand Cross of the Crescent, but not now. I'm sorry you're not satisfied," he added aggrievedly. "No one can get you anything higher than the third class, and I may lose my official head asking for that."

"Nothing is too good for old man Gilman," said Peter, "nor for you. You get the third class for him, and I'll have father make you an ambassador."

That night at poker at the club Peter sat next to Prince Abdul, who had come from a reception at the grand vizier's and still wore his decorations. Decorations now fascinated Peter, and those on the coat of the young prince he regarded with wide-eyed awe. He also regarded Abdul with wide-eyed awe, because he was the favorite nephew of the Sultan and because he enjoyed the reputation of having the worst reputation in Turkey. Peter wondered why. He always had found Abdul charming, distinguished, courteous to the verge of humility, most cleverly cynical, most brilliantly amusing. At poker he almost invariably won, and while doing so was so politely bored, so indifferent to his cards and the cards held by others, that Peter declared he had never met his equal.

In a pause in the game, while someone tore the cover off a fresh pack, Peter pointed at the star of diamonds that nestled behind the lapel of Abdul's coat.

"May I ask what that is?" said Peter.

The prince frowned at his diamond sunburst as though it annoyed him, and then smiled delightedly.

"It is an order," he said in a quick aside, "bestowed only upon men of worldwide fame. I dine tonight," he explained, "with your charming compatriot, Mr. Joseph Stimson."

"And Joe told?" said Peter.

The prince nodded. "Joe told," he repeated; "but it is all arranged. Your distinguished friend, the Sage of Stillwater, will receive the Crescent of the third class."

Peter's eyes were still fastened hungrily upon the diamond sunburst.

"Why," he demanded, "can't some one get him one like that?"

As though about to take offense the prince raised his eyebrows, and then thought better of it and smiled.

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"There are only two men in all Turkey," he said, "who could do that."

"And is the Sultan the other one?" asked Peter.

The prince gasped as though he had suddenly stepped beneath a cold shower, and then laughed long and silently.

"You flatter me," he murmured.

"You know you could if you liked!" whispered Peter stoutly.

Apparently Abdul did not hear him. "I will take one card," he said.

Toward two in the morning there was seventy-five thousand francs in the pot and all save Prince Abdul and Peter had dropped out.

"Will you divide?" asked the prince.

"Why should I?" said Peter. "I've got you beat now. Do you raise me or call?" The prince called and laid down a full house. Peter showed four tens.

"I will deal you one hand, double or quits," said the prince.

Over the end of his cigar Peter squinted at the great heap of mother-of-pearl counters and goldpieces and banknotes.

"You will pay me double what is on the table," he said, "or you quit owing me nothing."

The prince nodded.

"Go ahead," said Peter.

The prince dealt them each a hand and discarded two cards. Peter held a seven, a pair of kings and a pair of fours. Hoping to draw another king, which might give him a three higher than the three held by Abdul, he threw away the seven and the lower pair. He caught another king. The prince showed three queens and shrugged his shoulders.

Peter leaning toward him spoke out of the corner of his mouth.

"I'll make you a sporting proposition," he murmured. "You owe me a hundred and fifty thousand francs. I'll stake that against what only two men in the Empire can give me."

The prince allowed his eyes to travel slowly round the circle of the table. But the puzzled glances of the other players showed that to them Peter's proposal conveyed no meaning.

The prince smiled cynically.

"For yourself?" he demanded.

"For Doctor Gilman," said Peter.

"We will cut for deal and one hand will decide," said the prince. His voice dropped to a whisper. "And no one must ever know," he warned.

Peter also could be cynical.

"Not even the Sultan," he said.

Abdul won the deal and gave himself a very good hand. But the hand he dealt Peter was the better one.

The prince was a good loser. The next afternoon the Gazette Officielle announced that upon Dr. Henry Gilman, professor emeritus of the University of Stillwater, U. S. A., the Sultan had been graciously pleased to confer the Grand Cross of the Order of the Crescent.

Peter flashed the great news to Stetson. The cable caught him at quarantine. It read: "Captured Crescent, Grand Cross. Get busy."

But before Stetson could get busy the campaign of publicity had been brilliantly opened from Constantinople. Prince Abdul, although pitch-forked into the Gilman Defense Committee, proved himself one of its most enthusiastic members.

"For me it becomes a case of *noblesse oblige*," he declared. "If it is worth doing at all it is worth doing well. Today the Sultan will command that the Rise and Fall be translated into Arabic and that it be placed in the national library. Moreover, the University of Constantinople, the College of Salonica and the National Historical Society have each elected Doctor Gilman an honorary member. I proposed him, the Patriarch of Mesopotamia seconded him. And the Turkish Ambassador in America has been instructed to present the insignia with his own hands."

Nor was Peter or Stimson idle. To assist Stetson in his press-work and to further the idea that all Europe was now clamoring for the Rise and Fall, Peter paid an impecunious but overeducated dragoman to translate it into five languages, and Stimson officially wrote of this and of the bestowal of the Crescent to the State Department. He pointed out that not since General Grant had passed through Europe had the Sultan so highly honored an American. He added he had been requested by the grand vizier—who had been requested by Prince Abdul—to request the State Department to inform Doctor Gilman of these high honors. A request from such a source was a command and, as desired, the State Department wrote as requested by the grand vizier to Doctor Gilman, and tendered congratulations. The fact was sent out briefly from Washington by Associated Press. This official recognition by the Government and by the newspapers was all and more than Stetson wanted. He took off his coat and with a megaphone, rather than a pen, told the people of the United States who Doctor Gilman was, who the Sultan was, what a Grand Cross was, and why America's greatest historian was not without honor save in his own country. Columns of this were paid for and appeared as "patent insides," with a portrait of Doctor Gilman taken from the Stillwater College Annual and a picture of the Grand Cross drawn from imagination, in eight hundred newspapers of the Middle, Western and Eastern states. Special articles, paragraphs, portraits and pictures of the Grand Cross followed and, using Stillwater as his base, Stetson continued to flood the country. Young Hines, the local correspondent, acting under instructions by cable from Peter, introduced him to Doctor Gilman as a traveler who lectured on Turkey and one who was a humble admirer of the author of the Rise and Fall. Stetson, having studied it as a student crams examination, begged that he might sit at the feet of the master. And for several evenings, actually at his feet, on the steps of the ivy-covered cottage, the disguised press agent drew from the unworldly and unsuspecting scholar the simple story of his life. To this, still in his character as disciple and student, he added photographs he himself made of the master, of the master's ivy-covered cottage, of his favorite walk across the campus, of the great historian at work at his desk, at work in his rose garden, at play with his wife on the croquet lawn. These he held until the insignia should be actually presented. This pleasing duty fell to the Turkish ambassador who, much to his astonishment, had received instructions to proceed to Stillwater, Massachusetts, a place of which he had never heard, and present to a Doctor Gilman, of whom he had never heard, the Grand Cross of the Crescent. As soon as the insignia arrived in the official mailbag a secretary brought it from Washington to Boston, and the ambassador traveled down from Bar Harbor to receive it and with the secretary took the local train to Stillwater.

The reception extended to him there is still remembered by the ambassador as one of the happiest incidents of his distinguished career. Never since he came to represent his Imperial Majesty in the Western republic had its barbarians greeted him in a manner in any way so nearly approaching his own idea of what was his due.

"This ambassador," Hines had explained to the Mayor of Stillwater, who was also the proprietor of its largest department store, "is the personal representative of the Sultan. So we've got to treat him right."

"It's exactly," added Stetson, "as though the Sultan himself were coming."

"And so few crowned heads visit Stillwater," continued Hines, "that we ought to show we appreciate this one, especially as he comes to pay the highest honor known to Europe to one of our townsmen."

The mayor chewed nervously on his cigar.

"What'd I better do?" he asked.

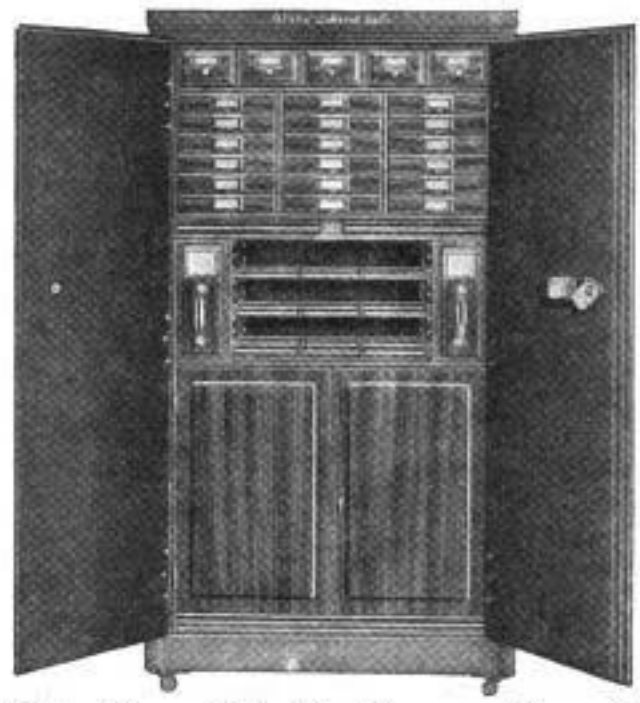
"Mr. Stetson here," Hines pointed out, "has lived in Turkey and he knows what they expect. Maybe he will help us."

"Will you?" begged the mayor.

"I will," said Stetson.

Then they visited the college authorities. Chancellor Black and most of the faculty were on their vacations. But there were half a dozen professors still in their homes round the campus, and it was pointed out to them that the coming honor to one lately of their number reflected glory upon the college and upon them, and that they should take official action.

It was also suggested that for photographic purposes they should wear their academic robes, caps and hoods. To these suggestions, with alacrity—partly because they all loved Doctor Gilman and partly because they had never been photographed by a moving-picture machine—they all agreed. So it came about that when the ambassador, hot and cross and dusty, stepped off the way-train at Stillwater station, he found to his delighted amazement a red carpet stretching to a perfectly new automobile, a company of the local militia presenting arms, a committee, consisting of the mayor in a high hat and



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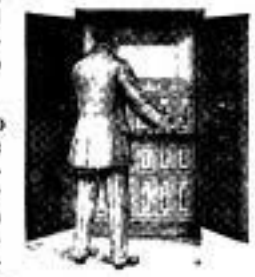
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white gloves and three professors in gowns and colored hoods, and the Stillwater Silver Cornet Band playing what, after several repetitions, the ambassador was graciously pleased to recognize as his national anthem.

The ambassador forgot that he was hot and cross. He forgot that he was dusty. His face radiated satisfaction and perspiration. Here at last were people who appreciated him and his high office. And as the mayor helped him into the automobile, and those students who lived in Stillwater welcomed him with strange yells and the moving-picture machine aimed at him point blank, he beamed with condescension. But inwardly he was ill at ease.

Inwardly he was chastising himself for having, through his ignorance of America, failed to appreciate the importance of the man he had come to honor. When he remembered he had never even heard of Doctor Gilman he blushed with confusion. And when he recollected that he had been almost on the point of refusing to come to Stillwater, that he had considered leaving the presentation to his secretary, he shuddered. What might not the Sultan have done to him! What a narrow escape!

Attracted by the band, by the sight of their fellow townsmen in khaki, by the sight of the stout gentleman in the red fez, by a tremendous liking and respect for Doctor Gilman, the entire town of Stillwater gathered outside his cottage. And inside, the old professor, trembling and bewildered and yet strangely happy, bowed his shoulders while the ambassador slipped over them the broad green scarf and upon his only frock coat pinned the diamond sunburst. In woful embarrassment Doctor Gilman smiled and bowed and smiled, and then as the delighted mayor of Stillwater shouted "Speech," in sudden panic he reached out his hand quickly and covertly and found the hand of his wife.

"Now, then, three long ones!" yelled the cheer leader. "Now, then, See the Conquering Hero!" yelled the bandmaster. "Attention! Present! Arms!" yelled the militia captain; and the townspeople and the professors applauded and waved their hats and handkerchiefs. And Doctor Gilman and his wife, he frightened and confused, she happy and proud and taking it all as a matter of course, stood arm in arm in the frame of honeysuckles and bowed and bowed and bowed. And the ambassador so far unbent as to drink champagne, which appeared mysteriously in tubs of ice from the rear of the ivy-covered cottage, with the mayor, with the wives of the professors, with the students, with the bandmaster. Indeed, so often did he unbend that when the perfectly new automobile conveyed him back to his Boston hotel he was sleeping happily and smiling in his sleep.

Peter had arrived in America at the same time as had the insignia, but Hines and Stetson would not let him show himself in Stillwater. They were afraid if all three conspirators foregathered they might inadvertently drop some clew that would lead to suspicion and discovery.

So Peter worked from New York, and his first act was anonymously to supply his father and Chancellor Black with all the newspaper accounts of the great celebration at Stillwater. When Doctor Black read them he choked. Never before had Stillwater College been brought so prominently before the public, and never before had her president been so utterly and completely ignored. And what made it worse was that he recognized that even had he been present he could not have shown his face. How could he, who had, as every one connected with the college now knew, out of spite and without cause dismissed an old and faithful servant, join in chanting his praises. He only hoped his patron, Hallowell, senior, might not hear of Gilman's triumph. But Hallowell, senior, heard little of anything else. At his office, at his clubs, on the golf links, every one he met congratulated him on the high and peculiar distinction that had come to his pet college.

"You certainly have the darnedest luck in backing the right horse," exclaimed a rival pork-packer enviously. "Now if I pay a hundred thousand for a Velasquez it turns out to be a bad copy worth thirty dollars, but you pay a professor three thousand and he brings you in half a million dollars' worth of free advertising. Why, this Doctor Gilman's doing as much for your college as Doctor Osler did for Johns Hopkins or as Walter Camp does for Yale."

Mr. Hallowell received these congratulations as gracefully as he was able, and in secret rage at Chancellor Black. Each day his rage increased. It seemed as though there would never be an end to Doctor Gilman. The stone he had rejected had become the cornerstone of Stillwater. Whenever he opened a newspaper he felt like exclaiming: "Will no one rid me of this pestilent fellow!" For the Rise and Fall, in an edition de luxe limited to two hundred copies, was being bought up by all his book-collecting millionaire friends; a popular edition was on view in the windows of every bookshop; it was offered as a prize to subscribers to all the more sedate magazines; and the name and features of the distinguished author had become famous and familiar. Not a day passed but that some new honor, at least so the newspapers stated, was thrust upon him. Paragraphs announced that he was to be the next exchange professor to Berlin; that in May he was to lecture at the Sorbonne; that in June he was to receive a degree from Oxford.

A fresh-water college on one of the Great Lakes leaped to the front by offering him the chair of history at that seat of learning at a salary of $5000 a year. Some of the honors that had been thrust upon Doctor Gilman existed only in the imagination of Peter and Stetson, but this offer happened to be genuine.

Doctor Gilman rejected it without consideration. He read the letter from the trustees to his wife and shook his head.

"We could not be happy away from Stillwater," he said. "We have only a month more in the cottage, but after that we still can walk past it; we can look into the garden and see the flowers she planted. We can visit the place where she lies. But if we went away we should be lonely and miserable for her, and she would be lonely for us."

Mr. Hallowell could not know why Doctor Gilman had refused to leave Stillwater; but when he read that the small Eastern college at which Doctor Gilman had graduated had offered to make him its president, his jealousy knew no bounds.

He telegraphed to Black: "Reinstate Gilman at once; offer him six thousand—offer him whatever he wants but make him promise for no consideration to leave Stillwater he is only member faculty ever brought any credit to the college if we lose him I'll hold you responsible."

The next morning, hat in hand, smiling ingratiatingly, the chancellor called upon Doctor Gilman and ate so much humble pie that for a week he suffered acute mental indigestion. But little did Hallowell, senior, care for that. He had got what he wanted. Doctor Gilman, the distinguished, was back in the faculty, and had made only one condition—that he might live until he died in the ivy-covered cottage.

Two weeks later, when Peter arrived at Stillwater to take the history examination, which should he pass it would give him his degree, he found on every side evidences of the "world-wide fame" he himself had created. The news-stand at the depot, the book stores, the drug stores, the picture shops all spoke of Doctor Gilman, and postcards showing the ivy-covered cottage, photographs and enlargements of Doctor Gilman, advertisements of the different editions of "the" history proclaimed his fame. Peter, fascinated by the success of his own handiwork, approached the ivy-covered cottage in a spirit almost of awe. But Mrs. Gilman welcomed him with the same kindly, sympathetic smile with which she always gave courage to the unhappy ones coming up for examinations, and Doctor Gilman's high honors in no way had spoiled his gentle courtesy.

The examination was in writing, and when Peter had handed in his papers Doctor Gilman asked him if he would prefer at once to know the result.

"I should indeed!" Peter assured him.

"Then I regret to tell you, Hallowell," said the professor, "that you have not passed. I cannot possibly give you a mark higher than five." In real sympathy the sage of Stillwater raised his eyes, but to his great astonishment he found that Peter so far from being cast down or taking offense was smiling delightedly, much as a fond parent might smile upon the precocious act of a beloved child.

"I am afraid," said Doctor Gilman gently, "that this summer you did not work very hard for your degree!"

Peter laughed and picked up his hat.

"To tell you the truth, Professor," he said, "you're right. I got working for something worth while—and I forgot about the degree."



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Inner Secrets of a Merchant's Rise

(Concluded from Page 13)

analyzed for their benefit a high-class salesman and a poor one. I knew that I hit some of those chaps pretty hard—and I meant to.

"My next step was to make an extended trip through the Middle and Western states. It was quite an expense, for I was gone a month; but the information I gathered was afterward worth a fortune to me. I did not go to sell goods, but to discover the best section of the country to select for our initial tool campaign. There are two ways to launch a selling campaign. The wrong way is to go it blind, as many a house has done, and dissipate one's energies by lack of specialization. The right way is to hunt out the lines of least resistance. For instance, I might have started the campaign by attempting to cover all our territory, using our nine salesmen. Instead, I picked out two populous Western states and drew a carefully worked-out line that bounded our first season's efforts. This territory I selected for two reasons: First, because it was developing extraordinarily fast, a fact I proved by first-hand statistics; second, because our competitors seemed particularly neglectful of its special opportunities. Here, then, was our opportunity!"

Launching the Campaign

"I went back to New York and called in three men I had chosen for the purpose in view. Since our little dinner, all our traveling men had been doing very much better work; these three especially had proved the truth of my theories.

"Now I took these men up to Massachusetts with me, and we all spent a week in the tool factory, studying our goods and the process of manufacture. We got a wholly new light on this aspect of the business, and I can say that this one week's time was worth to our house many hundreds of thousands of dollars ultimately.

"At last, after several months of preparation, we were ready to spring our coup. My three salesmen were down in their new territories, with strong inducements to do their best work. The local newspapers down there came out with the manufacturer's ads, and we used the street cars and other special advertising mediums. The trademark name—my own conception—was very attractive and was featured as heavily as possible.

"I have already told you some of the novel methods that sold goods for me at Blankville. These selling schemes I now adapted to this special line of tools, and my three lieutenants—who were now thoroughly saturated with my history and my ideas—proceeded to saturate the local dealers down there. Thus all over that territory began one of the most extraordinary selling campaigns I ever engineered. The best of it was that it did not run up a prohibitive expense, either for my house or for the manufacturer. The local dealers were spurred by legitimate hope of gain to undertake the heaviest part of the work. That is the advantage of a properly built organization. No business can achieve great success when the management has to do the detailed work as well as engineer the thing.

"I often observe that many wholesalers fall short of success because they don't understand retailing. What is wholesaling, anyway, but a step toward retailing? If all men in the retail business knew how to sell goods the manufacturer and jobber could afford to lie back and merely supply those goods; but, with only one man out of ten really competent to do the actual retail marketing, the problem for the wholesaler is to educate the retailer and ginger him up.

"Well, we did educate those fellows and ginger them up until they were almost as enthusiastic—some of them—as I had been at Blankville. We tried to make every hardware store in that territory reflect as closely as possible my old Blankville headquarters. A wonderful story that Blankville tale was to those hardware men—a story that never grew old. We proved it to them by indisputable evidence. One day one of these dealers came to New York and I took him up to Blankville in person, and on through the whole chain of stores. He went home immensely enthusiastic. Then I hit on a new selling scheme. I announced to the local Western dealers that my house would pay the expenses of a trip to New York whenever one of them attained a given volume of sales in tools. Whenever a dealer took advantage of this offer I conducted him straightway to Blankville and the chain. This, indeed, was my chief motive. My former employer was quite willing to let us go over the comparative statistics of our growth and to let me point out, by means of the books, the results of our most notable campaigns. In every instance the Western dealer went home with his selling instincts thoroughly aroused and—better still—with a new stock of definite selling schemes. There is nothing that gets a man like success—in concrete, understandable form.

"Those selling schemes were many; but always, so far as we could direct them during that particular campaign, tools were the chief feature! Of course my three traveling men sold a general line of hardware, and a very substantial line it proved to be; but all the fireworks were concentrated on the tools. We featured kits of tools in numerous varieties; we engineered all sorts of special sales; we reached out and got our irresistible grip on the farmers, on the butchers, on the builders, on the city householders, on the workshops, on the schoolboys.

"We kept the names of all customers who bought our tools, and followed them up with propositions they could not ignore. Did you ever stop to think that the average house seems to consider a sale a closed incident? How many hundreds of strangers have you seen go into a place of business, buy something or other and walk out, never to go back again? Imagine yourself the owner of such a store. You wouldn't have known how to follow up these customers, had you wanted to do so, because you let them get away without revealing their identity. Of course, if you had gone about it bluntly to find out a customer's name you would have offended him, no doubt; but there are always fine little schemes by which you can accomplish such things. When a man bought a saw, for instance, our dealers asked his name and address so that he might have a chance to draw a certain neat little kit we were offering at some fair or picnic or entertainment. Then we kept in touch with him if we considered him worth while. The lists we built up in this way proved invaluable in that campaign and subsequently. We made our customers come back again and again to buy our goods."

A Twenty-Fold Increase

"I wish I had time to tell you what we did to build up sales in other lines aside from tools, but perhaps you can put two and two together. We followed the tool campaign in this same territory with a cutlery campaign, and meanwhile we jumped over into another territory with our tools. Then we came along with a special line of cooking utensils, a line of builders' hardware, and so on—continually adding to our selling staff and crowding the enemy's lines harder and harder. Oh yes—the enemy came down upon us in full force, once the opposing generals realized what we were doing; but we had a pretty good start before the other side really woke up.

"Our business grew—slowly at first, but faster as our organization gathered force. At the end of five years from the time I took it, it had doubled in volume; at the end of ten we were selling twenty times the quantity of goods we had begun with when I went down there from Blankville.

"When I had put this hardware business on its feet another chance came to me of which I do not care just now to talk. It was the business in which I am still engaged. A certain group of capitalists came to me with their plans for a huge undertaking. It was a tremendous thing, calling for the highest selling abilities any man could give. In return, it offered me the possibility of a fortune beyond anything I had dreamed of.

"I sold my interest in the hardware company and embarked in my new enterprise. Today it stands as conclusive proof of my assertion that a man's chance in business is just about what he sets out to make it. In building up my present business I have merely elaborated the scheme of selling as I have here outlined it."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Edward Mott Woolley. The second will appear in an early issue.

S-s-s-h-! Don't Tell Her!



Give Her a Double Surprise



NOTE:—This is the beautiful head of the full-length figure shown in the 1912 "Pompeian Beauty" Art Calendar panel in gold and dark red. Size of panel 32 in. by 8 in. It is the Art Calendar hit of the year. See offer below.



Who can deny the immense business value to man, and the great social value to woman of a clear, clean, wholesome skin? Yet in these days of dust, smoke, and soot, what a fight for men to look really "clean cut," and for women to appear "deliciously clean"!

You want your wife to look her best, always. She wants you to look your best, too.

1st Surprise—Your Looks

Don't say anything to her. Give yourself a Pompeian Massage. It takes only a few moments. Rub the Pompeian well into the pores. The cream disappears, but in a few moments out it comes from the pores. Watch the dark, dirt-laden cream as it rolls out and drops into the bowl! That dirt came from your pores, even though you may have previously washed your face apparently very thoroughly. That dirt which soap couldn't reach was reached by Pompeian Massage Cream.

Now look in the mirror. That sallow, twentieth century complexion has begun to disappear. Your face is now "Pompeian clean." Your wife will surely express her delight over your improved appearance.

2nd Surprise—Her Looks

But your greatest enjoyment will come when *she* begins to use Pompeian. The massaging will bring a natural freshness to her cheeks that will marvelously soften the tired lines of worry. Then, too, Pompeian will overcome for her the havoc which dust, smoke and soot have worked upon her complexion. Resolve this minute to give yourself and your wife this double surprise. *"Don't envy a good complexion, use Pompeian and have one."*

POMPEIAN
Massage Cream

1912 Art Calendar

of this charming "Pompeian Beauty" sent with each trial jar. Size 32 in. by 8 in., ideal panel for framing (calendar part can be cut off without injuring picture). Reproduced in exquisite colors (dark red and gold) from original $1,000 painting by Carle Blenner, painter of beautiful women.

Get a jar of Pompeian today from your dealer, or if you wish to try before you buy just clip coupon below. Beware of the dealer who offers you inferior imitations of Pompeian. They cost him less. He wants to make more money—at your expense. Get what you ask for or trade elsewhere.



Trial Jar and 1912 Art Calendar

both sent for 10c (stamps or coin). This is an unusual chance to get a trial jar of the most popular face cream and also a copy of the most popular Art Calendar. Clip coupon before you forget it.

In every package is a Library Slip. Save them. Good for magazines and books.

Sold by 50,000 dealers 50¢, 75¢ and $1

Cut along this line, fill in and mail today.

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin) for which please send me a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream and a **1912** "Pompeian Beauty" Art Calendar.

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Model 60
$1200

Overland

Your Money's Worth

RECENTLY the president of one of the world's largest industrial organizations made the statement that any product manufactured or handled in the largest quantity could be delivered to the ultimate consumer at a saving of at least twenty-five per cent. And he was not talking at random. His remark was simply the result of a series of careful investigations among a number of different industries in this country and abroad.

There is no industry where this condition is so much in evidence as in the automobile business. And there is no single concern in the automobile business that has the enormous capacity and the economical method of production as that of The Willys-Overland Company.

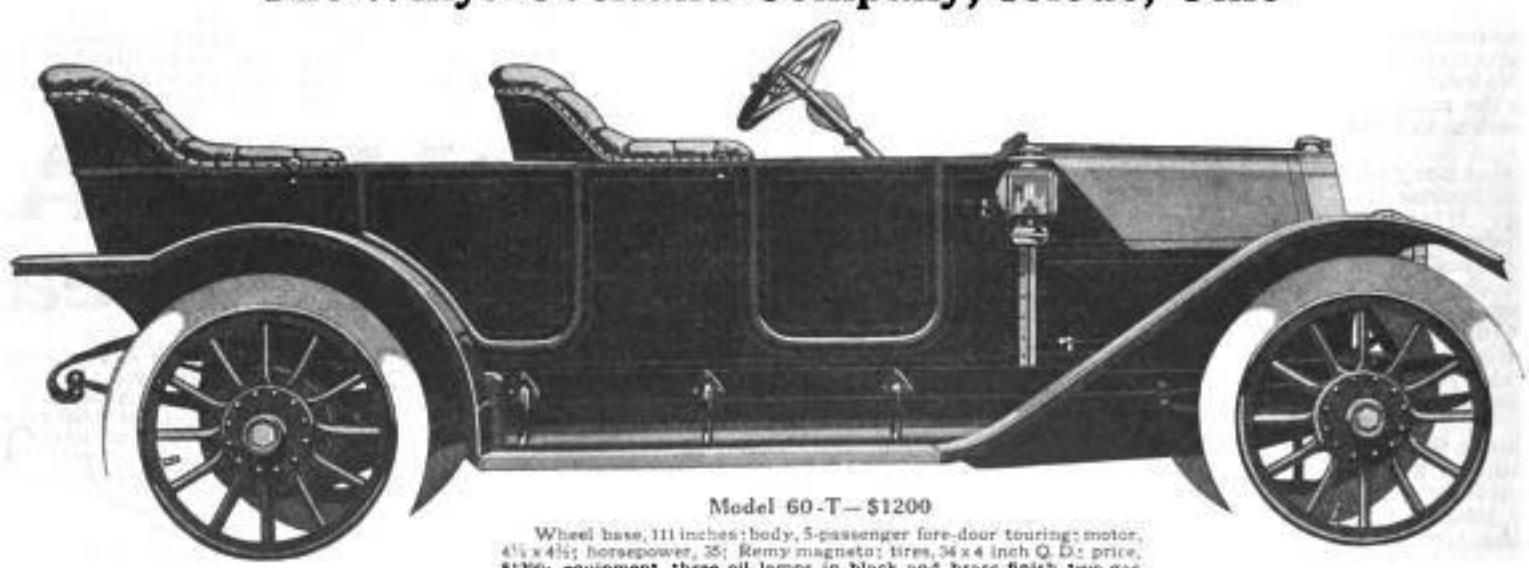
The Overland plants are the greatest of their kind in the world. They cover over eighty acres. Millions of dollars are invested in automatic machinery and special tools. Over four thousand men are employed. Thirty thousand cars will be made this year.

Over and above this The Willys-Overland Company is controlled by one man—J. N. Willys. He directs the operation of the entire organization. He owns every share of its stock. There is none for sale. There are no bonds to be taken up. There is no hungry manipulating board of directors. Nor are there any dangerous outstanding loans staring the company in the face.

All of which brings us to the point that the cars shown on these pages at $1200 and $1500 are only possible when turned out by a plant of our size, and our healthy operating and financial condition. You have never seen so much real car for so little real money. Take Model 60 at $1200 shown on the left hand page. Just run over a few of the specifications and see how near this comes to the average fifteen hundred dollar car.

It is a big five-passenger car—comfortable and with lots of room. It has a powerful thirty-five horsepower motor, which can easily develop fifty to sixty miles an hour. The wheel base is one hundred and eleven inches.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 60-T—$1200

Wheel base, 111 inches; body, 5-passenger fore-door touring; motor, 4½ x 4½; horsepower, 35; Remy magneto; tires, 34 x 4 inch Q. D.; price, $1200; equipment, three oil lamps in black and brass finish, two gas lamps, horn and generator.

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Overland

Model 61
$1500

In an Automobile

The transmission is of the selective type—three speeds and reverse—fitted with F & S bearings, which are used in the most expensive cars made. Crank and gear casings are made of pure aluminum. The frame is of cold rolled pressed steel. The shifting levers are in the center of the car. The body lines are graceful and pleasing. The upholstery is of good leather hand stuffed with fine hair.

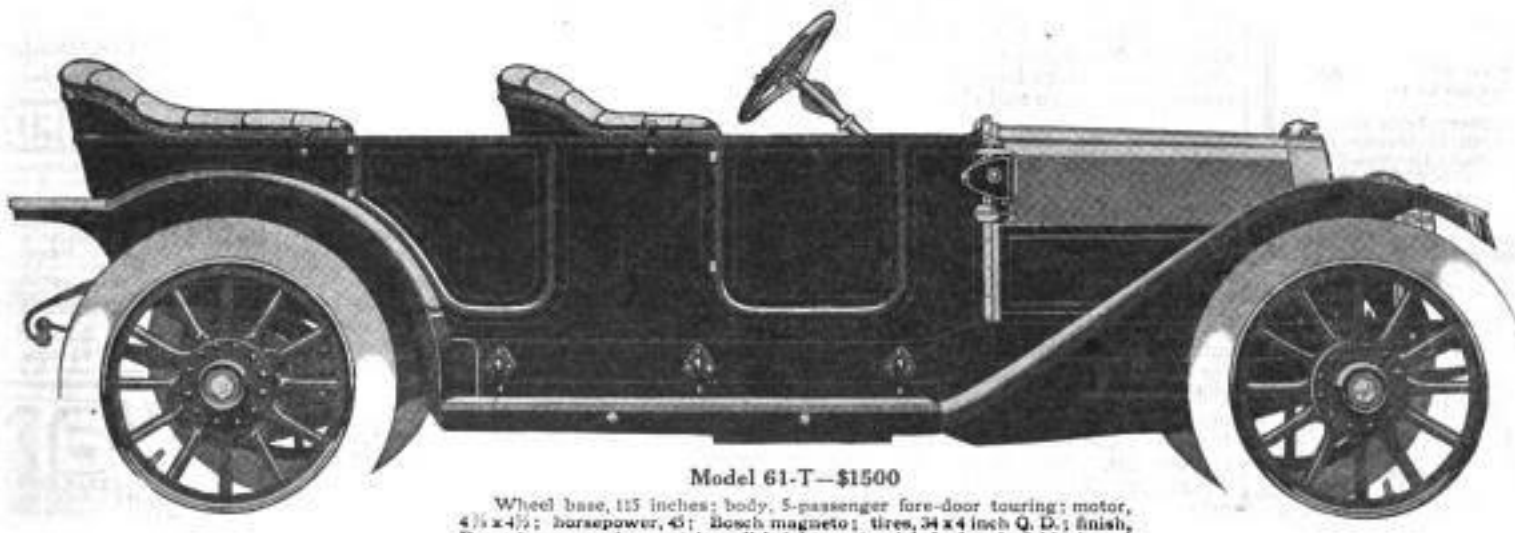
Can you duplicate this car for much less than $1500? If you want a machine of the thirty-five horsepower touring car type, would you pay $1500 when you can get this car for $1200? Do you want to literally waste three or four hundred dollars?

Model 61 at $1500 is another striking example of how our great capacity can save you money.

This car has a 45-horsepower motor; seats five people. The wheel base is 115 inches. The front axle is one-piece drop forged I section fitted with Timken bearings. The rear axle is full floating, also fitted with Timken bearings. The pressed steel frame has a double drop. It is equipped with Bosch magneto. Tires 34 x 4 inches. The big handsome body is finished in rich Brewster green, ivory striped. All bright parts are heavily nickel plated. Upholstery is of the best leather and genuine hair. This car is big, strong and magnificent. It is hard to figure what more anyone could possibly want in an automobile. It is complete in every detail, having all those little modern refinements that make for comfort. The price of this car is $1500. Go over the market with a fine tooth comb and you will not find its equal for less than $2000.

Let us send you a comprehensive and interesting book which takes you through the Willys-Overland plants—the greatest in the world. A few minutes with this book will show you what a plant of large capacity can do in the way of economical production. When you write please ask for book A-21.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 61-T—$1500

Wheel base, 115 inches; body, 5-passenger fore-door touring; motor, 4½ x 4½; horsepower, 45; Bosch magneto; tires, 34 x 4 inch Q. D.; finish, Brewster green ivory stripe, all bright parts nickel plated; 3 black and nickel oil lamps, 2 black and nickel gas lamps. Price, $1500.

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How's Business and Why

IT IS expected that commercial failures increase as a year nears an end, and 1911 was no exception to this rule. Not only did the casualties of November exceed those of October, which had one more business day than the month in review, but the number was the largest since March and larger than in November of any of three previous years. Compared with the panic month of November, 1907, there was but a small decrease in 1911. Furthermore, liabilities of failed concerns in November exceeded those for October and of every November, except three, in the last eighteen years. November failures were 1092 in number and have not been exceeded for the month of November but five times in the last eighteen years. Liabilities for the month were $14,987,386—the three years when they were more for the month being 1907, with $32,653,269; 1896, with $23,104,052; and 1893, with $15,996,199. The number of failures for eleven months—11,358—was the largest for a like period in very many years, barring the 12,756 in 1908, the clearing-up period after the last panic. Liabilities for eleven months were $167,944,254, exceeded in late years only by $276,261,863 for 1907 and $307,227,939 for 1908. The explanation of the exceptional liabilities in those years lies in the fact of the failure of several large banking institutions in the city of New York. If those be eliminated the contrast this year looks rather unfavorable. When the slowness of trade this year is considered it probably will not be surprising to learn of the numerous failures and the dimensions of liabilities. The smallness of profits in many lines of business has operated adversely to solvency in numerous cases.

Though profits have been small in many lines of trade, it is fancied that they have approximated the normal in most lines involving food and drink. It is at least interesting to observe the course of commodity prices, which have been running on high levels, as indicated by Bradstreet's index numbers, covering ninety-six commodities. Unavoidably in preparing the statistics undue weight is given to commodities in limited use; but, since the same practice obtains at all times, the general indication is perhaps as good as can be had. The index number on December 1, 1911, was $8.9835, an advance of one per cent for November, 1911, and the highest price since May, 1910, when the number was $9.0385. On January 1, 1910, however, the number was $9.2310, contrasting with a minimum of $7.7227 at the beginning of June, 1908; and that decline had followed a maximum of $9.1293 on the first day of March, 1907. Barring the number on December 1, 1909, that on December 1, 1911, was the highest ever recorded on the first day of the last month of the year. Comparing the index number of groups of commodities December 1, 1911, with December 1, 1910, it is found there have been advances in breadstuffs, livestock, provisions, fruits, hides and leather, metals, naval stores, building materials, chemicals and drugs; while there have been decreases in textiles, coal, coke and oils.

Little New Building

The item of new building construction is suggestive in the bearing upon business conditions. In a growing country there is always considerable building in progress, and alterations and enlargements are many. This is true whether general business is good or bad, local conditions modifying the influence of general conditions. Chicago, for example, has been uncommonly active this season on account of the taking effect of new restrictions regarding the height of buildings, the desire being to build under the old law. Then there are communities where general conditions are so exceptionally prosperous that much money is put into this form of real estate. By the end of the year, however, there is wont to be some slackening of building enterprise; and so it was in November, 1911. In one hundred and two cities the amount of construction undertaken was $62,919,145, a decrease of 5.6 per cent from October, 1911, and 3.4 per cent from the figures for November, 1910. In more than half of the cities—fifty-nine, to be exact—there was an increase over 1910. For eleven months—November not quite complete—the value of new construction in the country was $759,662,662, a decrease of but 1.62 per cent from 1910, when the amount was about five per cent below that for eleven months of 1909. So far as new building is a sign of the times, it must be said that it shows a condition of "marking time."

Touching the condition of miscellaneous trades—cotton, wool, boot and shoe, and so on—reports are on the whole encouraging. It appears that in many directions dealers have run low on stocks and find themselves forced to renew their supplies, and this has had a favorable effect upon manufacturers. Whether all industries will follow the steel industry in expansion of output is a problem for the future. Considering the season, the business outlook may be styled good. The Christmas trade was not so large as sometimes, and for that condition there may be explanation either in the temperament of the people or in the state of their finances—perhaps the latter rather than the former.

Exports and Imports

The foreign trade of the United States for November, 1911, shows a modest decline in imports and exports compared with last year, $126,000,000 imports comparing with $129,000,000 in 1910 and $142,000,000 in 1909, and $201,000,000 exports being set against $206,000,000 in 1910 and $194,000,000 in 1909. For eleven months of 1911 the showing was favorable to said year as to exports, but not as to imports, unless it shall be considered advantageous to a country to have the imports decline. The total imports for the period were valued at $1,392,000,000 against $1,426,000,000 in 1910 and $1,336,000,000 in 1909. Exports were $1,887,000,000 in 1911 compared with $1,637,000,000 in 1910 and $1,585,000,000 in 1909. The excess of exports over imports for the month of November, 1911, was $75,400,000 against $76,800,000 in 1910 and $53,400,000 in 1909. For eleven months the excess of exports was $457,000,000 compared with $211,000,000 in 1910 and $219,000,000 in 1909. Looking a little closer at the exports, notably at foodstuffs, it is seen that for November, 1911, there was a decrease compared with 1910 in breadstuffs, cattle and hogs, cotton and mineral oils, and an increase in the worth of meat and dairy products. The decrease in cotton was from $87,000,000 in 1910 to $68,000,000 in 1911. The decline in the value of all foodstuffs was from $112,900,000 to $94,200,000; but from the beginning of 1911 there has been an increase in the exports of foodstuffs from $697,800,000 in 1910 to $780,400,000 for eleven months of 1911. There was an increase of $27,500,000 each in breadstuffs and in meat and dairy products, about one hundred per cent in the value of cattle, hogs, and so on, $9,000,000 in mineral oils, while the exports of cotton were valued at $439,000,000 compared with $428,000,000. The increase in the value of manufactures in 1911 was very large. The decreased prices for steel commodities appear to have broadened the foreign outlet quite as much as that at home.

The money market worked itself into a condition near the close of 1911 which some people professed not to expect; and even now they do not perhaps understand it. From a condition of ease, which it seems to have been assumed would last indefinitely, there was a change to a state of temporary tension, and money in Wall Street touched six per cent for a very brief time. Then it dropped to two and a half per cent, went to about four per cent again and ranged round there for a while. The time money market was not particularly affected. The New York banks evidently committed their resources round the first of December to such an extent that they were momentarily short of ready funds; but they quickly recovered themselves and were soon in comfortable circumstances. They are still believed to have large credits abroad and to be able to avail themselves of that resource at any time. Should general business revive, as Wall Street would have it understood it may, perhaps the days of really easy money will prove to have been left behind; but there is no indication of monetary stringency—at least not unless Wall Street shall succeed in convincing the public that this is the hour to lay the foundation for great riches by buying stocks freely, which is doubtful.

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If you wear a Columbia "Cufturn" Shirt you have with you an extra pair of cuffs right on the shirt, out of sight, yet always ready without the necessity of attaching or detaching. Simply a turn gives you

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Columbia "Cufturn" Shirts at **$1.50** and **$2.00**, plain or plaited, colors guaranteed.
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A COMBINED Polisher and Cleaner for furniture, woodwork, and all kinds of polished and varnished surfaces. A wax cleanser. No sediment. No shaking. Best for floors. Can be treated with the most delicate and highly cherished pieces. At your dealer's, or send 10c for a 2 oz. trial bottle.
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CALIFORNIA'S Santa Clara Valley, known as the "poor man's paradise," surrounds SUNNYVALE, the manufacturing suburb of San Francisco. Ideal climate. Best soil for fruit, truck gardening, chicken ranching and diversified farming. Artesian water. Write to-day for new 32-page illustrated book, mailed free. Address Sunnyvale Chamber of Commerce, 36 Crossman Bldg., Sunnyvale, California.

Chewing Gum Sell to dealers in your town. Be our agent. Clean, profitable business built up quickly with our new brands. Four flavors, novel packages. Write to-day. Holmet Gum Factory, Cincinnati. We make Vending, Slot, Premium and Special Gums.

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Paint should add value to your house.

To get that value, the value must be in the paint as well as in the painter.

Sherwin-Williams Paint (prepared) known to the painter as

SWP

is manufactured from pure and carefully selected materials and it is the most perfect covering for exterior surfaces for which it is recommended.

As to the color scheme, write for our portfolio of exterior painting showing many attractive color combinations suitable to all styles of houses. It's *free*.

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After Shaving

Use MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM **Toilet Powder**



and insist upon your barber using it also. It is antiseptic and will assist in preventing many of the skin diseases often contracted. Sold everywhere or mailed for 25c.

Sample box for 4c stamp

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A New Book of 20 Plans showing photo views as actually built and large floor plans for 20 selected types of Keith's best ideas in Bungalows, Cottages and Houses, costing $2,000 up. They are Wonder Houses for practical, inexpensive homes. Send silver or stamps.

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GREIDER'S FINE POULTRY

Book and calendar for 1912 contains 200 pages, 72 varieties pure bred, 62 colored plates. Many other illustrations, descriptions. Incubators and brooders. Low prices on all stock eggs. How to raise and make hens lay. Get my plans. They all say it's great — this book — only 15 cents.

B. H. GREIDER, Box 83, Rheems, Pa.

00 EGG Incubator; actual hen heats, ventilates; controls. No lamp; no oil; no expense; Big hatches. Catalog Free.

ree Dollars Nat. Hen Inc. Co., Station F, Department 97, Los Angeles

THE LIGHTNING CHANGE

(Concluded from Page 11)

The waiter went to execute the order. The young man almost dropped off to sleep in his chair, when in upon the tired group came his election agent with anxious and haggard face.

"We are done for!" he cried.

"As how?" demanded the Canadian, waking up.

"It's all over town that you make your money by cornering grain and cotton, thus interfering with the poor man's food and the rich man's raw material."

"But it's a lie!" exclaimed the young man. "I've never touched either grain or cotton in my life!"

"That doesn't matter," replied the agent. "It's a lie that kills in Manchester. There's no time to refute it."

"Oh, isn't there!" retorted the Canadian, bolting for his slouch hat. He met the waiter at the door, carrying in the red-hot, sizzling beefsteak. "Take it away!" he commanded. "I like my beefsteak cold. Keep it for me!"

A moment later he was in his motor car. He drove to the biggest job-printing establishment, which was kept open all night before election, and set huge posters on the press, using the biggest letters known to typography.

£1000 REWARD!

This sum of money will be paid to any man revealing the identity of the person who started the lie that I made my money out of either grain or cotton. My money comes from timber, honestly earned; and a thousand pounds of it will be instantly paid to the man who identifies the liar!

"Now!" he cried to his agent. "Get together and assemble here the Right Honorable Guild of Billposters. I'll pay them three—five—ten times their ordinary wages. There mustn't be a piece of dead wall visible in my constituency tomorrow."

"But," objected the agent, "every dead wall is already taken. The Liberal bills were put up and finished just before midnight."

"So much the better. The billposters have not yet gone to bed. Rout 'em out!"

"But it's against the law to ——"

"Of course—an act of trespass. I know all about that; but anything to beat a lie! Accept service on my behalf. I'll pay whatever costs the court imposes the day after election."

The young Canadian was elected and sits in Parliament today—the only Tory representing any portion of Manchester; and now his leader is his fellow-countryman, Mr. Andrew Bonar Law.

Robbing the Squirrels

THE tree seeds collected by the Forest Service for planting purposes are obtained largely by theft—that is to say, by robbing the hoards of the squirrels. Pine squirrels gather and store enormous quantities of pine cones, and so likewise do chipmunks and mice; but the greatest collectors of all are the small red squirrels, and it is not uncommon to find in a single one of their caches from eight to twelve bushels of cones.

Such caches are commonly found beneath decayed logs, under bushes and felled treetops, and beneath the overhanging banks of streams—often carefully covered with leaves and mold, making it difficult to locate them; though the squirrels' well-beaten trails serve in many instances as a guide to the seed-collector. The rodents are very industrious and lay by stores out of all proportion to their needs.

Methods have recently been adopted for handling the cones and separating out the seed by machinery, much labor being thus saved. Cone-shakers of several patterns have been devised, some of which are operated by hand and others by gasoline engines. A number of cone-drying houses have been built in the various national forests, where during four weeks of last winter a total of thirty-eight hundred and ninety-four pounds of clean seed was produced. This made necessary the handling of one thousand bushels of cones a week, including the process of drying and opening, shaking out the seed, removing the "wings," putting the seed through a fanning mill and weighing and sacking it for shipment.

Madam! Here Is The Sanitary Couch You Have Been Waiting For



(Slatfabric Telescope Couch extended for bed)

You have always wanted a Sanitary Steel Couch. You have pictured it occupying a pretty cozy corner of your living room; you have felt its need when an unexpected guest arrived.

In fancy, you have imagined a dozen different uses for so handy an article, both as a couch and as a bed.

Why have you waited? Why have you denied your home this comfort—this great convenience? Let us suggest the answer:

You haven't been satisfied with the old-fashioned, round wire sanitary couches. You have been waiting for a Sanitary Steel Couch that would not sag, that would not rust or break, that would not rattle, get out of order or tear the bedclothes.

And now that couch has come. We guarantee it for 25 years.

Slatfabric
Steel Sanitary
Couches, Cots and Bed Springs

The secret lies in the flat wire fabric — elastic ribbons of steel — to be found on all Slatfabric Couches, Davenports, Cots, Cribs and Bed Springs, and only on Slatfabric.

These resilient flat steel wires are secured to solid steel one-piece frames by the best oil-tempered springs, making Slatfabric furniture at once the strongest, best looking and most comfortable ever produced.

SLATFABRIC Couches, Davenports, Cots and Bed Springs are made in all the popular styles and shapes—all sterling in construction and value.

The Telescope Slatfabric Couch (illustrated above) has many special features found on no other couch. It is the only telescope with surface absolutely level when open as a bed. It is equal in comfort to the best bed. It is the only telescope guaranteed for 25 years.

Get a Sanitary Steel Couch! There are many opportunities in your own home to make it serve you well, both as an ornament and as a convenience—bedecked with cover and pillows, in a cozy nook, or opened up into an excellent bed.

Be sure to get SLATFABRIC when you buy. Look for the flat steel wire. No other couch like it on the market.



Your Dealer Has SLATFABRIC Couches, Cots and Bed Springs, or Can Get Them for You

Write for a copy of our interesting and beautifully illustrated booklet, "Cozy Corners," and send us your dealer's name. Address:

SANITARY STEEL COUCH COMPANY
2501 Sanitary Building, Chicago, Ill. (32)

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My Farewell Car

By R. E. Olds, Designer

Reo the Fifth—the car I now bring out—is considered by me as pretty close to finality.

So close that I call it "My Farewell Car." I shall let it stand as my topmost achievement.

Embodied here are the final results of my 25 years of experience.

I have spent 18 months on Reo the Fifth. For three months I stopped the whole Reo production to devote all of our efforts to this one car.

The future is bound to bring some minor changes—folderols and fashions. But in all the essentials this car strikes my limit.

Better workmanship is impossible, better materials unthinkable. More of simplicity, silence, durability and economy can hardly be conceived.

I consider this car about as close to perfection as engineers ever will get.

My 24th Model

This is the twenty-fourth model which I have created. My first was a steam car, built in 1887—25 years ago. My first gasoline car was built in 1895—17 years ago.

My whole life has been spent in building gasoline engines—the Olds Gas Engines, famous half the world over. My engine-building successes gave first prestige to my cars. For the motor, of course, is the very heart of a car.

So it came about that tens of thousands of motorists have used cars of my designing. They have run from one to six cylinders, from 6 to 60 horsepower. They have ranged from little to big, from the primitive to the modern luxurious cars. I have run the whole gamut of automobile experience.

In the process of sifting I have settled down to the 30 to 35 horsepower, 4-cylinder car. That is, and will doubtless remain, the standard type of car.

Greater power is unnecessary; its operation expensive. Weight, size and power not needed bring excessive cost of upkeep. Most men who know best, and who can own good cars, are coming to this standard type. So we make for the future just this one type of car.

And in this new car—called Reo the Fifth—I have embodied all I know which can add one iota to the real worth of a car.

My Thousand Helpers

But Reo the Fifth, despite all my inventions, belongs to other men more than to me. A thousand men have contributed to it. I have searched the whole world to secure for each part the very best that any man has discovered.

For that is the essence of motor car designing—to learn what is best and adopt it. No modern car owes more than a trifle to the genius of any one man.

So this car is not mine—it is merely my compilation. It shows my skill in selection—in picking the best—more than my skill in designing. It shows, above all, what my myriads of cars in actual use have taught me.

And I frankly confess that I owe a great deal to the many brilliant designers whom it has been my good fortune to associate with me.

Where This Car Excels

In Reo the Fifth you will find many good features found in no other car. You will find all the best features used in other up-to-date models. You will find them combined with style, finish and appearance which marks the very latest vogue.

But the vital advantages of this new car lie in excess of care and caution. In the utter exactness—in the big margins of safety.

One of the greatest lies in formulas for steel. I have learned by endless experiment—by countless mistakes—the best alloy for each purpose.

All the steel that I use is now made to my order. And each lot is analyzed to prove its accord with the formula. Experience has taught me not to take any chances.

I used to test gears with a hammer. Now I use a crushing machine of 50 tons capacity. And I know to exactness what each gear will stand.

I took the maker's word on magnetos at one time. Now I require a radical test, and I have found but two makes which will stand it.

The axles are immensely important. I use Nickel Steel of unusual diameter, and fit them with Timken Roller Bearings.

The carburetor is doubly heated—by hot air and hot water—for the present grades of gasoline.

The car is over-tired.

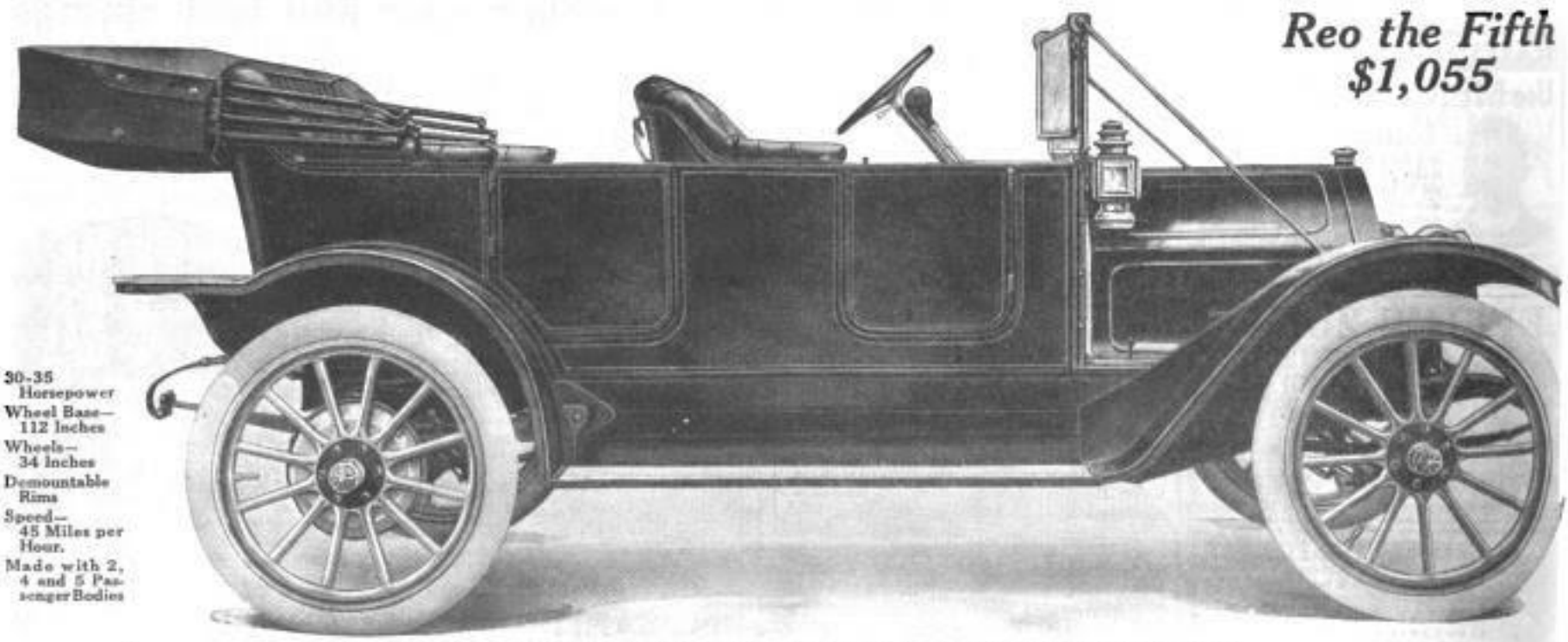
So with every part. From start to finish this car is built under laboratory supervision. The various parts pass a thousand inspections.

It is one thing to build a theoretical car, to meet all expected conditions. It is another thing to build one to meet actual conditions. The unusual and unexpected bring out a car's weakness.

The best thing I have learned, in these decades of experience, is the folly of taking chances.

I had one of these new cars run for ten thousand miles—run at top speed, night and day, on rough roads. That is equal, I figure, to three years' average usage. Then I took the car apart, and I found every important part in the whole car practically as good as new.

That's where this car excels—in that excess of caution taught by 25 years of experience. I am not abler than other designers. I have simply been learning longer.



Reo the Fifth
$1,055

30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 Inches
Wheels—34 Inches
Demountable Rims
Speed—45 Miles per Hour.
Made with 2, 4 and 5 Passenger Bodies

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip-cover, windshield, gas tank and speedometer—all for $100 extra. Self-starter, if wanted, $25.00 extra.

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The Price of $1,055

It seems an anomaly that this Farewell Car—my finest production—should sell for $1,055. But of all the new accomplishments shown in this car I consider this price as the greatest.

In this final and radical paring of cost I feel that I leave my greatest mark on this industry. And nothing else done by me has required so much invention, so much preparation.

The time has come when motor cars must be sold on a close-price basis. Cost, profit and selling-cost must all come down.

The furores of the future will be due to efficiency—to enormous production, to modern equipment, to automatic machinery.

The time is passing when a doubled price indicates a double value. Men are learning how to judge a car. They are not content to pay more than the market for the utmost one can get.

The Sweeping Change

I have sold thousands of cars at what would now be four times the cost of making. I have seen men stand in line and pay a bonus to get them.

I have spent in the making—in proportion to value—twice what I spend today. But those were days of experiment, of constant change. A wealth of machinery, tools and jigs went every year to the scrap heap. And they were days of hand work, of little automatic machinery.

I have seen overhead expense, in the days of small outputs, cost twice as much as labor. I have seen selling expense cost as much as materials. The prices of those days are now extremely unfair.

Now every operation in the Reo plant is performed by special automatic machinery, invented by us, built right here in our shops. Some single machines divide the labor cost by fifty. And they multiply exactness, too.

Now the Reo is standardized, so machines are not changed. Now we build but one chassis in all this great plant. That fact alone saves nearly $200 per car.

Now the whole of the car is built under one roof, so we pay no profits to parts makers. Now we make thousands of cars where we used to make hundreds, so overhead expense is a trifle.

Selling expense, because of the Reo's prestige, is a fraction of what it was. Profit per car has been cut to the minimum. Our dividends are paid by enormous production.

Those are the reasons for this price on Reo the Fifth—a price far below any car in its class. I believe the dominant car must give most for the money. And I want that to be Reo the Fifth.

The Price Not Fixed

But the price of $1,055 is not irrevocable. All our contracts with dealers provide for advance on two weeks' written notice.

Materials are now at their lowest prices in years, and but little advance will make this price impossible. We have pared every cost to the limit. We have even discounted the prospect of a doubled demand. So added cost, if it should occur, must be added to our price.

But the price today is $1,055. And the price will be kept this low as long as it can be. But no price can be fixed for six months in advance without leaving a big margin, and we haven't done that.

About Skimping

Standard cars which compare with Reo the Fifth are selling today up to $2,500. This difference in price naturally leads to the question as to whether we have skimped on the Reo.

We ask you to judge that for yourself. Our catalog—just out—gives complete specifications. It states the material used in every vital part. Please make your comparisons; or, if you can't do it, have a good engineer make them for you.

If there is one device better than I employ, I don't know it. If there are better materials for any part or purpose, I have failed to find them out. If any maker uses more time, skill or care, I do not know how he employs it.

After 25 years spent in car building I consider Reo the Fifth, in every respect, as my limit. I would not know where to add one whit of real value, whatever price you would pay.

Note the generous tires—the hair-filled genuine leather cushions—the nickel-trimmed engine—the 17-coated body. In every part of the car, both the seen and unseen, I have put that final touch.

No, this car is not skimped. I am putting it out as the cap-sheaf of my career. All my prestige is at stake on it. This is my Farewell Car, and I am glad to think that tens of thousands of motor car owners are going to judge me by it.

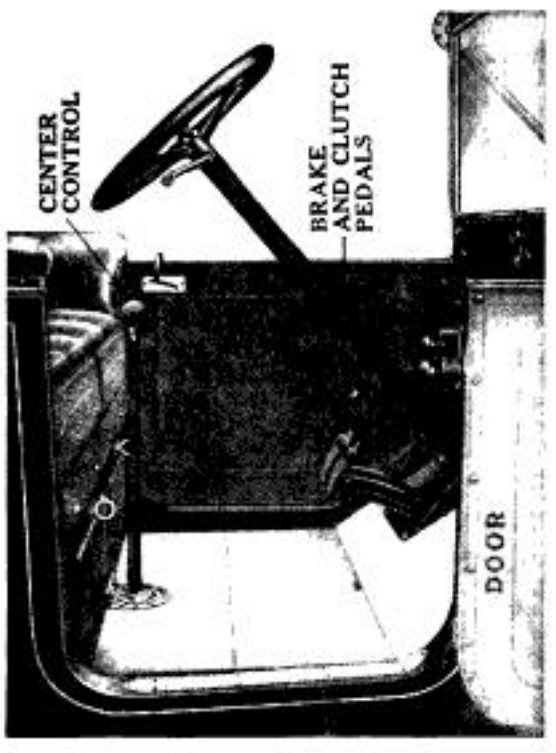
New Catalog Ready

Our catalog gives all the specifications, and shows the three styles of bodies. It gives details of all the new features.

Reo the Fifth, at this radical price, will be the season's sensation. The facts about it are exceedingly interesting. Write us today for the book. We will then direct you where to see the car.

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for **Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.**

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ontario



The Center, Cane-Handle Control
No Side Levers—No Reaching

The most unique feature in Reo the Fifth is this center control, shaped like a cane handle. It is our invention—our exclusive feature.

This car has no side levers—nothing in the way. The driver gets out on either side as easily as you climb from the tonneau.

Both brakes are worked by foot pedals. Either or both of them can be applied without taking the hand from the wheel.

The gear shifting is done by this center cane-handle. The handle straight up means transmission on neutral. One slight motion takes you to low speed, another to intermediate, another to high speed and another to reverse.

Each of these movements is in a different direction. And the top of the handle, in changing from one to another, hardly moves more than three inches. So the handle is not in the way.

No danger of gear stripping. No noise at all. There was never before a gear shifting device even one-fourth so convenient and simple.

Left-Side Drive

In Reo the Fifth the driver sits—as he should sit—on the left-hand side. He is then close to the cars which he passes. He is on the up side of the road. He can look behind in making a turn.

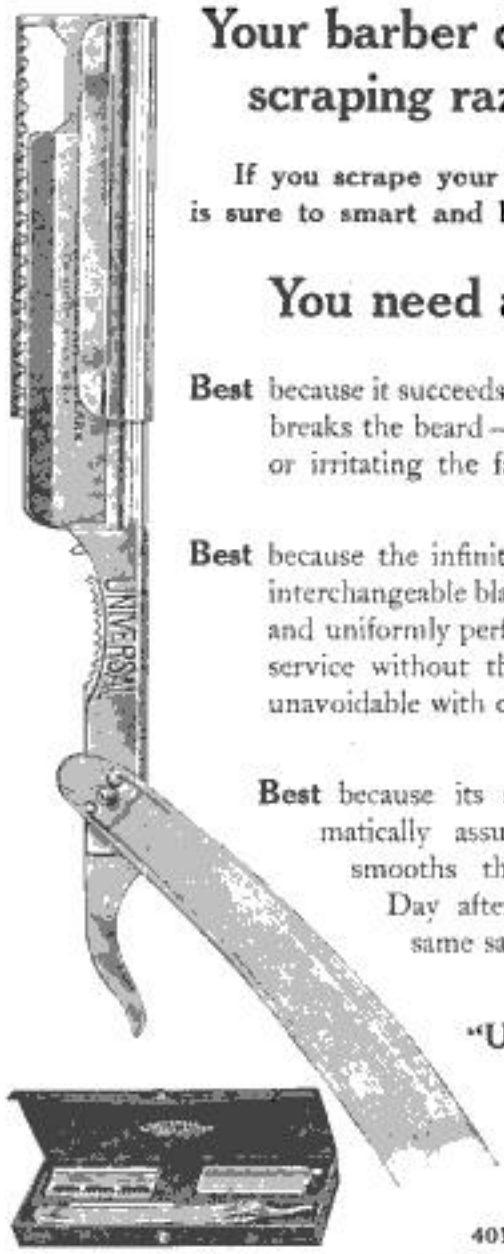
This has always been so on electrics. But with gasoline cars, where there are side levers, the driver is compelled to sit on the right side. And that means the wrong side for driving.

Fore doors have now made side levers impracticable. They come too close to the door. This fact is compelling a center control, to which all cars must come. And this center control enables the driver to sit on the left side—on the proper side of his car.

It is so in Reo the Fifth. But, in addition to that, we have rid the car of both the brake lever and gear lever.

Those are a few of the ways in which this new Reo model shows its up-to-dateness.

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Your barber doesn't use a scraping razor. Ask him why.

If you scrape your **face, what can you expect? It is sure to smart and burn, for your method is wrong.**

You need a "Universal"

Best because it succeeds where others fail, for it cuts—not breaks the beard—close to the skin without pulling or irritating the face.

Best because the infinite superiority of its hollow ground interchangeable blades, due to their extreme keenness and uniformly perfect temper, assures steady, efficient service without the constant new blade outlay so unavoidable with other razors.

Best because its self-regulating safety guard automatically assumes the same adjustment and smooths the way for the cutting stroke. Day after day the "Universal" gives the same safe, clean, comforting shave.

"Universal" $2.50 everywhere

including extra blade.

Send for Razor Booklet

Made by the Master Cutlers

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK,
401 Commercial St., New Britain, Conn.

$1.20 Worth of Flower SEEDS Postpaid For Only 10c



1 Pkt. **Asters,** Floral Park Mixture
1 Pkt. **Pansies,** Extra Giant Mixed
1 Pkt. **Carnations,** Finest Mixed
1 Pkt. **Star Flower,** a Novelty
1 Pkt. **Mignonette,** Sweet Scented
1 Pkt. **Alyssum,** Carpet of Snow
1 Pkt. **Poppy,** Double Carnation Fld.
1 Pkt. **Candytuft,** Sweet Scented
1 Pkt. **Petunia,** Finest Mixed
1 Pkt. **Portulaca,** Choicest Mixed
1 Pkt. **Summer Cypress** (Burn'g Bush)
1 Pkt. **Sweet Pea,** Large Fld. Mixed

We will send the above 12 packets of First Class flower seeds, our new Illustrated Garden Annual, and a dollar bill giving you your money back, all for 10c postpaid.

J. ROSCOE FULLER & CO., Box 421, FLORAL PARK, N. Y.

Seeds, Plants, Roses,



Bulbs, Vines, Shrubs, etc. Hundreds of car lots of **FRUIT and ORNAMENTAL TREES.** 1,200 acres, 50 in hardy **Roses,** none better grown. 47 greenhouses of **Palms, Ferns, Ficus, Geraniums** and other things too numerous to mention. **Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Roses, Small Trees,** etc., by mail, postpaid. Safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed. Immense stock of **SUPERB CANNAS,** the queen of bedding plants. 50 choice collections cheap in Seeds, Plants, Roses, etc.

168-Page Catalog FREE Send for it today and learn real values. Direct deal will insure you the best at least cost. 58 years.

THE STORRS & HARRISON CO., Box 256, Painesville, Ohio

Best Birds, Best Eggs, Lowest Prices All leading varieties pure-bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys. Largest Poultry Farm in the world. Fowls, Eggs and Incubators at lowest prices. Send for big book, "Poultry for Profit." Tells how to raise poultry and run incubators successfully. Send 10c for postage.

J. W. MILLER CO., Box 12, Freeport, Ill.

Eggs for Hatching.

A LIVING FROM POULTRY

Our large 1912 catalog tells how in words and pictures. It is **FREE.** Stock and eggs of all leading varieties—land and water fowls. Incubators and supplies at lowest prices. Booklet, "Proper Care of Chicks"—10 cents.

Royal Poultry Farm, Dept. 225, Des Moines, Ia.

Burpee's Annual for 1912

"The Leading American Seed Catalog"

Is now ready for mailing. The first edition of more than four hundred thousand copies will soon be distributed. As usual it is sent unsolicited only to "Customers of Record." We shall be pleased, however, to mail a copy immediately upon application (a postal card will do) to every one who appreciates QUALITY IN SEEDS.

This SILENT SALESMAN (and we employ no "talking" salesmen to solicit orders) tells the plain truth about The Best Seeds That Can Be Grown. Besides colored plates of Burpee-Specialties, this bright book of 178 pages shows hundreds of the choicest vegetables and most beautiful flowers, illustrated from photographs. It is almost indispensable to all who garden either for pleasure or profit.

The "HOUSE OF BURPEE" is known the world over not only as EXPERTS IN SWEET PEAS but also as SEED SPECIALISTS. No other American firm has ever introduced so many novelties of sterling value,—and no other growers supply seeds annually direct to so many planters. It might be to your interest to read THE BURPEE ANNUAL. It will cost you only one cent for a post-card to send us your address, and you are under no obligation to buy. We never annoy applicants with "follow up" letters!

Shall we mail you a copy? If so, kindly **write to-day.**

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Burpee Buildings, Philadelphia

THE LIGHTED WAY

(Continued from Page 21)

"I mention it," he said, "because you will understand that my remarks to you are not dictated by curiosity or impertinence. Mr. Weatherley's behavior and mode of life have been entirely changed, Chetwode, since his marriage."

"I can understand that," Arnold replied with a faint smile. What, indeed, had so beautiful a creature as Fenella to do with Samuel Weatherley of Tooley Street!

"Mrs. Weatherley," Mr. Jarvis continued, "is, no doubt, a very beautiful and very accomplished lady. Whether she is a suitable wife for Mr. Weatherley I am not in a position to judge, never having had the opportunity of speech with her; but so far as regards the effect of his marriage upon Mr. Weatherley, I should like you to understand, Chetwode, at once, that it is my opinion and the opinion of all of us and of all his business friends that a marked change for the worse in Mr. Weatherley has set in during the last few months."

"I am sorry to hear it," Arnold said.

"You, of course," Mr. Jarvis went on, "could scarcely have noticed it as you have been here so short a time, but I can assure you that a year or so ago the governor was a different person altogether. He was out in the warehouse half the morning, watching the stuff being unloaded, sampling it and suggesting customers. He took a live interest in the business, Chetwode. He was here, there and everywhere. Today—for the last few weeks indeed—he has scarcely left his office. He sits there, signs a few letters, listens to what I have to say, and goodness knows how he spends the rest of his time. Where the business would be," Mr. Jarvis continued, rubbing his chin thoughtfully, "if it were not for us who know the running of it so well, I can't say, but a fact it is that Mr. Weatherley seems to have lost all interest in it."

"I wonder he doesn't retire," Arnold suggested.

"Retire!" Mr. Jarvis said. "Why should he retire? What would he do? Isn't it as comfortable for him to read his newspaper over the fire in the office there as at home? Isn't it better for him to have his friends all round him, as he has here, than to sit up in his drawing room in business hours with never a soul to speak to? Such men as Mr. Weatherley, Chetwode, or as Mr. Weatherley's father was, don't retire. If they do it means the end."

"Well, I'm sorry to hear what you tell me," Arnold said. "I haven't seen much of Mr. Weatherley, of course, but he seems devoted to his wife."

"Infatuated, sir! Infatuated is the word!" Mr. Jarvis declared.

"She is very charming," Arnold remarked thoughtfully.

Mr. Jarvis looked as though there were many things that he could have said, but refrained from saying.

"You will not suggest, Chetwode," he asked, "that she married Mr. Weatherley for any other reason than because he was a rich man?"

Arnold was silent for a moment. Somehow or other he had accepted the fact of her being Mrs. Weatherley without thinking much as to its significance.

"I suppose," he admitted, "that Mr. Weatherley's money was an inducement."

"There is never anything but evil," Mr. Jarvis declared, "comes from a man or a woman marrying out of their own circle of friends. Now Mr. Weatherley might have married a dozen ladies from his own circle here. One I know of—a very handsome lady, too—whose father has been lord mayor. And then there's the sisters of young Tidey in the office there. Any one of them would have been most suitable. But no! Some unlucky chance seems to have sent Mr. Weatherley on that Continental journey, and when you once get away from England, why, of course anything may happen. I don't wish to say anything against Mrs. Weatherley, mind," Mr. Jarvis continued, "but she comes from the wrong class of people to make a City man a good wife, and I can't help associating her and her friends and her manner of living with the change that's come over Mr. Weatherley."

Arnold swung himself up on to the top of a barrel and sat looking down.

"Mr. Jarvis," he said, "you and I see this matter naturally from very different standpoints. You have known Mr. Weatherley for thirty-five years. I have known him for four months, and he never spoke a word to me until a few days ago. Practically, therefore, I have known Mr. and Mrs. Weatherley the same length of time. Under the circumstances I must tell you frankly that my sympathies are with Mrs. Weatherley. Not only have I found her a very charming and beautiful lady, but she has been most unnecessarily kind to me."

Mr. Jarvis was silent for a moment.

"I had forgotten," he admitted, "that that might be your point of view. It isn't, of course, possible to look for any feeling of loyalty for the chief from any one who has only been here a matter of a few months. Perhaps I was wrong to have spoken to you at all, Chetwode."

"If there is anything I can do—" Arnold began.

"It's in this way," Mr. Jarvis interrupted. "Owing, I dare say, to Mrs. Weatherley you have certainly been put in a unique position here. You see more of Mr. Weatherley now than any one of us. For that reason I was anxious to make a confidant of you. I tell you that I am worried about Mr. Weatherley. He is a rich man and a prosperous man. There is no reason why he should sit in his office and gaze into the fire and look out of the window, as though the place were full of shadows and he hated the sight of them. Yet that is what he does nowadays, Chetwode. What does it mean? I ask you frankly. Haven't you noticed yourself that his behavior is peculiar?"

"Now you mention it," Arnold replied, "I certainly have noticed that he was very strange in his manner this morning. He seemed very upset about that Rosario murder. Mr. Rosario was at his house the other night, you know. Were they great friends, do you think?"

Mr. Jarvis shook his head.

"Not at all," he said. "He was simply, I think, one of Mrs. Weatherley's society acquaintances. But that there's something gone wrong with Mr. Weatherley no one would deny who sees him as he is now and knew him as he was a year or so ago. There's Johnson, the foreman packer, who's been here as long as I have; and Elwick, the carter; and Hümmel, in the export department—we've all been talking together about this."

"He doesn't speculate, I suppose?" Arnold inquired.

"Not a ha'penny," Mr. Jarvis replied fervently. "He has spent large sums of money since his marriage, but he can afford it. It isn't money that's worrying him."

"Perhaps he doesn't hit it off with his wife," Arnold remarked.

Mr. Jarvis drew a little breath. For a moment he was speechless. To him it seemed something like profanity that this young man should make so casual a suggestion!

"Mrs. Weatherley, sir," he declared, "was, I believe, without any means whatever when Mr. Weatherley made her his wife. Mr. Weatherley, as you know, is at the head of this house, the house of Samuel Weatherley & Company, bankers Lloyd's. It should be the business of the lady, sir, to see that she 'hits it off,' as you put it, with a husband who has done her so much honor."

Arnold smiled.

"That is all very well, Mr. Jarvis," he said, "but you must remember that Mrs. Weatherley had compensations for her lack of wealth. She is very beautiful, and she is, too, of a different social rank."

Mr. Jarvis was frankly scornful.

"Why, she was a foreigner!" he declared. "I should like to know of what account any foreign family is against our good City firms such as I have been speaking of. No, Chetwode; my opinion is that she's brought a lot of her miserable foreign hangers-on over here and that somehow or other they are worrying Mr. Weatherley. I should like, if I could, to interest you in the chief. You can't be expected to feel as I do toward him. At the same time he is the head of the firm, and you are bound, therefore, to feel a certain respect due to him, and I thought that if I talked to you and put these matters before you, which have occurred, not only to me but to those others who have been with Mr. Weatherley for so many years, that you might be able to help us by watching. If you can find any clew as to what is bothering him, why, I'd be glad

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to hear of it, for there isn't one of us who wouldn't do anything that lay in his power to have the master back once more as he used to be a few years ago. Why, the business seems to have lost all its spring nowadays," Mr. Jarvis went on mournfully. "We do well, of course, because we couldn't help doing well, but we plod along more like a machine. It was different altogether in the days when Mr. Weatherley used to bring out the morning orders himself and chaff us about selling for no profit. You follow me, Chetwode?"

"I'll do what I can," Arnold agreed. "Of course I see your point of view, and I must admit that the governor does seem depressed about something or other."

"If anything turns up," Mr. Jarvis asked eagerly—"anything tangible, I mean—you'll tell me of it, won't you, there's a good fellow? Of course I suppose your future is outside my control now, but I engaged you first, you know, Chetwode. There aren't many things done here that I haven't a say in."

"You may rely upon me," Arnold promised, slipping down from the barrel. "He's really quite a decent old chap, and if I can find out what's worrying him, and can help, I'll do it."

Mr. Jarvis went back to his labors and Arnold made his way to Mr. Weatherley's room. His first knock remained unanswered. The "Come in!" that procured for him admittance at his second summons sounded both flurried and startled. Mr. Weatherley had the air of one who has been engaged in some criminal task. He drew the blotting paper over the letter that he had been writing as Arnold entered.

"Oh! It's you, is it, Chetwode?" he remarked with an air of relief. "So you're back, eh? Pleasant luncheon?"

"Very pleasant indeed, thank you, sir," Arnold replied.

"Mrs. Weatherley send any message?" her husband then asked with ill-assumed indifference.

"None at all, sir."

Mr. Weatherley sighed. He seemed a little disappointed.

"Did you lunch at the Carlton?"

"We took our coffee there afterward," Arnold said. "We lunched at a small foreign restaurant near Oxford Street."

"The Count Sabatini was there?"

"Yes, sir," Arnold told him. "Also Mr. Starling."

Mr. Weatherley nodded slowly.

"How do you get on with Count Sabatini?" he inquired. "Rather a gloomy person, eh?"

"I found him very pleasant, sir," Arnold said. "He was good enough to ask me to dine with him tonight."

Mr. Weatherley looked up a little startled.

"Invited you to dine with him?" he repeated.

Arnold nodded.

"I thought it was very kind of him, sir."

Mr. Weatherley sat quite still in his chair. He had obviously forgotten his secretary's presence in the room, and Arnold, who had seated himself at his desk and was engaged sorting out some papers, took the opportunity now and then to glance up and scrutinize with some attention his employer's features. There were certainly traces there of the change at which Mr. Jarvis had hinted. Mr. Weatherley had the appearance of a man who had once been florid and prosperous and comfortable-looking, but who had been visited by illness or some sort of anxiety. His cheeks were still on the fat side, but they hung down toward the jaw, and his eyes were marked with crow's-feet. His color was unhealthful. He certainly had no longer the look of a prosperous and contented man.

"Chetwode," he said slowly after a long pause, "I am not sure that I did you a kindness when I asked you to come to my house the other night."

"I thought so, at any rate, sir," Arnold replied. "It has been a great pleasure to me to make Mrs. Weatherley's acquaintance."

"I am glad that my wife has been kind to you," Mr. Weatherley continued, "but I hope you will not misunderstand me, Chetwode, when I say that I am not sure that such kindness is for your good. Mrs. Weatherley's antecedents are romantic, and she has many friends whose position in life is curiously different from my own and whose ideas and methods of life are not such as I should like a son of my own to adopt. The Count Sabatini, for instance," Mr. Weatherley went on, "is a nobleman



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who has had, I believe, a brilliant career in some respects, but who a great many people would tell you is a man without principles or morals as we understand them down here. He is just the sort of man to attract youth because he is brave, and I believe him to be incapable of a really despicable action. But notwithstanding this, and although he is my wife's brother, if I were you I would not choose him for a companion."

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," Arnold answered a little awkwardly. "I shall bear in mind all that you have said. You do not object, I presume, to my dining with him tonight?"

"I have no objection to anything you may do outside this building," Mr. Weatherley replied, "but as you are only a youngster, and you met the Count Sabatini at my house, I feel it only right to give you a word of warning. I may be wrong. One gets fancies sometimes, and there are some strange doings—not that they concern you, however," he added hurriedly, "only you are a young man with your way to make in the world and every chance of making it, I should think; but it won't do for you to get too many of Count Sabatini's ideas into your head if you are going to do any good at a wholesome, honest business like this."

"I quite understand you, sir," Arnold assented. "I don't suppose that Count Sabatini will ask me to dine with him again. I think it was just kindness that made him think of it. In any case I am not in a position to associate with these people regularly at present, and that alone would preclude me from accepting invitations."

"You're young and strong," Mr. Weatherley said thoughtfully. "You must fight your own battle. You start somehow differently to where I did. You see," he went on with the air of one indulging in reminiscences, "my father was in this business and I was brought up to it. We lived only a stone's throw away then—in Bermondsey—and I went to the City of London School. At fourteen I was in the office here, and a partner at twenty-one. I never went out of England till I was over forty. I had plenty of friends, but they were all of one class. They wouldn't suit Mrs. Weatherley or the Count Sabatini. I have lost a good many of them. You weren't brought up to business, Chetwode?" he asked suddenly.

"I was not, sir," Arnold admitted.

"What made you come into it?"

"Poverty, sir," Arnold answered. "I had only a few shillings in the world when I walked in and asked Mr. Jarvis for a situation."

Mr. Weatherley sighed.

"Your people are gentlefolk, I expect," he said. "You have the look of it."

Arnold did not reply. Mr. Weatherley shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," he concluded, "you must look after yourself, only remember what I have said. By-the-by, Chetwode, I am going to repose a certain amount of confidence in you."

Arnold looked up from his desk.

"I think you may safely do so, sir," he declared.

Mr. Weatherley slowly opened a drawer at his right hand and produced two letters. He carefully folded up the sheet upon which he had been writing and also addressed that.

"I cannot enter into explanations with you about this matter, Chetwode," he said, "but I require your promise that what I say to you now is not mentioned in the warehouse or to any one until the time comes that I am about to indicate. You are my confidential secretary and I have a right, I suppose, to demand your silence."

"Certainly, sir," Arnold assured him.

"There is just a possibility," Mr. Weatherley declared, speaking thoughtfully and looking out of the window, "that I may be compelled to take a sudden and quite unexpected journey. If this be so I should have to leave without a word to any one—to any one, you understand."

Arnold was puzzled, but he murmured a word of assent.

"In case this should happen," Mr. Weatherley went on, "and I have not time to communicate with any of you, I am leaving in your possession these two letters. One is addressed jointly to you and Mr. Jarvis and the other to Messrs. Turnbull & James, Solicitors, Bishopsgate Street Within. Now I give these letters into your charge. We shall lock them up together in this small safe that I told you you could have for your own papers," Mr. Weatherley continued, rising to his feet and crossing the room. "There you are, you see. The safe is empty at present, so you will not need to go to it. I am locking them up," he added, taking a key from his pocket, "and there is the key. Now you understand?"

"But surely, sir ——" Arnold began.

"The matter is quite simple," Mr. Weatherley interrupted sharply. "To put it plainly, if I am missing at any time—if anything should happen to me or if I should disappear—go to that safe, take out the letters, open your own and deliver the other. That is all you have to do."

"Quite so, sir," Arnold replied. "I understand perfectly. I see that there is none for Mrs. Weatherley. Would you wish any message to be sent to her?"

A boy passed along the pavement with a bundle of evening papers.

"Hurry out and get me a Star, Chetwode," Mr. Weatherley ordered.

Arnold obeyed him and returned a few moments later with a paper in his hand. Mr. Weatherley studied it for a few moments intently and then folded it up.

"It will not be necessary for you, Chetwode," he said, "to communicate with my wife specially."

The accidental arrangement of his employer's coat and hat upon the rack suddenly struck Arnold.

"Why, I don't believe that you have been out to lunch, sir!" he exclaimed.

"To tell you the truth," Weatherley said, "I completely forgot. Help me on with my coat, Chetwode. There is nothing more to be done today. I will call and get some tea somewhere on my way home. Tell them to get me a taxicab," he directed. "I don't feel like much walking today and they are not sending for me."

Arnold sent the errand boy off.

"Well, I hope, Chetwode, that I haven't said anything to make you believe that there is anything wrong with me or to give you cause for uneasiness. This journey of which I spoke may never become necessary. In that case after a certain time has elapsed we will destroy those letters."

"I trust that it never may become necessary to open them, sir," Arnold remarked.

"As regards what I said to you about the Count," Mr. Weatherley continued after a moment's hesitation, "remember who I am that give you the advice and who you are that receive it. Your bringing up, I should imagine, has been different. Still a young man of your age has to make up his mind what sort of a life he means to lead. I suppose to a good many people," he went on reflectively, "my life would seem a common, dull, plodding affair. Somehow or other I didn't seem to find it so until—until lately. Still there it is. I suppose I have lived in a little corner of the world, and what seems strange and wild to me might, after all, seem not so much out of the way to a young man with different ideas like you. Only this much I do believe at any rate," he went on, buttoning up his coat and watching the taxicab that was coming along the street, "if you want a quiet, honest life, doing your duty to yourself and others and living according to the old-fashioned standards of honesty and uprightness, then when you have had that dinner with the Count Sabatini tonight forget him, forget where he lives. Come back to your work here, and if the things of which the Count has been talking to you seem to have more glamour forget them all the more zealously. The best sort of life is always the grayest. The life that attracts is generally the one to be avoided. We don't do our duty," Mr. Weatherley added, brushing his hat upon his sleeve reflectively, "by always looking out upon the pleasurable side of life. Good evening, Chetwode!"

He turned away so abruptly that Arnold had scarcely time to return his greeting. It seemed so strange to him to be talked to at such length by a man whom he had heard utter scarcely half a dozen words in his life that he was left speechless. He was still standing before the window when Mr. Weatherley crossed the pavement and entered the waiting taxicab. In his walk and attitude the signs of the man's deterioration were obvious. The little swagger of his younger days was gone, the bumptiousness of his bearing forgotten. He cast a glance up and down the pavement to hail an acquaintance. He muttered an address and stepped heavily into the taxi.

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HEART'S DESIRE

(Continued from Page 9)

"'Is it no sign of a woman's love that she would take a man wid his faults and thank Hivin that she has him all?' she retor-rted.

"'He fights for the love of it—which is sin,' I says.

"'He would fight for the woman he loves, then,' says she.

"'He drinks har-rd liquor till his eyes shine,' I wint on.

"'And whin his eyes were bright he would come to look at his wife,' says me bould Kate.

"'He has loved manny women,' I continued.

"'What joy is there in a man who does not forget whin he sees his sweetheart?' she remar-rked.

"'Then yez have given him up?' I said prisintly.

"The pale hands of her wint up to her eyes and she thried to laugh.

"'Afther all, 'tis only the wind we hear, Mickey O'Rourke,' says she. 'We are fools to listen to it, for our hear-rt's desire is not in this wor-rld. And to find that out is to grow ould. I am ould, Mickey!'

"I took an ould man's privilege and studied the gir-rl. There was no sign of age about her. Her black hair had the sheen of youth in it, her white throat was widout hollows and the lips of her were fresh as flowers. 'Twas only the eyes that tould of her years; and women's eyes don't go by the years they have lived, but by the things they have seen.

"'Yez are still a gir-rl,' I infor-rmed her.

"'Twas unmaidenly,' she remar-rked, 'but I have tould yez that whin I was a slip of a colleen I loved ye. Now I love Tom McCarthy—but I will niver marry him.'

"'Yez know nothing about him,' I said. 'Have yez iver seen him at wor-rk? 'Tis there ye will find out the enthrails of a man. And his belly is not empty!'

"She thought over this a long time and then she whispered:

"'Tis the truth yez are speaking to me, Mickey. I will go and see him wid his engines!'

"'We are both transferred to a collier for the time being,' I remar-rked. 'A wor-rd to the superintindint might get yez a passage.'

"'And the steamer's name?' she inquired.

"'The Aztec,' I tould her.

"So whin the ould boat left Pier Forty in San Francisco for Mororan, in Japan, it carried mesilf and Tom McCarthy as engineers; and in the cabin, with the wife of the agent at Hakodate, was Kate Maguire. I can see Tom's face yet when he came up on deck the first evening out and saw the gir-rl's white face! He was dirty and sooty, and his jumper was half open across his chest. He merely stared at her and wint below, like a man sthruck suddintly from behind.

"We had a passage like glass across the Pacific and in two weeks' time we had loaded the ould hooker and were standing out for home, l'aving the Straits of Psugar in the teeth of an easterly gale. All the voyage over niver a wor-rd had Kate said to Tom nor a wor-rd had Tom said about her; but whin we were homeward bound he remar-rked:

"'I supposed she would stop in Japan.'

"'Her health is poor and she thought a voyage would do her good,' I remar-rked.

"'I trust it is better,' he growled.

"'I have not yet spoken to her,' I retur-rned. 'I will wash me face and address her respictfully sometime.'

"'Tis poor business for women to be traveling on such packets as these in winter time,' says me bould Tom. 'We will have dirty weather.'

"And dirty weather we did have. 'Twas the infamous year of '96 and the gales poured out of the east and the north, and the seas piled up; and in due time the ould Aztec looked like a scrapheap. Her boats were gone, the funnel-stays were slack and the ould funnel rolled like a straw between the jury-stays we rigged to keep it upright. Thin the coal took fire in the hold and it was double watches below—one of us looking to the pumps and the other seeing to the main engines and the fireroom.

"A week of it loosened the nerves of us and we enjoyed it for another week. There is some pleasure in keeping a vessel under way and above water against odds; but at the end of the week we were all weary and cross, and then the strength of Tom McCarthy showed up. He was ten men in





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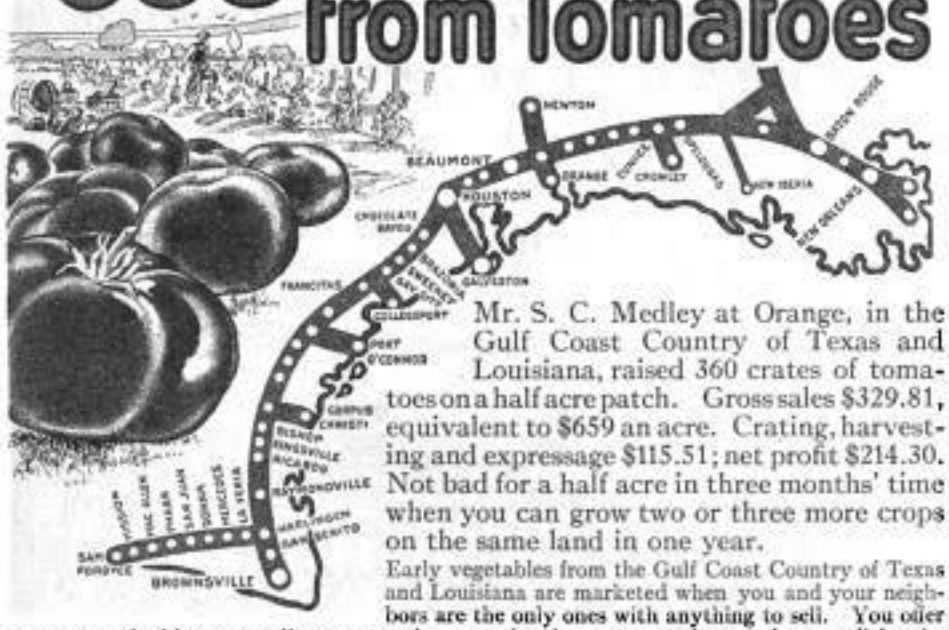


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one, going widout sleep, fighting ivery hour wid the firemen, bullying the oilers to their work, keeping iverything running, though the smoke from the forward hold poured thick into the engine room and fair choked us all.

"And the water we poured into the hold gave her a list; and before we had got a hundred miles east of the longitude of Honolulu the ould Aztec was lying on one side, like a wounded duck. Then the captain came down and consulted wid us. 'Twas a long talk we had, but at the end Tom McCarthy spoke up.

"'If yez can make her keep a course we can keep the propeller tur-rning,' says he.

"'I can keep a course,' says the bould skipper.

"'Thin back to the bridge and leave us to our wor-rk,' says Tom.

"And we kept steam up and wor-rked the pumps and stood our double watches till the eyes of us looked white against the grime on our faces. I could see even big Tom's lips lose their redness and I could hear the croak of his voice as his throat swelled up wid weariness. One night he came over to me, who was thrying to clear one of the pumps, and said:

"'I have killed a man!'

"'I hope it was the fool that shut that valve and allowed the pump to suck it into its innards,' I remar-rked.

"'I killed a fireman!' he went on, wiping his black face.

"'"Twas a mistake,' I infor-rmed him. 'The divil has plenty of stokers already.'

"'But what will she say?' demands me bould Tom.

"'Ask her,' I retor-rts. 'I am busy!'

"'Twas true—Tom had sthruck a Chinese fireman whom he caught thrying to steal another man's coal and he hit him too har-rd. Tom tould the skipper and the ould man stared at the coolie for a long time before he ordered him taken topside for burial; but he said nothing. That evening, whilst I was eating me poor supper and winking at the lamp, who should come into the messroom but Kate!

"'He killed a man!' she whispered.

"'He did,' I responded.

"'Was it—did he do right?' she went on, clasping her hands.

"'I will answer no foolish quistions,' I infor-rmed her. 'Ask Tom himsilf and go away and let me sleep.'

"So the poor gir-rl took me at me wor-rd and wint below, and I found her standing beside Tom on the lower platfor-rm. The grimy and dirty man that he was! He was only half dressed, and his lips were cracked and his eyes half shut wid weariness. She stood opposite him, braced against the tilt of the plates, her white face tur-rned toward him. He was talking savagely to her and I caught the wor-rds.

"'You've no business down here, Kate,' he was saying. 'I'm running this engine room and I don't intend to answer for my actions to annybody.'

"'Did you iver kill a man before, Tom?' she asked him.

"'Women are safe,' he answers her very shor-rtly.

"'Yez mean?'

"'That yez have no business down here at all at all. Go up on deck and watch the wild waves roll,' says he.

"'It wasn't the man ye killed that brought me down,' says me brave Kate, facing him out. '"Twas that I found out something. I have done yez an injustice. If yez want me—iver—I'll ——'

"He tur-rned his black face on her. 'Leave me to me wor-rk, Kate,' he ro-mar-rks. 'Whin it is done I will come for yez. Now don't risk your life coming down here again! Do yez hear me?'

"She tur-rned to the ladder and I saw the light in her eyes.

"'I won't bother yez anny more, Tom,' she said in a whisper. 'I'll wait for yez and I'll be good!'

"She passed me on the upper platfor-rm widout seeing me. And the face of her was the face of one who has got her hear-rt's desire—the face of the woman who has hear-rd the voice of the master of her hear-rt! And whin she was gone I hear-rd the whisper in the wind!"

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LOVE IN LONGACRE SQUARE

(Continued from Page 18)

"We'll dine at Trittori's on Tuesday," id George Henry as he left her at the merson—"that is, unless you'll be too sy with your suffrage campaign."

They had dined.

"They've added another line," he said hen they turned into Longacre Square ain. "And perhaps Broadway isn't ondering what is coming now!"

Another time Miss Marsh had peered rough a taxicab window and had seen the ectric splotch. This time it spelled:

I LOVE!
WHO DO I LOVE?

"Ridiculous!" she exclaimed. "What a ly way to advertise! Why, it isn't even ammatical! It should read: 'Whom do ove?'"

"By Jove!" cried George Henry. "I'll ve to tell Jim—oh, I see! There wasn't ace enough to tack on that M and stick the same size letter. It'll do for an ad; fact, we billboard men are hoping the ne will come when we can use simplified elling. Think how much more you could t in a small space if you could use that!"

Sure enough, the low comedian in The ttle Jade Joss, the musical show at the sino that George Henry took Miss Marsh see that night, had a verse in his topical ng which referred to the new Longacre uare sign. And the audience knew what was singing about. The way they ghed and clapped their hands indicated st. The electric letters had been burning almost a week, and Broadway is quick dy in anything that will afford material a moment of giddy conversation.

"Election day is almost here," said orge Henry as they left the Casino. Ve shan't be able to dine at all that last ek. Let's make it a continuous performce for the rest of this. Unless the law actice and suffrage campaigning needs u, let's reserve that corner table at ittori's for the rest of the week. Are you ry busy?"

"One must eat dinner somewhere," said iss Marsh. It was the most unkind reark she had ever made to her boyish, od-natured escort. She shuddered to nk how vinegary she had been as she ned out her reading lamp at the Emerson. As a matter of fact, the law business was t at all good. And reporters from the low newspapers had been pestering her get suffrage "write-ups," which, she nd, meant mostly that she should assist m in caricaturing herself. Besides, semblyman Barkis was making headway his district despite the best efforts of i-militant suffragettes, backed up by loyal but not quite so semi-militant n's League for Equal Suffrage. There l been some excuse for her being pepy—but how was George Henry to know t?

"We won't go to the theater tonight," told him at Trittori's. "I'm feeling tired. Late hours don't agree with me."

f she had not laughed at him so often might have asked his advice in the tter of Assemblyman Barkis; but she her even little teeth and was as gay as could be.

The taxi did not have to traverse Longe Square this time, but the chauffeur his instructions.

Now the sign is fetching them!" said rge Henry admiringly, as he pointed to north, where the electric glow of ten letters had deepened. Why not, since r letters, equally big, had been added o them? Now the sign blazoned forth:

I LOVE!
WHO DO I LOVE?
MINNIE,
THE QUEEN

liss Marsh turned upon him with fury uperheated as the tungsten bulbs that ed the heavens.

George Henry Leffingwell!" she cried. all the coarse, ruffianly —— Is this r work?"

I thought it would get over," said the ish-looking ad man. "It's making a bigger hit with the sidewalk crowds. y want to know who the queen is that ebody loves. I'm going to tell Broadway the answer to that question tomorrow evening. The morning papers will announce that the rest of the sign will be turned on at dark. I'll bet they'll need the reserves from two or three police stations to handle the bunch that'll be waiting in Longacre."

As the senior member of the firm of Marsh & Blackney crumpled up in one corner of the taxi, outrage and panic and hurt being woven equally into her sobbing, she did not see George Henry move as if to comfort her—and then bite his lips and lean back with an effort as the cab bowled Harlemward.

"It's the South Sea Islander way of doing it, Minnie," he said as she fled into the vestibule to ring the elevator bell. "You won't give in any other way. I've simply got to use the club. I wouldn't do it if you didn't care; but I know you do."

"You coward!" choked Miss Marsh as the cage shot her upward—which reply she knew was even shabbily futile, but which was the only fragment of vocabulary at her command.

The kindergarten at the second-hand typewriter in the outer office wondered what important case was absorbing the attention of her employers the next morning. Marsh (Minnie) & Blackney (Clara) had gone into executive session, the senior member having thrice refused to speak to a certain Leffingwell party on the telephone, said party having used dots and dashes over the wire when the kindergarten had informed him of this fact.

"We'll get out an injunction!" declared Miss Marsh. "This is the most dastardly attempt to coerce a woman I ever heard of!"

"But you like him, don't you?" inquired Miss Blackney timidly.

She had excellent reason for being timid, for the senior partner eyed her balefully. "Of course I like him!" she snapped. "I shouldn't go out to dinner and to the theater with him if I didn't. But I like my career too. Don't you?"

"Ye-es," returned Blackney (Clara); "but Dick Murray has been bothering me terribly of late. He says he doesn't see why a woman can't make a career and a home at the same time."

Ah, this was brummagem verbal ware! Blackney (Clara) knew it; she had the grace to blush.

"Clara!" cried Miss Marsh. "You're weakening! You're worse than weakening!" She leaned across the desk and glared at her shrinking partner, extending an accusing finger. "You're engaged!" Her tone was the nth power of soprano accusation.

"Well—what if I am?" returned Miss Blackney, beginning to recuperate from her moment of drooping.

"Then the firm is dissolved!" Miss Marsh announced in awesome fashion.

She put her head upon the desk, where the blotting pad absorbed moisture that was not tinctured with aniline dye. The second-hand typewriter kindergarten, listening at the keyhole, nodded deprecatingly as she returned to clack erratically upon the keys of the machine.

"Women lawyers that cry are no good," she mumbled to herself. "Cry-babies in a law office ain't —— Period. Dear Sir—In reply —— Goodness gracious! I declare if I haven't forgotten the shift key again!"

"I'm going to stick it out until Christmas," said Miss Blackney, intending to be comforting, but only extorting a fresh movement of the shoulders above which she bent. "We'll see the suffrage campaign through. We must induce the voters to defeat that odious Assemblyman Barkis."

Miss Marsh sat upright, with a faint smile which had a world of tortured forgivingness painted upon it. "I hope you will be very—ver-ree—happy, Cl-Cla ——" Her head was upon the blotting pad again when the kindergarten person knocked and entered.

"Please, ladies, there's a party named Leffingwell on the telephone. He says he must speak to the firm. It's important. I can tell that by the words he uses when I say the firm is busy. Maybe it's a case!" She spoke hopefully.

Blackney (Clara) fell into her own desk-chair with a hysterical giggle.

"It's a case all right!" she screamed. "Minnie, you'll have to answer him. It's the tenth time this morning."

"I'll get out an injunction!" muttered the senior member. "He dare not drag me



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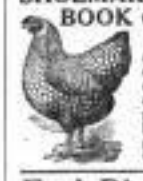
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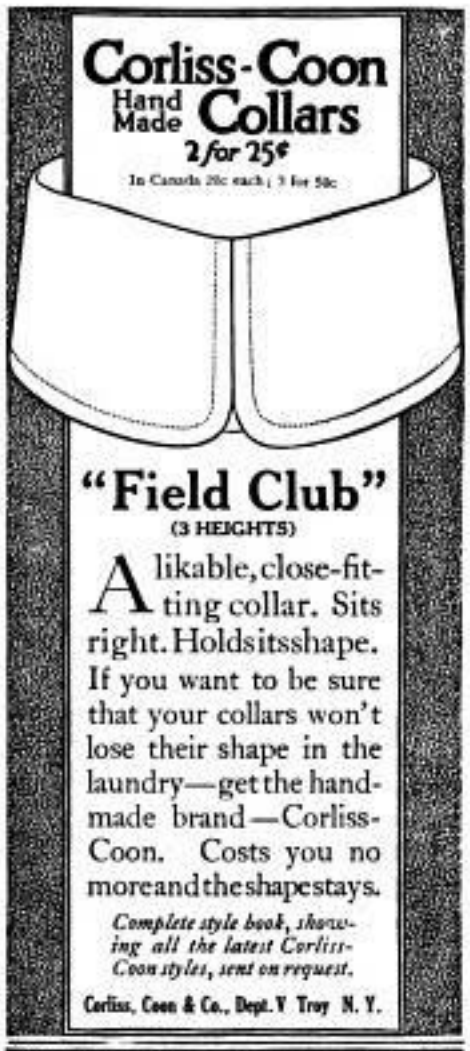


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Box Ball is a clean, moral game—an **exercise** that fascinates the best class of men and women everywhere. New improved alley—noiseless, fast, irresistible. Big, regular-shaped ten-pins set automatically by the players—you just take in the cash. No help needed to operate—no expenses of any kind except rent.

Our Guarantee—You can set yourself up in a permanent, big-paying business on an investment as low as $139 to $300. If you are not satisfied after 30 days we take back the alley and refund what you paid us unless what you took in. Write for our proposition at once.

American Box Ball Co., 379 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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No money in advance—no bank deposit. Horse and Man Power Sprayers for field and orchard, Barrel and Power Sprayers. All have high pressure, thorough agitation and are built to last. Guaranteed for 5 years. We pay freight. Extra profit pays for the machine. Write today for our big free catalog, spraying guide and special free offer to first in each locality.

THE H. L. HURST MANUFACTURING COMPANY
751 North Street, Canton, Ohio



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combined with
ROSENTHAL'S PRACTICAL LINGUISTRY
Send for Booklet and Testimonials
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Thousands of dollars made every year in the poultry business. A city lot big enough to begin. Your name and address on postal brings "Making Poultry Pay," FREE.
Inland Poultry, 37 Cord Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.



Latest Book "Profitable Poultry," 120 pages plain, practical facts, 160 beautiful half-tones. Tells how you can succeed with poultry. Tells about big poultry farm, **48 pure-bred varieties.** Lowest prices, both, eggs, incubators, etc., sent for 5 cents.
BERRY'S POULTRY FARM, Box 69, Clarinda, Ia.



Poultry 47 leading varieties Pure Bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese, Turkeys; also Holstein Cattle—prize winners. Oldest poultry farm in northwest. Stock, eggs and incubators at low prices. Send 4 cents for catalogue.
LARKIN & HERZBERG, Box 99, Mankato, Minn.

into his horrid, common advertising signs in Longacre Square. If ever I cared for him the least little bit, Clara Blackney, I detest him now!"

"Will you talk to the case, ma'am?" asked the fidgeting kindergarten patiently as she heard the gurgle of Central trying to raise her again with the receiver off the hook.

"Hush!" Miss Marsh commanded severely. "An injunction! We'll make out the papers at once."

"But, Minnie," said Miss Blackney, emerging from incipient hysteria, "you'll have to give a reason. You can't ask for a *duces tecum* without stating explicitly your belief that an injury is to be inflicted. How would you feel to go into court and have all those horrid men hear you state that you believed George Henry Leffingwell meant to spread in electric letters tonight, while the populace cheered, 'I love Minnie Marsh, the Queen'?"

Again hysterics threatened the junior member.

Miss Marsh rose with sudden decision. She turned to the second-hand typewriter expert.

"You stay in here!" she ordered. She slammed the thin partition door behind her before she grasped the gurgling telephone receiver.

So it came to pass that again the corner table at Trittori's was filled. There was one thing to be said for George Henry. He knew how to order a dinner.

"Well, Minnie," he said when the hovering waiter had placed a crême yvette frappé before her and he had lighted one of his pet cigars, "have you decided to yield to the thump of the South Sea Islander's club?"

"You intend to complete your cowardice?" asked Miss Marsh.

"I'm going to have the rest of that electric sign turned on tonight as surely as we are sitting here," George Henry Leffingwell replied. "I told you I'd have to jog your memory."

"My memory of what?"

"Your remembering that you cared for me. Do you?"

Miss Marsh puckered her lips over the straw of her cordial like a child that has just been scolded.

"You can have your career. I promise you, Minnie. I shan't interfere. Why in the dickens can't you come home to a man who needs you? Don't you know you're merely enlisting a fag for life by saying the word?

"You can hold suffrage meetings all over that Riverside Drive apartment if you want to. By the way, here's the key. I rented the tenth floor this morning."

"How dared you?" blazed Miss Marsh.

"I knew you were going to give in," said George Henry serenely. "Going! Going!—for the last time before the electric fountain is turned on. Do you want me to tell the hundreds in Longacre Square tonight the real name of the Minnie I love? Will you marry me, Minnie?"

For the sake of impeccable chronicling let it be written that Miss Marsh started to say "I won't"; but when she came to the letter "w" the audible version that reached the ear of Leffingwell & Company was, "I will."

"Now we'll capitalize that career of yours in the right way," declared George Henry as the taxi charioteered them theaterward. "Huh, we'll be late for the first act."

"I don't care," said Miss Marsh. "Have the man drive through Longacre Square. I want to see darkness brooding over the north end. I want to lay the ghost of those terrible electric letters. I've been dreaming about them for six days and nights. It was despicable of you—but I forgive you."

Miss Marsh did not heed his mumbling about first acts and the inconsiderateness of being late for them. And, in the end, the chauffeur tacked westward as she wished.

No gloom enveloped the northerly zone of Longacre that night however. The curious hundreds that traffic-squad policemen were herding away from the car-tracks and cab-lanes were staring heavenward at the most garish array of colored bulbs that Manhattan had ever blinked at.

Miss Marsh gave one hurried glance and buried her face in her muff.

"You've broken your word, George Henry!" she cried. "I daren't look. Is it all there?"

Leffingwell drew the muff away and laughed uneasily.

"Look, Minnie!" he said. "It isn't what you think it is."

And she looked. This is what she saw:

> I LOVE!
> WHO DO I LOVE?
> MINNIE,
> THE QUEEN OF BOTTLED WATERS

Beside the staring letters was the gigantic outline of an Indian maiden catching a white electric waterfall in a beaker labeled Minnehaha Spring Water.

It was George Henry Leffingwell's *magnum opus.* Broadway would rate him by that for the rest of time. He heard the people giving vent to "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" It was flattering unction to his advertising soul.

"You—you tr-ricked me!" she groaned. "You never meant to do it!"

"It was luck that the gods provided," explained George Henry, coming back to earth. "I had to start that spring-water advertising tonight or lose the contract. It came to me like a flash that I could turn it into the South Sea Islander's club. But you had me going. You had me going! I couldn't have waved it over you after tonight. You aren't sorry—now, Minnie?"

The senior member of the dissolved firm of Marsh & Blackney pondered wildly.

"Besides, you don't know what a wonderful engagement present I'm going to give you. That Cantbreakem Umbrella contract expires tomorrow. We won't rent the display space until after election day. I'm going to give you the space to use in your campaign against Barkis, Minnie. You've got the choicest display for electrics in town. It ought to make a monkey of that promise-breaking assemblyman. You can put him on the run if you use it wisely. Think how solid all those red and green and yellow lamps will make you with your campaign committee! You're giving them hard cash, girl. That location is worth two hundred and fifty a glimmer, even for fly-by-night space-grabbers—the kind we fill in with between contracts. You aren't sorry, are you, Minnie?"

"You are very helpful, George Henry," said Miss Marsh, eying the electric giantess and her inside-out umbrella with suddenly acquired interest. "Do you suppose we could manage a portrait of Barkis in yellow, with some snappy advice underneath—just one safe jump away from libel?"

"Do you suppose we can, Minnie?" cried George Henry Leffingwell—so loudly that Miss Marsh was afraid the chauffeur might hear. "God Bless Our Home! That's what ought to be on the coins of the U. S. A. Do you suppose we can? Do you?"

Peanut Promotion

THE peanut is taking a step forward, so to speak. It is assuming a new and more important place in the agriculture of this country. The cotton boll weevil is responsible for this. That pestiferous insect, invading the Southern States, has made cotton-growing unprofitable over wide areas, and the fruitful goober, for which it has no liking, is being largely substituted as a farm crop.

This new departure was begun only two years ago with the planting of a few hundred acres in Northern Louisiana, under a coöperative arrangement between farmers and oilmill owners, helped by the Department of Agriculture. The experiment so thoroughly demonstrated the practicability of growing peanuts on a large scale for market in Louisiana and adjacent states that, contrary to the original intention, the bulk of the first crop was sold for seed.

As a result, the area planted in 1910 was increased to nearly twenty thousand acres. Of this crop at least one hundred and fifty carloads were sold for seed; and in 1911 three hundred thousand acres were planted with peanuts.

As a feed for farm animals the peanut takes the place of both grain and forage. Experiments have proved that by planting peanuts rather closely it is possible to cut a ton of peanut hay, and afterward to produce a surprising weight of pork to the acre on the peanuts themselves.

The oilmills of the South are preparing to crush the large surplus output of peanuts for oil, which, by the way, is rapidly gaining appreciation for table purpose in this country.



"A Safe Leave!"
—and only one point needed to win!

Ever-changing situations such as this, constantly new problems that call upon all the skill of hand, eye and brain, account for the intense fascination of Billiards and Pool.

Do you play? You can do so now, without frequenting a public poolroom. You can have in your own home a

BURROWES
Billiard & Pool Table

and play while you are paying for it.

Burrowes Tables are scientifically correct in every detail—angles, pockets, cushions, etc.—and adapted to the most expert play. Some of the leading professionals use them for home practice.

Sizes range up to 4½ x 9 feet (standard). Tables may be set on dining-room or library table, or mounted on their own legs or folding stand.

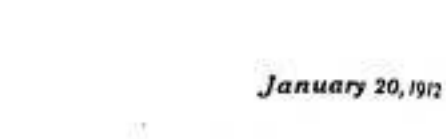
$1.00 DOWN

The prices are $6, $15, $25, $35, $45, $55, $75, etc., and Tables are sold on easy terms of $1 or more down, and a small amount each month.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE

On receipt of first installment, we will ship table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory, return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. Write today for illustrated catalog giving prices, terms of payment, etc.

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Relieved by
The "Trufit" Adjustable Arch

Cannot cause pain to the wearer. Easily raised or lowered by adjusting screws, which force the fallen arch back to its normal position gradually and with comfort.

The "Trufit" is the only self-adjustable Support. If your dealer cannot furnish we will send you, prepaid, a pair for

Booklet on Request
WM. H. BOEN & BRO., Inc.
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Established 1847



Tiny set-screws adjust arch



10 CENTS A DAY

buys the Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter. Made in our own factory at Kittanning, Pa. Price now—later the price will be $100. The best typewriter in the world; as good as any machine at any price. Entire line visible. Back spacer, tabulator, two color ribbon, universal keyboard, etc. Agents wanted everywhere. **One Pittsburgh Visible Machine Free** for a very small service. No selling necessary.

To Get One and to learn of our easy terms and particulars regarding this unprecedented offer, say to us in a letter: "Mail your FREE OFFER."

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The Latest Invention

Lamps are lit with an ordinary match as conveniently as city gas at one-fourth the cost. Write for catalog and agency.

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Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

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Send 8 cents stamps for new 128 page book of Vital Interest to Inventors.

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Does Your Village Need Electric Light?

Will build system, furnish capital, and, if desired, operate. Correspondence invited from Boards of Trade or individuals in villages over 500 population. G. R. MILLS, Salem, Ohio.

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THE FIFTH AVENUE SHOPS

(Concluded from Page 7)

as a cashgirl at two dollars a week," the manager of one of the big department stores tells us.

I always try to get little Miss Lynch, who waits on me at S——'s, to talk to me about her customers. These girls are as full of gossip as an orphan is of prunes. They know every wealthy woman in New York by sight and have all the story. It seems that the easiest customer to sell to is the one who is with the styles. The woman who has the courage of the fashions is easily fitted out. When the models come from Paris designed for a waist, she has a waist; when they are in the elongated, birch-bending-by-a-stream-slender-and-gray manner, she is ready for them. It is the woman who is afraid of the mode, who does her hair in the simple knot and likes everything that is shown her for some hypothetical other woman—but she herself "never wears those extreme fashions!"—who is the problem of the fashionable-shop girl.

Paris never counts on these women, but the wise shopgirl does.

"Sometimes we just put away a hat at the end of the season because we know it will be what Mrs. Carlton Trask will want next year. I've done it myself many a time." And Miss Lynch glances at us to see if we are with her in this intelligent duplicity.

"I know just what your aunts will want when I see them coming in at the door," she says when she feels secure that we are to be confided in. "There isn't a girl in the store who doesn't like to wait on them. They're so sweet and it is so simple. Mrs. James will always want something rich, inconspicuous and dark; Mrs. Saintsbury the same; and Mrs. Crawford Deane the same, only with a long coat."

Mrs. Ten-Thousand-a-Year

One day last winter I saw a little Life of Shame being fitted out for a flight to Paris. She was scarcely out of her mother's lap—so slim and young, and standing drooped a little backward, as young things do. The man who was with her looked as if he were nice. He looked as if he were the kind of man with whom it would be pleasant to sit in cafés, watching people. He would tell you stories which he devised about them and make jokes of which the humor was always one-third wisdom. As I sat waiting for my fitting he ordered seven tailored suits and ten evening dresses. She passed as his sister. Do prosperous business men, with thick, handsome hands, order seventeen dresses for quiet little sisters who have silver-blue pools in their eyes and poignant scarlet Celtic mouths?

She was assenting rather mechanically to his choices, but there was one dress she suggested she did not need.

"Well, you had better have it," he advised. "There may be evenings when that is just the thing you would like to wear."

The woman who was waiting on them had no conscience, but she had a lovely color sense. When a dress was accepted she would bring a wrap and hang it about the girl's shoulders.

"This goes nicely with that dress," she would say. Brother would look it up and down, little Life of Shame glancing from him to the glass; he would nod—and it would be added to the pile on the chair. As they went away she was smiling faintly up at him. Poor little Life of Shame! One tried not to think of her too far into the future, when that smile had lost its sweetness and had come to have a kind of mechanical brilliance.

The customer with a fine brisk temper, well aired upon hirelings and uncorroded by moth and rust, gives some of these girls memories from which they tremble for long years with mortification and rage. Mrs. Tewkington Cleves is objecting to some feathers that do not match.

"We haven't any more. Tell her they're the same," says the forelady shortly.

Mrs. Cleves' eyes flash when this information is conveyed to her.

"What do you mean by telling me that?" she says. "They are not the same; and I will not have you telling me they are the same when I can see they are not!" She adds some comments on the insolence and incompetence of uneducated girls.

The woman who once told me this story was ten years away from it. She had married the manager of one of the great department stores and she had five bathrooms and three motor cars! She remembered still, however, how she had cast down her eyes and felt the color burning over her face! She could not think of anything to say, she said. A person who stands looking at the floor, with a quivering lip and tears in her eyes, when you have no more than given her a belting that she richly needed, is insufferable! Mrs. Cleves lays down the hat she was considering emphatically, and gathers her wraps about her, sweeping out with eyes sparkling like two wet stones and a face cut into the stony glare of a Japanese tragedian. There is a letter from her the next morning at the office about an extremely disagreeable saleswoman whom "something had upset before I came in." Such episodes do not ingratiate one with the management! Mrs. Tewkington Cleves is as large upon the horizon of New York as the Palisades. You are expected to hit upon some way to avoid offending ladies whose accounts run over ten thousand dollars a year!

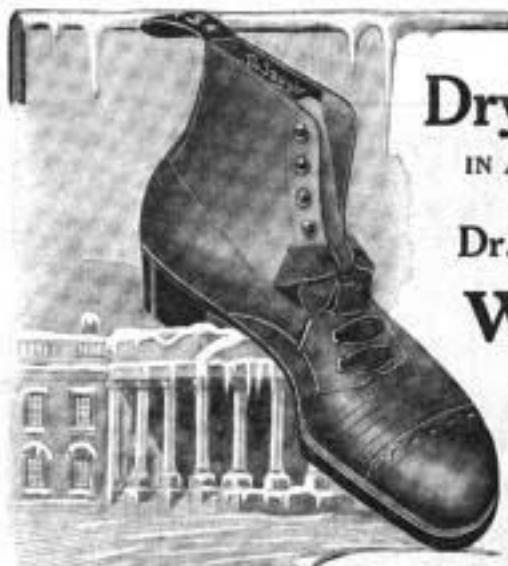
Little comedies of duplicity, ambition, innocence in the net, the flattery of power, like those in the plays and drawings of the Restoration!—slyly humorous, and with their great, patterned background of strange contrast! As The Rich and Great and I came out on the street, with hats brought to bay for another year, the heavy lace curtains were being drawn in these shops out of which we had just come. The Avenue was growing softly and vaguely bright. Street lights hung along the curb like palest lavender lilies, two on a stem. The great sun was throwing up handfuls of Chinese gold at the ends of the cross streets, as an artist would throw it upon the pale blue dress of a dancer. A white moon was chalked on the fading sky over Tiffany's—the street grown rather vacant. The play was on now—the workers no longer needed. Whirled away to other Elysian Fields—to tea at the Plaza, to dine, to dance, to listen and speak, retreat and draw near to each other, in high-ceilinged studios with a winding stair, in rich drawing rooms ambrosial with flowers, in the whirling crush of balls, under the superb agony of the *Liebestod*, in stolen brief meeting, when the lips tremble like the leaves of a young tree in the night air—they shall feel, and learn what they can, each in his degree—even feel the deep bolt of love!

The End of the Day

By five minutes after six the street has become one for the workers. Out of the employees' entrances they begin to pour now, a thousand of them from one shop, going off with quick-falling feet—little errand girls in half-soiled summer clothes; mothers of families, plump and hurrying; fashionable-looking girls, with wide frills on their coats and hats aslant; groups of slim, gay young ones—all too slim and gay, some of them, and not quite designing enough to pull off a stable place in life. Sometimes one is very pale and bent, with a deep crease between her brows. A little hunchback, with a book under her arm, lifts her head and looks up at the pink glare the city begins to fling against the sky. A boy does an imitation of Gaby Deslys, showing white, closely set teeth and deep dimples. Another slides through the press to a girl who blushes as only seventeen can blush, pulls on her gloves and tries not to look pleased because it is not according to the rules to look pleased. Cohorts of men—the tailors.

All these, too, shall eat, dance, draw near to each other—and even love; but in a more strident and minor key. They live for ends they do not see. They are gone. Everybody is going uptown now—mostly business men, walking with bent heads, telling each other how Charley used his fade-away ball with deadly effect, and what the score was when they left! The hotel windows are all alight. Temple Emanu-El lifts its minaret into the vast night. At a bright window a little shop assistant stands scratching an ankle with the other foot as she looks. She turns toward us when we pause beside her—in her face the gleam, still bright, of youth's intentness to acquire. It is such a lovely night that I say to The Rich and Great as we stroll on:

"Perhaps she will be owning one of these shops some day!"



Dry, Warm Feet

IN ALL KINDS OF WEATHER IF YOU WEAR THE

Dr. Sawyer Cushion Sole

WHITE HOUSE SHOES

FOR MEN - - - $5 and $6
FOR WOMEN - $4 and $5

Sample No. 278½.—MEN'S DR. SAWYER CUSHION SOLE Kangaroo Blucher, made over the famous Foot-Form Last, good weight soles and uppers, yet not heavy or clumsy.

The high grade piano-hammer-felt insole is impervious to cold and dampness. It is better than a health insurance policy, as it prevents the colds and sickness that follow chilled, damp feet.

The "Joy of Wearing" this damp-proof business shoe justifies you in asking your dealer for it. If he hasn't it, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

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Take Dollars

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Hurry a postal to me. Get my magnificent offer before you buy any incubator. I am doing wonders to get my Improved

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Introduced. Splitting the price for 10 minutes of your time at home. Giving $25.00 poultry course to insure your success. Big incubator book free. Sixty days' free trial. Record-breaking, high-grade Hatcher at lower price than you can secure a cheap, ordinary machine. Greatest offer of the age. Write me personally.

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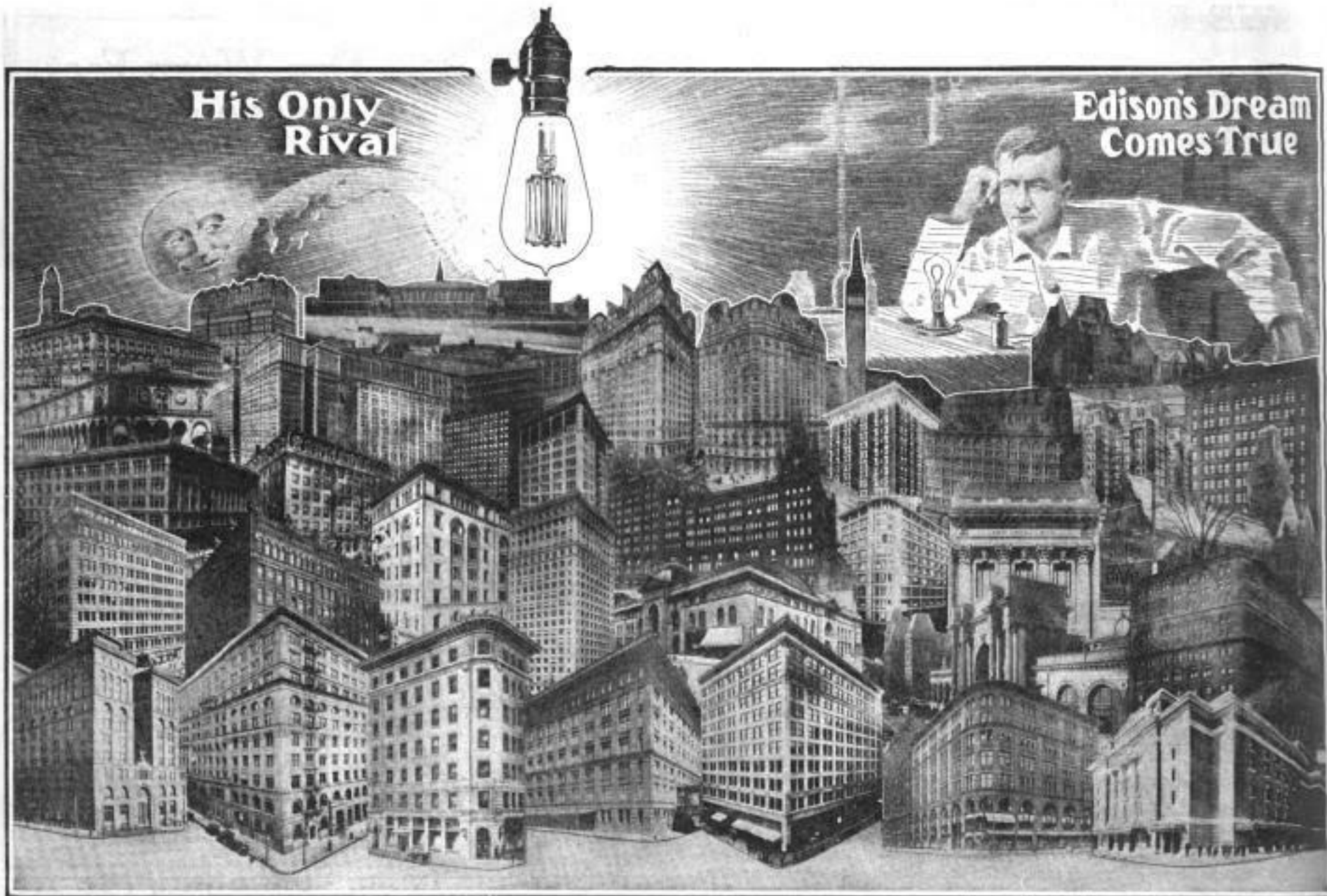
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IT is easy enough to guarantee hose that are cumbersome, coarse and hot. "Holeproof" are entirely different. They are fine and light weight, if you want them light—the sheerest hose made of cotton. We make them in silk also. There are ten weights and five grades and twelve colors to choose among.

How Our Light Weights Are Guaranteed

The wear in "Holeproof" is in its *yarn*, not its *weight*. The light weights will wear just as long as the heavy. The reason is that we use the best cotton yarn we can buy. We pay for this yarn an average of 70c a pound—the top market price, no matter how it may vary. We could buy common yarn at the common price—30c a pound. But our yarn is 3-ply Egyptian and Sea Island cotton—the softest, most flexible, lightest weight, yet the strongest yarn that's sold. That's why *the hose* can be made light and strong. That's why *95 per cent of our output* has always *outlasted our guarantee*, including these *light weights*. There's no reason on earth why hose cannot be made to suit "the particular" and be made to *wear* at the same time. We want those who doubt, to try "Holeproof."

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

A Million Wearers

A million people know "Holeproof." We are not advertising to them. The fact that so many have been convinced should bring more or less conviction to you. If a million have tried them and swear by them now, don't you think you may do the same if you try them?

Carl Freschl

The signature above identifies the genuine "Holeproof," and you *want* to identify it for it is the original guaranteed hosiery, and there are scores of the heavier kinds.

Thirty-nine years of experience go into every pair of "Holeproof." Twenty-six years of this experience went into the very first pair turned out.

So careful are we that "Holeproof" shall maintain its lead that we spend $55,000 a year for inspection—to see that each pair is perfectly made. You never will get a pair that's defective.

Prices range from $1.50 for six pairs, guaranteed six months, up to $3.00, according to the finish and weight. Silk hose for men, *three* pairs guaranteed *three* months, $2.00—for women, $3.00.

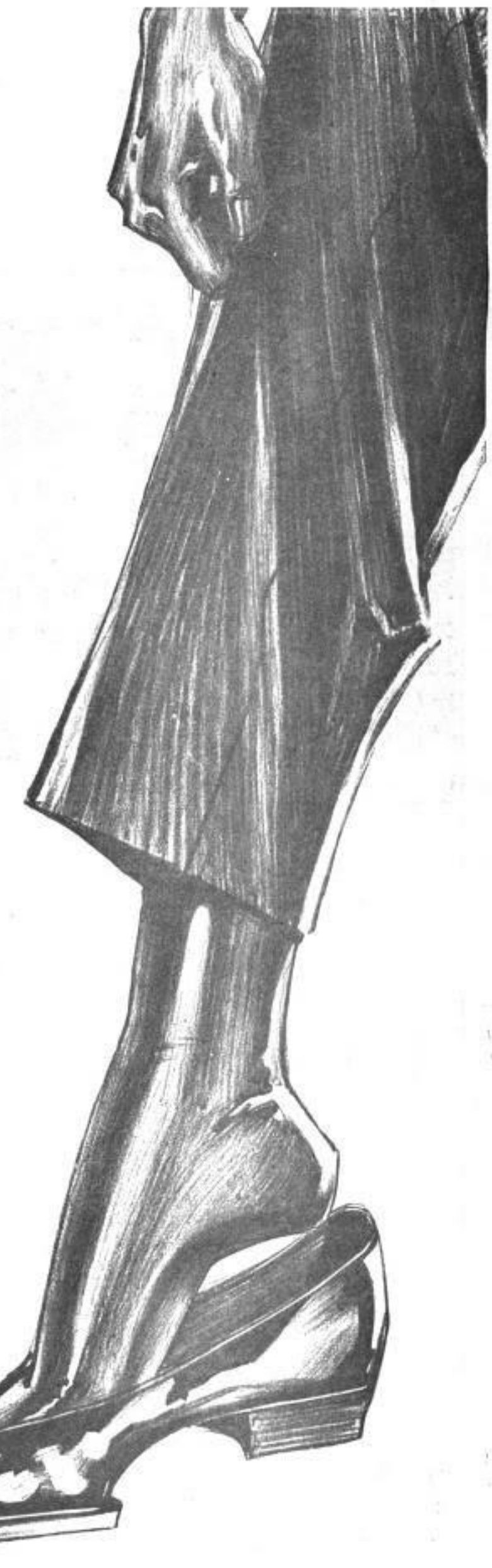
The genuine is sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1900
Carl Freschl

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY
968 Fourth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

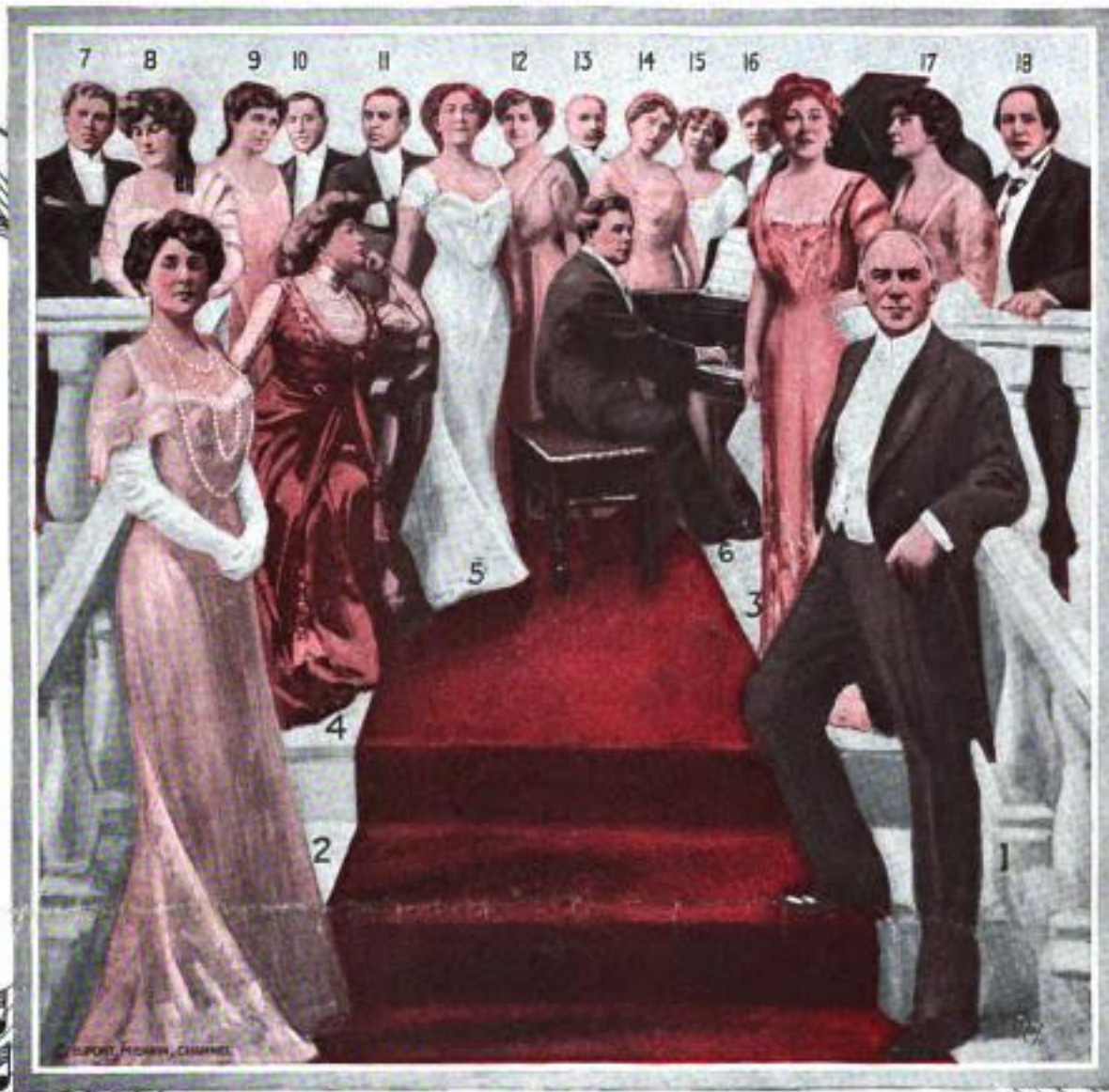
Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Ltd., London, Can., Distributors for Canada
Tampico News Co., S. A., City of Mexico, Agents for Mexican Republic (270)



Are Your Hose Insured?

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The Columbia Phonograph Company (exclusively) presents:



[1] David Bispham
[2] Mary Garden
[3] Lillian Nordica
[4] Olive Fremstad
[5] Alice Nielsen
[6] Josef Hofmann
[7] Ellison Van Hoose
[8] Bernice de Pasquali
[9] Kitty Cheatham
[10] Jose Mardones
[11] Reed Miller
[12] Rosa Olitzka
[13] Xaver Scharwenka
[14] Carolina White
[15] Ruth Vincent
[16] Cecil Fanning
[17] Margaret Keyes
[18] Alex. Heinemann

There is only one *Bispham*. Only one *Mary Garden*. Only one *Nordica*. Only one *Fremstad*. Only one of *any* of these great artists—and only a *Columbia* dealer can supply you with their splendid records. No owner of a library of talking machine records can claim to have even a *representative* repertoire without them. No dealer can claim to carry even a *representative* record stock if he has to offer *understudies* or *substitutes* for those you ask for. If you want to hear any of these great voices you *must* go to a *Columbia* dealer.



The Columbia Grafonola, "Favorite"—Price $50
Other Columbias from $17.50 to $200

Columbia Phonograph Co., Gen'l
Box 219, Tribune Building, New York
Toronto: McKinnon Bldg. London: Earlsfield, S.W.
Mexico City: 1-a Calle de Lopez No. 7

Creators of the Talking Machine Industry. Pioneers and Leaders in the Talking Machine Art. Owners of the Fundamental Patents. Largest Manufacturers of Talking Machines in the World. Dealers wanted in unoccupied selling territory where we are not actively represented.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D[illegible] by Benj. Franklin

JAN. 27, 1912 5cts. TH[illegible]

Chester Carter
R. 34
Logansport Ind
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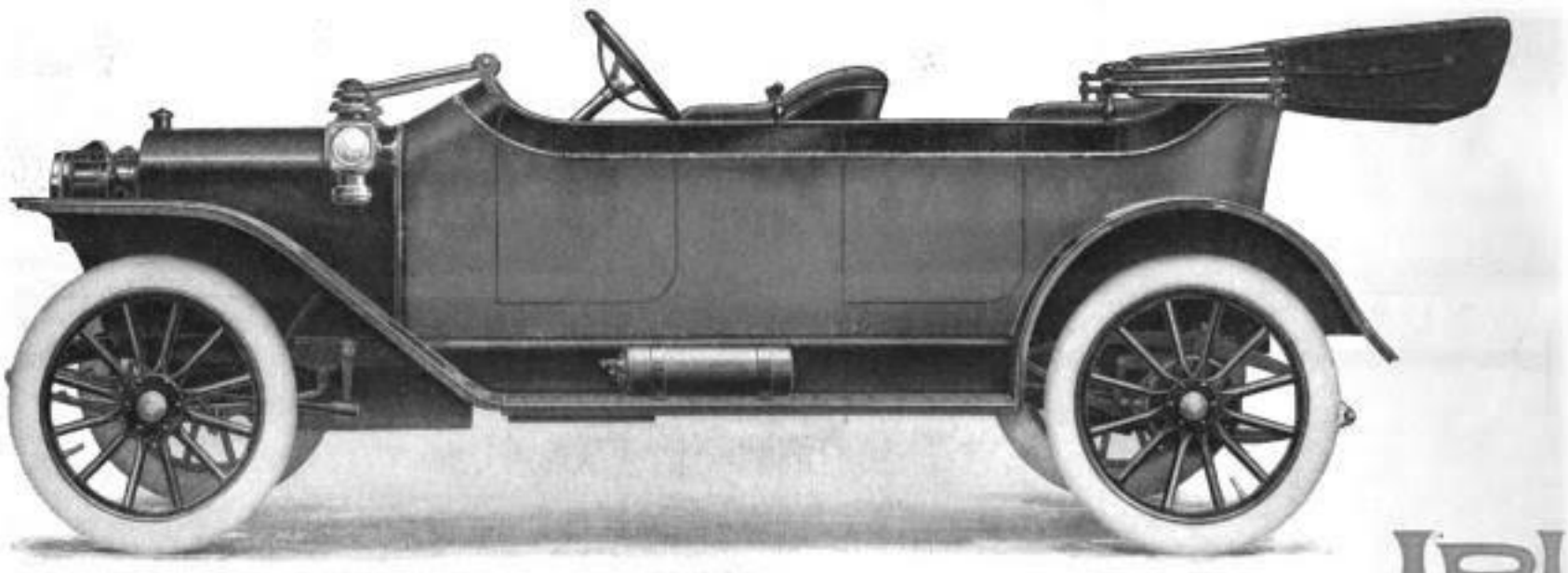
UNDERWOOD

MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY

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The First Touring Car Under $1000

With Self-Starter



Model S S

R-C-H "Twenty-Five" 5-Passenger Touring Car

110-inch Wheel Base

$950
F. O. B. Detroit

Equipped with self-starter, **32 x 3½ tires, dual ignition, demountable and quick-detachable rims, gas tank, extra rim, top, windshield, 5 lamps, horn, tools, and tire repair kit,** long stroke motor, 3 speeds, enclosed valves, magneto.

ANY manufacturer can claim that his car is the best on the market for the money—most manufacturers do. In considering the R-C-H, let's put the judgment up to you for a change. You read motor-car announcements day after day—have you ever seen a value approaching this?

If we took every price-mark from this page, leaving merely the equipment details and specifications; if you had to fix the price of the R-C-H by comparison with any previous standard of car value—you'd say $2000—or more. And when we tell you that no $5000 car could be better built—that $2000 will not buy you as great value anywhere else, ***we want you to challenge those statements.***

For we can't tell you about the R-C-H in a magazine page—you've got to see and test the car for yourself in order to realize its extraordinary value.

Some Construction Features of the R-C-H

Just a few are all we've space for. We use 123 drop forgings—more than in any other car in the world, irrespective of price. This means much greater strength and durability as compared with castings. It means, too, a much more perfect interchangeability of parts, because drop forgings permit an absolute accuracy of machining impossible with castings. And we think that every part of the R-C-H is more readily accessible than in any other car at any price.

The motor is the first adaptation in this country of the long stroke idea so successful abroad. And the motor is really long stroke (3½ x 5) with just the proper relation of stroke to bore that the best engineering practice has demonstrated to be most economical and efficient. It should be borne in mind that merely making the stroke of a motor long and widening the bore correspondingly does not achieve the much-desired long-stroke effect.

The drive is left side, the only sensible drive for American road rules, and the control is center lever, out of the way, yet most convenient to the operator, and at his right hand. Come and see the car and judge it for yourself—that's all we ask.

STANDARD MODELS

Regular equipment of top, windshield, lamps, generator, horn, tools and kit, without self-starter and other special equipment quoted above.

5-passenger Touring Car	**$850**
Touring Roadster	**800**
Roadster	**700**
(Equipped for 4 Passengers)	**750**
Colonial Coupé	**1050**

CANADIAN PRICES

These are as follows, f. o. b. Windsor, duty paid: ***S S Models*** — Touring Car, $1175; Touring Roadster, $1125; Roadster, $975; Roadster, 4-passenger, $1050; Coupé, $1425. ***Standard Models*** — Touring Car, $1050; Touring Roadster, $1000; Roadster, $850; Roadster, 4-passenger, $925; Coupé, $1300.

SPECIFICATIONS

Motor—4 cylinders, cast en bloc—3½ inch bore, 5 inch stroke. Two-bearing crank shaft. Timing gears and valves enclosed. Three-point suspension. **Drive—left side.** Irreversible worm gear. 16 inch wheel. **Control—Center lever** operated through H plate, integral with universal joint housing just below. **Springs**—Front, semi-elliptic; rear, full elliptic and mounted on swivel seats. **Frame**—Pressed steel channel. **Axles**—Front, I-Beam, drop-forged; rear, semi-floating type. **Body**—English type, extra wide front seats. **Wheel Base**—110 inches. Full equipment quoted above.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET. Descriptive folder sent free on request. But see the car itself—that's the only way to judge it.

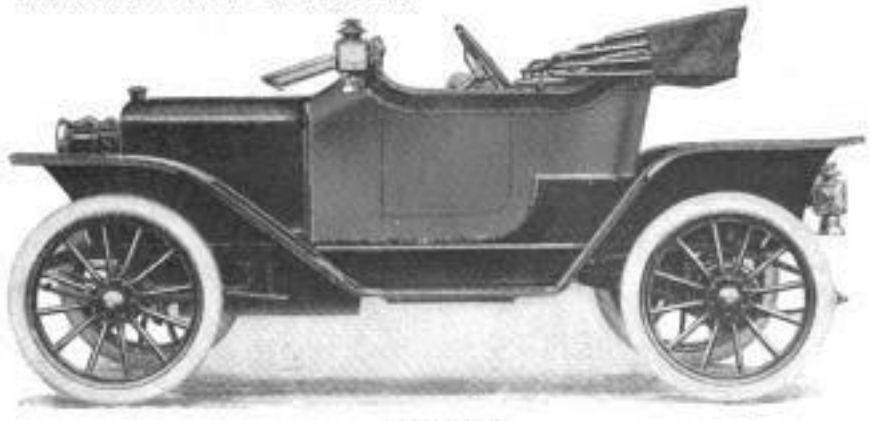
R. C. HUPP, *Manufacturer*, 111 Lycaste St., Detroit, Mich.

Distinct from and having no connection with the Hupp Motor Car Company

Branches: **Boston, 563 Boylston St.; Buffalo, 1225 Main St.; Cleveland, 2122 Euclid Ave.; Chicago, 2021 Michigan Ave.; Denver, 1620 Broadway; Detroit, Woodward and Warren Aves.; Kansas City, 3501 Main St.; Los Angeles, 1242 Flower St.; Minneapolis, 1334 Nicollet Ave.; New York, 1989 Broadway; Philadelphia, 330 N. Broad St.; Atlanta, 548 Peachtree St.**

DEALERS: We have already under way an advertising campaign on the R-C-H which will reach every nook and corner of the country. Color pages and spreads in such national mediums as *The Saturday Evening Post*, Collier's, Life, Leslie's, Literary Digest, Scientific American and others are being used. The same thing is being done in trade papers. And large display space in local newspapers everywhere completes the campaign. We have hundreds of dealers now — we have room for many more. The public response to the R-C-H announcements is tremendous and country-wide.

We need you — if you're the right man in the right place — to help fill this demand. Write, wire, phone or call — but do it quickly.



Model S S

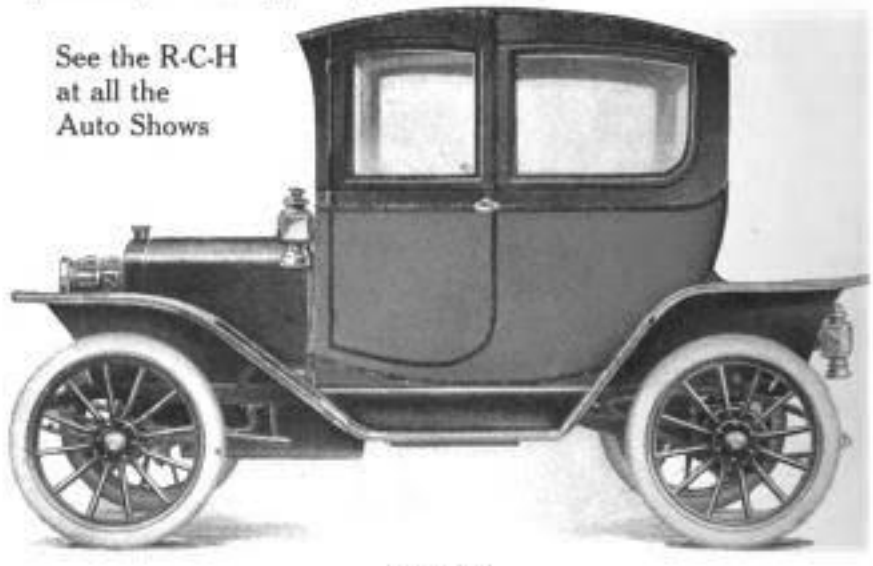
$800
F. O. B. Detroit

R-C-H "Twenty-Five" **English Body Roadster**

Equipped with **self-starter**, 32 x 3½ tires, dual ignition, demountable and quick-detachable rims, gas tank, extra rim, top, windshield, 5 lamps, horn, tools and tire repair kit—**long stroke** motor—**3 speeds**—enclosed valves—**magneto**.

Touring Roadster, same equipment, $900. Extra large gasoline and oil capacity. Wheel-base of roadsters, 86 inches—other specifications same as touring car.

See the R-C-H at all the Auto Shows



Model S S

$1150
F. O. B. Detroit

R-C-H "Twenty-Five" **Colonial Coupé**

SPECIFICATIONS:—Enclosed body; drop seat for third person; 100 ampere hour lighting battery. Full equipment includes 2 electric lamps, combination electric and oil side and tail lamps. Other specifications and complete equipment same as roadster. In no closed car at any price will you get greater comfort, service and beauty than this.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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Volume 184 PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 27, 1912 Number 31

How Pittsburgh Got Half a Loaf

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

PITTSBURGH'S greatest and latest graft exposure occurred in March, 1910, and the Steel City immediately became the most ridiculed town in the world. Newspapers the country over were pointing fingers of derision at it. Of course Pittsburgh had experienced graft exposures before that and had been condemned for them. Nearly every considerable town in the United States had had its graft exposure, or several of them, and suffered general reprobation until the next graft exposure somewhere else distracted the attention of press and public. For years exposure of municipal graft under the Stars and Stripes had been a virtually continuous performance, with rapidly shifting scenes. Usually exposure was followed by a spasm of reform that sometimes lasted through a whole administration.

However, when Pittsburgh's turn came in March, 1910, a remedy had been discovered in the commission form of city government. Her business men undertook to apply this remedy, with the important result that on November seventh last a city council of nine men, in whose integrity every one has complete confidence, was elected without opposition. Other cities have fought graft and adopted the commission form of government, but the Pittsburgh situation was and is rather unique. Nowhere else have good citizens, being firmly resolved to dig their town out of a political mire, encountered more discouraging obstacles.

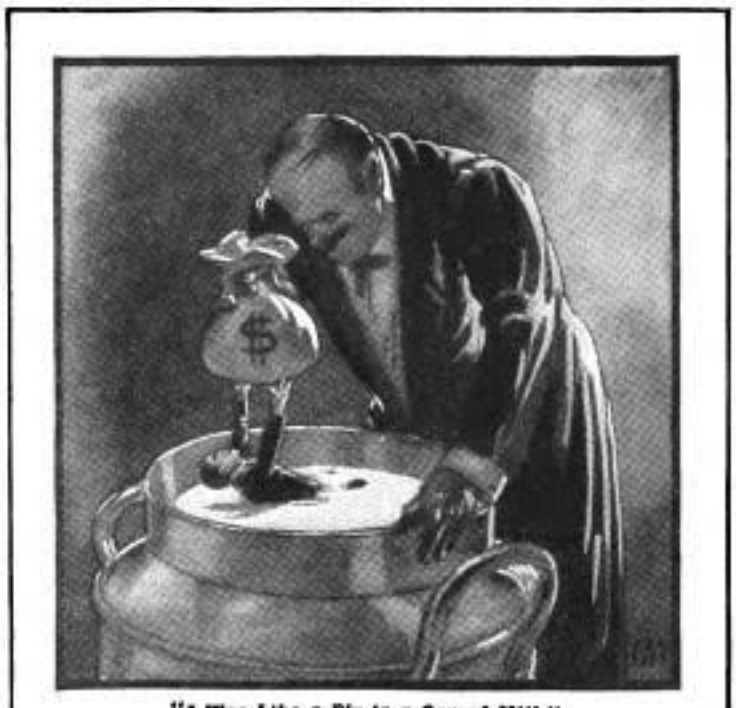
In theory the government was beautifully democratic. After consolidation with Allegheny, Greater Pittsburgh was ruled by a legislative body comprising the common council, with one hundred members, and the select council, with fifty-nine members—one for each ward—all of whom were elected by the people. There you had "representative government" in its full flower.

Moreover, there were forty-six subordinate school districts in old Pittsburgh and fifteen in Allegheny, each subordinate school district being a virtually autonomous and sovereign body with its own educational board of six members, who were also elected by the people. Thus, in addition to one hundred and fifty-nine councilmen—reduced to sixty-seven after the greater city was redistricted—the people were privileged to elect three hundred and sixty-six school directors and an alderman for each ward, the aldermen being petty magistrates corresponding to justices of the peace elsewhere. They elected also a mayor and city controller, and helped to elect a long list of county officers—not to mention eleven state senators and a baker's dozen of representatives in the lower house of the state legislature.

Altogether there were something like six hundred elected officers, and it must have been a rare city block that did not contain at least one resident who was being voted for sometime during the year for some office or other.

The result of this multitudinous voting and representing was, of course, that Pittsburgh had no representative government at all. Actually the government represented anything and everything except the people. If the government did occasionally represent the people—as in the central school-board of Allegheny and in the City Hall under Mayor Guthrie—it was only by a happy accident.

The sort of character and ability which ruled the town under this system was painfully illustrated in the graft exposure, when ninety-eight persons either confessed that, as councilmen, they had taken bribes or were indicted for that offense on the testimony of others.



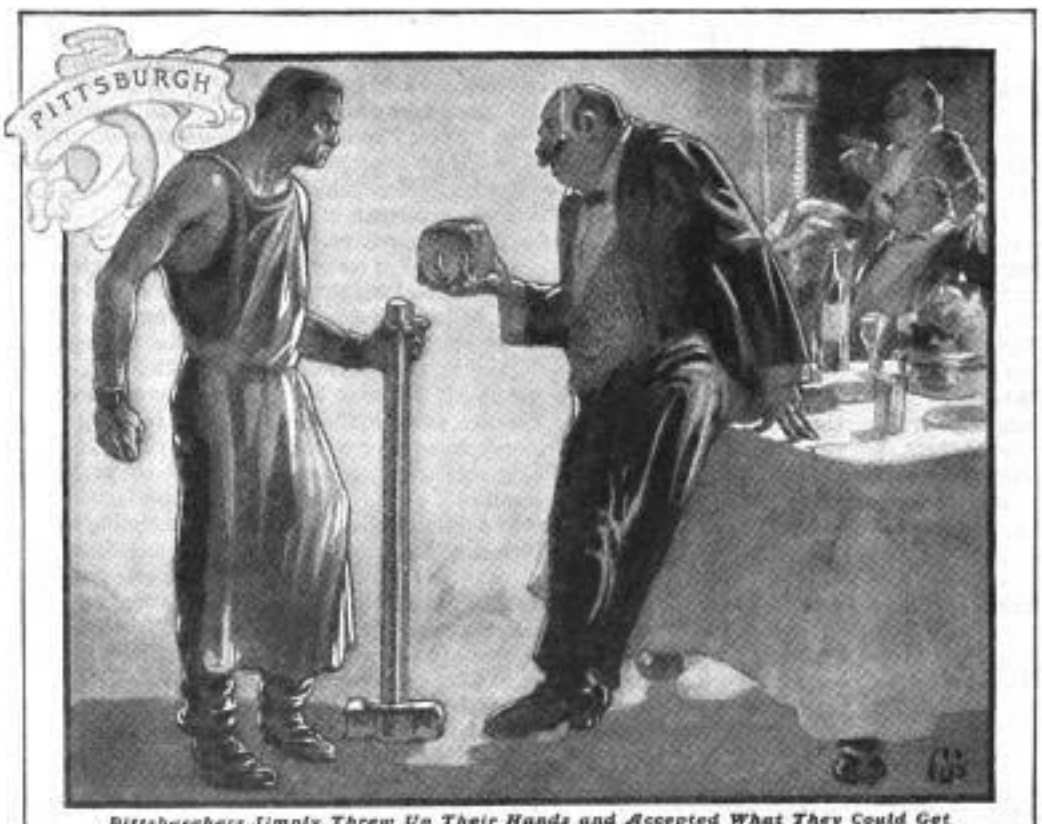
"I Was Like a Fly in a Can of Milk"

Of course "business" gave the bribes. It usually takes business to bribe because the operation requires the command of considerable money. In this particular instance it was a combination of banks rather than a public-utility corporation. These banks wanted to handle the city's funds and got the council to pass an ordinance making them city depositories. A loquacious person is said to have exhibited his share of the boodle to an honest councilman. Detectives were hired, an investigation started and the distributer of the bribe money was presently caught and convicted.

Some three or four years before this a councilmanic distributer of bribe money in connection with a street-railway ordinance was caught and convicted, whereupon his employers and pals are said to have made up a purse of thirty thousand dollars, in consideration of which he served his sentence in dignified silence. In this later case the employers and pals of the hooked distributer are said to have declined his proposal for a cash indemnity; whereupon he turned state's evidence. When it was known he had confessed there was a stampede among the bribe-takers. By the dozen they flocked to the district attorney's office with their confessions.

A noteworthy feature of these confessions was the extraordinary cheapness of the grafters. One councilman—a merchant in comparatively prosperous circumstances—confessed that he sold his vote for eighty dollars. Others got as low as fifty dollars. A few got several hundred, and one or two had sufficient self-respect to demand adequate pay for their rascality. The general impression produced by the confessions, however, was that councilmanic votes in Pittsburgh were sold about like potatoes.

Another feature of the situation deserves notice. Business did the bribing; but business did the prosecuting and subsequent reforming too. Times have changed in the United States. Fifteen years ago—unless I am much mistaken—if half a dozen prominent banks had been accused of bribing a city council the leading business interests of the city would, at least, have sympathized with the banks. Other business men would have said: "Our city council contains a lot of rascals; and the only way you can do any business with them is by bribing. The blame rests with the people who elect these rascals to the council and not with the banks."



Pittsburghers Simply Threw Up Their Hands and Accepted What They Could Get

Times have changed, however. It is no longer true that business—or even all of "big business"—is either engaged in or indifferent to political corruption. In Pittsburgh, from the beginning, leading business interests, embracing thousands of business men, lined up solidly against the rascals. Thus it was the Voters' League—an organization backed by business men, of which A. Leo Weil, a corporation lawyer, is president—that got the first evidence against the grafters and stood behind the prosecution. One bribe-giving banker who was sentenced to the penitentiary largely through the efforts of the league and its president is said to have been, at a former time, a valued client of Mr. Weil.

When the mess of corruption was uncovered it was the Civic Federation, another organization backed by and largely composed of business men, that called a mass-meeting to consider the situation.

The situation, of course, was an old and painfully familiar one. Here was

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a city of more than five hundred thousand people, with an assessed valuation of three-quarters of a billion dollars, preëminent industrially, which had produced and contained a great many notably able men, but was governed in part by a crew of grafters so shameless that they sold their votes almost openly, and so stupid that they weakly accepted any poor little rag of a bribe. And this, broadly speaking, was the typical experience of an American city. Only a few years before Pittsburgh herself had had an experience quite similar and then had triumphantly elected a reform mayor in the person of George W. Guthrie, a man of high character and of ability, who did, to the utmost of his power, give the city an honest, efficient administration; but Mayor Guthrie's power had been limited. Ordinances procured through bribery had been passed over his veto by the council. Obviously, to elect an honest and able mayor did little good. Moreover, Guthrie's term had expired and the mayor's office was now held by William A. Magee—a familiar type of Pennsylvania machine politician. In short, the spasm of reform had run its brief course and passed away.

However, Des Moines—borrowing and improving Galveston's great invention in American municipal policies—had adopted the commission form of city government. The idea had spread with remarkable rapidity, hundreds of municipalities in a score of states having adopted it. So, when the best men of Pittsburgh proposed to redeem their city from its scandalous state they turned inevitably to the Des Moines plan. They knew the utter uselessness—proved by years of experience in hundreds of towns—of calling upon the people to choose sixty or seventy honest, able, broadgauge men—all elected by wards—to rule the city. They knew the only way to keep cheap, inefficient and even dishonest men out of the council was to cut down its membership to a very small number, all of whom should be chosen by the whole city to act for the whole city instead of for some petty subdivision of it. The first mass meeting, therefore, adopted resolutions, prepared beforehand, in favor of the Des Moines idea.

The Chamber of Commerce, the Board of Trade, the Pittsburgh Credit Men's Association, the Bar Association and a dozen or more other commercial bodies, with an aggregate membership of many thousand, promptly joined the movement and appointed delegates to a new charter committee. This was in April, 1910.

The new charter movement was inspired by the Des Moines idea; but it did not adopt the Des Moines plan. The scheme which the committee evolved was entitled The Pittsburgh Plan. The difference is highly significant. Under the Des Moines plan, which is now the standard commission form, the people elect five men at large and all the powers of city government are vested in them. They manage the city as completely as a board of directors manages a bank. By a majority vote they appoint all other city officers, including magistrates. Virtually they are the city government—legislative, executive and judicial; but they are always subject to the people through initiative, referendum and recall.

The Fight for Commission Government

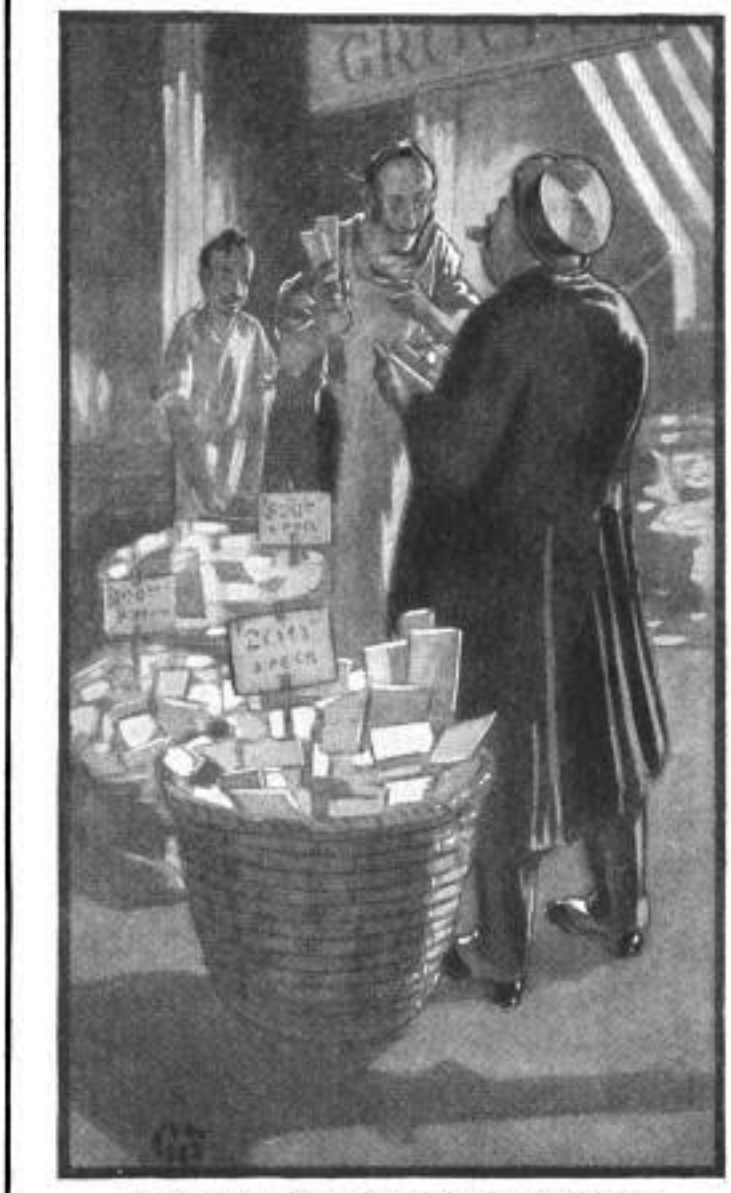
NOW Des Moines, Topeka, San Diego, Colorado Springs, Birmingham, Moline, Gloucester, Bismarck, Austin—in short, scores of cities situated in many commonwealths might go to their state legislatures and say:

"An overwhelming majority of the people of our town are sick of the old style of municipal government, with multitudinous elected officers, bedquilt partisan ballots, inefficiency and graft. We want to clean all that out and organize on a new, intelligent basis. It's really our own affair, you know, and we expect you to pass an act that will enable us to govern ourselves as we deem best."

These other cities, in many states, might say that to the legislature with much assurance; but not Pittsburgh, in Pennsylvania, where real popular government enjoys no popularity at all among the powers that rule the state. The Pittsburgh men, backed though they were by popular sentiment, knew it would be useless to go to Harrisburg and ask the form of local government they wanted.



In the first place, there was Mayor Magee, with an unexpired term to serve and most decidedly not sympathetic with this newfangled notion from the West—or any other notion that threatened to shake his hold upon the local political machine. The mayor was and is a powerful factor in the state machine. So the Pittsburgh plan provided that the office of mayor be continued with the same powers as theretofore. It proposed, also, that the elective office of city controller be continued.



Votes in Pittsburgh Were Sold About Like Potatoes

The progressive features of the plan were that the city council be reduced to nine members, to be elected at large, to serve four years; that they be paid a salary of sixty-five hundred dollars a year each; that any ordinance, upon petition of ten per cent of the voters, be submitted to a referendum; that fifteen per cent of the voters, by petition, could initiate legislation; that all elected officers be subject to a recall election on petition of twenty-five per cent of the voters; that the city ballot be non-partisan, names of candidates being arranged on it by lot, without party designation.

To organize, settle upon the plan and draw up a bill embodying it required some time; but when the legislature convened at Harrisburg last winter the charter committee was ready for the campaign. Meanwhile it had elected Colonel Thomas J. Keenan chairman of the general committee and of the executive committee. Colonel Keenan used to be a newspaper man. For some time he was owner or majority stockholder of the Pittsburgh Press. He believes in publicity; also he believes in a fight if that seems necessary. At present he owns a seventeen-story office building on Liberty Avenue and various other parcels of real estate. Some of his business associates thought that looking after his own private affairs would require as much time and energy as could reasonably be expected from one man. This was true; so he let the private affairs look after themselves.

During the fall and winter the committee issued a series of bulletins to the people of Pittsburgh. The first bulletin bore the heading, "It hurts!" and the subtitle: "What America's leading newspapers said about Pittsburgh during the recent councilmanic graft exposure." The body of the bulletin comprises three pages of pithy excerpts from well-known journals in all parts of the country. "Shame, scandal, rottenness, rank corruption, stench, disgusting!" are terms that recur in these editorial extracts.

Bulletin number two, with the heading, "It's up to you!" runs as follows: "It's up to you as a member of the state legislature whether Pittsburgh gets decent government or not.

"The citizens of Pittsburgh have done what they could by exposing the graft in their city government.

"Altogether, one hundred and eleven individuals were involved. Of this number, fifty-four confessed, ten were convicted and forty are yet to be tried.

"Out of a total membership of one hundred and fifty-five in councils, ninety-eight were indicted. There are in Pittsburgh's councils today sixteen men under indictment.

"This means one of two things: Either a majority of Pittsburgh's voters who elect these councilmen are corrupt, or there is something wrong with Pittsburgh's system of city government. We believe the system is at fault. Only the legislature can change the system. Pittsburgh wants a chance to redeem herself. Is she going to get it? It's up to you."

Bulletin number three recites the confession of a grafting council member: "I was like a fly in a can of milk."

The bulletin says: "Pittsburgh wants a single councilmanic body of nine men, to be paid a salary of sixty-five hundred dollars each. It has had enough big bodies of little men—flies in a can of milk."

Blocked by the Bosses

BULLETIN number four recites the confession of another grafter: "I voted for my first crooked ordinance not for money but to stand in with the gang and get improvements for my ward. The next time I took money." Councilmen, it says, should be elected for the whole city and not for wards.

Number five says: "In Pittsburgh, franchises to street railways have been given in perpetuity without compensation to the city; the city's wharves have been taken; a boulevard costing millions was voted away by councils. City money is being deposited today in banks which were elected depositories by bribery. Would this have been possible under the referendum?

"Pittsburgh is paying fifty thousand dollars a year for collection of delinquent taxes. Manufacturing concerns have been driven out of the city because councils demanded graft for switching privileges. A manufacturer who wanted to pay the city for a street vacation was forced to use the money to bribe councilmen. How long would such conditions be possible with the initiative?"

Another bulletin begins: "Is there any reason why a Pittsburgh councilman should be elected under the name of a national party?" And concludes: "The one way for the national parties to rid themselves of the taint of corrupt city politics is to give the cities a non-partisan ballot."

Meanwhile the legislature had met at Harrisburg and the bills prepared by the charter committee to give Pittsburgh a start toward decent government had been introduced in both branches and referred to committees of the Senate and the House. It is hardly necessary to say that the chairmen of both committees belonged to the machine, for a legislator who didn't belong to the machine would stand an exceedingly poor show of being chairman of any committee. Both chairmen pigeonholed the bills.

Week after week passed. The charter committee issued its bulletins. The people of Pittsburgh held massmeetings, passed resolutions, deluged the legislature with petitions, sent delegations to the capital. Local sentiment was so overwhelmingly in favor of the bills that all the newspapers of Pittsburgh supported them. Here was almost the entire decent citizenship of a big town begging for the privilege to reform the local government. Moreover, the Pittsburgh men who were leading the fight at the capital canvassed the members of both the Senate and the House committees to which the bills had been referred and found that a majority of those members personally favored the bills; but until the word went out from a boss to the committee chairmen the bills, it seemed, couldn't budge.

In April the charter committee issued another bulletin, saying in part: "We have demonstrated that the passage of these bills is demanded by an overwhelming majority of the people of Pittsburgh—by the indorsement of every important civic, business and professional organization of the city; by securing a general popular indorsement at more than two hundred public meetings, ranging from gatherings in clubs, labor unions,



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fraternal societies, mills, railroad shops and churches to the monster demonstration held one week ago in Exposition Music Hall, which was attended by ten thousand persons and is said to be the greatest ever held in the state; by thousands of letters and postcards mailed to senators and representatives from Allegheny County.

"Are political leaders so blind that they will seek to build round Pittsburgh a Chinese Wall to keep out the great wave of municipal reform which is sweeping the United States?

"And will they go before the people of the state with such an issue at the next election?"

Undoubtedly successive demonstrations of the state of public feeling in Pittsburgh respecting the charter bills made an impression upon the persons in control of the machine, and those persons were by no means in accord among themselves. Mayor Magee, of Pittsburgh, aspired to the political overlordship of Allegheny County and Western Pennsylvania, while United States Senator Oliver, also of Pittsburgh, cherished similar aspirations. No love whatever was lost between the Magee faction and the Oliver wing. The passage of the Pittsburgh bills would weaken Mayor Magee's hold upon the city. At the same time, by furthering the measures, Senator Oliver might reasonably hope to enhance his own popularity. So the Senator lent the bills his countenance and support—to a certain extent.

Naturally the charter committee, which contained a number of men who were by no means without experience and skill in politics, played upon this Magee-Oliver quarrel for all it might be worth to them. Mayor Magee, it appears, was strong in the graces of the Philadelphia end of the machine, and it looked as though the chairman of the House committee was hermetically sealed against any influence from Pittsburgh that was inimical to the mayor; but Speaker Cox of the House was an Allegheny County man and a follower of Oliver rather than of Magee. He finally agreed that if the Pittsburghers would get a majority of the committee to sign a favorable statement on the charter bill he would accept that as the report of the committee—thereby ignoring the chairman and shattering a great many parliamentary precedents. They did get a majority of the committee to sign a statement, which the Speaker accepted as the report of the committee.

In this novel fashion the charter bill was brought into the House over the head of the committee chairman. Once the bill was out on the floor of the House, where proceedings were in the open and votes recorded, the popular sentiment in its favor told heavily. Without much fight, and partly through the considerate action of Speaker Cox in calling it up at an unexpected time, it passed by a handsome majority; but not as the Pittsburghers drafted it. The House cut out the recall feature and the non-partisan ballot. It was said that Senator Penrose, the big boss of the machine, couldn't stand those features—however much the people of Pittsburgh might wish to stand them in their own local government!

The fence was now down to an extent. The bill went to the Senate and was referred to another machine committee, which at once cut out the initiative and referendum. It seemed that Senator Boies Penrose couldn't stand them either.

The session was now nearing its close and Pittsburgh was throwing every ounce of muscle into the fight, which waxed red-hot. It seems that only by the utmost vigilance were the machine leaders able to prevent a stampede of their agitated followers; and when the bill came up in the Senate on second reading the initiative and referendum were put back. This is said to be the first time since the Civil War that the machine was ever beaten in a fight in the Pennsylvania legislature.

The vote in favor of restoring the initiative and referendum was twenty-four, and twenty-six votes were necessary to pass the bill on third reading. By unfortunate circumstances—which, however, did not reflect upon their good faith—two senators who were pledged to the Pittsburgh plan had been called away from Harrisburg. They were summoned by telegraph and arrived next day.

The Pittsburghers then had twenty-six pledged votes in hand, and nothing, it seemed, could prevent them from passing the bill as it stood—but something did. The measure had been amended by restoring the initiative and referendum. Before it could come up for third reading the public printer must strike off a fresh copy containing the amendments—and the public printer, it appeared, simply couldn't get round to striking off that fresh copy. It was only a matter of setting up a few lines of type; but his shop must have been overwhelmed with vastly important work, for he was quite unable to get out a new copy of the Pittsburgh bill.

A day passed—two days—three days—and still no fresh copy of the bill was forthcoming. The state of mind and nerves among the Pittsburghers during this delay, as they saw the session about to close and knew the machine was exerting all its power to win over enough votes to beat them, may easily be imagined.

It was another week before the public printer was able to turn out a copy of the bill; and by that time the machine had won over two of the Pittsburghers' pledged senators, as the first vote showed, and these two desertions were soon followed by a third. It was evident that

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THE SIGN OF THE WINDMILL

By Joseph C. Lincoln

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON

I'D HEARD the news twice already that mornin'. Fust I heard it at the Poquit House breakfast table, where 'twas served along with the chopped-hay cereal and warmed over and picked to pieces, as you might say, all through the biled eggs and spider-head, plumb down to the doughnuts and imitation coffee. Then I'd no sooner got outdoors than Solon Saunders sighted me, and he 'bout ship and beat across the road like a porgy-boat bearin' down on a school of fish. He was so excited he couldn't wait to get alongside, but commenced heavin' overboard his cargo of information in mid-channel.

"Did you hear about the Higgins Place bein' rented, Cap'n Snow?" he sung out. "It's been took for the summer, and ——"

"Yes, yes; I heard it," says I. "Fine seasonable spring weather we've been havin' these days. Don't see any signs of rain, do you?"

If he'd been skipper of a pleasure boat with a picnic party aboard he couldn't have paid less attention to my weather signals.

"It's been hired for an eatin' house," he says, puffin' and out of breath. "A man by the name of Fred, from Buffalo, has hired it; and ——"

"Fred, hey?" I interrupted. "Humph! 'Cordin' to the proclamations I heard, he cruises under the name of George—Eben George—and he hails from Bangor."

"No, no!" he says emphatic. "His name's Edgar Fred and it's Buffalo he comes from. Henry Williams told me, and he got it from his wife's aunt, Mrs. Debby Baker; and her cousin by marriage told her. She's a Knowles, the cousin is—married one of the Denboro Knowleses—and she got it from Peleg Kendrick's nephew, whose stepmother is a relation to the woman who used to do old Judge Higgins' cookin' when he was alive. So it come straight, you see."

"Yes," I says—"about as straight as the eel went through the snarled fishnet. All right; I don't care. How's your rheumatiz gettin' on, Solon?"

I thought that would fetch him, but it didn't. Gen'rally speakin', he'd talk for an hour about his rheumatiz and never skip a pang; but now he was too much interested in the Higgins Place.

"It's some better," he says, "since I tried the electric ointment out of the newspaper; but, Cap'n Zeb, did you know that this Fred man was goin' to start a swell dinin' room for automobile folks? He is. He's had all kinds of experience in them lines. He's goin' to have furrin help and a chief Frenchman to do the cookin'; and—and I don't know what all."

"I guess that's right," says I. "Well, I don't know what all, either, and I ain't goin' to worry. We'll see what we shall see, as the blind feller said. Hello! there's the minister over there, and I'll bet he ain't heard a word about it."



The Madder He Got the Less English He Talked

That done the trick. Away he put, all sail set, to give the minister the earache; and I went on down to the Ostable Grocery, Drygoods, Boots and Shoes and Fancy Goods Store and Post-Office, where I was part owner and postmaster. And there was my partner, Jim Henry Jacobs, talkin' to a man I'd never seen afore and both of 'em so interested they scurcely noticed me when I came in.

He was a kind of ordinary-lookin' feller at fust sight, the stranger was—sort of a cross between a parson and a circus agent, judgin' by his getup—pretty thin, with black hair and a black beard, and dressed all in black except his vest, which was thunderstorm plaid. I'd have cal'lated he was in mournin' if it hadn't been for that vest. As 'twas, he looked like a hearse with a brass band aboard. Both him and Jacobs was smokin' cigars, the best ten-centers we carried in stock.

"Mornin'!" says I, passin' by 'em. Jim Henry looked up and saw me.

"Ah, Skipper," says he, "glad to see you. Come here. I want to make you acquainted with Mr. Edwin Frank, who is intendin' to locate here in Ostable. Mr. Frank, shake hands with my partner, Cap'n Zebulon Snow."

We shook—the band-wagon hearse and me—and I felt as if I was back aboard the old schooner, handlin' cold fish. Jim Henry went right along explainin' matters.

"Mr. Frank," he says, "has had a long experience in the restaurant and hotel line and he believes there is an openin' for a first-class roadhouse in this town. He has leased the ——"

Then I understood. "Why, yes, yes!" I interrupted. "I know now. You're Mr. Eben Edgar Fred George, from Buffalo and Bangor, ain't you?"

Then they didn't understand. When I explained about the boardin'-house talk and Solon Saunders' "straight" news Jacobs laughed fit to kill, and even Mr. Fred George Frank pumped up a smile; but his pumps was out of gear or somethin', for the smile looked more like a crack in an ice-chest than anything human. However, he said he was glad to see me and I strained the truth enough to say I was glad to meet him.

"So you've hired the Higgins Place, Mr. Frank?" I went on. "Well, well! And you're goin' to make a hotel of it? If old Judge Higgins don't turn over in his grave at that he's fast moored—that's all."

I meant what I said—almost. Judge Higgins, in his day, had been one of the bigbugs of the town and his place on the hill was one of the best on the main road. It set 'way back from the street and the view from under the two big silver-leaf trees by the front door took in all creation and part of Ostable Neck, as the sayin' is. The judge had been dead 'most eight year now; and, bein' a three-times widower without chick or child, the estate was all tied up among the heirs of the three wives and was fast tumblin' to pieces. It couldn't be sold, on account of the row between the owners; but it had been let once or twice to summer folks. To turn it into a tavern was pretty nigh the final comedown.

Jim Henry Jacobs wa'n't worryin' about comedowns however. He never let dead dignity interfere with live business; he didn't shed a tear over Judge Higgins' tomb. No, sir! He got down to the keelson of things in a jiffy.

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"Skipper," he says, sweet and plausible as a dose of sugared soothin'-syrup—"Skipper," he says, "Mr. Frank's proposition is to open not a hotel exactly but a first-class, up-to-date roadhouse and restaurant. As progressive citizens of Ostable, as business men, wide-awake to the town's welfare, that ought to interest you and me, on general principles, hadn't it?"

I judged this was only Genesis and that Revelation would come later; so I nodded and said that I cal'lated it had—on general principles.

"You bet!" he goes on. "It does interest us. Speakin' personally, I've long felt there was a place in Ostable for a dinin' room, run to hag—to attract, I mean—the wealthy, the well-to-do transient trade. Why, just think of it!" he says, warmin' up; "it's spring now. Inside of another month there'll be a steady string of autos runnin' along this road here, every one of 'em solid full of city people, and all hungry. Now it's a shame to let those suckers—I mean those hungry gents and ladies—go by without givin' 'em what they want. If I hadn't had so many things on my mind—if the Ostable Store's large and growin' business hadn't took my attention exclusive—I should have ventured a flyer in that direction myself. But never mind that; Mr. Frank has got ahead of me and the job is in better hands. Mr. Frank is right up to the minute; he's abreast of the times, and he —— By-the-way, Mr. Frank, perhaps you wouldn't mind tellin' my partner here somethin' about your plans? Just give him the line of talk you've been givin' me, say."

Mr. Frank didn't mind. He had the line over in a minute; and if I'd been cal'latin' that he was a frosty specimen, with the water in his talk-biler froze, I'd got rid of the notion in a hurry. He smiled polite and begun slow and deliberate, but pretty soon he was runnin' twenty miles an hour. He told about his experience in the eatin'-house line—he'd been everything from hotel manager to club steward—and about how successful he'd been and how big the profits was, and what his customers said about him, and so on. Afore a body had a chance to think this over—or to digest it, long's we're talkin' about eatin'—he was goin' under full steam through Ostable, with the Higgins Place loaded to the guards, and beatin' all entries two mile to the lap. He'd never seen a better openin'; his experience backed his judgment in callin' it the ideal location and opportunity—and the like of that. He talked his throat dry and wound up, husky but hurrahin', with somethin' like this:

"Cap'n Snow," he says, "you and Mr. Jacobs must understand that I know what I'm talkin' about. This enterprise of mine will be the very highest class—French chef, French waiters, all the delicacies and game in season. A country Delmonico's, that's the dope—ahem, I mean that this is the reputation this establishment of ours will have shortly—yes!"

I judged that the "dope" had slipped out unexpected and that the miscue jarred him a little mite, for he colored up and wiped his forehead with a red-and-yeller-bordered handkerchief. I was jarred, too, but not by that.

"Establishment of ours," I says slow. "You mean yours, of course!"

He was goin' to answer, but Jim Henry got ahead of him.

"Sure! Of course, Skipper," he says. "That's all right. There!" he went on, gettin' up and takin' me by the arm. "Mr. Frank's got to be trottin' along and we mustn't detain him. So-long, Mr. Frank. My partner and I will have some conversation and we'll meet again. Drop in any time. Good-day."

I hadn't noticed any signs of Frank's impatience to trot along, but he took the hint all right and got up to go. We said goodby and I was turnin' away, when I see Jim Henry wink at him when they thought I wa'n't lookin'. I was suspicious afore; that wink made me uneasy as a spring pullet tied to the choppin' block.

Eben George Edgar Edwin Delmonico Frank went out, dabbin' at his forehead with the red-and-yeller handkerchief. Jacobs kept his clove hitch on my arm and led me out to the settee on the front platform.

"Set down, Skipper," he says cheerful and more'n extry friendly, seemed to me. "Set down," he says, "and enjoy the spring ozone."

We come to anchor on the settee and there we set for as much as five minutes, each of us waitin' for the other to begin. Finally Jim Henry says without lookin' at me:

"Well, Skipper," he says, "that chap's sharp, all right, ain't he?"

"Seems to be," says I, not too enthusiastic.

"Yes, he is. If I'm any judge of human nature—and I hand myself that bouquet any day in the week—he knows his business. Don't you think so?"

"Maybe," I says; "but what business of ours his business is I don't see—yet. If you do, bein' as you and me are supposed to be partners, perhaps you wouldn't mind soundin' the fog whistle for my benefit. I seem to have lost my reckonin' on this v'yage. Why should we be interested in this Frank man and his eatin' house?"

He laughed—louder'n was necessary, I thought—and slapped me on the shoulder.



"And, Since You Ain't Asked Me, I'll Tell You That I Don't Like Him"

"You don't see where we come in, hey?" he says. "Well, I do. A dinin' room like that one of his will need a good many supplies, won't it? And, if I can mesmerize him into patronizin' the home market, the Ostable Grocery, Drygoods, Boots and Shoes and Fancy Goods Emporium will gain some, I shouldn't wonder. Hey, pard! How about that?" And he slapped my shoulder again.

I turned this over in my mind. "Humph!" I says. "I begin to see."

"You bet you do!" he says laughin'. "The amount of stuff I can sell that restaurant will ——"

I broke in here. I remembered that wink and I didn't believe I was clear of the choppin' block yet.

"Hold on!" says I. "Heave to! And never mind poundin' my starboard shoulder to pieces either. I said I begun to see; I don't see clear yet. How did you and he come to get together in the fust place? Did you go and hunt him up or did he come in here to see you?"

He kind of hesitated. "Why," he says, "he come into the store, and ——"

"Did he happen in or did he come to see you apurpose?" I asks.

"He—I believe he came to see me. Then he and I ——"

"Heave to again! He didn't come to see you to beg the favor of buyin' goods of you—'tain't likely. Jim Jacobs, answer me straight. There's somethin' else. That feller wants somethin' of you—or of us. Now what is it?"

He hesitated some more. Then he upset the woodpile and let out the darky.

"Well," he says, "I'll tell you. I was goin' to tell you anyway. Frank's all right. He's got a good idea and he's got the experience to put it into practice; but he's somethin' the way old Beanblossom was afore you took a share in this store—he needs a little more capital."

I swung round on the settee and looked him square in the eye.

"I—see!" I says slow. "Now—I see! He's after money and he wants us to lend it to him. I might have guessed it. Well, did you say 'No' right off? Or was you waitin' to have me say it? You might have said it yourself. You knew I'd back you up."

Would you believe it?—Jim Henry got as red as a beet.

"I didn't say anything," he says. "Don't go off half-cocked like that. What's the matter with you this mornin'? He don't want to borrer money. He wants more capital in the proposition—wants to float it right. And he's been inquirin' round and has found that you and me are the two leadin' business men in the place and has come to us first. It's more a favor on his part than anything else. He offers to let us have a third interest between us; you put in a thousand and I'll do the same. Why, man, it's a cinch! It's a chance that don't come every day. As I told you, I've had the same notion in my head for a long time. A summer dinin' room like that in this town is ——"

"Wait!" I interrupted. "What do you know about this Frank critter? Where'd he come from? Who is he?"

"He comes from Pittsburgh. That's the last place he was in. And he's got his pockets full of references and testimonials; and ——"

"Humph! Anybody can get testimonials—write 'em himself if there wa'n't any other way. I had a second mate once with more testimonials than shirts, enough sight; and he ——"

"Oh, cut it out! Besides, I don't care where he comes from. He's sharp as a steel trap—that much I can tell with one eye shut. And he's run dinin' rooms and hotels—that I'll bet my hat on. That's all we need to know. A roadhouse in this town is a twenty per cent proposition durin' the summer months. It's the chance of a lifetime, I tell you."

"Maybe so; but how do you know the feller's honest?"

"I don't care whether he's honest or not. It doesn't make any difference. If I wa'n't here to keep my eye peeled it might; but I'll be here and if he gets ahead of me he'll be movin' to some extent. Some one else'll grab the chance if we don't. I'm for it. What do you say?"

I shook my head. "Jim," says I, "I can see where you stand. You're so dead sartin that an eatin' house of that kind'll pay big that you're blind to the rest of it. Now I don't pretend to be a judge of human nature like you, or a doctor of sick businesses, which is your profession. But my experience is ——"

He stood up and sniffed impatient.

"Cut it out, I tell you!" he says again. "This ain't an experience meetin'! Will you take a flyer with me in that roadhouse or won't you?"

"Way I feel now, I won't," says I prompt.

He turned on his heel, took a step toward the door and then stopped.

"Well," he says, "you think it over till tomorrer mornin' and then let me know. Only, you mark my words, it's a chance! And, with me to keep my eye on it, there's no risk at all."

So that's the way it ended that day. And half that night I laid awake, feelin' meaner'n dirt to say "No" to as good a partner as I had, and yet pretty average sure I was right, just the same.

In the mornin' my mind was still betwixt and between. I went down to the store and walked back to the post-office department. I looked in through the little window and saw Mary Blaisdell inside, sortin' the outgoin' letters. The spring sunshine, streamin' in from outside, lit up her hair till it looked like one of them halos in a church picture. Seems to me I never saw her look prettier; but then, every time I saw her I thought the same thing. A good-lookin' woman and a good woman—yes, and capable. That she'd lived for so many years without gettin' married was one of the things that made a feller lose confidence in the good sense of humans. The chap that got her would be lucky. Then I caught a glimpse of myself in the lookin'-glass where customers tried on hats, and decided I'd better stop thinkin' foolishness or somebody would catch me at it and send me to the comic papers.

"Mornin', Mary!" says I. "Has Mr. Jacobs come aboard yet?"

She turned around and came over to her side of the window.

"Yes," she says, "he was here. He's gone out now with that Mr. Frank. I believe they've gone up to the old Higgins Place."

"Um-h'm!" says I. "Well, Mary, just between friends, I'd like to ask you somethin': Do you like that Frank man's looks?"

She wa'n't expectin' that and she didn't know how to answer for a jiffy. Then she kind of half laughed and says: "No, Cap'n Zeb; since you ask me, I—I don't. I don't like him. And I haven't any good reason either."

I nodded. "Much obliged, Mary," says I. "And, since you ain't asked me, I'll tell you that *I* don't like him. And my reason's about as good as yours. Maybe it's his clothes. A man, 'cordin' to my notion, has a right to look like a horse-jockey if he wants to; and he's got a right to look like an undertaker. But when he looks like a combination of the two, I—well, I get skittish and begin to shy—that's all. It's too much as if he was baited to trap you dead or alive."

Then Jim Henry come in; and when, an hour or so later, he got me one side and asked me if I'd made up my mind about investin' in Frank's roadhouse, I answered prompt that my mind was made up and the answer was still "No." He was disapp'inted—I could see that—and pretty mad.

"Humph!" says he. "Skipper, you're all right except for one fault—you're as country as they make 'em—and they make 'em pretty narrer sometimes. Well, you've had the chance. Don't ever tell me you haven't!"

"I won't," says I; and we didn't mention the subject for three months. Then—but that comes later. However, I judged that Frank had found folks in Ostable who wa'n't as narrer and country as I was, for inside of a week the carpenters was busy on the Higgins Place. They built on great, wide piazzas; they knocked out partitions between rooms; they made the house pretty much over. Then loads of fancy furniture come from Boston. At last a windmill, three-foot high—made to look like a little copy of the old Cape windmills our great-granddads used to grind grist in, with sails that turned—was set up in the

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front yard; and on a post by the big gate was swingin' a fancy notice board, with a gilt windmill painted on that, and the words in big letters:

THE SIGN OF THE WINDMILL

Meals at All Hours

Steaks, Chops, Game, etc.

Table d'Hôte Dinner Each Day at 1:15

Special Accommodations for AUTO PARTIES

That was it, you see. The Sign of the Windmill was the name of the new roadhouse.

That wa'n't all the advertisin', however, by a consider'ble sight. There was signs all up and down the main roads for miles, with hands p'intin' in the Windmill direction. And there was ads in the Cape papers and in the Boston papers too. I swan I didn't believe anybody but Jim Henry Jacobs could have engineered such advertisin'! And there was a black-lookin' critter, with the ends of his mustache waxed so sharp you could have sewed canvas with 'em—he was the French chef—and three furrin waiters, and a dark-complected, fleshy woman who seemed to be a sort of general assistant manager and stewardess; and—and—goodness knows what there wa'n't! There was so many kinds of hired help that I couldn't see where Frank himself come in—unless he was the spare windmill; which, judgin' by his gift of gab, I cal'lated might be the fact.

The Sign of the Windmill bought all its groceries and general supplies at our store which, considerin' that we'd turned down the "chance" to be part owners, seemed sort of odd to me, 'cause Frank didn't look like a feller who'd forgive a slight like that. However, I judged Jim Henry had hypnotized him as he done other customers, and so I said nothin'. Our weekly bills with that roadhouse was big ones, but they was paid every week—and I hadn't any kick there either.

As for the business that dinin' room done, it was surprisin'—particularly Saturdays and Sundays, when there'd be twenty or more autos in the front yard, and more acomin'. The table d'hôte dinner at one-fifteen was so well patronized that folks had to wait their turns at table; and on moonlight nights the old house was all lighted up and you could hear the noise of dishes rattlin' and the laughin' and singin' till after eleven o'clock. And our bills with the Sign of the Windmill kept gettin' bigger and bigger.

Though the auto parties was thick and the patronage good, still there was some dissatisfaction, I found out. One big car stopped at the store on a Saturday afternoon and the boss of it talked with me while the womenfolks was inside buyin' postcards and such.

"Well," says I to the owner of the car—a big, fleshy, good-natured chap he was—"Well," says I to him in a casual way, "I cal'late you've all had a good dinner. Feed you fust-rate up there at the Windmill place, don't they?"

He sniffed. "Humph!" says he. "The food's all right. It ought to be at the price! Is the proprietor of that hotel named Allie Baby?"

"Allie which?" I says, laughin'. "No, no; his name's Frank—Edwin George Eben Etcetary Frank. What made you think 'twas Allie?"

"'Cause he's a close connection of the Forty Thieves," he says sharp. "He'd take a prize in the hog class at a county fair, that chap would. What's the matter with him? Does he think he's runnin' a get-rich-quick shop? Three weeks ago I paid a dollar and a half for a dinner there—and that was seventy-five cents too much. Now he's jumped up to two-fifty—and the feed ain't a bit better."

"Two dollars and a half for a dinner!" says I. "Whew! The cost of livin' is goin' up, ain't it? What do they give you—canary-birds' tongues on toast? Any shore dinner ever I see could be cooked for ——"

He interrupted. "Shore dinner nothin'!" he snorts. "I wouldn't kick at the price if I got a good shore dinner; but what we get here is a poor imitation of a country Waldorf. Everybody's kickin'; but we all go there because it's the best we can find for twenty miles. However, I hear another place is to be started in Denboro; and if that makes good your Forty Thieves friend will have to haul in his horns. He'll never get another cent from me or a hundred others I know, who have been his best customers. We're all waitin' to give him the shake, and it looks as if we should be able to do it. Us motorin' fellers stick together; and if the word's passed along the line the Sign of the Windmill will be a dead one—mark my words!"

I marked 'em; and when, a fortni't later, I heard that the Denboro dinin' room was open and doin' a good business, I underscored the mark.

This was about the middle of July. A week later Jim Henry got the telegram about his younger brother out in Colorado bein' sick and wantin' to see him bad. He hated to go, but he felt he had to; so he went.

I said goodby to him up at the depot and told him not to worry a mite. "I'll look out for everything," I says. "Course I'll miss you at the store; but I'll write you every day or so and keep you posted, and you can give me business prescriptions by mail."

"That's all right, Skipper," says he. "I know the store'll be took care of; but there's one thing that—that ——"

"What's the one thing?" I asked. "Overboard with it! My shoulders are broad and I won't mind takin' on another hogshead or so."

He hesitated and it seemed to me he looked troubled; but finally he said he guessed 'twas nothin' that amounted to nothin', anyway, and he'd be back in a couple of weeks sure. So off he went and I had a sort of Robinson Crusoe desert-island feelin' that lasted all that day and night.

It lasted longer than that too. I didn't hear from him for ten days. Then I got a note sayin' his brother had scarlet fever—which seemed a fool disease for a grown-up man to have—and was pretty sick. I wrote to him for the land's sake to be careful he didn't get it himself; and the next news I heard was from a doctor, sayin' he had got it. After that the bulletins was infrequent and alarmin'.

I'd have put for Colorado in a minute, but I couldn't; that store was on my shoulders and I couldn't leave. I telegraphed not to spare no expense and to write or wire every day. 'Twas all I could do; but I never spent such a worried time afore or since. I was worried not only about my partner but about the business he'd put in my charge. There was new developments in that business and they kept on developin'.

'Twas the Sign of the Windmill that was troublin' me. As I told you, the weekly bills for that eatin' house was big ones; but the fust three or four had been paid on the dot. Now, however, they wa'n't paid and they was just as big. Frank's account on our books kept gettin' larger and larger; and not only that, but anybody could see that the Windmill wa'n't doin' half the trade it begun with. The auto parties—the heft of 'em—went right on by to the new roadhouse in Denboro. I remembered what the fleshy man told me; and I judged the word had been passed to the motorin' crew, just as he prophesied.

I went up to see Frank and had a talk with him. I found him in his office, settin' at a fine new rolltop desk, with the dark-complected stewardess alongside of him. She seemed to be helpin' him with his letters and accounts, which looked odd to me; and she glowered at me, when I come in, like a cat at a stray poodle. She didn't get up and go out, neither, till he hinted p'raps she'd better; and even then she whispered to him mighty confidential afore she went. 'Twas a queer way for hired help to act—but 'twa'n't none of my affairs, of course.

He was cordial enough till he found out what I was after, and then he chilled up like a freezer full of cream. He was in the habit of payin' his bills, he give me to understand, and he'd pay this one when 'twas convenient. If I didn't care to sell the Windmill goods that was my affair, of course; but his relations with my partner had been so pleasant that—and so forth and so on. I sneaked out of that office, feelin' like a chicken-thief instead of an honest man tryin' to collect an honest debt. I'd bungled things again. Instead of makin' matters better, I'd made 'em worse—come nigh losin' a good customer and all that. What business had an old salt herrin' like me to be in business anyhow? That's how I felt when I shut that office door and come out into the dinin' room.

The sight of that dinin' room—tables all vacant, and two waiters where there'd been four—fetched all my uneasiness back again. If ever a place had "Goin' down" marked on it 'twas the Sign of the Windmill. I stewed and fretted all the way to the store; and when I got there I found that another big order of groceries and canned goods had been delivered to the eatin' house while I was gone.

The next week'll stick in my mind till doomsday, I cal'late. Every blessed mornin' found me vowin' I'd stop sellin' that Windmill, and every night found more dollars added to the bill. You see, I didn't know what to do. If I'd been sole owner and sailin' master I'd have set my foot down, I guess; but there was Jim Henry to be considered. I wrote a note to the Frank man, but he didn't even trouble to answer it.

Saturday noon come round and, after the mail was sorted, I wandered out to the front platform and set there, blue as a whetstone. The gang of summer boarders and natives that's always round mail times melted away fast and I was pretty nigh alone. Not quite alone—Alpheus Perkins, the fishman, was occupyin' moorin's at t'other end of the platform and he didn't seem to be in any hurry. By-and-by over he comes and sets down alongside of me.

"Cap'n Zeb," he says fidgety-like, "I s'pose likely you've been wonderin' why I don't pay my bill, ain't you?"

I hadn't, havin' more important things to think about; but now I remembered that he did owe consider'ble, and had owed it for sometime. Alpheus is as straight as they make 'em and usually pays his debts prompt.

"I know you must have," he went on, not waitin' for me to answer. "Well, I intended to pay long afore this, and I will pay pretty soon; but I've had trouble collectin' my own debts and it's held me back. If I could only get my hands on one account that's owin' me I'd be all right. Say," says he, tryin' hard to act careless and as if 'twa'n't important one way or t'other—"Say," he says, "you know Mr. Frank—up here at the hotel—pretty well, don't you?"

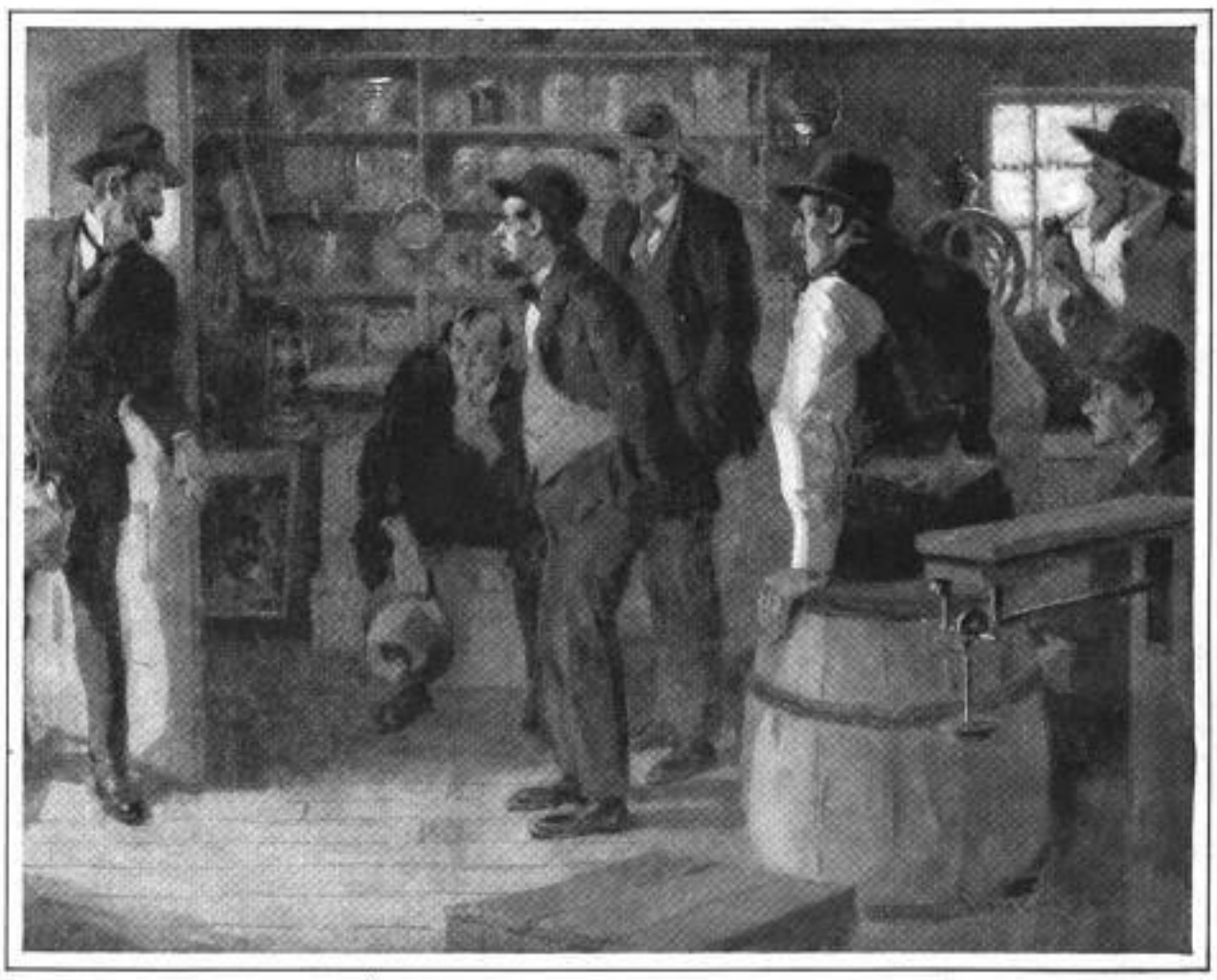
For a minute or so I didn't answer. Then I knocked the ashes out of my pipe and says I:

"Why, yes. I know him. What of it?"

"Oh, nothin' much," he says. "Only I was told he was a partic'lar friend of yours and Mr. Jacobs'; and—and ——"

"Who told you he was our partic'lar friend?" I asked.

"Why, he did. I was up there yesterday, just hintin' I could use a check on account—not pressin' him, you understand.



"By-by! Life's a Giddy Jag of Joy, Ain't It?"

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Course he's all right—but at the present time you see I am mighty short of ready cash; and so ——"

"Hold on, Al!" I said quick. "Wait! Does the Sign of the Windmill owe you a bill?"

"Pretty nigh a hundred dollars," says he. "I've supplied 'em with fish and lobsters and clams and such ever sence they started. Fust month they paid me by the week. After that ——"

"Good Heavens and earth!" I sung out. "My soul and body! And—and, when you asked for it, this—this Frank man told you he'd pay you when 'twas convenient, same as he paid Jacobs and me, who was his friends and was quite ready to do business that way?"

He actually jumped—I'd surprised him so.

"Hey?" he sung out. "Zeb Snow, be you a second-sighter? How did you know he told me that?"

I drew a long breath. "It didn't take second sight for that," I says. "I was up there last Monday and he told me the same thing, only 'twas you and Ed Cahoon who was his friends then."

He let that sink in slow.

"My godfreys domino!" he groaned. "My godfreys! He—he told —— Why—why, he must be workin' the same game on all hands!"

"Looks like it," says I; and, thinkin' of Jim Henry and the business he'd left me to look out for, my heart went down into my boots.

Perkins set thinkin' for a jiffy. Then he got up off the settee.

"The son of a gun!" he says. "I'll fix him! I'll put my bill in a lawyer's hands tonight."

"No, you won't!" I sung out, grabbin' him by the arm. "You mustn't. He owes the Ostable Store four times what he owes you, and it's likely he owes Cahoon and a lot more. The rest of us can't afford to let you upset the calabash that way. You might get yours, though I'm pretty doubtful; but where would the rest of us come in? You set down, Alpheus. Set down, and let me think! Set down, I tell you!"

When I talk that way—it's an old seafarin' habit—most folks usually obey orders. Alpheus set. He started to talk, but I hushed him up; and, havin' filled my pipe and got it goin', I smoked and thought for as much as five minutes.

"Hum!" says I after the spell was over; "the way I sense it is like this: This ain't any fo'mast hand's job—and it ain't a skipper's job neither. It's a case for all hands and the ship's cat, workin' together and standin' by each other. We've got to find out who's who and what's what, make up our minds and then all read the lesson in concert, like young ones in school. This Frank Windmill critter owes you and he owes me; we're sartin of that. More'n likely he owes Ed Cahoon for chickens and fowls and eggs, and Bill Bangs for milk, and Henry Hall for ice—and land knows how many more! S'pose you skirmish round and find out who he does owe, and fetch all the creditors to the store here tomorrer mornin' at eleven o'clock. It'll be church time, I know; but even the parson will excuse us this once—specially as the Sign of the Windmill is supposed to sell liquor, and he's down on that."

We had consider'ble more talk, but that was the way it ended finally. I went to bed that night, but it didn't take; I might as well have set up, so fur's sleep was concerned. All I could think of was poor, sick Jim Henry and the trust he put in me.

I was at the store by quarter of eleven, but the gang of creditors was there to meet me—seven of 'em altogether. Cahoon the chicken man, and Bangs the milk man, and Hall the ice man, and Alpheus; and Caleb Bearse, who'd been supplyin' meat to that roadhouse; and Peleg Doane, who'd done carpenterin' and repairs on it; and Jeremiah Doane, his brother, who'd painted the repaired places. Seven was all the creditors Perkins could scare up on short notice, though he cal'lated there was more.

"There's one more, anyway," says Bill Bangs. "That dark-complected woman—the one you call the stewardess, Cap'n Zeb—was sick a spell ago and Frank told Doctor Goodspeed he'd be responsible for the bill. I see the doc this mornin' and he's with us. Says he may be down later."

They elected me chairman of the meetin' and we started deliberatin'. The debts amounted to quite a lot, though the Ostable Store's was the biggest. Some was for doin' one thing and some another; but we all agreed we must see Judge Thomas, the lawyer, afore we did much of anything. While we was still powwowin', somebody knocked at the door. 'Twas Doctor Goodspeed, on the way to see a patient.

"Well," says he, "how's the consultation comin' on? Judgin' by your faces, I should imagine 'twas an autopsy. Time to take desperate measures, if you asked me. I never did believe that Frank chap was anything but a crook; so I'm not surprised. I'm with you in spirit, boys, though I can't stop. However, here's a couple of pieces of information which may interest you: One is that the Sign of the Windmill's account was overdrawn yesterday at the bank and the bank folks sent notice. T'other is that Judge Thomas is out of town for a couple of days; so you can't get him. Otherwise than that, the patient is normal. By-by! Life's a giddy jag of joy, ain't it?"

He grinned and shut the door with a bang. The eight of us looked at each other. Then Alpheus Perkins riz to his feet.

"Humph!" says he. "Account overdrawn, hey? Well, maybe that Windmill ain't made enough to pay its bills, but it's been takin' in consider'ble cash. If it ain't at the bank, where is it? I'm goin' to find out. And if I can't get a lawyer to help me I'll do without one. That Frank critter's store clothes are wuth somethin'; and if I can't get nothin' more I'll rip 'em right off his back. So-long, fellers! Keep your ear to the ground and you'll hear somethin' drop."

He headed for the door, but he didn't go alone. The rest of us got there at the same time; and I—well, I wouldn't wonder if 'twas me that opened it. I was desperate—and I've commanded schooners in my time.

Anyhow, 'twas me that led the procession up the front steps of the Sign of the Windmill and into the dinin' room. The two waiters was busy. They had five of the tables set end to end and covered with cloths, and they was layin' plates and knives and forks for a big crowd. 'Twas plain that special customers was expected.

"Mr. Frank in his office?" says I, headin' for the skipper's cabin. The waiters looked at each other and jabbered in some sort of furrin lingo.

"No, sare," says one of 'em. "No, sare; Meester Frank he is away—out."

"Away—out, hey?" says I. "You're wrong, son. We're the ones that are out; but we ain't goin' to be out another cent's wuth. Come on, boys; we'll find him."

You can see I was mighty mad or I wouldn't have been so reckless. I walked acrost that dinin' room and flung open the office door. Frank himself wa'n't there; but who should be settin' at his rolltop desk but the fleshy, dark-complected stewardess woman! She glowered at me, ugly as a settin' hen.

"This is a private room," she snaps.

"I know, ma'am," says I; "but the business we've come on is sort of private too. Come in, boys."

The seven of 'em come in and they filled that office plumb full. The stewardess woman's black eyes opened and then shut part way; but there was fire between the lashes.

"What do you mean by comin' in here?" says she. "And what do you want?"

The rest of the fellers looked at me, so I answered.

"Ma'am," says I, "we don't want nothin' of you and we're sorry to trouble you. We've come to see Mr. Frank on a matter of business, important business—that is, it's important to us."

"Mr. Frank is out," says she. "You must call again. Good-day!"

She turned back to the desk, but none of us moved.

"Out, is he?" says I. "Well, then, I cal'late we'll wait till he comes in."

"He is out of town. He won't be in till tomorrer," she snaps.

I looked round at the rest of the crowd. Every one of 'em nodded.

"Well, then, ma'am," I says, "I cal'late we'll wait and stay here till tomorrer."

That shook her. She got up from the desk and turned to face us. If I'm any judge of a temper she had one, and she was holdin' it in by main strength.

"You may tell me your business," she says. "I am Mr. Frank's—er—secretary."

So I told her. "We've waited for our money long as we can," says I. "None of us are well off and every one of us needs what's owin' to him. We've called and we've wrote. Now we're goin' to stay here till we're paid. Of course, ma'am, I realize 'tain't none of your affairs, and we ain't goin' to make you any more trouble than we can help. We'll just set down on the piazza, or in the dinin' room or somewheres, and wait for your boss—that's all."

I said that 'cause I didn't want her to think we had anything against her personal. I cal'lated 'twould soothe her down; but it didn't. She looked as if she would like to murder us—every livin' soul!

"You get out of here!" she screamed, her hands openin' and shuttin'. "You get right out of here this minute!"

"Yes, ma'am," says I, "we'll get out of your office, of course. Further'n that you'll have to excuse us. We're goin' to stay in this house till we see Mr. Frank."

"I'll put you out!" she sputtered. "I'll have the waiters put you out!"

I thought of them two puny-lookin' waiters and, to save me, I couldn't help smilin'. You'd think she'd have seen the ridic'lous side of it too, but apparently she didn't, for she bust right through between Alpheus and me and rushed into the dinin' room.

"Boys," says I to the crowd, "maybe we'd better step out of here. We may need more room."

She was in the dinin' room, talkin' furrin language in a blue streak to the waiters. They was lookin' scared and spreadin' out their hands and hunchin' their shoulders.

"Ma'am," says I, "if I was you I wouldn't do nothin' foolish. We ain't goin' and we won't be put out; but, on the other hand, we won't make any fuss. We'll just set down here and wait for the boss—that's all. Set down, boys."

So all hands come to anchor on chairs round that dinin' room and grinned and looked silly but determined. The stewardess glared at us some more and then rushed off upstairs. In a minute she was back with her hat on.

"You wait!" says she. "You just wait! I'll put you in prison! I'll —— Oh ——" The rest of it was French or Italian or somethin'; but we didn't need an interpreter. She shook her fists at us and run down the front steps and away up the road.

"Well, gents all," says I, "man born of woman is a few days and full of trouble. Today we're here and tomorrer we're in jail, as the sayin' is. Anybody want to back out? Now's the accepted time."

Nobody backed. The two waiters went on with their table-settin', and we set and watched 'em. 'Twas the queerest Sunday mornin' ever I put in. By-and-by Alpheus got uneasy and wandered out toward the kitchen. In a few minutes back he comes, bilin' mad.

"Say, fellers," he sung out. "Do you know what's goin' on here? There's a party of thirty folks comin' in automobiles for dinner. They're gettin' the dinner ready now. And if we don't stop 'em they'll be fed with our stuff—the grub we've never got a cent for! I don't know how you feel, but I've got ten dollars' wuth of clams and lobsters in this eatin' house that ain't goin' to be used unless I get my pay for 'em. You can do as you please, but I'm goin' to stay in that kitchen and watch them lobsters and things."

And out he put, headed for the kitchen. The rest of us looked at each other. Then Caleb Bearse riz to his feet.

"Well," says he determined, "there's a lot of chops and roastin' beef and steaks out aft here that belong to me. None of them goes to feed auto folks unless I get my pay first."

And he started for the kitchen. Then up gets Ed Cahoon and follows suit.

"I've got six or eight fowl and some eggs aboard this craft," he says. "I cal'late I'll keep 'em company."

The rest of us never said nothin', but I presume likely we all thought alike. Anyhow, inside of three

(Continued on Page 30)



We Jhook Hands for Pretty Nigh Five Minutes, I Cal'late

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A WALL STREET WIFE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



Most of the Time He Sat and Nibbled His Fingers

WE ARE plain people, my husband and I—or we were, at any rate, at the time these experiences began. By this I mean that, though we spring from plain, homely stock, we are no longer so plain as once we were. It is because we have tasted wealth—riches that came quickly, easily—a fortune that, by the same token, as quickly went. Yes! for in point my story is the story of many women—all, I might say—whose husbands by some trick of chance have become Wall Street traders, dabblers in the stock market. However, in what I have to tell I make no effort to draw a moral, either pretty or otherwise. The facts should speak for themselves.

My husband was young—for that matter he is still young—and virtually we two had just started out in life when the Wall Street fever caught him. By occupation he was a business agent—a salesman handling a line of Western-manufactured power engines. After some years spent in traveling on the road he was promoted to the charge of the firm's New York agency. Then I married him. I was twenty-nine, he was thirty-four.

These facts, no doubt, may seem immaterial. I have a reason, however, in giving them. In the first place, I wish to make clear that, though we were young in years, what happened to us was by no means due to either youth or inexperience. All my life I had lived in New York. I was, as you see, not a stranger to its ways; and, moreover, I had seen something of the Wall Street side of it. To be brief, my sister's husband was in the brokerage business, while one of my best friends was married to a man who had "played the market" long on a heavy scale. From these sources, I may say, I had already formed some conclusions as to gambling in stocks—conclusions, perhaps, that if not profound were still more or less exact. In short, it struck me that all the life dependent upon Wall Street was in the main artificial. Its ostentation, its feverish activity, as well as its incessant pursuit of high-spiced pleasures, gave me the sense that the people in it must be burdened with a constant killing restlessness. I thanked my stars that my husband and I were only "in trade."

His salary at the time was seven thousand a year. Some may think this large; but, on the other hand, there was a string tied to that seven thousand. In fine, to hold his place he was required to entertain somewhat lavishly, not only among his downtown associates but at home as well. Moreover, out of his income it was necessary for us to lay by not less than two thousand dollars a year.

Let me explain. At the time my husband was promoted to the New York office a chance was offered him to buy a share in the business. It was not a large share, but it meant much to us. Nominally the value of the share was thirty thousand dollars; and at the company's suggestion the stock representing it was put in trust for him—"in escrow" I believe is the term. At all events, he was to pay for it in yearly installments of two thousand dollars each, the securities to be turned over to him when the full amount had been paid in.

I objected to the arrangement—that is to say, I demurred at the plan of paying only two thousand dollars a year. It seemed to me that on our income we could do better than that. "When we're just starting out, Steve," I protested, "it's sheer folly for us to spend five thousand a year."

My husband soberly smiled at me. "Listen, Lily," he responded; "you have never heard, have you, why Craddock lost his place?"

Craddock was the man my husband had succeeded. What he had to do with our affairs, however, I failed to see. My husband now informed me.

"Craddock lost his place," he said quietly, "because he lost his trade. . . . And the reason he lost his trade," he as quietly added, "was because he wouldn't spend his salary on it."

It was a revelation to me. I had believed all the seven thousand was ours to use exactly as we liked; instead, I now found the firm had expressly stipulated that a part should be spent on its trade. Of course today I know this to have been conventional. I have heard more than one man brag of his income—a salary of ten thousand, fifteen thousand dollars, even double—who would not care to say how much of the amount represented merely an allowance for expenses. Be that as it may, though, the matter reduced itself to a single issue—the fact that unless I kept a shrewd, careful eye on every penny before long I would far overstep our limit—that we would fall far short of saving even the two thousand I had thought so "little."

I wish to be exact about this. Do not think I make it a plea for all that afterward happened. Instead, it merely contributed to the outcome. I have said we were plain people. We were. Neither by inheritance nor by our situation were we disposed to extravagance, to ostentation. Scaled according to our class, our condition, I should say we stood on a middle round of the social ladder—that is, our antecedents lay in that great mass of Americans whose one motive in life is the bourgeois characteristic of thrift. To save was our fetish. All the rest there is in life—luxury, amusement, those and a more cultivated enjoyment of living—we left consciously to the time when we "made our pile."

So, forgetting my first disappointment—the fact that all the seven thousand was not ours—I settled down to our purpose, thrilled with ambition and firmly resolved to "get there." All was rosy. Every dollar we saved was a joy, a tonic, an added stimulus for us to go on saving more. Moreover, each dollar saved by us was estimated at its full face value. We knew its worth. We held it as the concrete evidence of so much toil, so much thrift and self-denial; for they came hard, those dollars did—the truth being that no one, however thrifty and saving, saves with ease. Still, as hard as it was to lay by a dollar, all the toil, all the drudgery involved, was more than offset by the pride we felt in the performance.

Then came a change. It was at the end of the fourth year that the labor began to grow irksome. We paused to catch our breaths. In those four years my husband had exactly four weeks' vacation in all—in other words, a week each year. He looked haggard and worn. How I myself looked I need not say. Physically the labor had not been hard—I had a capable housemaid, as well as extra help when I needed it; mentally, however, I showed the strain. Consequently, it was perhaps only natural that my mind should now begin to shape those thoughts which are the thoughts of every woman burdened with too difficult a purpose.

I began to question how long our toil was to last. Two thousand a year as a saving had at the first seemed no more than a pittance. Now in its immensity it grew monumental. What I realized was, in short, that unless some windfall befell us we two must keep grubbing along another eleven years—an age-long term!—ere we could pay off even the balance we owed, the remainder of the thirty thousand dollars.

This, however, of my thoughts was the least significant. I tired of the drudgery; I tired of the endless skimping, planning, calculating; I was aweary of the constant, eternal snatching after the ever-fugitive penny; and I wanted freedom—not freedom from my duties, my affairs of the wife—I wanted freedom from my pocketbook. Then, again, I was consumed with a longing for pretty things; but a dollar is a dollar. I knew, as I've said, the dollar's value—how much effort had been required to make it, how much more to keep it from going astray; so I dared not spend. Instead, I teased myself by wandering in the shops, on the Avenue—everywhere—like all the rest of the moneyless women that throng those places—wanting, longing, hankering.

This is no place to discuss the morality—or, rather, the lack of it—that lies in women's extravagance. Still, I cannot resist a word or two. Somehow I was not of that multitude of women—wives—that deck themselves gayly and fashionably on what they can filch from the household money. I knew of this because I saw it all round me. Here in New York I saw—and still see—day after day a hurrying procession of slight lives whose only purpose in existence seems to be the vanity of what they can put on their backs—that and the vanity of sham or pretense. Trite preaching you may call this, as no doubt it is; yet at the same time I call it a pretty significant evidence of the very thing I speak about—the money hunger of women that, more often than is generally understood, drives their men into ways of making money that otherwise these men would not have attempted.

It was I, at any rate—his wife—who first set my husband to gambling in the market.

The fact I make definite. Inspired by my thoughts—those that I've just described—I began to grumble openly. Moreover, I not only grumbled over myself—I grumbled over my husband too. Like more than one wife in my circumstances, in short, I began to question his success in life. The immediate cause of this outbreak was the woman of whom I've already spoken—my friend, the wife of the Wall Street plunger.

In the four years we two had drifted apart more or less, for doubtless our lives no longer held much in common. She had a big apartment, a motor, fine clothes, jewels, a corps of servants—in fine, each and all of the many things I now so much desired. Her husband was successful, eminently so from the money viewpoint, and mine I contrasted with him. Constant brooding had by now made me forget my first thankfulness, the fact that we two were "in trade" rather than in an occupation so unhealthy, so exotic. It was the externals of their life that had affected me. I wanted all those externals—wanted their luxury if not their ostentation; and was more than ready now to exchange all the peace of my life to obtain them.

This man—Mosher, I'll call him—grew more and more on my mind. One day I could restrain my thoughts no longer. "Look here, Steve," I said; "if Mosher can coin money the way he does, I don't see why you can't too. You have double his brains."

My husband laughed good-humoredly. "Mosher doesn't need brains," he said lightly. "He has luck!"

I retorted sulkily: "I wish you had some of it, then!"

For a moment my husband peered at me curiously. "What! Have me dabble in Wall Street!" he exclaimed. Then he wrinkled up his nose. "That's where Mosher gets his money, you know," he added.

I was in no mood to beat round the bush. What I had to say, I said bluntly: "I don't care where he gets it, Steve. It's a pity you can't get some of it too."

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My husband flushed and turned away. He said nothing more; but, at the same time, I could see he was thinking deeply. My retort had stung.

A few nights later the Moshers came to dinner. It was the first time in months. With them we had also my sister and her husband—Benson, as I'll call him—who, as I've said, was in the brokerage business. Though Mosher dealt with another broker, my brother-in-law knew him and had, in fact, suggested the evening with a view to possible business.

The dinner became a turning point in my life. Today I wonder when I think of it; for it was through no more than a chance remark of Mosher's that our entire existence was ordained to be swept into strange, uncharted channels. At the dessert Mosher turned leisurely to my husband.

"I say, Steve," he said lightly, "I'm going up into Canada, Saturday, for a fortnight's fishing. Why don't you join me?"

There was nothing my husband would have liked better. He shook his head though. Canada—a fortnight's fishing—was as far beyond his ken as, say, a cycle in Cathay!

"Why can't you?" persisted Mosher. "You ought to be able to get away for a couple of weeks."

Again my husband shook his head.

"I haven't the time, Jerry," he answered; then added, "I haven't the money either."

Mosher gave him an indulgent smile.

"Nonsense, man!" he responded in an easy, offhand way. "It will only cost you a couple of hundred."

Two hundred dollars! It made me writhe inwardly to hear the man say it so lightly. I glanced at his wife and saw that she was yawning. It was a signal evidence of the vast difference between our conditions. No doubt two hundred meant to her no more than so much pocket money. Her dress alone would have cost that much; I dare say, too, the pearl pendant at her throat must in itself have represented as much as our whole year's income. I hearkened keenly as Mosher let fall another light rejoinder.

"If you'd only take one of the tips I've been trying to give you," he remarked, "you could knock out two hundred in a morning!"

My husband, after a pause, dryly answered:

"That's all right, Jerry. You've been lucky. . . . That doesn't mean, though," he added, "that if I took a flyer I'd be lucky too."

At this juncture I saw Benson, my sister's husband, look up sharply with a curious gleam in his eye.

"Pshaw!" said Mosher. "It's not a question of luck. It's just being able to dope out the market properly."

Then and there, like all the other dabblers that believe they can "read the tape," Mosher began loudly to expound his settled theories. I do not recall now what they were; but, aside from this, the man possessed a certain fiery eloquence. It was of a piece, I may say, with the eloquence, the earnestness, of all his sort; for, like all the other dabblers—my husband now included—Mosher sought constantly to convert all with whom he came in contact to his passion for Wall Street gambling. The fact is, a dabbler is like any person ridden by a habit. Like the morphine user, he will seek to inoculate you with his own overmastering vice. He believes he does you a service.

What else Mosher had to say I need not dwell upon. My husband intently listened, and that is enough. Through it all, too, my brother-in-law as intently listened, though he said nothing. Even when Mosher appealed to him to confirm some particularly important fact he merely smiled and shook his head. "Don't ask me!" he laughed. However, an hour or more later Benson had plenty to say. A perfect torrent of speech, in fact, poured from him the moment the Moshers departed.

Their motor came early, and Mrs. Mosher—she, I am sure—made haste to use it as an excuse. Stifling another yawn—I could see our simple evening must have bored her nearly to the point of extinction—she slipped into her furs. "Such a delightful time!" she murmured patronizingly, and in the next breath bade her husband hurry.

He and Steve were in a corner, talking earnestly. "All right," I heard my husband say; "if Wall Street's as easy as all that I guess I'll have to take a shot at it."

That was all. In echo my heart gave a bound and secretly I exulted. I heard my sister say: "Come, Phil, we must be going too." Benson shook his head however. When my husband returned from escorting the Moshers to the elevator Benson stood by the fireplace, his hands in his pockets, his jaw set and, as I could see, waiting.

"See here, Steve!" he said abruptly. "You weren't serious with him, were you?—with that fellow Mosher, I mean."

My husband glanced at him surprisedly. "Why not?" he demanded; and at this Benson shrugged himself.

"Why, to tell the truth," he answered, "I didn't think you were just fool enough to tackle the Wall Street game."

Again my husband looked amazed. "Isn't that a little queer from you, Phil?" he drawled; then added: "I supposed it was your job to make people think they could beat the game, you know."

For an instant Benson changed color. "That's all right! So I do," he replied. Then he laughed awkwardly. "Yes, Steve—only you're a member of the family, a friend. If I want to bamboozle a lot of dubs," he added, "it's no reason why I should want to bamboozle you as well. . . . I don't care to see you get stung."

My husband took it lightly, as I may say I did too. "Pshaw!" he exclaimed. "Mosher hasn't been stung, has he? Why, he's already three hundred thousand to the good!"

"I don't care if it's three millions!" Benson retorted. "He'll drop every cent of it yet!"

"Oh, well; don't be alarmed," laughed Steve. "If I'm stung it won't be for much. I'm only going in for a thousand dollars anyway; and if I lose it that'll end the matter for good and all. I'll have had enough by that time."

"Listen!" said Benson, and raised his finger. "If you take a flyer once and win—win, mind you!—you'll think you can win again. You'll get the fever in your blood as sure as shooting!"

Neither my husband nor I took it seriously. "All right," laughed Steve; "if I can win I'm willing."

"Yes, but you won't win—not in the end anyway," answered Benson. "What will happen is that you will get the fever—and finally the fever will get you. You'll keep at it till you've dropped every cent you own. I've never known it to fail. . . . Gad, Steve!" he exclaimed; "the only thing that'll save you is to get wiped out in the very first transaction you make."

"Mosher hasn't been wiped out!" my husband retorted. "He rarely loses."

"You give him time," said Benson grimly. Then he added a fact that, had either of us been in our senses, must have gone far to convince us he was right. "Steve," he said—both his tone and manner grave—"we have on our books today above two hundred separate trading accounts. Of the lot, not one account is more than four years old!"

Why continue? With the same light and laughing show of obstinacy my husband shook his head; so Benson held his peace. The next day Steve made his first venture in the stock market.



"Take My Advice, Lily, Use Your Motor All You Can—While It Lasts!"



I Wanted Solitude in Order That I Might Reflect

I had egged him on to it. Blind to the fact that we played with fire, I suggested that he have at least one try at his luck. A thousand dollars would neither make nor break us. The risk, as I said blandly, was little, while the rewards might be magnificent! My philosophy was this:

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.

Steve did not lose. On a ten-point margin he bought one hundred shares of Little Steel. A fortnight later he was nine hundred dollars to the good. He won; and, as Benson had prophesied, our life was as definitely settled as if this part of it had from the beginning been written by the inexorable finger of Fate.

I shall not dwell singly upon the transactions that followed, for together the mere mention of them would fill a volume. At first, however, they were few and far between and almost always they won. The fact is, at the time a child might have won with equal ease, for the long bull market that preceded the San Francisco fire was then in force. To win one needed only to buy, then hold on until the assured profit came to him.

I recall to the moment the first reward I drew from these winnings. At the end of the first month my husband was no less than fourteen hundred dollars ahead. Think of it—fourteen hundred dollars! In the brief interval of thirty days he had gathered in, without toil or any conscious effort on his part, an amount that to save otherwise would have taken eight months of back-breaking labor. The day he made the turn that effected it he came home jubilant. "Here!" he laughed, and dropped a little packet in my lap. It was a ring—a ruby set between two good-sized diamonds. I thought it the most wonderful present I had ever had. Where the ring is today, though, I could not tell you. Later on, possibly, you may be able to hazard a guess.

A stream of presents followed it. In three months' time—for Steve consistently still won—my first longings began to grow appeased. I had new gowns, a new fur coat, hats galore, gloves, lingerie and what-not. As well, too, I had an extra servant and, with my husband, began seriously to discuss taking another, a larger, apartment.

Nor was this all. New York's great procession of the prosperous found me a ready recruit, for I straightway joined its marvelous army of indolent, idle women. I had my masseuse, my manicure and my hairdresser, for soon enough I learned of these from the new friends my new money brought me. I also took taxicabs where before I'd counted pennies before taking a bus or street car. Once a month, or even more often, I enjoyed a week-end at Atlantic City or Lakewood. Steve joined me there, coming down late Saturday afternoon and rushing home again late Sunday night. I begged him to take a longer rest—but no! "Gad! I can't afford it!" he'd laugh. "If I'm out of the market even a day I feel I'm losing money every minute." I could not doubt it. When he took a day off he seemed utterly unable to enjoy it. Most of the time he sat and nibbled his fingers, scowling over his newspaper; or, on the other hand, if I roused him he would gallop wildly from one amusement to another. His air was

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always as if something weighted his coattails—as if something held him back when he wished feverishly to plunge ahead. I saw ultimately what it was. The money made so easily had already filled him with an inordinate craving to make more. Already he had become saturated with the insatiable desire for the quick, easy riches that Wall Street's easy money engenders.

"You really ought to take a rest, a vacation, Steve," I insisted. "You have the money now and you'll break down if you don't."

He shrugged himself and answered rudely, irritably: "Oh, piffle!" By now, however, I was growing accustomed to rudeness and irritability. So far as I can see, it is a diagnostic peculiarity of the Wall Street dabbling mania. Let me add, though, that his growing fretfulness soon began to wear on me. More and more I sought Lakewood, Atlantic City—these and other retreats for the idle; for more and more I needed rest and relaxation. However, instead of taking it I allowed the incessant activity in my husband's blood to get into mine as well; and though no less idle, no less indolent than before, I had no peace unless I were devoting myself to some unusual amusement. Bridge, of course, found in me a ready devotee. As is the case with other timefree, frivolous women, I was at it morning, noon and night; or, if it were not bridge it was the matinée or a club luncheon, a club meeting—something or other like that. Yes! For I joined a club—or rather clubs—which, as I take it now, is the inevitable evidence in the case of every middle-class woman that she has too much time on her hands.

To return to my husband however.

His first real setback came in the tenth month of an almost unbroken success. A Wall Street tipster—a "tout," in the vernacular—was responsible for it. The man, as I recall it, professed to have inside information. He assured Steve that a certain road was about to "cut a melon," when, as Steve jokingly reminded him, the only thing that stock had ever cut was a lemon—some "Irish dividend" in the shape of an assessment. However, the fellow persuaded Steve to invest to the extent of five hundred shares; and that same afternoon the stock dropped like a plummet.

For a week my life wellnigh became unbearable. Aside from the fact that my husband had lost nearly twenty-eight hundred dollars, his mood grew so irritable—I might say even irrational—there was no living with him. Again I fled out of town and left him to his own devices. When I returned he was still grumpy, though a little less so than when I had left him. A recent transaction had recouped part of his loss and there was every prospect he would cash in an added profit. A week later he closed out the deal thirty-three hundred dollars to the good. Not counting the money he had drawn out to spend, Steve now had a balance at his broker's of sixteen thousand dollars.

For the first time now I began to feel a small, recurring sense of apprehension. Sixteen thousand seemed to me a lot of money, even though I'd seen how quickly if not easily my husband had made it. Daily—almost hourly, indeed—I recalled Benson's prophetic outburst: "You'll keep at it till you've dropped every cent you own!" Moreover, I'd had a message from my brother-in-law. After that night's heated colloquy he'd held aloof from us; but hearing that Steve was far ahead of the game Benson had risked a further breach with us by making a second appeal. He begged me to urge Steve to cash in his paper profits and quit ere he lost it all.

I felt as he did. That evening, when Steve for a moment had emerged from the depths of his evening paper's financial columns, I broached the topic.

"Hey—what?" my husband exclaimed. "Cash in and quit! . . . Say!" he growled. "You tell Phil Benson that when I want his advice I'll send round and get it."

I had something, then, to say on my own account.

"But, Steve," I protested, "just think! If you'll only draw out that money now we'll have almost enough to pay the balance due on your stock?"

"What stock? What do you mean?" Steve grumbled dully.

I told him I meant the firm's stock—the thirty thousand dollars' worth that the company still held for him in escrow.

"Oh, that!—that stock?" he laughed contemptuously; then added: "Gad! You don't suppose I'm going to stay satisfied, do you, with a piffling shoestring like that?"

In other words, Wall Street and all the money that Wall Street so lightly juggles in the air—this, I say, already had imbued him with contempt for an amount so small, so trivial, as thirty thousand! Like all the other dabblers, his dreams now were to be expressed only in terms of six figures—possibly more.

What is more, this same lust for easy, sudden wealth had begun to have its other, its sinister, side. It had begun to affect him in his business. I knew this, for already I'd begun to hear vague whispers here and there. One cannot dabble in stocks and not let his business suffer.

Wall Street men—they in the brokerage business, I mean—loudly protest that their business is all open, all above board. They defend even marginal trading. At the same time, though, I have yet to hear a Wall Street man—and I have heard many!—consistently explain why so many of their clients either deal under false names or settle their accounts in cash rather than with a check. Nor can these same Wall Street men make clear why other clients shy off from appearing in person at brokerage offices—or, if they do visit them, why they sneak in and out via the back door.

There is, in fact, hardly a brokerage office of any pretension whatever that lacks a secluded private room—a secret cabinet, I may say—where the not too rare secretive ones may transact a business that seems to require an astonishing amount of secrecy. Why?

I found out presently. In exactly one year from the day he set out to dabble in Wall Street my husband was discharged by his employers.

It happened in this way: A lighting plant near New York was in the market for power engines to equip its central plant. The order was not exactly "velvet"—that is to say, it was not one in which there was any remarkable profit. Too many other concerns, for one thing, were competing for the contract; then again, it was a slack time in the trade and prices had fallen off. However, each and all of the competing firms were keen to get the order, since it would go far toward keeping their shops from shutting down.

My husband though—well, to use the expression I'd heard him use against another man, he "scamped the job." In other words, he was more concerned in his own Wall Street affairs than he was in having his firm get the trade. A deal in Union Pacific engrossed him—the stock was backing to and fro uncertainly; and rather than close out the transaction at a loss he stayed in town to watch it. The result was that a rival firm snapped up the lighting plant order. Their engines went into the central power plant, where assuredly my husband's employers' should have gone.

I dare say, however, it was not entirely the loss of this trade that cost Steve his place. No, I know that; for all salesmen, however good, sometimes lose an order. The plain fact is the company had heard through some channel or other why the order had been lost. Wall Street! The mere name of it was enough. Moreover, they had already warned him once. So now they gave Steve a month's salary in lieu of a warning, a check was drawn for the amount he had paid in on his stock—it was eight thousand dollars—and he was invited to seek some other berth, with no more consideration than would have been paid a five-dollar-a-week office boy.

I was aghast. More than that, I was terrified! By now I had begun to estimate the real hazards of my husband's hazardous avocation. Even he, filled as he was with the alluring promises of the Street—even my husband now and then let fall a remark that acutely struck terror to my heart. Assuming a nonchalance that I saw he nowise felt, he'd announce lightly: "Brown got his today!" or "They cleaned out Smith this morning!" Moreover, as the market climbed higher—by fits and starts driving toward its peak, the apex being reached the day of the San Francisco earthquake—these announcements grew in number. The fact is, the entire list was already overinflated; so that, even had the calamity on the Coast not occurred, the Wall Street crash would still have happened. At all events, my husband, despite his nonchalance, was, as I could see, inwardly concerned. No doubt he, too, had begun to reflect painfully that some day "they" might "get him" as well.

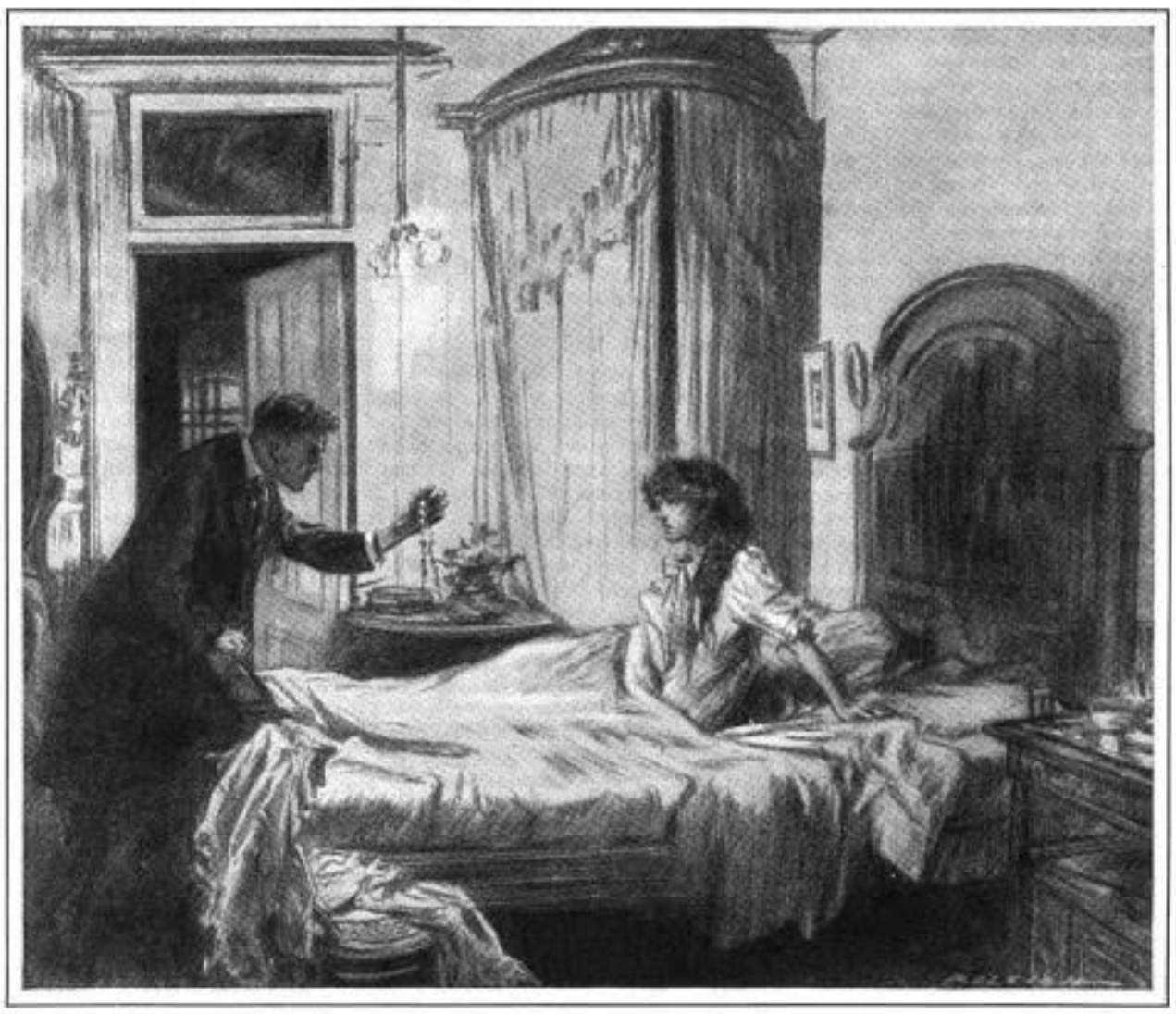
These periods of reflection, however, rarely lasted long. Even the loss of his place failed to stir him seriously—naturally, since it is another distinctive peculiarity of the dabbling mania to lack interest in sustained effort. By that I mean that men affected with the gambling fever have little liking for the plain grubbing that trade—business—involves. Of course the shock of losing his place for a moment staggered him; but the moment I, now thoroughly frightened, used it as an argument why he should give up Wall Street's gaming and return with me to our former mode of living, he rudely cut me short.

"Pshaw! Don't start in on that again!" he growled irritably. "Look here!" he protested. "Do you want me to grind away the rest of my life on a clerk's salary—on a beggarly income of seven thousand a year? . . . You let me alone!" said Steve, and added: "I'm going to knock out my pile without wasting time about it. Then we'll retire. I mean to have some fun in life."

Then came the San Francisco earthquake. As a result of it two things occurred—events in which I was vitally, personally interested. One was the tragic circumstance that Mosher—Mosher the fortunate! Mosher the lucky—was caught between the devil and the deep sea, if I may use that phrase. Inside of a week—almost overnight, in fact—he was stripped of his paper profits, cleaned out to the last cent he possessed. Today he still lurks round Wall Street, the scene of his former glories. Today, seedy and down-at-the-heels, he lurks in the front rooms of brokerage offices—a hanger-on, a tipster, a tout; engaged in drumming up trade for the very game that ruined him.

The other event, however, the companion result, the one of which I have spoken—that was even far more significant. Steve, my husband, made the first great "killing" of his career!

(Continued on Page 28)



"Tried to Filmflam Me, Did You? You Wanted to Make a Fool of Your Husband, Eh?"

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Billy Fortune and That Young Feeling

By William R. Lighton

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

HOW do you tell when a man's old? There's different ways, but I claim there ain't but one you can go by. That's the way I'm goin' to use on myself. When I get to be old I ain't goin' to find it out by countin' up to see, nor by my whiskers, nor by my gums, nor none of them signs. They'll all fool you. No, sir! But one of these times I'll get throwed down and I won't bounce back. Then I'll know it's all over. When a man gets that way, he's old. Old, see? It don't make any difference how much longer he lives after that, he don't ever get any older.

Just years don't count. There was a widow woman once, down Laramie way, and a man with three thousand cows that wanted to marry her. The man did. He wasn't but thirty and he was doin' real well and gettin' ahead fine; but she told him "No" the first time he asked her, her bein' a widow woman and figurin' she'd just egg him on some. She reckoned there'd be plenty of time the next time. Yes, only there wasn't any next time. All the man done was just to get discouraged and go back to the cow business. And then the next thing we knew she'd run off with a sheepherder that was comin' seventy-two in the spring and didn't have but three teeth and them scattered, and his nose all on a slant where an old buck sheep had pasted him once, and one eye with a comical glimmer in it, and no great shakes for looks. She didn't want him much, and she kept tellin' him so and fightin' him off the best she could, but it didn't do her a speck of good. He stayed right with it till he got her. That shows. I'll leave it to you which one of them two men was the old one. It wasn't the sheepherder. He had the bounce in him. If a man's got that young feeling it don't matter a mite how many years he's got on his string. They don't cut any figure.

And another time there was the year of the hard winter in the short-grass country, when the snow stayed so long, clear up to your middle, and the new school-teacher was snowed in the schoolhouse down in 4-J Cañon for a whole week, with all the men folks from the Platte up to Rawhide rescuin' her. A plumb twenty of us there was. A body wouldn't hardly think it would take so many, would he? It didn't, either, toward the last; but we was all terrible busy workin' at it while it lasted.

She'd come up from Omaha along in the fall, and took the school to teach while she was holdin' down a claim. Whenever a girl takes to actin' like that, quittin' her home folks and goin' off by herself, it don't take a wizard to tell what it means. It means she's got notions in her head about some man that's lurkin' out in the rim-rocks somewhere. Either the man ain't never asked her or else he's been the wrong one. Either she's been rank disappointed or else she's rank hard to suit; but anyway she's got a man in her mind. Yes, sir, when a girl commences to behave unnatural you can always tell that's what's the matter.



"Hello, Traveler!" She Says With a Sound in Her Voice That Just Exactly Matched Up With the Day

This one, she was goin' to be able to take her pick out of a big bunch where she'd come to, if she wanted to. The look of her showed me that, the first time I set eyes on her, when I stopped at her claim shanty to get me a drink of water. The thirst come on me all of a sudden, the minute I got in sight of her shack from the lower turn of the trail, and remembered what I'd heard tell about her, and I headed for the place on a lope. Halfway there, though, I pulled down to a walk and stood up in my stirrups for a look.

"Why, hello, Billy!" I says to myself. "Her water bucket must be awful popular. Everybody in the country must be dry." "It certainly does look that way," says I, because Red McGee's buckskin was grazin' along the fence, and the little sorrel mare with white legs that belonged to one of the mine bosses down at Sunrise, she was tied to the gatepost; and there was Steve Brainard's big black, of course, and the piebald that belonged to the English sheepman from over beyond Willow, and two or three more I didn't know by sight. There was a right considerable gang of 'em. It bothered me some. I hadn't figured on that. I had half a notion to turn back and come after my drink some other time; but I knew every man in the bunch would be havin' his eyes on me by then, so I just went on and got down and went in.



Anybody Could Have Told He Was Goin' to be Amusin' Just From the Way He Looked

There they was, the whole outfit of 'em, strung round the room, settin' on different things or leanin' round against the wall, with her in the middle. When I got to the door Red McGee, that was squattin' on the floor over by the woodbox, he sung out: "Well, look who's here! Come on in, Billy, and take a number—yours is eight"—like it was a barber shop on a busy Saturday. The Englishman he spoke up: "Yes, Billy, come in. Red didn't mean that. Delilah's shears aren't in sight; you're safe."

"I don't believe Billy's acquainted with the Delilah woman," says Steve. "He'll think her scissors have got somethin' to do with sheep-shearin'."

"Not sheep," says I; "goats, by the look of this crowd." Steve, he just laughed.

"Miss Estes," says he, "this is Billy Fortune that we've been tellin' you about."

She come right straight over to me and give me her hand, with a look right straight in the eyes and a smile fit to warm a man's blood up. She was tall and slim and straight and supple as a sycamore saplin', with a way of carryin' herself that made you think for all the world of a healthy, strong young tree when the wind moved it. A girl don't learn how to do that; it's born in her. You'd have thought that that layout of punchers and wranglers and sheepmen swarmin' in on her that way would be enough to bother her to death; but it didn't. Except for her color, you couldn't tell she wasn't plumb used to it. An awful lovely color it was, just exactly like a peach that's got dead ripe on the very best part of the tree where the sun can get to it all day long. I liked her eyes best though. They was real quaint eyes—I can't tell you about 'em—a funny kind of a changeable gray, with a funny way of lightin' up from behind with soft livin' fire whenever she'd get interested. A man would have to be horrible unreasonable not to be contented with them eyes of hers. I felt as if I could just set and do nothin' for weeks and weeks but just look at 'em. Yes, sir, that girl she could certainly pick and choose if she wanted to.

"I'm awfully glad you came," says she to me with a comical little laugh. Did you ever hear a red-winged blackbird settin' and sort of chucklin' to himself? That was how her voice sounded, rich and soft and sweet. "These gentlemen have been talking about you," she says.

"Who? Them two?" says I. "If Steve and Red have been discussin' me I might as well be goin'."

"Oh, no!" says she. "They've been saying some very nice things."

"We've just been bettin' on how soon you'd get here," says Red, "and what you'd say you'd come for. What was it you come for, Billy—a spool of thread to mend that stretch of fence where the wire's down, or a knittin' needle to fix your cinch, or what?"

"No," says Steve; "you don't do Billy justice. He just dropped in to ask which way is straight up."

"Shucks!" I says. "Anyway, that's better than straight down, the way some others is headed."

The girl, she laughed again. "I know why you came," she says; "you came to see me, and you're very welcome." She fixed a cushion for me to set on on the doorstep. "Now," she says, "if you gentlemen will excuse me, I'll have a pot of coffee for you in a minute. The water's just boiling."

Well, that's the way we got acquainted with her. I expect you'd call it sort of sudden, but it suited us. By the time we went away from her, after we'd hung round as long as we could, she sure had a pack of real good old friends. When we was ridin' out to the main trail from the house, bunched up together and joggin' along, I reckon we all had pretty much the same thing on our minds; but it was the Englishman that said it, slidin' his hat onto the back of his head and lookin' round from one to the other of us.

"Well, boys," says he, "it's right rough to be all grown up, ain't it?" And Red McGee spoke up quick.

"Yes, sir," says he; "it's plumb sad. And the kids these days don't appreciate theirselves, do they? When I was packin' a spellin'-book back yonder, I never had no such advantages. I got my a-b-abs lammed into me by a bald-headed old rooster with goggles that had got both of his ears froze off. He give me a grudge against schoolin'. It's a heap different these days."

"But, say," says the mine boss, "do you guess she'll make much of a teacher? Don't it strike you she's kind of triflin' in her mind?"

Steve Brainard, he give a snort. "Triflin'?" says he. "Listen at him! Triflin'! Just because she likes the men folks and can blush some. Where's your judgment, Tommy? A man like you would call the stars triflin' just because they shine." He commenced to roll him a cigarette, but got it all mussed up and threw it away. "No, sir," he says, "she's as full of solemnness as anybody; but it's all so smothered up in youngness that it don't show on her. Triflin' your granny!"

"You're mighty right, Steve," says the Englishman. "The melancholy of youth ——"

"Aw!" says Red. "Shut up, you two. She's all right, right the way she is. I'd give my best pair of spurs if I could be a kid and set and have her learn me half a day, and I'd throw in my boots and saddle. Yes, I would."

"Yes, I reckon you would," says Steve; "but you spoke too late, Red. A man mostly does when he begins wishin' he was young. I've noticed that."

She didn't start her school-teachin' till Monday week, but I didn't see much of her in between on account of me not bein' there. I was mostly prowlin' round down along the Platte different places, lookin' for signs of a bunch of cow critters that had been rustled out of the Butte country. That was how I come to meet up with the professor.

He certainly was a funny man, the professor was. Why do you reckon it is that one of these wise men has always got to be so comical? Anybody could have told he was goin' to be amusin' just from the way he looked when I run

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up on him the first time. There he was, settin' straddle of the top of a high rock down beside the Platte, holdin' on with a couple of terrible long legs wrapped tight round it, wavin' a great big green umbrella round and round his head and hollerin' the top of his voice off, and never stoppin' only just long enough to catch his breath. It was me he was yellin' at; I could tell that when I was half a mile off; and I pulled up and set and looked at him. It struck me he must have been at it a good spell, because his voice was soundin' shrill and wore out; but he was keepin' it up regular, one squeal every time his umbrella went round, like he was some kind of a jigger wound up with a spring.

"Billy," I says, "the gentleman's in distress. We better go see about it. It ain't like us not to go see what's ailin' him, is it?" And I racked over to where he was. The nearer I got, the more I couldn't make it out. His hat had fell off and he'd tore a big place in his pants, and his lean face was all puckered out of shape with sufferin', with the sweat runnin' down it like the middle of summer.

"Hello!" says I. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"Thank Heaven!" says he; "you've come!"

"Yes, sir," says I, "that's the solemn truth—I've come. But what have I come for?"

"Please," he says, "I want to come down from here. I've been imprisoned for all of an hour."

"Imprisoned?" says I. It wasn't much of a rock he was straddlin'; if he'd just uncurled his legs he could 'most have reached the ground. "How the Sam Hill did you get up there?" says I to him. "Why don't you just slide?"

"That dreadful beast drove me up," says he.

"Which dreadful beast?" says I, because there wasn't nothin' in sight but him.

"Round here on the other side," says he; and when I'd peeked round, there was an old ram layin' in the shade of the rock in the middle of a mess of truck the professor had dropped when he started to shin up. He seemed to be enjoyin' himself real well, the ram did. He'd tore open the professor's little lunchbasket and eat up what was in it and part of the basket besides, and now he was commencin' on the brim of the professor's nice little straw hat, layin' there and chewin', with his eyes half shut and his stumpy tail flickin' just as contented.

"Well, if it ain't Scotty!" says I. Why, certainly I knew him; I'd been knowin' him years and years. He was the only sheep I ever had knew in my life that I thought anything of. That was mostly because he seemed to think too much of himself to associate with sheep, but just rambled round by himself, up and down the river, pickin' up his own livin' and spendin' his time meditatin'. Everybody in the whole country knew Scotty; he had a pedigree of devilment that would match up with anybody's. But he knew his friends, Scotty did. When he saw me he was just plumb tickled, bouncin' up and lettin' out a blat and beginnin' to prance round on his hindlegs and motionin' for me to come and play with him.

"Well, gee whiz!" says I to the professor. "Did you let that old coot run you up there? He didn't mean nothin' by it; he was just sufferin' for company. Come on down."

"Not for worlds!" says the professor, startin' to wipe the sweat off his face. "Not for worlds! You can have no idea of the ferocity of that animal. It's frightful, sir! I was collecting specimens over there beside that fence and I happened to be stooping over to examine a curious outcropping, when he attacked me unawares from the rear and threw me into the fence and made this great rent in my trousers, and then he pursued me up here. I wouldn't come down under any consideration until you drive him away. I'll be obliged if you'll do it at once, sir."

I hated to do it. "Scotty, old man, you see how it is," I says to him, and with that I drove him off up the hill a ways, and then the professor lit. You'd hardly believe how grateful he was to me, while he was standin' there and stretchin' the cramps out of his long legs and feelin' himself over for sore places. He wanted to give me half a dollar. Yes, he did! "No, sir," I says to him; "I've had a heap more than four-bits' worth of pleasure with the variety you've give me. This life here was gettin' to be all too much of a terrible sameness." "Well," says he, "how far is it to some place where we can spend it for something to eat? That brute has eaten all of my luncheon and I'm famished."

I had a snack in my saddlebags and I dug it out and whacked up with him, us settin' with our backs up against the rock and him explainin' himself to me. He wasn't such a bad lot, when a body began to get onto him; only ain't it a horrible affliction to a man to be afflicted with one of these solemn minds? He wasn't a bit old—I wouldn't guess he was a mite over thirty or so—but he was one of them kind that's just born long and lean and serious. If he'd ever laughed in all his whole life it hadn't left any marks on him. Alexander Kirkwoody, he said his name was, and he was one of these professors of rocks from Lincoln, Nebraska.

"Oh!" I says, when he told me. "That accounts for it. If you'd have been a botany professor, now, I reckon I'd have found you up a tree, wouldn't I?"

He was right in the middle of a big bite of bread and bacon when I said it, and he stopped his bony jaws and looked at me as if he didn't think he'd heard me right. "Sir?" says he.

"Oh, nothin'," says I. "It don't matter a speck. But say, you'd ought to have made friends with Scotty. He could have saved you a sight of hard work, buttin' the rocks open for you."

"Sir?" says he again; and with that I quit and let him do the talkin'.

He wasn't much of a hand at it though. Once in a while he'd say somethin' sort of promiscuous about the country or the weather or such like; but most of the time he was just settin' with his jaws goin' and his eyes blinkin' through his gold-rimmed eyeglasses, starin' off at the hills and broodin' to himself. It wasn't till after the last bite was gone that he seemed as if he was really cinchin' his attention onto me, turnin' round so as to get me in the middle of his glasses.

"Mr. Fortune," says he, "I dare say you're wondering why I'm here, aren't you?"

Well, it had been sort of flittin' through my head, lookin' at him; but it hadn't exactly been worryin' me none. "Why," I says to him, "it's kind of hard to figure out, you bein' such a joker."

"Sir?" says he. "Joker? Mr. Fortune, you mistake me entirely. You do, indeed. I am here on the gravest affair of my life. I have been considering whether I might speak to you about it. I need the service of a friend, Mr. Fortune. You have done me one kindness, assisting me out of a most embarrassing situation, and I feel that it has brought us closer together than mere strangers. I take you to be a man of fine feeling. May I speak freely, in confidence?"



"No Doubt You Have Experienced the Tender Emotions Toward the Softer Sex"

Wouldn't that sound rank ridiculous to you, from a long, bony, growed-up man? It sure did to me. "Professor," I says to him, "speak freely."

It took him quite a little spell to get strung out though. You wouldn't have expected that kind of a man to blush, would you? He didn't hardly seem human enough. But he done it, with the red startin' to crawl up his lean neck and over his face and clear up to the edge of his mop of sandy-colored hair; and then he took off his glasses and wiped 'em, real careful, before he put 'em back on again and looked at me.

"You are a man of broad experience, if I judge correctly," says he, goin' right at it. "No doubt you have experienced the tender emotions toward the softer sex. Am I correct?"

You don't have to believe me if you don't want to, but that's just exactly what he said to me, with me settin' there and holdin' the edge of my tongue in between my teeth till I made the tears start, tryin' not to laugh at him.

"Professor," I says to him, melancholy as an old owl that's missed its supper, "you're correcter than you've ever been in your life. I've felt 'em millions of times. That's my specialty."

He was so absorbed that he never seemed to guess I was foolin'. "Ah!" says he. "Well, then, let us get to the point. It was love that brought me here."

"Ah!" says I, just the same as him; "but don't tell me she don't love you back, professor. I couldn't bear to hear it. Don't you say it!"

He fetched a long breath, lettin' his brushy head drop into his bony hands. "I do not know," says he mournful. "Sometimes I dare to hope, and again I despair. I can't make up my mind."

"Well," I says, "but what about the lady's mind? That's mostly got somethin' to do with it, I've found out. What does she say? Ain't you asked her?"

"Yes," he says; "I laid suit to her very earnestly indeed. It was six weeks ago in the middle of vacation. She couldn't have mistaken my feelings, not at all. But she—she—laughed at me. Not scornfully, Mr. Fortune. No. Not in sport. She didn't mean to give me pain; but—she laughed nevertheless. I had had reason to believe that she respected me, even admired me—I had known her for a long time; but—she laughed."

I was certainly sufferin'. Did you ever have somethin' funny strike your mind in the middle of a funeral? That was the way I was feelin'. "Laughed!" says I. "At you, professor? Shockin'!"

"Yes," he says; "she laughed." It seemed as if that had got stuck in his crop. "I fear she's light-minded, Mr. Fortune."

"Oh," says I, "I wouldn't think nothin' as awful as that. But what did she say?"

He looked at me right distressed. "That is what troubles me," says he. "I cannot recollect exactly. When she laughed I was confused, and afterward I couldn't remember clearly what she had said. Really it was too grave an occasion for laughter, don't you think? It has left me quite uncertain of my position. That is why I am here, sir. I must have the matter determined."

"Here?" says I. "Why, how in the name of Mike are you goin' to get it settled here, playin' tag with old buck sheep and wagglin' green parasols? That looks sort of curious to me."

"That's just what I wish to speak about," says he. "I have followed the young lady up here. I wonder if you may, by any chance, know her—Miss Estes?"

"What's that?" says I. Wouldn't it strike you dumb? It did me. "That girl?" says I. "The schoolteacher? Is she the one?"

"Ah!" says he. "You do know her, then? Would you mind telling me what you think of her?" He was real eager about it, leanin' over close to me with his hand on my shoulder and squintin' into my face.

"Oh, murder!" I says. "I can't, professor—honest, I can't. She's a bird. She's a whizzer. She's a world-beater. You just ask anybody. On the square, you don't mean to tell me she's the one you've been makin' love to?"

He took it just exactly the same as he'd took all the rest, serious as a horse. "Yes," says he. "Candidly, Mr. Fortune, knowing both of us, how does the matter impress you? I mean to say, if she had met your proposal in the way I have described, would you pursue it further? Have you been able to judge of her character clearly enough to advise me?"

What would you have told him? I wasn't goin' to try it. Not me. "Oh, gee whiz!" says I; "you can't judge by what I'd do. I'm apt to be right flighty in my love-makin'." I got up on my feet and went and got my pony and climbed in the saddle, and then I rode up again to where he was. I 'most felt sorry for him, honest I did; he looked so kind of forlorn and down in the mouth. "These women folks are a sight of trouble, ain't they?" I says to him, gettin' ready to stick in the spurs. "Hop to it, professor," I says, and with that I struck off up the cañon. It was the only thing I could think of to tell him.

I went up by the schoolhouse in the mornin'. Right early it was, and cold—one of them crimpy, still mornin's that put the ginger in you outdoors and make you set straight in your saddle and take deep breaths, with your head feelin' bully and ready for anything that comes up. It was so early the kids hadn't showed up yet, but there was teacher out in the yard, loadin' up her slim arms with wood off the woodpile to make a fire. She had her hat off, and some little wisps of her hair loose round her ears and the nice color just bloomin'. She must have been feelin' pretty much the same as me, because when I got close she waved her hand and sung out to me.

"Hello, traveler!" she says with a sound in her voice that just exactly matched up with the day. Haven't you

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knew folks that always seemed as if they belonged right wherever they happened to be? She was one of 'em. I couldn't help noticin' it in my mind, lookin' at her. If she hadn't happened to be standin' right in that place when I come along it wouldn't have looked right, somehow, without her. Can you understand that?

"Hello, friend!" I sung out to her, and I dropped my rein over the pony's head and slid off and went over to her. "You put that down," I says to her, and I made her drop the armload of wood she had and I packed it in for her. "That ain't your job," I told her. "You let the mavericks do that. You've swept out, too, ain't you?"

"Why, of course!" she said. "I want to keep the place nice and attractive for the children."

She sure had made headway at it. It was nothin' but a log house with some boards inside, but she'd fixed pictures on the walls, all full of pretty color, and she'd carried in armloads of gray sagebrush and made big bouquets out of it for the bare corners and up over the windows and every place there was room. Did you ever know that sagebrush could look like anything? I never. I'd been rank weary with the sight of it, years and years, till right then; but she certainly had made use of it.

"Well, I never!" I says to her. "Ain't it pretty!"

She was real pleased, laughin' a low little laugh and flushin' up. "I can't bear ugliness when there's no excuse for it," she says.

"Excuse?" I says. "Do you reckon there ever is an excuse? If it's got any real good excuse then it ain't real ugliness any more, is it?"

She laughed at me again, with that funny, quaint fire comin' into the deep part of her eyes. "The great mind dwells on the beautiful," she says, "and finds it often at its best in what the small mind calls ugly." Do you expect she made that up out of her head? It's kind of stayed by me ever since, that has.

I built up the fire for her in the stove, and then I went down to the spring after a couple of buckets of water. When I come back she was standin' in the door, leanin' her head against the side and lookin' away off over the big wide jumble of rocks and hills. It was a queer look she had on her face—not dull, like it would have been with some folks, but as if she was dreamin'. It was a shame to interrupt her.

"How do you guess you're goin' to like the country?" I says to her.

She straightened up and spread out her supple arms wide. "Oh, it's wonderful!" she says; "wonderful, wonderful! I love it. I love everything in it." She give me a funny little sort of a sideways look—not a mite familiar, but friendly and honest and gay all together. "Best of all," she says, "I like the country's men. They're so different, with so much of real life in them, and—and—oh, there isn't any word for it!"

The way she said it a man couldn't think she was sayin' it at him, unless he was an awful fool. "There's lots of words for it," I says, "but they don't any of 'em say just what a body means. I know what you mean. It ain't because we're real different; it's because the life's different—livin' free, you know, and facin' things raw with nobody nor nothin' to soften 'em down for you, and not carin' a rip what comes next nor how soon it comes, but just sort of figurin' mebbe you'll be ready for it, or mebbe if you ain't it won't matter much. See? It's because there ain't any funny little rules for livin' in this country. Can you understand that?"

She nodded her head at me again, bright and quick. "Yes," she says, "I understand. It's spirit—that's what it is. That's the best part of a man, and the men up here have it, even the commonest of them."

"Spirit," I says after her. It brought me back, because all of a sudden it made me remember. Up till then it seemed as if I'd been thinkin' of just me and her, with just us two together. I'd clean forgot the professor, but that word sent my mind off on a slant to him. She'd laughed at him? I laughed, too, down inside of me.

"Well, now, that's funny," I says to her; "I wouldn't have thought you'd care much for this kind of a man. I'd have thought the kind you'd like best would be one of these nice mild lads that's been brought up right among folks, and can sling good English, and reads the dictionary regular, and that folks look up to—one of these wise boys that had never had anything happen to rough him up none. That's the kind I'd have picked out for you to like best."

I guess it was rank mean of me to say it to her, wasn't it? But I didn't stop to think. I wanted to hear what she'd say. But I might as well have saved my breath, because she never said a blessed word. All she done was just to turn round to me and give me a look, long and slow and deep, with her lips held tight and the red commencin' to glow in her soft cheeks. If she had a mind to answer me she was goin' to take her time to it; but she never did, because right then there come a bunch of kids over the hill, runnin' their ponies like Indians and raisin' the dickens, and then I knew it was all over. "Well, so long!" I says to her, and I went and climbed in my saddle and headed for Rawhide.

Well, now about that snowstorm. You may think you know what a snowstorm is, but you don't, because you didn't see that one. It was the great-granddaddy of all the snowstorms, that one was. It certainly did snow some that time.

I could tell it was comin' before it had got much past noon, because along in the middle of the mornin' things got all soft and sultry-like and heavy. It wasn't the same as summer; it seemed more like a summer day that's got some kind of an unhealthy disease. Things didn't smell right nor look right, and the sun didn't shine right, because away high up in the air, so far you had to feel it instead of seein' it, a mist was hangin', thin and pale, just enough to take the life out of the sunlight, and the wind without any gimp in it but just mopin' round first one way and then the other, real fidgety. It didn't make you feel uncomfortable, but just uneasy in your mind.

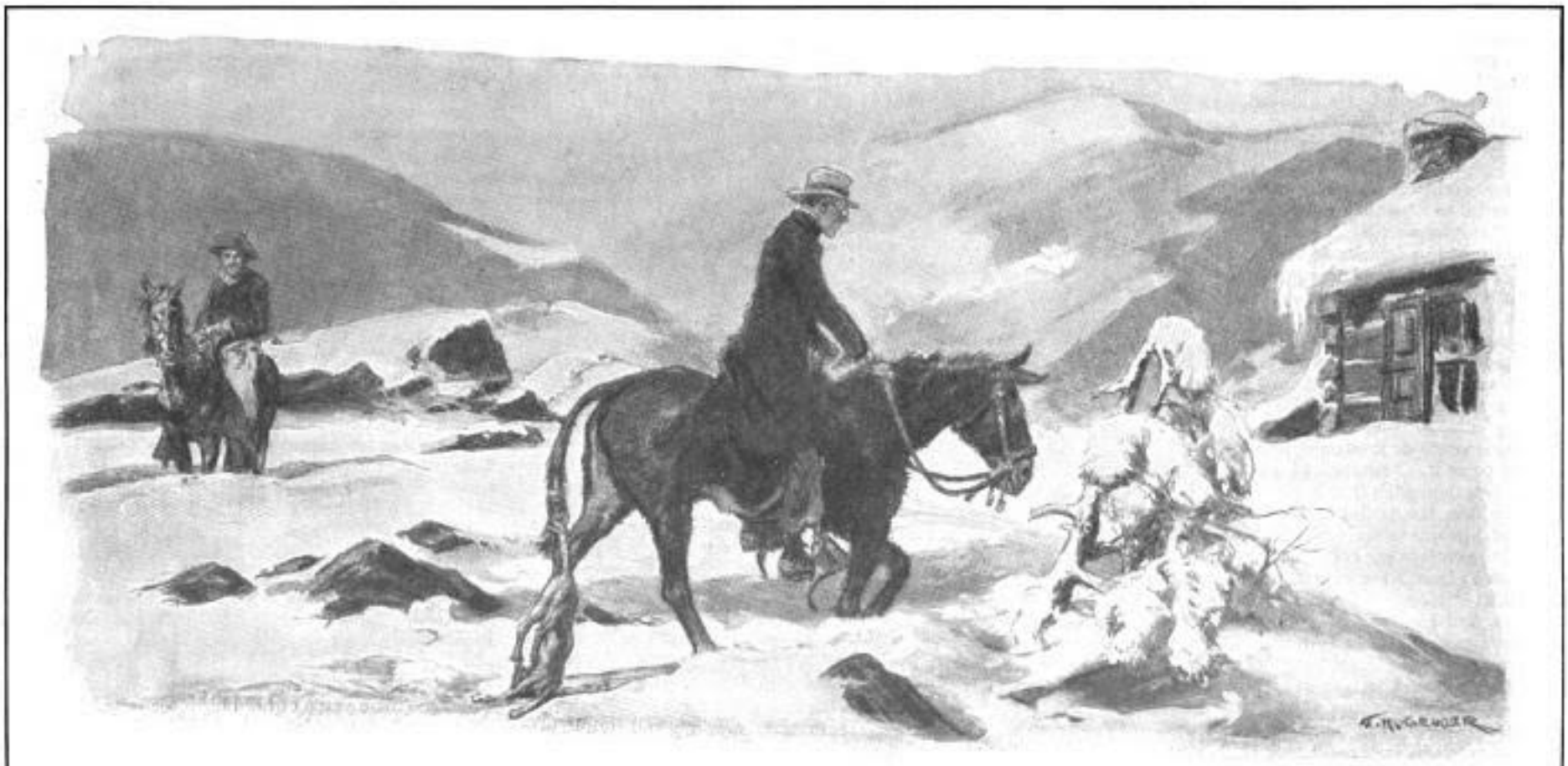
"Billy," I says to myself, "this can't last long. You know it can't." "No," says I, "I reckon you're right. There's somethin' comin'." And I hadn't any more than got it out of my mouth till here she come—whoo! Quick? It was like an old maid changin' her mind. One minute it was soggy-warm, and the next minute the sun winked out and the air was full of foggy cold that stung your lungs clear to the bottom, and the minute after that the ice-dust was drivin' straight out of the north, tons and tons of it, sixty miles an hour, so thick it felt like a solid wall against your face. It blotted the trail out from in front of me in just one swift wipe. My nose was choked tight shut with it and my eye-winkers was froze stiff together. My pony stood stock still and shivered and then swapped ends, with his head between his front legs, and started driftin' downwind. I didn't try to stop him; I was plumb pleased to have my back to it till I could have time to fetch my breath. Cold? Oh, hush! It was so cold it felt blisterin'-hot against your skin when it hit. It was just exactly like hell froze over on top sudden. Can you understand that?

"Well, for the love o' country, Billy," I says after I'd laid down on the pony's neck to get my face thawed out, "ain't this the climate, though?" "Climate!" says I. "You can call it climate if you want to, but that word don't suit me. But it don't matter about the name. What I want to know is what you're figurin' on doin'. Where you goin'? You can't ever get to Rawhide, facin' it." "I ain't goin' to be fool enough to try," I says, "nor I don't care where I'm goin', just so I get there pretty soon. This'll get awful humdrum in a little while. It'll be hard on the cattle, too, won't it, that's caught away from the hills?" And then you know how a man's mind runs on. Thinkin' of cattle made me think of sheep, and then of Scotty, and then of the professor, and then about teacher. And that threw a swift scare into me.

"Oh, in the name o' Heaven!" I says, stiffenin' up in the saddle; "what do you reckon has happened to her? It must 've been just about time school was lettin' out when it hit, wasn't it? She ain't never been acquainted with a storm like this, and it must be all of three miles from the schoolhouse over to her shack. And she must have walked, because you never noticed her havin' a horse this mornin', did you?" "No," says I, "I never. She didn't have none. And if she set out afoot she'd never make it in this world. Billy, for the Lord's sake get a move on you!"

Well, I did. It's no use tellin' you that part of it; it would take too long. I aimed to get to her shack first because that was closest. It took me a good spell, just gropin' my way blind through the whirl; mebbe I wouldn't have got there at all except for strikin' a string of fence and followin' down by the wire; but I found it after a while. She wasn't there. I went in and rustled round and fixed up a bundle of blankets and some grub, and then wrapped some more blankets round me and struck out again for the schoolhouse. I like to never made the riffle, three miles straight across the wind, with my pony fightin' every step of the way to have his head. Part of the time I got down and footed it, draggin' him by the bridle. We wobbled a good bit, I expect. It was right on the ragged edge of

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And There He Went, Straddlin' His Old Mule and Danglin' His Old Cat

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Bulwarks of Business Policy

Good Strong Roots—By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL



If He Brings a Friend to Lunch the Waiter Serves the Dishes in a Way That Makes it a Real Occasion

NOT long ago a large Broadway restaurant closed up after several years' effort to establish a paying business. All the conditions were apparently in its favor. The district selected is one where the tide of prosperous office population has been rising rapidly, bringing an ever-growing demand for good food and good service. At the same time there was little competition and the establishment was located in a famous building. Advantages were many and shortcomings few. Yet the business was not profitable.

Far down Broadway stands another restaurant of the same class, but in a part of New York where the tide of good office population is steadily falling as business moves uptown. When it was founded, years ago, the city's best firms were all within a few minutes' walk. Now they are gone, however, and the old buildings are either empty or let for manufacturing. The neighborhood is one suited to lunch counters and dairy eating places of the cheaper sort. Every condition is against this second restaurant apparently; and yet it continues to draw a large patronage and is profitable. The first restaurant failed—as much as anything—because it threw down no roots. Planted in the richest of soil, it made no lasting connections. The other restaurant succeeds because, though in soil that is steadily growing less fertile, it has strong taproots reaching down into the subsoil and is gathering every bit of nourishment.

In the big uptown establishment the waiters were strange. They looked as though they had been hired about a quarter to eleven that morning, made halfway presentable in misfit black coats and turned loose among the tables. They were not familiar with dishes on the menu, had to ask where the knives and butter were kept and were uncertain about their tables. Apparently none of them expected to be working there the next day. The guests, too, seemed to be chiefly strangers. At the downtown restaurant, however, the atmosphere is different. The place is homelike. Waiters have worked there since they were boys and know the guests, many of whom have eaten lunch at the same tables at the same hour every day for years, served by the same waiter. The latter knows their little preferences. The kind of butter they like is put on the table and the kind of rolls they always eat. If their waiter is away the head waiter knows. All the waiters know the guest's wife, his son, his daughter, his stepmother, and report to him at noon if one of the family has stopped in for a lunch while shopping. If the guest's appetite is not good the waiter assures him that it is the weather. If he brings a friend to lunch the waiter serves the dishes in a way that makes it a real occasion.

Why the Old Restaurant Succeeded

THE uptown restaurant evidently drew a changing patronage for several years and closed up when it ran out of potential new customers. The downtown restaurant, however, draws the same customers in its own neighborhood and has a national clientèle as well, for thousands of merchants, buyers and salesmen from all over the country, visiting New York occasionally, are pretty certain to drop in there for lunch.

The difference between these two institutions is highly interesting as a matter of policy. In the restaurant that went out of business the management was what might be called brisk. The head waiter snapped his fingers at his men and the manager seemed to be on the spot all the time, watching, economizing, running the place as a moneymaking concern, with the least sentiment; but the necessity for making connections was evidently not seen, and in the end the place did not even make profits. The other restaurant, on the contrary, has always been conducted with considerable sentiment and dignity. The founder looked upon his employees as servants of the family. "Bus" boys grew into waiters and waiters were kept as long as they could get round and do their work. As the proprietor grew rich he stayed away from the office much of the time; and when his sons came into the management they never gave the business the close attention that it got during its first years. Yet, in spite of this apparent neglect, the deep, healthy roots thrown down by the human organization, an outcome of dignity and sentiment in policy, have made the business solid and thrifty despite disadvantages of location.

The Value of Friendly Relationships

A CERTAIN type of executive forms connections almost instinctively. He does not stop at enduring relations with customers and employees, but seeks permanency in details that seem to be of minor importance. A large public-service corporation has many branch stations scattered through an Eastern city. The nature of its business is such that the company has more than one reason to dread fire. If only one of its small branches were burned out the loss would be considerable, while interruption to service would inconvenience the public and hamper the whole organization. At the same time the nature of the equipment is such that there is always a strong possibility of fire.

Branch stations have been put into fireproof buildings wherever this was possible, and employees throughout the service have been trained to deal with a fire in special ways. The first weapon brought into use is sand, which has been found effective in smothering a large percentage of small blazes. If sand does not answer then big tarpaulins are spread to inclose a larger area round the fire and cut off oxygen—this has also been found effective. When the tarpaulins fail then chemical extinguishers are used. If they are not effective then water is brought into play. The character of the equipment is such, however, that water will usually do far more damage than fire. The destruction wrought by a stream from a firehose is such that employees are cautioned to try other methods before resorting to water. Of course as soon as a blaze is discovered an alarm goes in to the city fire department. Very often employees would have a fire under control with sand or tarpaulins when the firemen arrived; yet the latter, taking their own view of the situation, would go to work with axes and hose, zealously douse the equipment, put out the last smoulderings—and do a lot of damage!

This company has a superintendent in charge of its branches who believes in making connections. Study of the fire problem persuaded him that proper connections would solve it. He wrote to the chief of the fire department, told him that the company dreaded fires and water damage, explained the technical conditions of the business, and described the precautions taken to avoid fires and fight them in his own organization. He asked for letters to the fire captains in districts where the company has branches, which were given, and then called on these captains one by one. After getting acquainted he explained the problem, took the captain through the branches in his district, showed how the company had its own peculiar type of fire and how it originated and acted, the special ways followed in fighting it, the damage done by water and the precautions taken to keep a fire on the premises.

This explanation was interesting to the fire captains. It is part of the firefighting business to understand local conditions. They said they would like to have that sort of understanding with every property owner. Steps were then taken to bring the local firemen and the company's employees together. The captain sent his men to inspect the premises. Friendships were formed. This company employs many young men and women. Very often a fireman, impressed with the character of the plant and the work, would ask if there was a chance to get his son or daughter a job. Those who proved available were interviewed and hired. In a little while the understanding between this company and the fire department was so good that the danger of damage from the unintelligent fighting of a fire was cut down to almost nothing.

A connection of that kind is not especially difficult to form and maintain. Yet, not long ago, for lack of such understanding, the firemen in an Eastern city thoroughly tied up a big street-transportation system. Defective insulation caused an electrical blaze. A switch was turned, a circuit broken—and the fire was out. Five minutes after the trouble began traffic might have been resumed; but somebody had turned in a fire alarm and the firemen came, bringing the usual crowd. This incident occurred in a modern station, thoroughly fireproof. There was absolutely nothing to burn; but the firemen found smoke coming from smouldering insulation. Not understanding the company's plant, they set to work with axes and hose. The system throughout the city was tied up for the better part of an hour while they put out the smoke, and remonstrances by the transportation men simply made them more determined.

The Man Who Hated Change

THE business man who has this faculty of making strong connections with customers seldom stops there. It is the other way about—he enjoys good relations with customers because he forms them with everybody else. The president of a certain manufacturing concern began business with little else than the patent rights to a doubtful new invention. It was a novelty more or less crude mechanically, and quite out of the line of popular demand and trade ways at that period. So he had a fight on his hands from the outset. He had to fight to win over the consumer and to fight trade prejudice and stagnation. The device had to be perfected with slender capital; and as soon as he got on fairly firm ground a vigorous competition materialized, bringing another kind of fight. That business today is worldwide in scope and its founder a rich man. It is often pointed out as a business exceptionally well rooted by connections.

The boss is not magnetic, but is rather a conservative hater of change. If he lunches twice in the same restaurant he goes to the same table, so that by the third time he eats there the waiter has accepted him as an old customer. Every night he walks a block out of his way to get his newspaper of the same boy. If he puts up at a hotel in some strange city he gets acquainted with the manager and assures him that he will stop there when he comes again.

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An Old Woman and a New One in the Old World

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

WE CAME from Madrid to Rome along the Riviera, which must be one of the beautifully embroidered edges of creation. There were pines, palm trees, oleanders, aloes, roses everywhere; a fadeless indigo sky overhead. On one side the sea like the sky made versatile with the eternal motion of waves, blue wings of water, ever and ever coming toward you, never reaching you, always dissolving along the shore in a veil of white foam. On the other side the Apennines crowded down like ragged cathedral towers built by giant angels, with the villages of men hanging upon them like amulets.

I have observed this—that the best men and women are not to be found anywhere in the most beautiful and comfortable places. God knew what He was about when He made the greater part of the earth difficult to live in. The best human virtues grow where the soil is poor, where the weather threatens more than it blesses, where the skies are often gray and the sea sends in a cold mist to dishearten the land.

A man finds the match for all his strength in such conditions, and the necessity for using it. And strength is not enough. He has to add to it the desperate hope of faith in God before he is equal to the odds. The last places from which religion and honor and courage and virtue will fail are these terrible coasts, where men live between a grizzly land and a frowning sea. The situation does not call so much for intelligence as it does for a narrow and invincible integrity of the soul.

Where Morals Take a Day Off

BUT coming back to the Riviera, I say it looked too much like a temptation to man. And that is what it is. The people you see there are never at their best. They are taking a day or two off. They are usually resting from their virtues. This explains, not the existence of Monte Carlo, but the reason why it is in that place. When Nature humors us with too much softness and beauty she weakens the moral stamina. She plans a vacation from righteousness. And often when a man takes a vacation he relaxes; he makes up his other mind to be a little less good or not good at all. The resorts along the Riviera seem especially designed to meet his requirements in this mood. A grim, uncompromisingly saintly man or woman would be out of drawing with Nature there.

In saying all this I seem to be accusing Peggy and myself, for we had purchased two of those long-tailed stopover tickets in Madrid. And when we reached Monte Carlo late Saturday afternoon, Peggy announced her intention of getting off and spending the holy Sabbath there.

"But, Peggy," I protested, "you cannot do it. There is no holy Sabbath in this place."

"Precisely!" answered she. "In all the years of our lives we have punctuated every seven days with one Sunday. I want to see how it feels to skip one."

The willful, experimental courage of the new young mind is one of the dangers we have to face in the future. Sometimes I am glad I shall be in my grave before these generations find out their mistake.

Peggy was already gathering up her belongings to get off, and I followed her. We were driven through the town to our hotel. Imagine a sort of Eden, created in an amphitheater made by lofty mountains on one side and bounded by a splendid balustrade above the sea on the other, opulent with red blossoms and all tropical greenness, with satanic statues glistening everywhere against the green, and amazingly beautiful buildings with gilded, fancifully decorated domes, but no spires: the kind of Eden the devil would make if he were a multimillionaire and wished to attract all the doubtful Adams and Eves in creation. This is Monte Carlo, incomparably beautiful, terribly significant, sneering gloriously at all that is faithful and poor and just good. It may be that the imagination of an old church-going woman has its prejudices, but this is the only place I ever saw where the architecture appeared to be brazen and conscienceless as well as beautiful.

After dinner Peggy announced her intention of going to the casino. I tied on my bonnet with many misgivings. Peggy looked like a little heavenly dove, with a white hat on her head that clasped her temples in a pair of peacefully folded wings. We entered the wide hall and were directed to a desk where we had to give our names, ages, pedigree and home address. I did not like it. For the first time in my life I was tempted to give an alias. You do not want the devil to be too sure where to find you, in case of a moral accident to your human nature. The clerk wanted to gossip. He said we should very probably find friends inside, that everybody came there except Mr. Rockefeller. He said Mr. Rockefeller had never been known to do more than stop outside the door and look in. I thought better of the old man. He is a good Baptist at home. Besides, why should a man with a nation for his casino make himself conspicuous where the stakes are too small to tempt his mind, accustomed to playing successfully for much higher stakes?

We went first to the concert, where the finest band in the world plays the greatest music in the world. I could not see that the audience differed from those to be seen in any other opera houses, except that it consisted for the most part of people who wore more subdued clothes, and there were more old men and women dozing about than one usually sees at an opera. I experienced a decided satisfaction at the sight of numerous old women like myself wearing bonnets with the strings tied under their innocent double chins. Misery is not the only lady who loves company. Sinners must have it. You can do right alone and bravely, but when it comes to something questionable, one wants the strength of a corporation of fellow humanity to back the deed. I felt that I was doing wrong—for Peggy's sake. And I was glad to see so many other elderly women doing the same thing. At the end of a particularly inspiring Wagnerian number, two red doors were thrown open invitingly by ushers dressed in white breeches and ludicrously gay, ill-fitting frockcoats. Everybody arose, and the crowd streamed into a wide hall that had in it half a dozen long tables. More than five hundred men and women were jammed round these tables, the inner row sitting down, the outer circles crowded close, with their eyes fixed upon what was going on upon the tables. I began to understand what the music was for—to evaporate the hardness of crystallized consciences, cast a sort of emotional spell over the old table of stone Ten Commandments, and make you forget everything but the gratification of the gambling instinct which, I reckon, is older in every man and woman than any of the Scriptures. It was an idea that never occurred to me before, but since visiting Monte Carlo I have no doubt Satan keeps a choir of fallen angels to sing in the ante-chamber of hell. And it is probably the finest music in the universe. Such angels would have more to sing about than mere cherubim. They'd have deeper wailing notes in their awful hymns, grander, higher ones of awful triumph.



Nothing We Saw There Touched Me Like These Young Lads From Every Nation in the Civilized World



"Look, Peggy!" I Whispered, "the Wife of Regulus!"

Gambling Gamboling Grandmothers

IT IS not for me to describe a roulette table. I didn't understand the thing. It was divided into checked lines with numbers in the corners, and everybody seemed bent upon putting money, varying from five-franc pieces to hundred-franc notes, upon these numbers. Every time the little ball on a golden disk stopped spinning, men who had short rakes—like the one we have at home to clean the soot out of the bottom of the stove—dragged in all the money and gave back a few little pieces to the people who had wasted it. One thing impressed me as being very different from the descriptions I had always heard of gamblers. There were no glaring, excited faces, no apparent intensity. Everybody looked calm and peaceful, except those who were watching but not playing. There is breeding among gamblers, and I reckon we were seeing the best-bred gamblers in the world. Among them were several of the nice-looking old women I had observed with their bonnets tied under their chins. They still looked innocent, good, grandmotherly. But I observed that one of them, at least, seemed to get about ten times as much as she put down. For the first time in my life I realized to what evil uses courage could be put. It takes nerve to lose large sums of money without a change of expression. And these men and women had that kind of vicious courage. Now and then we recognized an American in the keen profile of some face that had a touch of the North American Indian in its expression. Still there were ghosts in the company. One, a tall woman dressed in black, with dark circles under her tragic eyes, moved restlessly from one table to another, quietly distracted because she had nothing else to lose. And when we came out of the casino two hours later we saw a man whom we recognized as one we had seen playing hundred-franc notes earlier in the evening. He was standing near the balustrade above the sea, one shoulder lifted, his head turned as if he was flinching at his own thoughts, his hands tightly knotted together. One had the feeling that when they dragged his body out of the surf Sunday morning nothing would be said about him. There would be no newspaper notice of his death. At Monte Carlo everything is done quietly without any sensational fuss.

As we wandered along home in the blue moonlight—the Riviera sky remains blue all night—I said sternly:

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"Peggy, the women we have seen this evening would not make good citizens. Many of those men are still capable of voting in the interests of good society, but a woman is not like a man, who has two natures always—his own weak one and his other public good one. A woman has just one, either a good one or a bad one. And if she ever gets the ballot, she will vote according to her nature, and nothing else!"

I was thinking not only of those we saw seated about the tables, but the innumerable painted shes that circled like white carrion birds in the background, waiting for those who had won to get up and come to them.

I recalled one in particular, a slim creature with wide brown eyes, thick red lips. She wore a big black hat, a dreadful smile and an embroidered chemise with a gold girdle under her breasts. If she had on anything under this garment it was her purpose to produce the contrary impression. I never saw any woman in a public place who came so near giving the impression of being practically naked.

Peggy was sad, bemused; she wanted to go back and call somebody to look after the man we saw standing by the balustrade.

"No," I said; "leave him to his fate. He'd better be in the sea than in that casino, and he knows it."

The next morning it turned out that Peggy preferred to resume our journey rather than to spend Sunday at Monte Carlo. So we went on.

It is a good thing to be able to forget. Time heals us of some sights as it does of some diseases. It blurs them. And there are two things we saw in the Old World that I should like to forget utterly: the bullfight at Madrid and the casino at Monte Carlo. But even yet, after many weeks, I can still see that dying bull, covered with blood, mildly regarding his tormentors as he sank to his knees in the sand. And I can still see the woman in the white chemise with her golden girdle and her wide red smile, standing waiting behind the tables in the casino. The man leaning over the balustrade above the sea in the blue moonlight is not nearly so terrible to think of. He had come to the end. God was about to get the chance to take charge of him.

We should have known the moment we crossed the boundary into Italy, even if we had not passed through the customs at the frontier, by the number of soldiers everywhere. The war between Italy and Turkey in their contention over Tripoli had been in progress for several weeks, and at every station we saw troops getting into trains or passing through. A sort of joyful excitement electrified the air. This is the queer thing about war in its first stages, before the mothers and widows of it get the news that sends them into mourning, that a spirit of exaltation and keen pleasure seems to abound. For many of these young lads in their olive-green uniforms the feast of death was already spread in the desert round Tripoli. They were the vintage of life that was about to be poured out there. Yet they were extravagantly happy. The air pulsed with the bugling of martial music. They sang, they yelled, they threw kisses at old women. That was the significant difference. It is only when a man thinks maybe he is going to his death that he is inspired to throw kisses to ancient mother women. On our train there was a car loaded with a company of infantry. And every time we passed an old peasant woman by the way, the soldiers stuck their heads out of the windows and cried to her, "Farewell, Mother!"

Peggy Greets the Soldiers

ONE ancient dame stood petrified a moment, her gray hair blown in the wind, then she threw up her hands and began to wail. The soldiers laughed. But the last we saw of her, she was standing with the mountains behind her, the sun shining over the tears upon her face. She had probably lost her husband or sons in the war of Independence under Garibaldi. She understood. They did not. Later on four hundred of them perished in the oasis round Tripoli.

At one station we were detained for a long time, waiting for a train loaded with soldiers that must have the right of way. Peggy and I descended and walked up and down outside our coach. On another track a little distance away was a long line of freight cars filled with cavalrymen and their horses. The door of a boxcar opposite was open. We saw three horses in the back of it and three young cavalrymen lounging in the doorway. They had evidently traveled all night and showed signs of fatigue. One of them was munching a piece of dry bread. We heard the whistle of the incoming train for which we had been waiting. Suddenly I missed Peggy. I looked this way and that in great alarm. Then I saw her picking her way across the track like a young bird, hopping along with her purse open, the rose in her belt wagging, and her eyes fixed like a guardian angel's upon the cavalrymen, who stared at her as if they had been petrified. The next moment she was dividing her lire among them. There was a shout; other cavalrymen came running from up and down the train.

"Peggy!" I screamed.

She paid no attention. She emptied her purse of every centime. Then she stood in the midst of them smiling, with the tears in her eyes, shaking her empty purse to show that she had no more to give. A young officer pointed to the rose. She pulled it out of her belt and gave it to him, then scampered back across the tracks. I was beside myself. I never heard such a din in my life. What she had done seemed to pass with lightning rapidity from car to car. The earth was covered with cavalrymen, the station rocked and roared with their cheers. Fortunately at this moment our train pulled out.

We were followed with strains of distracted bugles, every man had his cap off, and the last one we saw was the young officer waving his rose like a banner and yelling like a madman. Peggy sat gazing at them and looking as if she had just received a holy baptism and was now ready to be translated.

"Peggy," I sobbed, "what made you do it?"

"I could not help it," she answered shamelessly. "They looked so hungry and tired! I felt as if I had to do something for them."

There is your American girl! She is so innocent of the merely female consciousness that she can always dare to do what the maiden of no other nation would conceive of risking, and come out of the performance with a halo round her head instead of a shamed face. At first it seemed to me a mere accident that she had not been grossly insulted. Then I reflected that she had back of her the everlasting law of that deep honor in men when they know they are in the presence of the sublimely innocent good woman.

That night we rested at Pisa, in an old hotel under the very shadow of the famous leaning tower. The next morning Peggy engaged the hall porter in a conversation. He knew just enough English not to understand the American tongue, which is altogether different in its emphasis and pronunciation from the "papa, prunes and prisms" inflections of an English woman's speech. The porter looked like an old withered reed that had had its joints bent into a perpetual cringing attitude.

"Have you any suffragists here?" inquired Peggy. She was in Italy and wanted to get down to business at once.

"Oh, yes, Signorina, many. Come, I will show you them!" was the astonished answer.

He led the way into the front room of the hotel, which should have been a drawing room. It was filled with every conceivable shape made into marble, from a bas-relief of Napoleon Bonaparte to statues of Venus and the Virgin Mary, but not one living woman, of course.

Peggy looked confused. The old man looked greedily expectant. I began to laugh.

"He thinks you asked him if he had any statuettes!" I explained.

Peggy was crestfallen. We had heard so much about the woman's movement in Italy that it took us some time to discover that there are only about eight hundred women and eighteen men there who would even recognize the word "suffragist" if they heard it spoken.



"Have You Any Suffragists Here?" Inquired Peggy

The Angels of the Seed Bags

THERE is one thing in the Genesis account of creation that has always impressed me. Those were great days when the light was parted from the darkness, and when the earth was divided between the land and the sea, and of course a very great day when Adam got up out of the dust and sneezed. I have often wondered why, with all the fête days we have invented since then, we never keep these most memorial of all days. Maybe we do when we keep the Sabbath. But too little is said about the other part of creation. The animals, male and female, created He them. And the trees, the corn, the flowers, they also were created. But I have always liked to believe that after that first great creation little sowing angels with their seed bags went out of Heaven and wandered over all the earth, planting it thick with the living things of the soil, each kind in the place it belonged according to sun and seasons. The frost angels sowed edelweiss and firs on the mountain-tops. The warm ones planted palms and cacti in the tropics. They all sowed corn and flowers. And to this day the descendants of those seeds spring year after year, the larkspur and goldenrod and roses. Oaks grow in the lands where the paradise acorns fell. The men migrated and died and sprang again in new countries, but the same flowers bloom, the same shadows from the same kind of tree still spread out at evening over the same kind of grass that grew there from the first sowing. A pine that was a pine in the beginning is still faithfully evergreen, still loyal to the soil that made it and to the first angels that gave it. There are not enough Burbanks in creation to change the real laws of vegetation. The earth is obedient about her own green things. But the human products in any given locality change every two or three thousand years. We call it a change of civilization, but before this happens the men and women have become different. They tear down their old religions and old institutions as they cast off their old clothes, because they are worn out, because they no longer fit. And scientists may give what explanations they can about emigration and migration's being the causes, but for me, I believe the old brown, grass-haired mother of us all has much to do with the metamorphosis of men and nations, just as she got rid of her mastodons and ichthyosauri when the time came for elephants and asses. I do not believe any kind of animal, human or creature, would remain true to type forever, not even if it were sequestered absolutely from outside influences. There is something in the queer things that the angels did not plant that grows and changes in spite of all gods and all angels. It wouldn't surprise me at all if eventually a horse got an extra pair of ears next to his tail, or if men developed eyes in the backs of their heads. I do not say that I'd want to drive such a horse or live with such a man, but they may exist.

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Some such reflections as these passed through my mind during our first week in Italy. You can find more signs of man in it than in any other country we visited. I mean that he has been there longer and has done more to it. But no one who looks at a modern Italian, as light and whimsical as one of Verdi's operas in his spirit, can discover even the faintest resemblance to the ancient Romans who made the Appian Way or built the Colosseum, which stands now in the midst of this new facetious city of Rome, like the ragged, half-toothless gums of an ancient civilization altogether different in aims, religion and character.

I am not disparaging the current Italians, but I am saying that what they do, what they build, is as fragile as lace compared with what the old Romans did; and what they think and hope is as transient. They are utterly different, like the unsubstantial hyphen between an immortal past and an unconceived future. In no other country was I so conscious of the fact that all was in a state of transition—ideals, religion, government, everything.

The first walk Peggy and I took in Rome was a revelation, not of the immemorial past, as we expected, but of this incredible future. The streets in many parts are narrow still, but the life that flows through them does not differ nearly so much from that in New York as does the life of any city in our Southern states. The shops have the same things in them that we buy on Broadway. The shopgirls are exactly like shopgirls in New York. The women seen along the fashionable drives look like Americans in their clothes, but not quite American in their faces. The men look like ordinary brisk business men. It was only when we stepped out of the streaming, noisy street into some old cathedral or church that we seemed to pass into medieval ages. If you happened to be there between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, something miraculous happened, out of the order of Nature and intelligence in our times. Softly the doors opened and closed, letting in groups of young priests, literally hundreds, who fell upon their knees and remained with their eyes fixed upon the images above the altars, apparently wrapped in piteous contemplation. Nothing we saw there touched me like these young lads from every nation in the civilized world, who came to Rome for their education in the priesthood. Without bodily exercise, anemic, with weak, prayerful hands, thousands of them are to be seen kneeling at this hour in every church in Rome.

The Wife of Regulus

THE medieval in religion was as far back as we could see in Rome. But of the life back of that, which really made the place immortal, there is not a sign today except in the ruins. Neither Cæsar nor Cicero would recognize in these light, singing, graceful, busy people one feature that distinguished them two thousand years ago. And when you think about it, that is a very short period of time in which to change the character of a race.

Women always preserve the original type longer than men do, however, and there are still to be seen in Italy, especially in the southern part, women who belong to the days of Pompey and Cæsar. They are usually employed in Rome as models for artists and as picturesque nurses for the children of rich families. One occasionally sees in the narrowest fashionable street in the world, Corso Umberto in Rome, peasant women from the Campagna, with yellow handkerchiefs tied over their heads and earrings that reach six inches down dangling on their shoulders, carrying beautiful children in their arms or flitting in and out of artists' studios. And at last we came upon some who belonged to the age of Juno and oracles. There are only a few of these, like tall, golden illuminated initials in the present book of life in this great city. They live in Trastevere, that oldest part of Rome on the other side of the Tiber. One day as we were loitering in one of the narrowest streets of this place I happened to look into a little shop where antiques were sold.

"Look, Peggy!" I whispered; "the wife of Regulus!"

She stood back in the brown gloom, with the tones of time all about her in the dull coppers, and faded pictures and broken statues, an immense figure gravely posed, as if the ages had left her there forgotten, as if twenty centuries separated her from the glaring light of her own doorway. She could not have been less than six feet in height, and she was young. She had that singular livid, clear skin that is so different from what is known as the olive dark complexion, no richness in it, merely an icy coldness. Her lips were almost colorless, with the faintest tinge of purple. Her hair was drawn over her low brows like two fluted black wings, it was so evenly curled. Her features were colossal, but fiercely feminine. You might have said that she was terribly ugly, or terribly beautiful, but you knew she could have led an army and cut off her right breast if necessary to do it. No words can describe the astonishing and thrilling impression she gave of ageless strength and courage.

"Shall we go in?" whispered Peggy, who was as curious as she was awed.

"No," I replied. "I should not think of asking a woman who looks like that to sell me anything less than the head of Catiline, and she probably hasn't got that among her antiquities!"

Coming as we did straight from Spain to Italy, the comparison between Spanish women and Italian women was instinctive. And the difference is remarkable. The Spanish women have a softer beauty and less vivacity of expression. The faces of the Italians are too broad at the top, too narrow at the bottom for beauty. One feels that their faces are the masks of tragedy, of something immemorially sad. And while the grace of Spanish women is natural, that of the Italians is dramatic, always suggesting the stage, the advent of a little prima donna with her toes turned out and her arms lifted like hovering wings in a dance. When Signorina welcomes you to her tea table you may not see her do it, but she leaves the impression of having caught a fold of her gown on each side as she places one brisk little foot forward and inclines her head to you. And you miss the proper climax because she does not whirl upon her toes and do a sprightly dance. Not that any one has a reason for expecting a minuet at a teaparty, but because, potentially speaking, Signorina suggests the stage more than she does a lady at home in her own drawing room. In one particular only are the women of these two nations identical. Among the common people there are no really old ones. They are gray, withered until their faces are brown and wrinkled like parchment, but they retain the quick, erratic, elastic motions of restless little girls to the last. There is something illogical, astonishing in their activity. One feels that the mind has never had much effect upon such a plastic body.

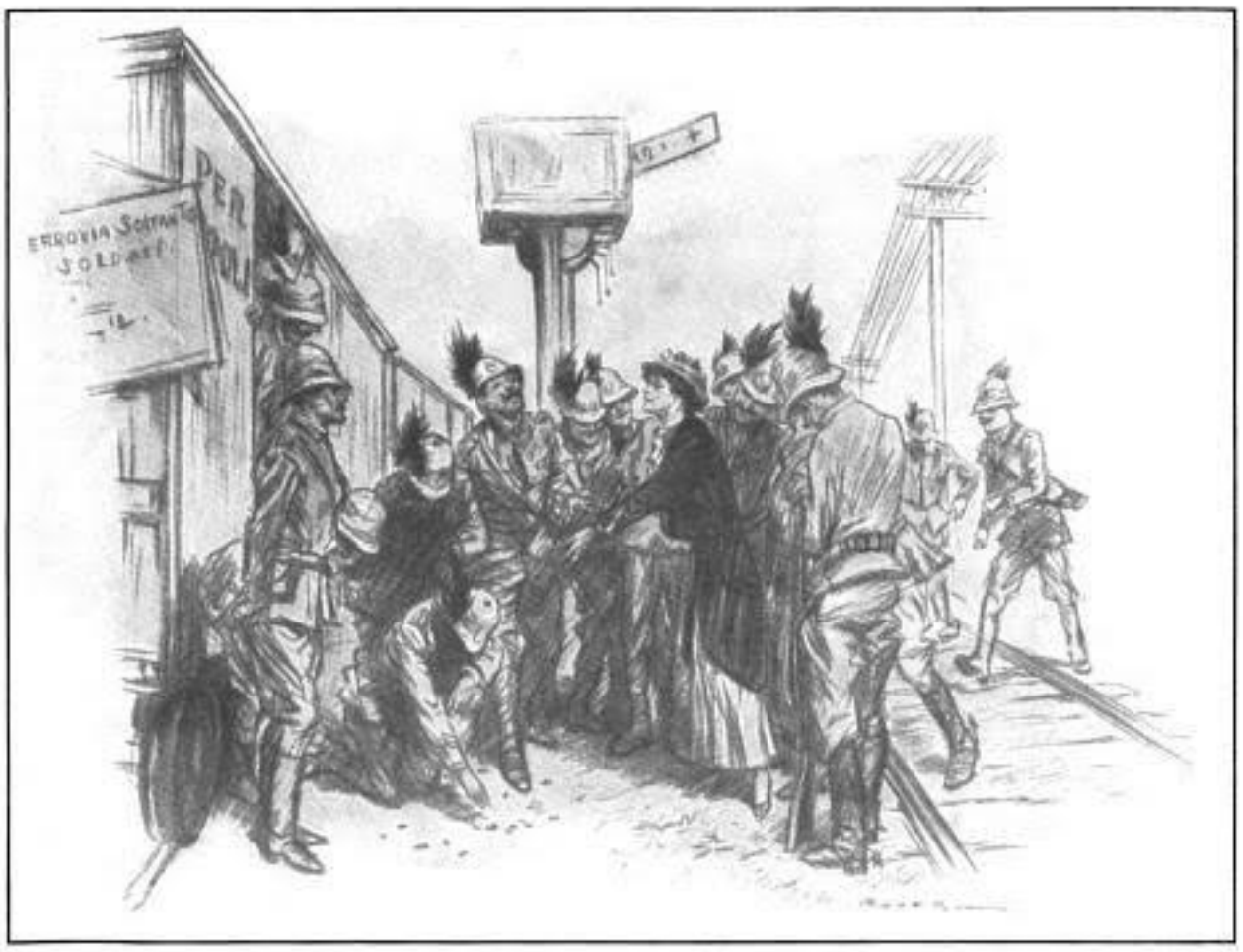
However, as I have already indicated, the great mass of women in Northern Italy impress me as being distinctly modern. This led me to say to Peggy one day that I thought she would find plenty of her "new women" among them. But it was only after we reached Italy that my niece was forced to realize that the suffragists are perhaps the smallest wing of the greatest woman's movement in the world. There are only eight hundred Italian women enrolled as suffragists. But in no other country are so many women in every circle of life advancing in the scale of things. The same restrictions exist that are to be found limiting them in other Latin countries. All the young girls of the better class are practically imprisoned until their marriage. And in Sicily at least, this imprisonment is a a sort of life sentence. The husband not only has the right to lock his wife in the house when he leaves in the morning, but often he actually does do it. The parents of a girl twenty-five years old, even in Rome where customs are lax, still open all of her letters before she sees them. The law permits women to enter most of the professions, it is true, but where the parents are of any distinction they do not permit it. And some pretenses of the law are as amusing in Italy as they are in Tennessee where, legally speaking, a woman is classed with minors and idiots. For example, the husband cannot spend his wife's dowry, but neither can she without his consent!

Women Satisfied With Their Lot

THERE is more insanity among American women than among those of any European nation, and less of it among those in Latin countries, especially in Italy. This is due to several causes. First, these women have not yet fully arrived in consciousness to a rational sense of the gravity of human existence. You cannot very reasonably go insane until you have come to sanity, which has a good deal of pessimism in it. These women, although they have more of what is called temperament than our women, are still controlled more by instinct than intelligence. So far as men are concerned, they are yet in the unquestioning, submissive, romantic period. And you will observe this, that the two things that drive women insane everywhere are love and religion. Few of them become unbalanced as men do from dissipation or worry about business. Now it is certain that Italian women are not nearly so well cared for by their men as we are in America. And they are more heavily burdened in every way. But they have not yet discovered the injustice of their condition. The workingmen's wives and daughters in Italy endure hardships and privations, but an investigation will show that our insane asylums are filled with country women who have become deranged from overwork and from lack of proper attention. This is because they have a frightfully keen comprehension of what they suffer, and the Italian peasant woman has not. Therefore she does not suffer at all. She spends her life working for one lira a day, and is satisfied because she has no ambitions or hope.

So much I have written by way of some general interpretations of Italian women. But now we come to her comparatively new relation to the order of things. What to do with the ever-increasing number of superfluous women has become a serious question in every country. Formerly those of Italy went into convents, and that was the last of them as far as human society was concerned. But now they are no longer willing to become nuns. They have lost the "vocation." They are remaining in the world, and it seems to me that more of them are taking hold of the issues of life for just women, and in more practically domestic ways, than in any other country we visited. But the history of the awakening of Italian women differs from the stir among all other women. They have been permitted for the last ten years to enter the universities and receive what is called higher education. While they are availing themselves of these opportunities the training they have received does not appear to have made them restless and dissatisfied, as is the case, say, with the English woman. The real movement began years ago, when the women of high rank banded themselves together to encourage feminine industries, like lace-making and embroidery, and to market the work of the peasant women living on their estates, thus rescuing them from the loss incident to selling to

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She Emptied Her Purse of Every Centime

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THE LIGHTED WAY

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

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XIII

RUTH welcomed Arnold with her usual smile—once he had thought it the most beautiful thing in the world. In the twilight of the April evening her face gleamed almost marble-white. He dragged a footstool up to her side.

"You are looking pale," he declared. "Give me your hands to hold. Can't you see that I have come just at the right time? Even the coal barges look like phantom boats. See, there is the first light."

She shook her head slowly.

"Tonight," she murmured, "there will be no ships, Arnold. I have looked and looked, and I am sure. Light the lamp, please."

"Why?" he asked, obeying her as a matter of course.

She turned in her chair.

"Do you think that I cannot tell?" she continued. "Didn't I see you turn the corner there—didn't I hear your step three flights down? Sometimes I have heard it come, and it sounds like something leaden beating time to the music of despair. And tonight you tripped up like a boy home for the holidays. You are going out tonight, Arnold."

He nodded.

"A man whom I met the other night has asked me to dine with him," he announced.

"A man! You are not going to see her then?"

He laughed gayly and placed his hand upon the fingers that had drawn him toward her.

"Silly girl!" he declared. "No; I am going to dine alone with her brother, the Count Sabatini. You see I am private secretary now to a merchant prince, no longer a clerk in a wholesale provision merchant's office. We climb, my dear Ruth. Soon I am going to ask for a holiday, and then we'll make Isaac leave his beastly lecturing and scurrilous articles and come away with us somewhere for a day or two. You would like a few days in the country, Ruth?"

Her eyes met his gratefully.

"You know that I should love it, dear," she said, "but do you think that when the time for the holiday comes you will want to take us?"

He sat on the arm of her chair and held her hand.

"Foolish little woman!" he exclaimed. "Do you think that I am likely to forget? Why, I must have shared your supper nearly every night for a month while I was walking about trying to find something to do. People who have lived through such times don't forget, Ruth."

She sighed. Strangely enough her tone had in it something of vague regret.

"For your sake, dear, I am glad that they are over," she said.

"Things will improve with you too," he declared. "They shall improve. If only Isaac would turn sensible! He has brains and he is clever enough, if he weren't stuffed full with his foolish fancies."

She looked around the room and drew him a little closer.

"Arnold," she whispered, "now that you have spoken of it, let me tell you this. Sometimes I am afraid. Isaac is so mysterious. Do you know that he is away often for the whole day, and he comes back white and exhausted, worn to a shadow, and sleeps for many hours? Sometimes he is in his room all night, but awake. I can hear him moving backward and forward and hammering, tap, tap, tap, for hours."

"What does he do?" Arnold asked quickly.

"He has some sort of a little printing press in his room," she answered. "He prints some awful sheet there which the police have stopped. The night before last he had a message and everything was hidden. He spent hours with his face to the window, watching. I am so afraid that sometimes he goes outside the law. Arnold, I am afraid of what might happen to him. There are terrible things in his face if I ask him questions. And he moves about and mutters like a man in a dream—no, like a man in a nightmare!"

Arnold frowned and looked up at the sky signs upon the other side of the river.

"I, too, wish he were different, dear," he said. "He certainly is a dangerous protector for you."

"He is the only one I have," the girl replied with a sigh, "and sometimes, when he remembers, he is so kind. But that is not often now."

"What do you do when he is away for all this time?" Arnold asked. "Are you properly looked after? You ought to have some one here."

"Mrs. Sands comes twice a day always," she declared. "It is not myself I trouble about really. Isaac is good in that way. He pays Mrs. Sands always in advance. He tries even to buy wine for me, and he often brings me home fruit. When he has money I am sure that he gives it to me. It isn't that so much, Arnold, but I become afraid of his getting into trouble. Now that room of his has got on my nerves. When I hear that tap, tap in the night I am terrified."

"Will you let me speak to him about it, Ruth?"

Her face was suddenly full of terror.

"You mustn't think of it!" she begged. "He would never forgive me—never. The first time I asked him what was going on there I thought that he would strike me."

"Would you like me to go in and see next time he is out?"

She shivered.

"Not for the world," she replied. "Besides, you couldn't. He has fixed on an American lock himself. No one could open the door."

"You have never seen what he prints?"

"Never," she replied. "He knows that I hate the sight of those pamphlets. He never shows them to me. He had a man to see him the other night—the strangest-looking man I ever saw—and they talked in whispers for hours. I saw the man's face when he went out. It was white and evil. And, Arnold, it was the face of a man steeped in sin to the lips. I wish I hadn't seen it," she went on drearily. "It haunts me."

Arnold did his best to reassure her.

"You have been up here too long without a holiday. Wait till Saturday afternoon, when I draw my new salary for the first time. I shall hire a taxicab. We will have it open and drive out into the country."

Her face lit up for a moment. Her eyes were soft, although a few seconds later they were full of tears.

"Do you think you will want to go when Saturday afternoon comes?" she asked. "Don't you think, perhaps, that your new friends may invite you to go and see them? I am so jealous of your new friends, Arnold."

There was something very pathetic in her complete dependence upon him, a few months ago a stranger. They had both been waifs, brought together by a wave of common adversity. Her intense weakness had made the same appeal to him that his youth and strength had made to her. There was almost a lump in his throat as he answered her.

"You aren't really feeling like that, Ruth?" he begged. "Don't! My new friends are part of the new life. You wouldn't have me cling to the old any longer than I can help? Why, you and I together have sat here hour after hour and prayed for a change, prayed for the mystic treasure that might come to us from those ships of chance. Dear, if mine comes first it brings good for you too. You can't believe that I should forget? Don't you remember our money-box for the doctor? Even that will come, Ruth. The day will come, I am sure, when we shall carry you off to Vienna or one of those great cities, and the cure will be quite easy. I believe in it really."

She sighed.

"I used to love to hear you talk about it," she said, "but, somehow, now it seems so far off. I don't even know that I want to be like other women. There is only one thing I do want and that is to keep you."

"That," he declared fervently, "you are sure of. Remember, Ruth, that awful black month and what we suffered together. And you knew nothing about me. I just found you sitting on the stairs with your broken stick, waiting for some one to come and help you."

She nodded.

"And you picked me up and carried me into your room," she reminded him. "You didn't have to stop and take breath as Isaac has to."

"Why, no," he admitted, "I couldn't say you were heavy, dear. Some day or other, though," he added, "you will be. Don't lose your faith, Ruth. Don't let either of us leave off looking for the ships."

The girl smiled.

"Very well," she said, letting her hand fall once more into his; "I think that I am very foolish. At least," she added abruptly, "I am not going to spoil your dinner by keeping you here talking nonsense. Carry me back, please, Arnold. You must hurry up now and change your clothes. And, dear, you had better not come in and wish me good night. Isaac went out this morning in one of his savage tempers, and he may be back at any moment. Carry me back now and have a beautiful evening. Tomorrow you must tell me all about your good time."

He obeyed her. She was really only a trifle to lift, as light as air.

"And now, please, you are to kiss my forehead," she said, "and run away."

Arnold had little enough time to dress, and he descended the stone steps toward the street at something like a run. Halfway down, however, he pulled up abruptly to avoid running into two men. One was Isaac. His worn, white face, with hooked nose and jet-black eyes, made him a noticeable figure even in the twilight. The other man was so muffled up as to be unrecognizable. Arnold stopped.

"Glad you're home, Isaac," he said pleasantly. "I have just been talking to Ruth. I thought she seemed rather queer."

Isaac looked at him coldly from head to foot. Arnold was wearing his only and ordinary overcoat, but his varnished shoes and white tie betrayed him.

"So you're wearing your cursed livery again!" he sneered. "You're going to beg your bone from the rich man's plate."

Arnold laughed at him.

"Always the same, Isaac," he declared. "Never mind about me. You look after your niece and take her out, if you can, somewhere. I am going to give her a drive on Saturday."

"Are you?" Isaac said calmly. "I doubt it. Drives and carriages are not for the like of us."

His companion nudged him impatiently. Isaac moved away. Arnold turned after him.

"You won't deny the right of a man to spend what he earns in the way he likes best?" he asked. "I've had a



A Pale Face, a Narrow Chin, and a Mouth That Seemed Set in a Perpetual Snarl

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rise in my salary and I am going to spend a part of it taking Ruth out."

Isaac laughed scornfully.

"A rise in your salary!" he muttered. "You poor slave! Did you go and kiss your master's foot when he gave it to you?"

"I didn't," Arnold declared. "To tell you the truth, I believe it would have annoyed him. He hasn't any sense of humor, you see. Good-night, Isaac. If you're writing one of those shattering articles tonight remember that Ruth can hear you and don't keep her awake too late."

Arnold walked on. Suddenly his attention was arrested. Isaac was leaning over the banisters of the landing above.

"Stop!"

Arnold paused for a moment.

"What is it?" he asked.

Isaac came swiftly down. He brushed his cloth hat farther back on his head as though it obscured his vision. With both hands he gripped Arnold's arm.

"Tell me," he said, "what do you mean by that?"

"What I said," Arnold answered; "but, for Heaven's sake, don't visit it on poor Ruth. She told me that you had some printing press in your room to get out your pamphlets, and that the tap, tap at night had kept her awake. It's no concern of mine. I don't care what you do or what rubbish you print, but I can't bear to see her getting frailer and frailer, Isaac."

"She told you that?" Isaac muttered.

"She told me that," Arnold assented. "What is there in it?"

Isaac looked at him for a moment with an intentness that was indescribable. His black eyes seemed on fire with suspicion, with searchfulness. At last he let go the arm he was clutching and turned away.

"All right," he said. "Ruth shouldn't talk, that's all. I don't want every one to know that I am reduced to printing my little sheet in my bedroom. Good-night!"

Arnold looked after him in surprise. It was very seldom that Isaac vouchsafed any form of greeting or farewell. And then the shock came. Isaac's companion, who had been leaning over the banisters waiting for him, had loosened the muffler about his neck and opened his overcoat. His features were now recognizable—a pale face with deep-set eyes and prominent forehead, a narrow chin, and a mouth that seemed set in a perpetual snarl. Arnold stood gazing up at him in rapt amazement. He had seen that face but once before, yet there was no possibility of any mistake. It seemed, indeed, as though the recognition were mutual, for the man above, with an angry cry, turned suddenly away, buttoning up his overcoat with feverish fingers. He called out to Isaac—a hurried sentence in a language that was strange to Arnold. There was a brief exchange of breathless words. Arnold moved slowly away, but before he had reached the street Isaac's hand was upon his shoulder.

"One moment!" Isaac panted. "My friend would like to know why you looked at him like that?"

Arnold did not hesitate.

"Isaac," he said gravely, "no doubt I seemed surprised. I have seen that man before, only a night or two ago."

"Where? When?" Isaac demanded.

"I saw him hanging round the house of my employer," Arnold said firmly, "under very suspicious circumstances. He was inquiring then for Mr. Rosario. It was the night before Rosario was murdered."

"What do you mean by that?" Isaac asked hoarsely.

"You had better ask yourself what it means," Arnold replied. "For Ruth's sake, Isaac, don't have anything to do with that man. I don't know anything about him—I don't want to know anything about him. I simply beg you for Ruth's sake to keep out of trouble."

Isaac laughed harshly.

"You talk like a young fool!" he declared, turning on his heel.

XIV

THE apartments of Count Sabatini were situated in the somewhat unfamiliar quarter of Queen Anne's Gate. Arnold found his way there on foot, crossing Parliament Square in a slight drizzling rain, through which the figures of the passers-by assumed a somewhat phantasmal appearance. Around him was a glowing arc of lights and, dimly visible beyond, shadowy glimpses of the river. He rang the bell with some hesitation at the house indicated by his directions—a large gray stone building, old-fashioned and without any external signs of habitation. His summons, however, was answered almost immediately by a man-servant, who took his hat and coat.

"If you will step into the library for a moment, sir," he said with a slightly foreign accent, "his Excellency will be there."

Arnold was immensely impressed by the room into which he was shown. He stood looking round him for several minutes. The whole atmosphere seemed to indicate a cultivated and luxurious taste, kept in bounds by a certain not unpleasing masculine severity. The coloring of the room was dark green, and the walls were covered with prints and etchings and trophies of the chase and war. A huge easy-chair was drawn up to the fire, and by its side was a table covered with books and illustrated papers. A black-oak writing-desk stood open, and a huge bowl of violets set upon it was guarded by an ivory statuette of the Venus of Milo. The furniture was comfortably worn. There was a faint atmosphere of cigarette smoke—the whole apartment was impregnated by an intensely livable atmosphere. The glowing face of a celebrated Parisian *danseuse* laughed at him from over the mantelpiece. Arnold was engaged in examining it when Sabatini entered.

"A thousand apologies, my dear Mr. Chetwode," he said softly. "I see you pass your time pleasantly. You admire the divine Fatime?"

"The face is beautiful," Arnold said. "I am afraid I was a few minutes early. It began to rain and I walked fast."

Sabatini smiled. A butler had followed him into the room, bearing on a tray two wineglasses full of clear yellow liquid.

"Vermouth and one tiny cigarette," Sabatini suggested, "the best *apéritif* in the world. Permit me, Mr. Chetwode—to our better acquaintance!"

"I never need an *apéritif*," Arnold answered, raising the wineglass to his lips, "but I will drink to your toast with pleasure."

Sabatini lit his cigarette and, leaning slightly against the back of a chair, stood with folded arms looking at the picture over the fireplace.

"Your remark about Fatime suggested reservations," he remarked. "I wonder why? I have a good many curios in the room and some rather wonderful prints, but it was Fatime who held you while you waited."

"To tell you the truth," Arnold admitted simply, "I think that it was the actual presence of the picture here, rather than the subject, that interested me most. Your room is so masculine," Arnold added, glancing round. "It breathes of war and sport and the collector. And then, in the middle of it all, the picture of this girl. There is something a little brutal about the treatment, don't you think?"

Sabatini shrugged his shoulders.

"The lady is too well known," he remarked. "A single touch of the ideal and the greatness of that picture would be lost. Grève was too great an artist to try for it."

"Nevertheless," Arnold persisted, "she disturbs the serenity of your room."

Sabatini threw away his cigarette and passed his arm through his companion's.

"It is as well always to be reminded that life is many-sided," he murmured. "You will not mind a *tête-à-tête* dinner?"

Some curtains of dark green brocaded material had been silently drawn aside, and the two men passed into a smaller apartment, of which the coloring and decoration were the same as those in the larger room. A round table, lit with softly shaded candles, before which stood two high-backed, black-oak chairs, stood in the middle of the room. It was very simply set out, but the two wineglasses were richly cut in quaint fashion, and the bowl holding the violets was of old yellow Sèvres. Arnold sat opposite his host and realized how completely the man seemed to fit in with his surroundings. In Mrs. Weatherley's drawing room there had been a note of incongruity. Here he seemed so thoroughly in accord with the air of masculine and cultivated refinement that dominated the atmosphere. He carried himself with the ease and dignity to which his race entitled him, but, apart from that, his manner had qualities that Arnold found particularly attractive. His manicured nails, his spotless linen, his links and waistcoat buttons—cut from some quaint stone—the slight affectations of his dress, the unusual manner of brushing back his hair and arranging his tie, gave him a note of individuality. Every word he spoke—and he talked softly but continually during the service of the meal—confirmed Arnold's first impressions of him. He was a man, at least, who had lived a man's life without fear or weakness and, whatever his standards might be, he would adhere to them.

Dinner was noiselessly and perfectly served by the butler who had first appeared and by a slighter and smaller edition who brought the butler the dishes. There was no champagne, but other wines were served in their due order, the quality of which Arnold appreciated although more than one was strange to him. With the removal of the last course fruit was placed upon the table, with a decanter of Château Yquem. On a small table near was a brass pot of coffee and a flask of green liqueur. Sabatini pushed the cigarettes toward his companion.

"I have a fancy to talk to you seriously," he said, without any preamble.

Arnold looked at him in some surprise.

"I am not a philanthropist," Sabatini continued. "When I move out of my regular course of life it is usually for my own advantage. I warn you of that before we start."

Arnold nodded and lit his cigarette. There was no safety in life, he reflected, thinking for the moment of the warning that he had received, like the safety of poverty.

"I am a man of forty-four," Sabatini said. "You, I believe, are twenty-four. There can, therefore, be no impertinences in the truth from me to you."

"There could be none in any case," Arnold assured him.

Sabatini gazed thoughtfully across the table into his guest's face.

"I do not know your history or your parentage," he went on. "Such knowledge is unnecessary. It is obvious that your position at the present moment is the result of an accident."

"It is the outcome of actual poverty," Arnold told him.

Sabatini assented.

"Ah, well," he said, "it is a poverty, then, that you have accepted. Tell me of your ambition. You are young and the world lies before you. You have the gifts that belong to those who are born. Are you doing what is right to yourself in working at a degrading employment for a pittance?"

"I must live," Arnold protested.

"Precisely," Sabatini replied. "We all must live. We all, however, are too apt to accept the rulings of circumstance. I maintain that we all have a right to live in the manner to which we are born."

"And how," Arnold asked, "does one enforce that right?"

Sabatini leaned over and helped himself to the liqueur.

"You possess the gift," he remarked, "that I admire most—the gift of directness. Now I would speak to you of myself. When I was young I was penniless, with no inheritance save a grim castle, a barren island and a great name. The titular head of my family was a cardinal at Rome, my father's own brother. I went to him and I demanded the means of support. He answered me with an epigram that I will not repeat—besides, it is untranslatable. I will only tell you that he gave me a sum equivalent to a few hundred pounds, and bade me seek my fortune."

Arnold was intensely interested.

"Tell me how you started," he begged.

"A few hundred pounds were insufficient," Sabatini answered coolly, "and my uncle was a coward. I waited my opportunity, and although three times I was denied an audience the fourth time I found him alone. He would have driven me out, but I used the means that I have never known to fail. I left him with a small but sufficient fortune."

Arnold looked at him with glowing eyes.

"You forced him to give it you!" he exclaimed.

"Without a doubt," Sabatini answered coolly. "He was wealthy and he was my uncle. I was strong and he was weak. It was as necessary for me to live as for him. So I took him by the throat and gave him thirty seconds to reflect. He decided that the life of a cardinal was far too pleasant to be abandoned precipitately."

There was a short silence. Sabatini glanced twice at his companion and smiled.

"I will read your thoughts, my young friend," he continued. "Your brain is a little confused. You are wondering whether indeed I have robbed my elderly relative. Expunge that word and all that it means to you from your vocabulary if you can. I took that to which I had a right by means of the weapons that have been given to me—strength and opportunity. These are the weapons that I have used through life."

"Supposing the cardinal had refused?" Arnold asked.

"One need not suppose," Sabatini replied. "It is not worth while. I should probably have done what the impulse of the moment demanded. So far, however, I have found most people reasonable."

"There have been others then?" Arnold demanded.

"There have been others," Sabatini agreed calmly, "always people, however, upon whom I have had a certain claim. Life to different people means different things. Life to a person of my tastes and descent meant this—it meant playing a part in the affairs of the country that gave me my birthright; it meant the carrying forward of a great enmity that has for hundreds of years burned within the family of Sabatini for the house that now rules my country. If I were a person who sought for excuses I might say that I have robbed my relatives for the cause of the patriot. Life to a sawer of wood means bread. The two states themselves are identical. The man who is denied bread breaks into riot and gains his ends. I, when I have been denied what is vital to me, have also helped myself."

"I am not sure," Arnold protested frankly, "whether you are not amusing yourself with me."

"Then let me put that doubt to rest once and for all," Sabatini replied. "It does not amuse me to trifle with the truth."

"Why do you make me your confidant?" Arnold asked.

"Because it is my intention to make a convert of you," Sabatini said calmly.

Arnold shook his head.

"I am afraid that that is quite hopeless," he answered. "I have not the excuse of a country that needs my help—although I have more than one relative," he added with a smile, "whom I should not mind taking by the throat."

"One needs no excuse," Sabatini murmured.

"When one ——"

He hesitated.

"I have no scruples," Sabatini interrupted, "in using the word that seems to trouble you. Perhaps I am a robber.

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What, however, you do not appreciate, Mr. Chetwode, is that nine-tenths of the people in the world are in the same position."

"I cannot admit that either," Arnold protested.

"It is, then, because you have not considered the matter," Sabatini declared. "You live in a very small corner of the world and you have accepted a moral code as ridiculously out of date as some forms of religion. The whole of life is a system of robbery. The strong help themselves, the weak go down. Did you call your splendid seamen of Queen Elizabeth's time robbers because they nailed the English flag to their mast and swept the seas for plunder? 'We are strong,' they cried to the country they robbed, 'and you are weak. Stand and deliver!' I spare you a hundred instances. I speak with many experiences behind me. I had ancestors who enriched themselves with fire and sword. I would much prefer to do the same thing. As a matter of fact, when the conditions admit of it I do. I have fought in whatever war has raged since the days when I was eighteen. If another war should break out tomorrow I should weigh the causes, choose the side I preferred and fight for it. But when there is no war I must yet live. I cannot drill troops all day or sit in the cafés. I must use my courage and my brains in whatever way seems most beneficial to the great cause that lies nearest to my heart."

"I cannot imagine," Arnold said frankly, "what that cause is."

"Some day and before long," Sabatini replied, "you may know. At any rate we have talked enough of this for the present. Think over what I have said. If at any time I should have an enterprise to propose to you, you will at least recognize my point of view."

He touched the bell.

A servant entered almost at once, carrying Count Sabatini's overcoat and silk hat.

"I have taken a box at a music-hall," he announced. "I believe that my sister may join us there. I hope it will amuse you."

Arnold rose eagerly to his feet. His eyes were bright already with anticipation.

They glided softly along the crowded streets and up into Leicester Square, where the blaze of lights seemed somehow comforting after the cold darkness of the night. They stopped outside the music-hall and Arnold followed his guide with beating heart as they were shown to their box. The door was thrown open. Fenella was there alone. She was sitting a little way back in the box so as to escape observation from the house. At the sound of their entrance she turned eagerly toward them. Arnold, who was in advance, stopped short in the act of greeting her. She was looking past him at her brother. She was absolutely colorless, her lips were parted, her eyes distended as though with terror. She had all the appearance of a woman who has looked upon some terrible thing.



"For Myself, I Shall Remain. They Tell Me That the Second Ballet is Excellent"

XV

THE few minutes which followed inspired Arnold with an admiration for his companion that he never wholly lost. Sabatini recognized in a moment his sister's state, but he did no more than shrug his shoulders and continue taking off his wraps.

"My dear Fenella!" he said in a tone of gentle reproof.

"You haven't heard?" she gasped.

Sabatini drew out a chair and seated himself. He glanced round at the house and then began slowly to unbutton his white kid gloves.

"I did not buy an evening paper," he remarked. "Your face tells me the news, of course. I gather that Starling has been arrested."

"He was arrested at five o'clock!" she exclaimed. "He will be charged before the magistrates tomorrow."

"Then tomorrow," Sabatini continued calmly, "will be quite time enough for you to begin to worry."

She looked at him for a moment steadfastly. She had ceased to tremble now and her own appearance was becoming more natural.

"If one had but a man's nerve!" she murmured. "Dear Andrea, you make me very ashamed. Yet this is serious—surely it is very serious?"

Arnold had withdrawn as far as possible out of hearing, but Sabatini beckoned him forward.

"You are missing the ballet," he said. "You must take the front chair there. You, too, will be interested in this news that my sister has been telling me. Our friend Starling has been arrested after all. I was afraid he was giving himself away."

"For the murder of Mr. Rosario?" Arnold asked.

"Precisely," Sabatini replied. "An unfortunate situation. Let us hope that he will be able to prove his innocence."

"I don't see how he could have done it," Arnold said slowly. "We saw him only about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour later coming up from the restaurant on the other side of the hotel."

"Oh, without a doubt he will come very near proving an alibi," Sabatini declared. "He is quite clever when it comes to the point. I wonder what sort of evidence they have against him."

"Is there any reason," Arnold asked, "why he should kill Mr. Rosario?"

Sabatini studied his program earnestly.

"Well," he admitted, "that is rather a difficult question to answer. Mr. Rosario was a very obstinate man, and he was certainly persisting in a course of action against which I and many others had warned him—a course of action that was certain to make him exceedingly unpopular with a good many of us. I am not sure, however, whether the facts were sufficiently well known ——"

Fenella interrupted. She rose hurriedly to her feet.

"I am afraid, after all, that you will have to excuse me," she declared, moving to a seat at the back of the box. "I do not think that I can stay here."

Sabatini nodded gravely.

"Perhaps you are right," he said. "For my own part, I, too, wish that I had more faith in Starling. As a matter of fact I have none. When they caught Crampton one could sleep in one's bed; one knew. But this man Starling is a nervous wreck. Who knows what story he may tell, consciously or unconsciously, in his desperate attempts to clear himself? You see," he continued, looking at Arnold, "there are a great many of us to whom Mr. Rosario was personally, just at this moment, obnoxious."

Fenella swayed in her chair as if about to faint.

"I am going home," she murmured.

"As you will," Sabatini agreed. "Perhaps Mr. Chetwode will be so kind as to take you back? I have asked a friend to call here this evening."

She turned to Arnold.

"Do!" she pleaded. "I am fit for nothing else. You will come with me?"

Arnold was already standing with his coat upon his arm.

"Of course," he replied.

Her brother helped her on with her cloak.

"For myself," he declared, "I shall remain. I should not like to miss my friend if he comes, and they tell me that the second ballet is excellent."

She took his hands.

"You have courage, dear one," she murmured.

He smiled.

"It is not courage," he replied; "it is philosophy. If tomorrow were to be the end would you not enjoy today? The true reasonableness of life is to live as though every day might be one's last. We shall meet again very soon, Mr. Chetwode."

Arnold held out his hand. The whole affair was intensely mysterious and there were many things he did not understand in the least, but he knew that he was in the presence of a brave man.

"Good-night, Count Sabatini," he said. "Thank you very much for our dinner. I am afraid I am an unconverted Philistine and doomed to the narrow ways, but, nevertheless, I have enjoyed my evening very much."

Sabatini smiled charmingly.

"You are very British," he declared, "but never mind. Even a Briton has been known to see the truth by gazing long enough. Take care of my little sister, and *au revoir!*"

Her fingers clutched his arm as they passed along the promenade and down the corridor into the street. The car was waiting and in a moment or two they were on their way to Hampstead. She was beginning to look a

(Continued on Page 41)

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 27, 1912

Disrupting the Party

WE ARE interested in a good Democrat's impassioned statement that the nomination of Judson Harmon would disrupt the party; but we rather doubt it. In one campaign the Democratic party nominated Mr. Bryan; in the next—largely under the benign auspices of Mr. Belmont—it nominated Judge Parker; and in the next it nominated Mr. Bryan again. In the short space of eight years, therefore, it circumnavigated the political globe and went from a hundred and fifty in the shade to ninety below zero and back again. There were numerous individual disruptions—but as a political organization the party remained intact.

We rather doubt that the nomination of Mr. Taft will disrupt the Republican party. Mr. Taft and Mr. Harmon or Mr. Wilson and Mr. La Follette are much more akin than Mr. Taft and Mr. La Follette or Mr. Wilson and Mr. Harmon; but it is still doubtful whether, for some time to come, certain Progressives and certain Conservatives will not continue to call themselves Democrats, while other Progressives and Conservatives label themselves Republican. In Congress and on the stump there is much talk of putting principle above party; but when it comes to a showdown there seems to be a lingering doubt about it in both wings of both camps. Both organizations still possess a valuable baggage train in those inert, thick-and-thin adherents who vote automatically. There is considerable hesitation, all round, to cut loose from the train.

A French Example

FOUR hundred and forty-one members of the French Chamber of Deputies voted the other day on a motion to terminate the government privileges of the Bank of France. This bank, of course, exercises much greater power over business in France than any institution or any tangible group of institutions does in this country. It holds eight hundred million dollars of gold and silver, constituting nearly the whole available stock of precious metals in the republic. It can issue unsecured notes, circulating as money, to the amount of fifty-eight hundred million francs, and might do about anything it pleased with the discount market. Other French banks are more or less under its wing; and, though the government has plenary power in the management, the bank, in fact, is largely "run" by eminent financiers. The French Chamber of Deputies is so prevalently radical that, twice within a decade, it has elevated a Socialist to the head of the administration. Nevertheless, the motion above mentioned received only eight affirmative votes against four hundred and thirty-three negatives.

Possessing a mogul engine, in short, the French—radicals and conservatives alike—do not purpose to discard it and return to ox-teams simply because the engine, if improperly managed, might run over somebody.

The Money Trust

AN EMINENT attorney, who has an extensive Wall Street practice and experience, concludes that "less than a dozen men are, for all practical purposes, in control of the direction of at least seventy-five per cent of the deposits of the leading national banks and trust companies in the city of New York, and of allied institutions in various parts of the country." Seventy-five per cent of the deposits of all the national banks and trust companies in New York would amount roughly to one and three-quarter billion dollars. This, then, is the "Money Trust," which a great deal of vague and half-baked opinion would have the Government somehow or other abolish.

All these banks and trust companies are circumscribed by law. All of them are open to the most complete investigation by national and state authority. If they are doing anything that is not lawful the state or Federal Government should be able to put its finger on the crime very promptly. The Money Trust is alleged also to control the big life-insurance companies; but they, like the banks, are completely open to public inspection and constantly under public surveillance—everything they do is prescribed by law.

The Money Trust is commonly referred to as the darkest, most secret and elusive of all our octopi; but, in fact, it lives in a glass house and can scarcely wiggle a tentacle unseen. Less than a dozen men may possibly be "in control of the direction" of the beast; but squads of expert policemen stand at their elbows and can see exactly what they do.

Our Most Refined Vaudeville

ODDLY enough, the Vaudeville Trust and scalpers of theater tickets have overlooked the most flourishing branch of their trade. We refer to the business of getting up a grand banquet under some plausible title, securing several distinguished speakers, and then inviting a large number of indulgent citizens to attend the banquet and foot the bill by paying so much a plate. If the chief magistrate is to speak, the price, we understand, is usually ten dollars. If the headliner is a Supreme Court justice, a very famous senator or the speaker of the House, the price may be anywhere from five dollars to seven and a half; while governors and congressmen fetch about one-fifty.

Obviously the Vaudeville Trust ought to take over this business. By organizing proper circuits and making long-term contracts with the leading attractions, it could effect quite a saving. There is an opportunity, also, for ticket-scalpers to do a brisk trade by putting invitations on sale at the best hotels. Thus travelers with an unoccupied evening and some spare change could take their choice of the opera, a legitimate drama, a musical comedy, the wings-of-the-dove banquet or the dinner of the Sons of Mars.

The Tariff Board

THE Democratic House cannot afford to starve the Tariff Board. It should, on the contrary, support it liberally. The country has had more than enough of superficial, partisan, ex-parte tariff investigation. It wants something different—a comprehensive, disinterested, intelligent inquiry into the important facts. There is no good reason to doubt that the Tariff Board is willing and able to supply this want. No such inquiry was ever before undertaken in this country. To organize its staff and map out the groundwork cost the board months of time and a great deal of money. It is now in good running order and, as must always be the case with every similar body, it gains in efficiency with experience. To check the board now would mean to throw away, in good part, the time, effort and money that have been expended in organization and preliminary work—leaving all that costly work of organizing a staff and mapping out the ground to be done over again at some later day; for if this Tariff Board doesn't do it some future Tariff Board will. The country will not be content until it has a tariff inquiry of this scope and nature.

Congress, of course, is not in the least bound by the board's conclusions. In the woodpulp and wool reports the board presents a body of facts that are above the suspicion of party bias. Different conclusions may be derived from these facts, according to the tariff leanings of the concluder; but there is a basis of fact to begin with. No one can attack the board without giving occasion for a suspicion that he prefers conclusions first and facts afterward.

Objections to the Parcels Post

WE STILL receive letters from individual merchants and from retail associations protesting against the establishment of a parcels post because it will "eliminate, to a large extent, the country retail business," resulting in a decay of the country town, which will react unfavorably on farm values and accelerate the movement of population from country to city.

These fears seem to us vastly exaggerated, and there is surely no reason to assume, as some of our correspondents do, that the Government will conduct a general parcels-post business at a loss, thereby giving mail-order houses and city department stores the advantage of transportation to country customers at less than its cost. Undoubtedly the mail-order business has grown to large proportions of late years. It seems still to be growing and to be very profitable. It has had no advantage of cheap transportation; so the causes of its growth and profitableness must be sought elsewhere. The main cause undoubtedly lies in buying large quantities and selling strictly for cash.

The largest retail enterprise in the world, we believe, is found in England; and it has grown up side by side with the development of the parcels post. We refer to the Rochdale Stores, which buy in large quantities through coöperation and sell strictly for cash. We are convinced that the indiscriminate credit system which generally characterizes the country retail trade does immeasurably more to put that trade at a disadvantage in competing with mail-order houses than any possible—or probable—system of transportation could do.

Does the Commerce Court Help?

THE first session of the Commerce Court was held February 15, 1911. The last annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission is dated December 20, 1911. In this period of ten months—to quote from the report—"out of twenty-seven cases passed on by the Commerce Court, preliminary restraining orders or final decrees have been issued in favor of the railroads in all but seven cases, and of these only three are of any magnitude." Also, reviewing one of these decisions, the report says: "If the Commerce Court is correct in stating that, where the facts are admitted, it is for that court to determine whether the rate is unreasonable or the discrimination undue, then ninety-nine per cent of the orders of this commission can be reviewed upon the question of fact by the courts." In short, instead of having one Interstate Commerce Commission we shall have two, with conflicting powers.

Formerly the railroads could appeal from the commission to a United States Circuit Court and from that court to the Supreme Court. These courts would inquire and determine whether, as a matter of law, the commission had exceeded its powers. They would certainly protect the railroads against any unlawful exercise of power by the commission. When the Commerce Court was created the objection was raised that it would have little to do except to hear appeals from the commission. That would practically be its occupation. That the inevitable result will be to multiply appeals from the commission and to hold up the commission's work while the new court inquires into it seems clear; otherwise the new court's occupation, relatively speaking, would be gone. Not that the new court is biased in favor of the railroads—that we do not suggest or believe; but, being created for the special purpose of reviewing the Interstate Commerce Commission, it will inevitably tend, we think, to interfere with the work of the commission to a greater degree than the regular law courts would. Whatever its decision may be in a case of real importance, an appeal will be taken to the Supreme Court.

Selling Raw Materials

THIRTEEN years ago we sold the world five hundred million dollars' worth of food, consisting of grain, flour, provisions and dairy products. In the last two fiscal years our exports of food have amounted to but little over half that. Deduct food from the exports of thirteen years ago and you have a remainder of only seven hundred millions. Deduct food from last year's exports and the remainder is almost eighteen hundred millions—an increase of two hundred and fifty per cent. Roughly speaking, this represents increased sales abroad of the products of American industrial labor—competing with foreign industrial labor and paying the freight. This, of course, seems odd, in view of the dogma that our labor cannot possibly compete with foreign labor—even in the home market, where the freight is in its favor. Export figures no more accord with the doctrine of high protection than anything else does.

Railroad Competition

THE Railway Age calculates that the railroads spend eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year to maintain their city ticket offices in Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago, and that by maintaining one joint ticket office in each of those cities they could save half of that sum—which would pay the interest on some nine million dollars of railroad bonds. Much the same condition is found in nearly all of our larger cities. There are anywhere from half a dozen to a score of separate ticket offices that might be combined into one joint office at a large saving in rent and clerk-hire. That the one joint office would be far more convenient for travelers is self-evident. More costly, probably, than the ticket officers are the separate staffs of freight solicitors. If the roads were permitted to pool there could be a large saving here, with no harm or inconvenience to the public. The roads spend a good deal of money to maintain a shell of competition after the meat has been extracted—for they all charge the same rates and give about the same service. Whatever this cost may be, travelers and shippers, of course, foot the bill.

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



You See He is Dignified, is Mr. Turner

Turner's Art

THE Honorable George Turner, of Spokane, has acquired another job. As an artistic annexer of advantageous adornments in the shape of titles that afford abundant access to Government payrolls, the Honorable George stands almost without a peer. As an example of that intelligent versatility that enables a patriot to land inside the breastworks, no matter what the political stress outside, the Honorable George is posi-grand-tively and pre-superb-eminently peerless.

Assuming that there is a gamut of politics, the Honorable George has run it—no; not that—has strode it with stately mien; and whenever anything good was being handed out he has been there with a sedate platter to get his. It would be unfair to say he ever ran anything—even a gamut. That would imply haste and a lack of dignity. Stride expresses it. He has strode—not to say has stridden—about all phases of our politics. You see he is dignified, is Mr. Turner—as dignified as a newly laundered dress shirt. He is one of those men whom solemnity befits and who wears his instinctive seriousness as a garment. He is always thinking deep thoughts; and when one sees him one involuntarily, after taking a look, says: "Gee! I'll bet he knows a heap!" So he does, having the mental goods to back his appearance; but, however well supplied he is with said goods, he hasn't half so much goods as he looks to have. Do you get that? You would if you could see him once.

Not so long ago, when there was some presidential talk, or some talk for the President, of putting Franklin K. Lane, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, on the Court of Commerce, there was also some presidential search for a man and a Democrat from the Pacific Slope Coast to replace Mr. Lane—he coming from California. Of course the name of Turner was suggested. The name of Turner always is suggested. So a wire was sent to Spokane, to somebody in Turner's confidence, asking if Mr. Turner would consider the place on the Interstate Commerce Commission in case Mr. Lane was put on the Court of Commerce. "No," came the reply. "Former Senator Turner would not consider a place on the Interstate Commerce Commission; but he would take under advisement an appointment to the Supreme Court of the United States!"

Noting this concession, the President made haste to put Mr. Turner on the International Waterways Boundaries Commission—or whatever the name of that fishing club is—to replace the late Thomas H. Carter. And Mr. Turner, being off the payroll at the moment, consented to accept gravely and with much dignity, on the ground, probably—or on the water—that his previous services on boundary matters would make him a valuable member of that organization—and, then, its permanence had its charm. So he moved in with Jim Tawney and Judge Streeter, and is daily giving those two boundary amateurs the benefit of his suggestions and advice.

Turner's Studies in Solemnity

TAKING oneself seriously is a profession, but being taken seriously is an art. The combination always wins. History does not record when Turner began to exude solemnity and appear wise, but the symptoms became most marked when he was in the Senate. Since that time, in his various governmental occupations, he has grown more and more weighted down with his responsibilities; and now he is prepared to put a dull gray background into all the deliberations of the fishing club—which is as it should be, for Jim Tawney and Judge Streeter are inclined to be frivolous anyhow.

Turner's solemnity must have been of gradual growth; for when he was twenty-six he moved down from his native Missouri to be United States Marshal for the southern and middle districts of Alabama. This was in 1876 and Turner was a lifelong Republican up to that time, as every carpet-bagger had to be. He continued as a lifelong Republican for some years. Indeed, he was one of the lifelong Republicans who, in 1880, went to the Republican National Convention and voted for Grant. He was one of the Three Hundred and Six, and it is likely such other Alabama brethren as he brought with him were also. This fealty to the principles of the Grand Old Party brought its reward, for presently—in 1884—we find him in the territory of Washington as a judge—a member of the Supreme Court of Washington; his appointment thereto coming from a Republican president.



And Whenever Anything Good Was Being Handed Out He Has Been There With a Sedate Platter to Get His

Washington was admitted as a state in 1889 and Turner's service as a judge terminated in 1888. Looking over the ground, he decided the place for him was the United States Senate; but that was one time he didn't decide rightly, for he was defeated. It was only a temporary defeat, as it happened, but it opened the eyes of Turner to the folly of being hidebound in political convictions and relying too much on any one party for rewards for services unselfishly rendered.

Inasmuch as the people didn't want him for Senator as a regular Republican, Turner thought it expedient to try them out on other lines. Warmly embracing the doctrine of the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, without the consent of any other nation whatsoever, he modified his regular Republicanism to silver Republicanism and, by a masterly combination of this party, the Populists and the Democrats of the state, took over that Senatorship that had been denied him previously.

When he arrived in Washington he found that silver Republicans, as Senators, were not of much nutriment to themselves or anybody else; and, inasmuch as he had given the tenets of the Republican party a faithful trial and had reaped a goodly reward therefrom in consequence of his allegiance, he decided to see what was doing in the Democracy. So he announced his lifelong Democracy shortly after he took on his toga.

His Senate service concluded in 1903, and he returned to Washington—the state—full of honors and dignity. Thinking it absurd to remain in private life, he ran for governor on the Democratic ticket. However, Washington had become normal the while and he was not elected. This gave Mr. Turner pause. What profits it a man to become a Democrat and not get a governorship? Not a leaf stirring in the what-profits-it business, I should say—not a breath of air!

So, as became a man of broad and catholic spirit as to his politics, Turner became bipartisan. Of course he never renounced his lifelong Democratic principles, but he held them well in hand; and when the Colonel asked him to become a member of the Alaskan Boundary Tribunal he had reached that judicial attitude that enabled him to look on these great international questions without partisan bias, and he took the place—the *per diem* being satisfactory.

The boundary dispute was settled and Turner maintained his bipartisan attitude. Then came along the Northeastern Fisheries Arbitration; and, his eminent qualifications for the presentation of our side of that historic contention—settled, as you will remember, by the United States getting all the press notices and glory and Great Britain getting all the fish—being admitted on all sides, he went to The Hague as counsel on the part of the United States.



He is Always Thinking Deep Thoughts

And now he is a member of the International Waterways Boundaries Commission, which has the prettiest mahogany desks in Washington. It is a good job too—a very good job—and permanent if some of those Progressive Senators do not mess it up by asking what it's for. In the ordinary course it takes a commission about sixteen years to settle sixteen miles of boundary dispute. Imagine the happy days in store for those intrusted with the delicate negotiations having to do with water boundaries stretching all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific! They will be settling those boundaries in 2239 A. D.

Lest it may be thought that I have no adequate conception of Mr. Turner's abilities other than those of a political and perquisitorial nature, let me hastily print the fact that he is an able lawyer—an exceedingly able lawyer—and has won high praise for his work both in London and at The Hague. Still, these big cases do not happen along every day; and it probably seems well enough for Turner to employ himself with smaller boundary matters until another big one appears worth his serious attention, which is the only kind of attention he bestows—serious. And there is a precept in that which can be extracted by all who have the time.

On the Safe Side

A LARGE, shaggy, rough-necked person came into a haberdashery in Washington and asked the clerk—a bored young person who wore a very high collar and was much interested in the polish on his nails—for a shirt.

The clerk passed out two, one pink and one blue.

"Which of these is best?" asked the customer.

The clerk yawned, examined his nails and said: "Oh, it's just a matter of taste."

"But which kind would you get if you was a-buyin' one of 'em?"

"Personally I should prefer the blue one," answered the salesman, drumming on the counter and yawning again.

"That so?" asked the shaggy customer. "All right, I'll take the pink one. Here, wrap 'er up."

Close-Mouthed Crothers

WHEN Austin Lane Crothers was Governor of Maryland he had the reputation of being harder to get information out of than any man the Maryland reporters ever knew. He wouldn't talk about any official matter.

A reporter who knew him very well was trying to find out whether he would call a special session of the legislature.

"Mr. Crothers," said the reporter, "in your conversations with Governor Crothers what does the Governor say to you about a special session of the General Assembly?"

"My son," whispered the Governor, "the Governor never talks to me on the subject. I can't get a word out of the close-mouthed old rascal."

Safeguarded Against Satan

TWO darkies were looking at a window display of computing scales in Evansville, Indiana. One was explaining to the other how the scales work.

"I reckon," said the negro to whom the explanation was made, "dey wouldn't be no use er Satan tappin' a man on de shoulder ef he was wukkin behin' one er dem things!"

Waiting for Compliments

A JUNIOR officer on a warship was dressing to go ashore and sent for his attendant, a newly recruited negro boy.

"Sam," said the officer, "give my compliments to the executive officer and tell him I desire permission to go ashore"—which is the usual formality.

"Yes, suh," said the boy, who stood at attention and did not leave.

"Well," said the officer sharply, "why don't you go?"

"Why, suh," replied the boy, "I ain't heerd no compleemints yit!"

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Is Music made by REASON Or by INSTINCT?

PLAYER pianos could be made to run like music boxes, when turned on, if people wanted them like that.

But people don't. More than half the joy of having a player piano lies in the pleasure of Personal Expression.

This pleasure can be had only in two ways: by working numerous "interpreting" devices, or by *Instinctive* control—the Virtuolo way.

But how much more pleasure there is in expressing yourself, impulsively and instinctively, than there is in manipulating machinery!

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Instead of trying to *force* you to walk a figurative tight-rope of fixed interpretation, the Virtuolo aims to *lead* you to express yourself in your own instinctive way—to let your *instinct* for expression be stirred into flame.

Four sensitive buttons to touch—that is all!

They respond to your musical desires like nerves in your own finger-tips! How this is done is too much to try to tell in advertisements. The best way to explain it is to let your fingers rest on the four expression buttons, and let the Virtuolo, itself, tell you the marvels of instinctive playing. If you do this at the store where Virtuolos are sold, you will sell the Virtuolo to yourself.

VIRTUOLO

THE NEW INSTINCTIVE PLAYER PIANO

PRICES AND TERMS

(East of the Rocky Mountains)

The Virtuolo in Hallet & Davis Piano, special mahogany case, Colonial design, complete, $700. In Hallet & Davis Piano, Arts-and-Crafts case, $775. The Virtuolo in Conway Piano, mahogany or walnut, $575. Lexington Player Piano, $450 to $465.

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Conway Piano $300 up. Lexington Piano $250 up. Also fine pianos of all makes, accumulated in exchange for new Virtuolos. Terms: By our easy payments, you can have your piano to play on while saving to pay for it. Write for Special Bargain Bulletin, or tell us the make and price you're looking for.

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Oddities and Novelties

The Ear Flower of the Aztecs

THERE is a prospect that the more costly brands of chocolate supplied to the market for eating purposes may soon have a new and delicious flavor, derived from a flower which the ancient Aztecs knew, but which has only recently been rediscovered.

This was known to the Aztecs of old as the "ear flower," because of the resemblance of its individual petals to a human ear. It was regarded as sacred and was much used for flavoring chocolate ground up for drinking. Francisco Hernandez, who was sent by Philip II to Mexico in 1570, to study its resources, described the blossom in question, speaking of it as "giving a very fragrant odor and flavor to that celebrated drink which they called 'chocolate.'" Afterward, however, all knowledge of its identity was lost.

Recently, however, it was discovered by Mr. W. E. Safford, a tropical botanist of the Department of Agriculture, that the flower was that of a plant which is known today in Southern Mexico and Guatemala as the "Orejuela." The first hint that he got in this direction came to him from accounts given by recent travelers in that part of the world, who spoke of a delicious chocolate which they found there—a chocolate with an unfamiliar and delightful flavor, derived from the blossoms of the plant above mentioned.

Later on he came across a photograph of the plant, taken by one of our agricultural explorers in Guatemala, and noticed that the petals of the flowers were much like a human ear in shape. He learned incidentally that these flowers were offered for sale in the markets of that country, both fresh and dried. Specimens of the plant, secured in 1906, were found by Mr. Safford in the National Herbarium, and the petals of the blossoms when chewed proved to be pungently aromatic.

These facts, with the help of a drawing made by the Spaniard Hernandez himself, were sufficient to identify the Orejuela with the long-lost sacred plant of the Aztecs.

"The plant could probably be cultivated wherever coffee will thrive," says Mr. Safford in the Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution; and he suggests that it be grown for the sake of its usefulness as a spice and for flavoring purposes, and also on account of the wonderful fragrance of its flowers.

Coldproof Apples From Asia

TO OBTAIN hardy varieties of apples that will stand the climate of the northern tier of states in the West is an earnest ambition of the Department of Agriculture. Much help in this direction is likely to be obtained from certain "finds" made recently by Dr. F. N. Meyer, one of our Government plant-hunters, in the desert region of Eastern or Chinese Turkestan, which lies between the Karakoram range of the Himalayas and the great Tian-Shan range of Western Mongolia.

During the last year Doctor Meyer, in that region, has been engaged in the most difficult piece of agricultural exploration yet undertaken. On foot or in native carts he has gone from oasis to oasis, studying the native fruits and grains. He found many valuable plants; but most important of all were the apples which he discovered growing wild at an altitude of about a mile and a half above the sea, in the Tian-Shan Mountains.

Here, on the barren slopes of a region where winters are cold and long, and summers short, hot and dry, he found thousands of bushy little apple trees; in fact, the whole valley of the Chong Djighilan proved to be one vast wild apple and apricot garden, with a host of varieties differing in size and form to choose from. These varieties are all of necessity very hardy, and Doctor Meyer believes that some of them will prove extremely valuable.

Cuttings will be used at the agricultural experiment stations in the Northwest for crossing with some of the finest cultivated strains of apples and apricots, with a view to obtaining new varieties that are coldproof as well as satisfactory for eating purposes.



"And only one maid! How do you manage so nicely?"

HOW does any woman with only one maid—or sometimes with no help at all—manage dainty little luncheons and other company affairs with perfect smoothness and ease?

She takes advantage of modern ideas. She avoids needless and useless labor. For one thing, the modern house-wife wastes no time and energy in soup-making—she uses

Campbell's SOUPS

By selecting the particular Campbell "kind" best suited to each occasion, she is sure at least of beginning the affair in a pleasing and satisfying way. And that is half the battle.

Wouldn't an assortment of these excellent soups always at hand simplify some of *your* household problems? Why not find out *today?*

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
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	Pepper Pot
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Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra Vegetable
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"My patrons wish
This perfect dish
To head their menu daily.
Of course they've found
This course is bound
To start the dinner gaily."

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Sense and Nonsense

Mose and the Law

BOZEMAN BULGER, a baseball writer, says that in his home town, down in Southern Alabama, a darky was brought into court to answer a charge of murder.

"Mose Tupper," said the judge, contemplating the prisoner over his spectacles, "you are accused here of one of the most serious crimes known to our laws—to wit, the taking of a human life. Are you properly represented by counsel?"

"No, suh," said the darky cheerfully.

"Well, have you talked to any one about your defense since your arrest?"

"I told the sheruff about the shootin' when he come to my cabin to fetch me heah," said the prisoner—"but tha's all."

"And have you taken no steps whatever to engage a lawyer?"

"No, suh," said Mose. "I ain't got no money to be wastin' on lawyers. Dey tell me lawyers is mighty costive."

"If you have no funds," insisted the judge, "it lies within the power of the court to appoint an attorney to defend you without charge."

"You needn't be botherin' yo'se'f, jedge," answered Mose.

"Well, what do you propose to do about this case?" demanded his Honor.

"Jedge," said the negro, "ez fur ez Ise concerned you kin jes' let de matter drap!"

Terry's Remark to the Goddess

LOU TERRY is a well-known Salt Lake City business man who thinks his own country is just about the best ever. He became a little more hidebound in that opinion as the result of a recent trip to Europe. Terry didn't have a very good time abroad. He was bothered by Continental customs officers, tormented by his inability to speak any language other than his own, and mussed up over the different varieties of money with which he had to contend. Lou really didn't know a moment's peace until he started homeward; and his long-pent-up feelings found expression as his ship sailed up New York Harbor and passed the Statue of Liberty. Terry looked up at the towering figure of the goddess.

"Old girl," he sighed contentedly, "all I want to say is, if you ever see me again you'll have to look the other way!"

Hauling Out

Oh, Clytie, in our homeward flight
Bid all the homeless follow!
Your shipyard shed will house at night
The seagull and the swallow.
Since first your sail, that day in spring,
Blew like a silver feather
Along the sound—why, wing to wing,
Our flock has cruised together.
How oft, when Pilot Dawn would break
The glooming drift to leeward,
Those gulls would skim our dappled wake
Or cry a welcome seaward.
And when, through sunset's blackening shroud,
Burst fanlights redly burning—
Like wreck-fires on a reef of cloud
To mariners returning—
Have I not heard the swallow's hail
To warn of wreckers' luring,
Ere Clytie, with a furling sail,
Swept swanlike to her mooring?
The smuggling crow in moonrise mist;
The osprey, privateering;
The crane, becalmed in amethyst
When twilight skies are clearing—
Since we've cruised far on summer seas,
All argonauts together,
Shall you and I seek home, with these
Unhavened from bleak weather?
Lo, what a crew for winter's night!
But now the sun is failing—
Your keel has touched; the tide is right—
Here ends our summer's sailing.
Yet, through the snowy night always
I'll dream of woe and crying—
Of icy nests and castaways
And wrecks, where they are flying;
And whistling dusk of tempest lit
With one gray bolt at even,
Where screaming fowl clash wings and flit
Like spirits beat from Heaven.

When mellow seas at sunset foam
'Tis sweet to have them follow—
But where in winter seek the home
Of seagull and of swallow?

—*Calvin Johnston.*

An Edible Weapon

IN A VIRGINIA courthouse a negro was describing how a cutting scrape started.

"Dis here Johnson nigger started toward me," said the witness; "and ez he done so he stuck his hand down in his hip pocket. And I says to him, 'Nigger,' I says, 'whutever you has got your hand on now better be a chicken, 'cause I suttinly is gwine to make you eat it!"

The Wop

When the line is surveyed through the scenery
For tunnel and culvert and cut—
When the contractor has his machinery
The "big job" is ready—all but ——
"All but" means the shovel and pick of it—
The hunkies who work till they drop.
And so, in the dust and the thick of it,
Look for the Wop!

The big bosses bear all the fret of it—
They are the fellows who plan;
But the backbreaking strain and the sweat of it
Fall to the laboring man—
Dago and Russ and Hungarian—
All of the immigrant crop.
Where is the job we could carry on—
Save for the Wop?

Subject for scorn and bedeviling;
Victim of fraud and chicane—
Still, with his spade, he is leveling
Routes over mountain and plain.
Progress? His soul is the breath of it;
Lacking his hand, it would stop.
Facing the danger and death of it,
Here is the Wop!

He knows the hardest and worst of it;
He knows the hard-driven toil,
The ache and the heat and the thirst of it—
Never the dream—or the spoil.
Caves and explosions make mud of him—
Who cares a damn? Let him flop!
Progress is stained with the blood of him—
Only a Wop!

—*Berton Braley.*

Uncle Sam's Job

SENATOR SWANSON, of Virginia, says that undeserving men often receive Government jobs.

Their attitude is like that of old Uncle Sam, who had been seen for several days patiently sitting on the bank of the Rappahannock River, near the dam, holding his shotgun in his hand.

Finally he attracted the attention of a passer-by, who asked:

"Well, Uncle Sam, are you looking for something to do?"

"No, suh," answered Sam. "Ise gittin' paid fo' what Ise doin'."

"Indeed!" said the other. "And what may that be?"

"Shootin' de muskrats dat am undermininʼ de dam," answered Sam.

"Why, there goes one now!" exclaimed the stranger excitedly. "Why don't you shoot?"

"S'pose I wants t' lose mah job, suh?" answered Sam complacently.

Fully Specified

AT THE Lambs Club in New York they are telling a story of a Shaksperean actor who was left stranded in a small town in Michigan.

He obtained board at the local hotel until a remittance arrived to take him back to dear Broadway. As he had no funds for tipping purposes he got scant attention from the servants.

One day he pushed and pushed the push-button in his room without getting an answer. Then he got out of bed, put on his trousers and overcoat, turned the coat collar up about his bare throat and ventured through the hallway until he came to the rotunda opening down upon the office floor.

"Bellboy! Bellboy!" he called in his best speaking voice.

"Watcher want?" answered back the menial impertinently.

"Bellboy," said the Thespian with much dignity, "I desire that my laundry shall be brought to me forthwith!"

"G'wan!" said the boy. "You didn't have but half a shirt when you hit this town."

"That," said the actor, "is the laundry to which I refer."



Tire Misery Must Go!

Get Protection Pleasure

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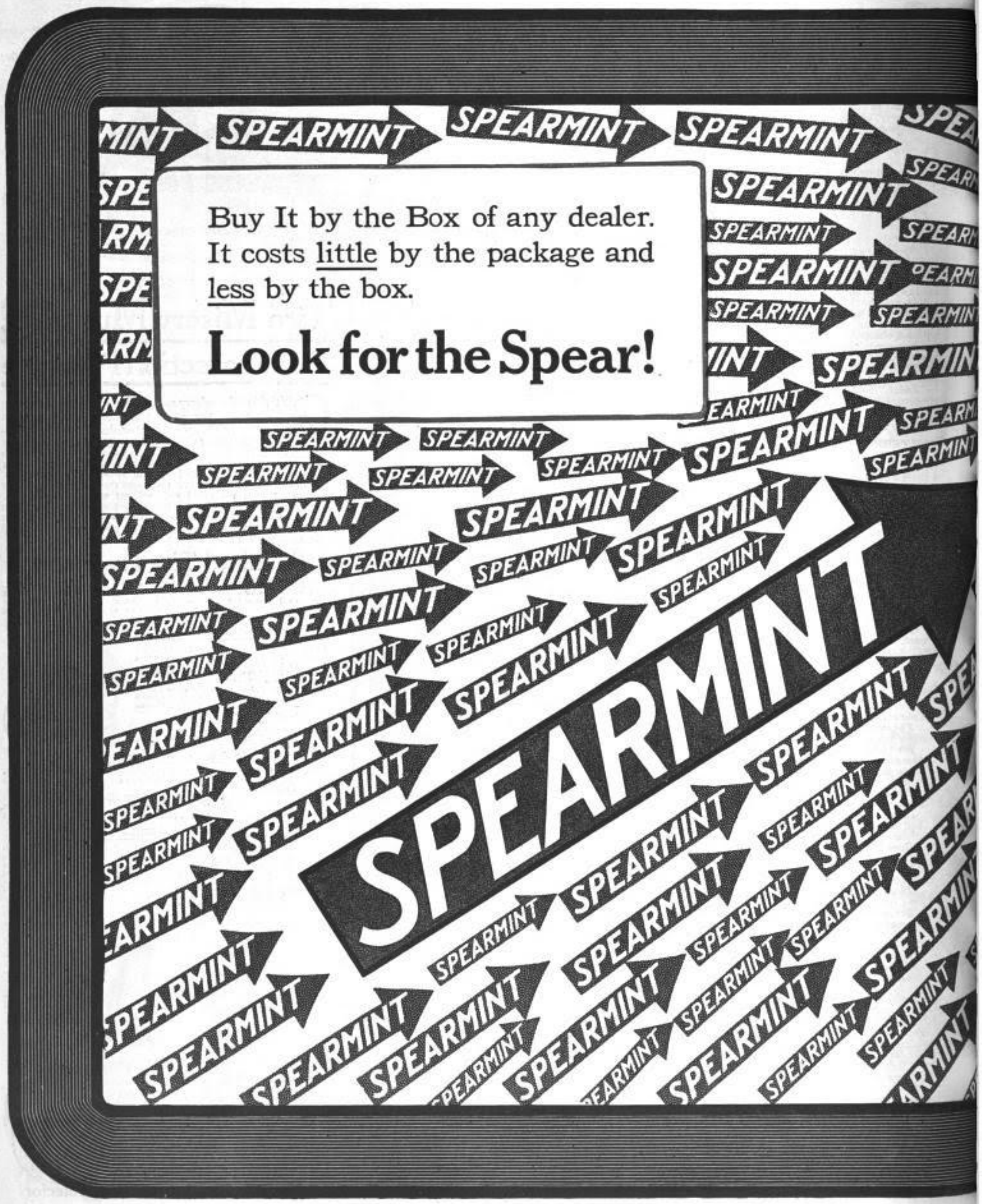
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Are made of carefully selected white corn; rolled into thin fluffy bits and toasted to a crisp, appetizing golden brown, already to serve with cream and sugar.

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A WALL STREET WIFE

(Continued from Page 11)

They that were in the market at the time will recall the day's events. After the first news of San Francisco's vast disaster there was a pause. The market hung suspended. It neither rose nor fell, as if, indeed, the men whose specialty is to trade on disaster were themselves appalled by its immensity. But not for long—no! A few acute minds at once grasped its significance. My husband was among them. He plunged. With every cent at his command he went short on the securities most likely to be affected. It was a case of make or break; and to this moment I recall with what terror I learned that our entire fortune was pledged on the outcome! For a week—a month, I might say—I suffered agonies that would have made a fit addition to the tortures described in the classic limbo of the Greeks. Yes—for I knew now my husband could never return to a humdrum daily round of grubbing away in some business occupation. He was done for, I was assured! Of course he might take a place somewhere; but, as I knew, as I had seen to be the case with other men, every dollar he could lay his hands on would still be poured into some brokerage office—some bucketshop or the like. Strong talk, you may call this—nevertheless, it was in our case true.

However, as I say, Steve did not lose. He won. He won steadily; for presently the insurance companies, to pay their losses, began pouring into the Street all the securities they held in reserve. The market dropped with a crash, hundreds of weakly margined accounts adding to the downfall; and my husband, having gone short at the top, now began to "pyramid"—that is, to use his profits to sell more and more. Ultimately he was obligated to the extent of eight thousand shares in all. In other words, each and every one-point drop in the market meant eight thousand dollars added to his winnings. The mere thought of it confounded me. In three months' time my husband's fortune—or rather let me say the effigy of a fortune, his paper profits—amounted to no less than one hundred and sixty thousand dollars!

I had my motor now, my limousine. Its cost was forty-five hundred dollars. With my car I had also my chauffeur, whose wages were one hundred dollars a month. I had also a twelve-room apartment in Riverside Drive, the rent of which was three thousand a year. I had a lady's maid besides; and, added to all this and the rest of it, in the near future I contemplated an extended tour abroad. In short, my early longings seemed fulfilled, for at last I found myself in reality provided with all those luxurious externals I had lusted for so long.

And now did I confess myself appeased? Am I to declare, in point, that my heart rejoiced fitly, filled with enviable content? I wish I could! It is true, of course, that for the interval of a week or so, possibly for a month—even more—I wrenched my mind away from the old qualms of doubt, of fear, and set myself to enjoy to the limit all the pleasures of this newfound fools' paradise that surrounded me. A fever of hurry seized me. I wished to go everywhere. I wished to see everybody and everything. As is the case with every woman suddenly enriched, I considered social advancement. To have remained at home, to have sat there quietly reading, sewing, attending to my household duties—to have tried this, I say, at that moment would, I believe, have been utterly beyond my powers of endurance, my force of self-control. It would have been, in fact, as far beyond me as it would have been to refrain from disporting my rise in fortune—not that by nature I cared to make a show, but that now my money forced me to.

It was an encounter—in short, a meeting with Mrs. Mosher—that brought me to my senses. One afternoon, on a day in winter as I recall, my motor broke down far up toward the head of Riverside Drive. As there were no taxicabs in sight, I started to walk to the nearest subway station. Halfway down a gloomy side street, a thoroughfare lined with cheap and dingy down-at-the-heel flathouses, I saw her emerging from one—perhaps the dingiest.

She was no longer the same lady who but a few months before had affected to yawn at my dinner. I may say I had even some difficulty in recognizing her. "Why, Fanny!" I exclaimed; and from the exclamation I have no doubt she clearly read my mind.

"Oh, howdy-do?" she answered stiffly; then added, almost with a sneer: "Rather out of your way, aren't you—up here in Harlem, I mean."

I explained awkwardly that my motor had broken down. Try as I would, though, while I said it I could not keep my eyes off Mrs. Mosher's dowdy hat—that and the whitened seams of her thin broadcloth coat. Even though I had done so, however, my nostrils would still have been aware of the acrid odor of gasoline that emanated from both the coat and her gloves.

"Oh, you have a motor now, have you?" she interrogated with another sneer, one as sorry as it was ill-concealed. "Well, take my advice, Lily," she laughed, giving me a mirthless grin; "use your motor all you can—yes! all you can—while it lasts!"

However, this meanness was no more than a moment's flash of spirit. Before I quit her she stood there in the street weakly sniveling, clinging to my arm, with the tears starting down her cheeks. Not only was all their money gone, but all their possessions too—the most personal of her belongings included! Mosher had pawned everything in the effort to recoup himself. The proceeds, however, had only fattened a few brokers and a somewhat greater number of bucketshop proprietors. Mrs. Mosher was now doing her own housework, while her husband—Mosher, once the gay—well, Mosher had now come down to "touching" his friends, his acquaintances—any one—for a couple of dollars—a dollar—half a dollar—anything!

I dare say all this sounds like drama—melodrama—the Fourteenth Street kind besides. It was. Moreover, that it was is exactly what I'm trying to show. Men may laugh; especially may those brokerage gentlemen laugh, at tales of the dabbler, the piker, who gets his fingers burned—I, however, fail to see the joke. Nor will others circumstanced like myself see in such a story any cause for humor. We women are the ones upon whom the burden falls. The man has his fever, his mania for gambling, to support him. Hopeful to the last, he looks forward to the moment when, by some stray turn of the wheel, he will make his "killing." Meanwhile, uptown, his wife wonders whether he'll be able that night to bring home the three dollars she owes the butcher!

Do not laugh. Fanny Mosher's case is perhaps extreme; but so, too, is mine. I know she wept again when I offered her the seven dollars I had in my purse—she took it, too, let me add.

I went home as if I was returning from a funeral—my funeral. Steve was away that night, as, indeed, he was away many nights nowadays. I don't know where he was; nor did I make it my duty to ask, the fact being that he and I, by this time, were unconsciously drifting apart. I suppose the truth is that, in the craving which too-quick money engenders, home must have proved too dull for him to stand. However, I was glad he wasn't home. I wanted solitude in order that I might reflect. What I pondered was the more or less selfish thought of how I could put off the day when I, like Fanny Mosher, should have to do my own housework—should wonder where the next month's rent would come from—should figure out, by rote, what I should give the butcher this time in place of his expected three dollars.

I failed to imagine. At two or three in the morning I gave up the effort to imagine. Some time along toward daylight Steve lurched in and, with an apologetic giggle, handed me another of his now innumerable conciliatory presents. It was an emerald bracelet. As he told me, it had cost him close to fifteen hundred dollars. However, he assured me I need not bother about the cost. A short sale in Reading that afternoon had put him thirty-five hundred to the good.

It was an inspiration, that gift was—or so I thought it. Instantly a thought leaped into my head; and, affecting disappointment, I tossed the bracelet aside.

"Say, what's the matter with you?" Steve demanded thickly. "Don't the bracelet suit?"

I still affected to be peevish.

"Oh, yes," I answered; "only I rather hoped, Steve, you'd get the pearl necklace I've been looking at."

He gave a gasp, for even he was staggered by such extravagance.



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"Why, you look here, Lily!" he stammered. "You're not asking me, are you, to lay out fifteen thousand in a necklace?"

I coolly shrugged myself. "Gilsey's wife has one, hasn't she?" I demanded. Gilsey, I'll explain, was one of our new friends, another dabbler in the market. "Birds of a feather," and so on, you know—a saying nowhere truer than in Wall Street—and the Gilseys were now our intimates. However, as Gilsey had done no better than my husband had, I insisted that I, too, must have a necklace.

Steve gazed at me curiously.

"Lily," he remarked; "what've you got up your sleeve anyway? It's not like you," he added queerly, "to try to pull my leg like this."

I replied that I was merely disappointed not to have a necklace.

"All right," said Steve, reaching for the bracelet. "I'll get it for you. I've got a hundred and ninety thousand in profits now. I guess I can stand it."

Then and there I threw all caution to the winds. My inspired plan was itself forgotten for the moment.

"Steve! Steve!" I urged. "If you have all that let's cash in—let's quit and retire! Don't you see?" I protested. "With all that money we can retire, now—never worry again!"

After his first astonishment, Steve gave a derisive chuckle. "Gad! Quit on a shoestring?" he mumbled contemptuously. "Not on your life, Lily! I'm going to run it up to an even half-million—then I'll quit."

My heart left me. It was not the first time he'd given me that answer; so I returned desperately to the topic of the necklace. That night before he left me to go to his bed I had his check for fifteen thousand dollars.

I did not buy the necklace. Instead, at a cost of three hundred and fifty dollars I had its exact replica made. No doubt, for a mere imitation, the price was high; but at the same time it was worth it, the fact of the matter being that not even an expert, unless he examined it closely, could have told it from the genuine. However, that it should deceive my husband was all I required; and in this it succeeded admirably. The remainder of his check—fourteen thousand six hundred and fifty dollars—I secretly deposited in a trust company.

Nor was this my only provision against the day that I now felt sure was inevitable. At the time, the value of my other possessions—my real gems, you understand—approximated twenty thousand dollars. These, too, I had copied, duplicated in the imitation; and, having stored the originals in a safe-deposit vault, I refilled my jewel case with the substitutes. The truth is, Mrs. Mosher's tearful confession had given me a strong hint of the possibilities. In her case the first knowledge of disaster was the fact that Mosher, without her knowledge, had pawned all her gems to remargin his tottering account.

There are many ways a Wall Street plunger's wife may lay an anchor to windward. I developed one and all. A rich field lay in the household accounts. Gradually they had arisen to a startling figure; we were, in fact, living at a rate of no less than ten thousand a year—ten thousand in the house alone—and at one stroke I cut a full third from this expense. My husband, however, knew nothing of this reduction, for all that I saved I also secretly deposited. My dress allowance added still further to my secret fund. Instead of paying for a gown a hundred dollars, a hundred and fifty, two hundred, as the case had formerly been, I now bought dresses that cost perhaps a third—though, of course, I omitted mentioning this economy to my husband. Whenever a new gown came home—and they began now, let me say, to be delivered with surprising frequency—I gouged out of him a check for three times the dress' value. Then, again, I made every out-of-town trip a source of saving—journeys to Atlantic City, Lakewood, Narragansett Pier. My husband never joined me now; for, submerged as he was, head over heels in the market, he dared hardly to leave it for a day. Consequently, instead of registering at the smart, higher-priced hotels, I began to frequent shabby, second-rate establishments. Leaving my maid at home I paid, say, three dollars a day, where formerly I'd laid out anywhere from ten to fifteen. To delude my husband, I gave him as my address one of the hotels I'd formerly frequented. Every day I went to this hotel for my mail; but once I was nearly caught. Steve wired he was coming to join me; and to this day I still graphically recall the dumfounded astonishment of the room clerk where I was staying when, just at the dinner hour, I fled frantically with all my baggage to the near-by establishment.

The first signal of impending trouble came through a dun, the collector for a certain fashionable dressmaking establishment. Foolishly I had put myself in the power of this concern, the head of which was a woman. To befool husbands was by no means a new side to her business; for, as seductively she had made known to me, it was her custom to advance money to her patrons, then to charge it on the bill—charge it at usurious interest, let me add. At any rate, when I began to lay out my anchor to windward I found this person a ready accomplice. She readily consented to charge on the bill whatever I suggested; and when the bills were paid she turned over the balance to me—that is, minus her interest for the accommodation.

Eventually the bill was not paid however. By now there had come a pause to the market's downward plunge. The bears who for months had been having an easy time of it, now no longer found things so much to their liking. The bull element—those whose effort it is to drive the market upward—had rallied and were making a desperate stand. Had my husband cashed in then he would have stood perhaps two hundred and fifty thousand to the good. But no! He was still inspired to make it half a million; and he still hung on. Moreover, since he had now more than doubled his holdings of stock, he required every cent of cash he possessed to maintain his margins. Consequently he had paid none of our current bills.

My situation was now, indeed, grotesque. Here I was, the wife of a man whose fortune, had he possessed the will-power to close out at that moment—would have amounted to no less than two hundred thousand dollars—two hundred thousand dollars!—yes! And still I was forced to stand at my door and lie to a dun—and for what? For a paltry six hundred dollars! Much worse—I had to lie, too, to that other dun, our grocer! His bill was only one hundred and ninety dollars.

Wait! I did not lie. The fact is, I had not yet come to that. When my husband said gruffly, "Aw, let those fellows wait!" I paid them off with checks drawn on that secret account of mine. Then I sat down at my desk, got all our bills together and figured to a dollar the exact sum total of all our outstanding indebtedness. It staggered me.

I did not pay those bills. Very few of them were ever paid. The crash came before I could do it.

Many of those who read this will recall Wall Street's now historic "red-necktie panic." The story of it involves a certain firm of brokers—themselves speculators—who overstayed their market. Like my husband, they went short at the top; by pyramiding their winnings they, too, had rolled up a fortune—profits that in the aggregate were enormous. Like my husband's, however, theirs as well was only a paper fortune. Greedy for more, they would not "realize," but hung on fatuously until the market turned against them; then, in the effort to save themselves, they sought to create a flurry that would again drive down prices and enable them to get out. The effort was engineered on the floor of the Exchange by the firm's senior member, who wore always a red necktie. Hence the name—"the red-necktie panic."

On a midsummer Saturday morning the trap was sprung. For an hour—two hours—chaos ruled; then the bulls rallied. The red-necktie firm went down with a crash; and in the pinch that followed every bear in the market was made to pay through the nose.

All that day our telephone rang and rang. My husband's brokers were calling him for margins. Where he was I do not know; but at seven o'clock Monday morning he slipped in while I was asleep and as secretly slipped out again. I knew, because my maid so informed me. Her tone was curious. At nine o'clock, though, he returned—and then I saw him.

I awoke from a doze to see his face staring at me over the footboard of my bed. His eyes were inflamed; he was unshorn, unkempt; and beneath the stubble of his beard the man's skin had taken on a startling, claylike pallor. His voice, when he spoke, was thick; it quavered with

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Photographers—amateur and professional—find "ScotTissue" towels absorb the surplus moisture from prints, drying them in the shortest possible time and without cracking or destroying the finish.

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"ScotTissue" Towels are snow-white, the manufacture is guarded with the greatest care, gloved hands handling it at each operation and each roll of 150 towels is packed in a carton, keeping it free from dust until placed in the fixture for use.

The price of "ScotTissue" Towels is 35c. a roll—3 rolls for One Dollar—fixtures 25c. to $1.00.

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rancor, violent and unrepressed; and in his hands he held my necklace, the imitation pearls. With a gasp I realized all.

"Tried to flimflam me, did you?" he rasped. "You wanted to make a fool of your husband, eh?"

I saw quite clearly what had happened. He had tried to dispose of the necklace and some pawnbroker or jeweler had revealed to him the cheat.

"Now what've you done with the money?—blown it in on yourself?" he rumbled.

"No," I said brazenly. "I thought I could make a little money too. Mrs. Gilsey does, you know." It was as I said. In New York there is more than one brokerage office and more than a few bucketshops, as well, that make a specialty of "ladies' accounts." I saw my husband start, then flinch as if I'd struck him. "Oh, yes," I said pitilessly. "I tried—but I lost it all!"

Do not think I relish the telling of all this. To this moment I cringe at the memory of the cry that burst from him.

"Oh, my God!" he said; then added: "Lost?—I'm ruined, then!"

Why prolong it? That gleam of cunning on my part availed nothing. Already overstraught, I weakened when I saw him begin stamping to and fro—distressed, biting his fingers, beating his hands together. Arising, I sat down at my desk and from a secret drawer drew out my checkbook. I had decided now to let him have ten thousand—half the fund it was; the remainder I would save.

He snatched the checkbook from my hand. "Twenty thousand!" he gasped as he read the figures on the stub. I saw his face grow livid. "You'd cheat me, would you?" he demanded. "You'd try to hold out on me, would you? What were you doing anyway?" he inquired with a sudden change of tone—"Holding back enough to light out if I got busted?"

He flung down the checkbook as he spoke; and, without answering him, I filled out a check for the full amount. I was done for. I was "all in"—to use the vulgarism. Three days later my husband's brokers did for him what he had failed to do for himself. Regardless of the twenty thousand he had just added to his margins, they closed him out!

In the final adjustment of the account a balance of only three thousand dollars remained. In five weeks it, too, was gone—for the market had now turned "spotty" and irregular, so that the uncertainty of every deal now became fourfold.

Our first step was to dispose of the motor. The next was to move. We gave up our costly apartment—to be frank, the rent was so long overdue that we were asked to give it up. Ten blocks farther uptown, and in a dingy side street, we took a seventy-dollar flat.

Our life now, for these last few years, has been curious. Rather frequently we move. Sometimes we pay in rent as much as one hundred and fifty a month; once it was only forty. However, as to this—as to how we live or where—I no longer make objection. I move where I am told. Sometimes I am able to pay my bills promptly and sometimes I am not. At such times as the duns do not trouble me I sit at home and sew and read. When the duns become active, though, I leave the house early in the day and do not return until after nightfall. The new public library has become a great godsend to me. Often I spend the entire day there.

It all depends, however, on the market—on whether stocks are active or not. If they are active, and if my husband happens to guess right on his trades, the bills are fairly well paid; and, on occasions, I have even a little money to spend on myself; but not often. Always my husband seems to need cash to margin up his account. To deal in small lots does not interest him, though now and then—rather often, I may as well say frankly—he finds it necessary to do so. You see, like all the others that have his habit, he cannot rest even for a few days. He must always be active—always on the lookout for "action," as he says. Occasionally, as a result, he is compelled to trade in bucketshops. This is because a bucketshop will as gladly take a ten-dollar or a twenty-dollar bill as an Exchange broker will take your check for five hundred. As yet, however, my husband has not been reduced to becoming a "tout," a tipster. I am very glad for that.

Three months ago Fanny Mosher left her husband. Some of her relatives thought she ought to try another start in life; so they clubbed together and sent her out to Reno. I hear she has resolved courageously to begin afresh, as simply as when she and Mosher were married. Whether I should have courage enough to do as she has done I cannot say; but that is not the point. It is, instead, whether you love peace of mind more than you love your husband. I don't. I still love my husband.

THE SIGN OF THE WINDMILL

(Continued from Page 8)

minutes we was all out in that kitchen and facin' as mad a chief cook and bottle-washer as ever hailed from France or anywheres else. You see, 'twas time to put the lobsters and clams and all the rest of the truck on the fire, and we wa'n't willin' to see 'em put there.

The chief or "chef," or whatever they called him, fairly hopped up and down. The madder he got the less English he talked, and the less everybody else understood. Bill Bangs done most of the talkin' for our side and he had the common idea that to make furriners understand you must holler at 'em. Some of the other fellers put in their remarks to help along—all hollerin' too; and such a riot you never heard outside of a darky camp-meetin'. While the exercises was at their liveliest, the telephone bell rung. After it had rung five times I went into the other room to answer it. When I got back to the kitchen I got Alpheus to one side and says I:

"Al," I says, "this thing's gettin' more interestin' every minute. That telephone call was from the man that's ordered the big dinner here today. There's thirty-two in his party and they've got as far as Cohasset Narrows already. They'll be here in an hour and a half. He 'phoned just to let me know they was on the way.

"Humph!" says he. "What did he say when you told him there wouldn't be no dinner?"

"He didn't say nothin'," says I, "because I didn't tell him. The wife was a hard one and he couldn't bear losin', so he lost patience and run off—and I never will know whatever I wanted to say after that, and the party got here. I don't want to be mean anything. You can explain to 'em they're hungry folks that trusted us and we failed in the pinch—if you want to. I don't."

"What had we better do?" he says.

"Well," says I, "I cal'late we'd better shorten sail and haul out of the race—for a spell anyhow. At any rate, we'd better clear out of this kitchen and leave that chef and the rest to get the dinner. I know it's our stuff that'll go to make that dinner, but I don't see's we can help it. A few dollars more won't——"

He waved his hand for me to stop. "No use," he says solemn; "you're too late. The Frenchman's quit."

"Quit?" says I.

"Um-h'm!" says he. "Bill Bangs told him that we fellers had took charge of this roadhouse, and he and the rest of the kitchen help quit right then and there. They're out in the barn now, holdin' a council of war, I shouldn't wonder. Bill seems to think he's done a great piece of work; but I don't."

I didn't either; and, after I'd hotfooted it to the barn and tried to pump some reason and sense into that chef and his gang, I was surer of it than ever. They wouldn't listen to reason—not from us. They wanted to see the boss, meanin' Mr. Frank. He was the one that had hired 'em and they wouldn't have anything to say to anybody else.

I come back to the kitchen and found the boys all settin' round lookin' pretty solemn. My joke about the jail wa'n't half so funny as it had been. Bill Bangs, who's been the most savage outlaw of us all, was the meekest.

"Say, Cap'n," he says to me nervous-like, "hadn't we better clear out and go home? I don't want to meet them auto people when they get here. And—and I'm scared that stewardess has gone after the sheriff."

"I presume likely that's just where she's gone," says I.

"Oh-h-h," says he. "Oh-what'll we do?" says he.



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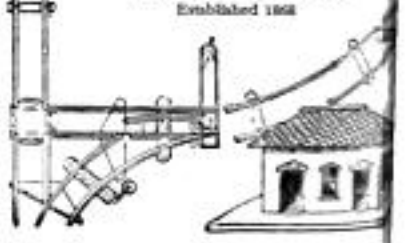
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"Don't know," says I; "but I do know that the time for backin' out is past and gone. We started out to be pirates and now it's too late to haul down the black flag. We've got to stand by our guns and fight to the finish—that's all I see. If the rest of you have got anything better to offer, I, for one, would be mighty glad to hear it."

Everybody looked at everybody else, but nobody said anything. 'Twas a glum creditors' meetin', now, I tell you. We set and stood round that kitchen for ten minutes; then we heard voices in the dinin' room.

"Heavens and earth!" sings out Ed Cahoon. "Who's that? It can't be the automobile gang so soon!"

It wa'n't. 'Twas a parcel of women. You see, some of the crowd had told their wives about the council at the store, and that more'n likely we'd pay a visit to the Sign of the Windmill. Church bein' over, they'd come to hunt us up. There was Alpheus' wife, and Cahoon's, and Bangs', and Bearse's, and Jerry Doane's daughter, and Mary Blaisdell. They was mighty excited and wanted to know what was up. We told 'em, but we didn't hurrah none while we was doin' it.

Then Mary Blaisdell took me by the arm. Her eyes were sparklin' and she looked excited.

"Cap'n Snow," she whispered, "come here a minute. I want to speak to you. I have an idea."

"Lord!" says I, groanin'; "I wish I had. What is it?"

What do you s'pose 'twas? Why, that we ourselves should get up the dinner for the auto people. Every woman there could cook, she said—and so could some of the men. We'd seized the stuff for the dinner already. It was ours—or, at any rate, it hadn't been paid for.

To make a long yarn a little mite shorter, that's what we done. Every one of them women could cook plain food, and Mrs. Cahoon was the best cake and pie maker in the county. We divided up the job. All hands had somethin' to do, includin' me, who undertook a clam chowder.

The last thing was ready and the last plate set when the autos—six of 'em—purred and chugged up to the front door. We expected Frank, or the stewardess, or the constable—or all three of 'em—any minute; but they hadn't showed up. The dinner crowd piled in and set down at the tables; and the head man of 'em, the one who was givin' the party, come over to see me. And who should he turn out to be but the stout man I'd met at the store—the one who had told me he'd been waitin' for a chance to get even with Frank! I don't know which was the most surprised to meet each other in that place, he or I.

"Hello!" says he. "What are you doin' here? You joined the Forty Thieves? Where's the boss robber?"

I told him the boss was out; that there was some complications that would take too long to explain.

"But, at any rate," says I, "your meal's ready, and that's the main thing, ain't it?"

I told him not to expect too much, but to set down and be thankful for whatever he got. He didn't understand, of course; but he set down and we commenced servin' the dinner.

We started in with Little Neck quahogs and followed them up with my clam chowder. Then we jogged along with bluefish and hot biscuit and creamed potatoes. After them come the lobsters and corn and such. Eat! you never see anybody stow vittles the way them New Yorkers did!

In the middle of the lobster doin's I bent over my fleshy friend and asked him if they was satisfactory. He looked up with his mouth full.

"Great Scott!" says he. "Cap'n, this is the best feed I've had since I first struck the Cape, and that was ten years ago. What's happened to this hotel? Is it under new management?"

I didn't feel like grinnin', but I couldn't help it.

"Yes," says I; "it is—for the time bein'."

The final layer we loaded that crowd up with was blackberry dumplin', and they washed it down with coffee. Then the fat man—his name was Johnson—trotted out cigars and the males lit up and started puffin'. I went out to the kitchen to see how things was goin' there.

Mary Blaisdell, with a big apron tied over her Sunday gown, was washin' dishes. Her sleeves was rolled up, her hair was rumpled, and she looked pretty enough to eat—at least, I shouldn't have minded tryin'.

"How was it?" she asked. "Are they satisfied?"

"If they ain't they ought to be," says I. "And tomorrer the dyspepsy doctors'll do business enough to give us a commission. But where's our old college chum the chef, and the waiters and all?"

"They're in the barn," says she. "They tried to come in here and make trouble, but Mr. Perkins wouldn't let 'em. He drove 'em back to the barn again; but they're dreadfully cross."

"I shouldn't wonder," I says. "Well, goodness knows what'll come of this, Mary; but ——"

Bill Bangs interrupted me. He come tearin' out of the dinin' room, white as a new tops'l and his eyes poppin' out of his head.

"My soul!" he panted. "Oh, my soul, Cap'n Zeb! They're comin'! They're comin'!"

"Who's comin'?" I wanted to know.

"Why, Mr. Frank and that stewardess! And John Bean, the constable, is with 'em. What shall I do? I'll have to go to jail!"

I hadn't any more than reached the dinin' room, where all the comp'ny was still settin' at the tables, than in through the front door marches Mr. Edwin Frank, of Pittsburgh, and the stewardess, and John Bean, the constable. The band had begun to play and 'twas time to face the music.

Frank looked round at the crowd at the tables, at Mrs. Cahoon and Alpheus, and the rest who'd done the waitin'; and then at me. His face was fire-red and he was ugly as a shark in a weir-net.

"Humph!" says he. "What does this mean? Snow, what high-handed outrage have you committed on these premises?"

I held up my hand. "Shh!" says I, tryin' to think quick and save a scene—"Shh, Mr. Frank!" I says. "If you'll come into your private cabin I'll explain best I can. Somebody had to get dinner for this crowd. Your Frenchmen wouldn't work; so we did. All we've used is our grub—that which ain't been paid for; and ——"

His teeth snapped together and he was so mad he couldn't speak for a second. The stewardess was as mad as he was, but it took more'n that to keep her quiet.

"Fred!" says she—and even then, upset as I was, I noticed she didn't call him by the name he give Jacobs and me—"Fred, have him arrested. He's the guy that's responsible for it all. Officer, you do your duty. Arrest that Snow, there! Do you hear?"

She was p'intin' to me. Poor old Bean hadn't arrested anybody for so long that he'd forgot how, I cal'late. All he did was stammer and look silly.

"Cap'n Zeb," he says, "I—I'm dreadful sorry; but—but ——"

Then he was interrupted. A big, tall, gray-haired chap, who was settin' about amidships of the table, got to his feet.

"Just a minute, officer," says he quiet, and never lettin' go of his cigar—"just a minute, please. The—er—lady and gentleman you have with you are old acquaintances of mine. Hello, Francis! I'm very glad to see you. We've missed you at the Conquilquit Club. This meetin' is unexpected, but not the less pleasant."

He was talkin' to the Frank man. And the Frank man—well, you should have seen him! The red went out of his face and he almost flopped over on to the floor. The stewardess went white too, and she grabbed his arm with both hands.

"My Lord!" she says in a whisper-like. "It's Mr. Washburn!"

For just about ten seconds the three of 'em looked at each other. Then Frank made a jump for the door—and the woman with him. They was out and down the steps afore poor old Bean could get his brains to workin'.

"Stop 'em!" shouts Washburn. "Officer, don't let 'em get away!"

But they'd got away already.

"Well!" says I. "Well!!"

Johnson pushed through the excited bunch and took the gray-haired feller by the arm.

"Say, Wash," he says, "you're havin' too good a time all by yourself. Let us in on it, won't you? Your friends are goin' some; no use to run after them. Who are they?"

"Well," he says, "the masculine member used to be called Fred Francis. He was



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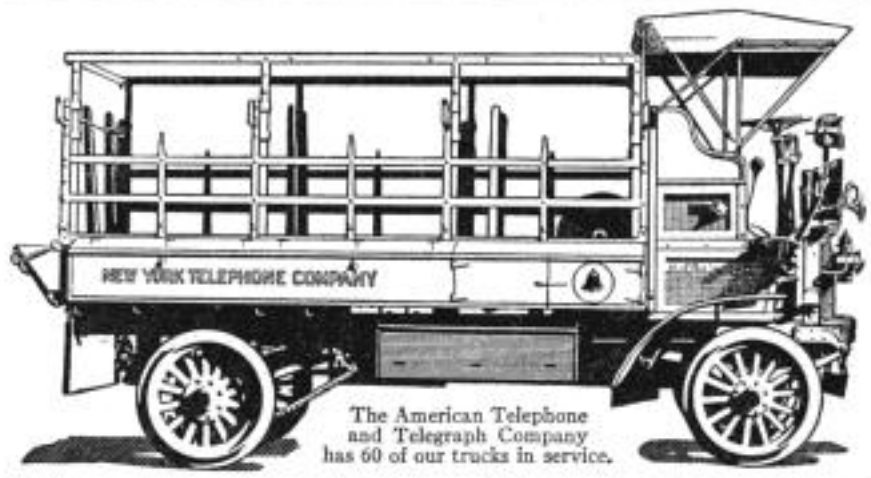
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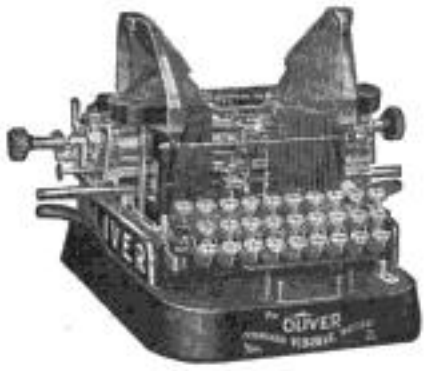
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steward of the Conquilquit Country Club, on Long Island, for some time. He cleared out a year ago with a thousand or so of the club funds and we haven't been able to trace him since. He was a first-class steward and sharp as a steel trap—but he was a crook. The woman—oh, she went with him. She is his wife."

. . . . . .

A whole month more went by afore Jim Henry Jacobs was well enough to come home. When he got off the train at the Ostable Depot, thin and white, and lookin' as if he'd been hauled through a knothole, I was waitin' for him. Maybe we wa'n't glad to see each other! We shook hands for pretty nigh five minutes, I cal'late. I loaded him into my buggy and drove him down to the Poquit House and took him upstairs to his room, which had been made as comf'table and cozy as it's possible to make a room in a boardin' house.

He set down in a big chair and looked round him.

"By George, Skipper!" he says, fetchin' a long breath, "this is home, and I'm mighty glad to be here. Where'd all the flowers come from?"

"Mary Blaisdell's responsible for them," I told him. "She thought they'd sort of brighten up things."

"They do, all right," says he grateful. "And now tell me about business. How is everything?"

I told him everything was fine; trade was tiptop, and so on. He listened and was pleased, but I could see there was somethin' else on his mind.

"There's just one thing more," he said, soon's he got the chance. "I knew the store must be O. K.; your letters told me that. But—er—but"—tryin' hard to be casual and not too interested—"how is Frank doin' with his restaurant? How's the Sign of the Windmill gettin' on?"

Then I told him the whole yarn, almost as I've told it here. He listened, breakin' out with exclamations and such every little while. When I got to where the Washburn man told who Frank and who the stewardess was, he couldn't hold in any longer.

"A crook!" he sung out. "A crook! And she was his wife!"

"So it seems," says I. "And that ain't all of it neither. You remember the doctor said he'd drawn his account out of the Ostable Bank? Yes. Well, that account didn't amount to much—he'd used it about all anyway; but there was another account in his wife's name at the Sandwich Bank, and that was fairly good size."

"Did you get hold of that?" he asked, excited.

"No; we didn't. 'Twas in her name and we couldn't have touched it if we'd wanted to; but we didn't get the chance. She drew it all the very next mornin' and the pair of 'em cleared out. I judged they'd planned to skip in a few days, anyhow, and our creditors' raid only hurried things up a little mite. We ain't seen 'em from that day to this." He was shakin' all over.

"You ain't seen 'em since?" he shouted. "Why not? What did you let' em get away for? Why didn't you set the police after 'em? What sort of managin' do you call that? I—I——"

"Hush!" says I, surprised to see him act so. "Hush, Jim! You ain't heard the whole of it yet. Our bill ——"

"Bill be hanged!" he broke in. "I don't care a dum about the bill. I invested fifteen hundred dollars of my own money in that roadhouse, and you let that faker get away with the whole of it! You're a nice partner! You ——"

I was surprised now, and a good deal cut up and hurt. 'Twas an understandin' between us—not a written one, but an understandin' just the same—that neither should go into any outside deal without tellin' the other. So I was surprised and hurt and mad; but I held in as well as I could.

"That's enough of that, Jim Henry!" says I. "I'll talk about that later. Now I'll tell you the rest of the yarn I started with: After that critter who called himself Frank, but whose name, it seemed, was Francis, had galloped away with the stewardess woman, there was consider'ble excitement round that dinin' room, now I tell you! However, Johnson and Washburn and me managed to get together in the private office and I told 'em all about how we come to be there, and about our gettin' their dinner, and all the rest of it. They seemed to think 'twas funny—laughed like a pair of loons; but I was a long ways from laughin'.

"'Well, well, well!' says Johnson when I'd finished, 'that's the best joke I've heard in a month of Sundays. You sartinly have your own ways of doin' business down here, Cap'n; but the dinner was a good one and I'll pay you for it now. How much?'

"'Well,' says I, 'I suppose I ought to get what I can for the crowd to leave with their wives and relations afore we're carted off to jail. Course the meal you got wa'n't what you expected and I can't charge that Frank thief's price for it; but I've got to charge somethin'. If you think a dollar a head wouldn't be too much, I ——'

"'Look here!' said Johnson; 'I was to pay Frank—or whatever his real name is—two-fifty a plate. Yours was wuth three of any meal I ever got here; but if you will be satisfied with the contract price I made with him I'll give you a check now. And, Cap'n Snow, let me give you a piece of advice: Now you've got this hotel, keep it—keep it and run it. If you can furnish dinners like this one every day in the week you'll have customers enough. Why, I'll engage twenty-five plates for next Sunday myself. I've got another week-end party—haven't I, Wash?'

"'If you haven't I can get one for you,' says Washburn. 'Johnson's advice is good, Cap'n. Keep this place and run it yourself. Don't be afraid of Francis. Confound him! I ought to have him jailed. So long as he doesn't trouble you I'll keep quiet; but if he does trouble you—if he ever comes back—just send for me.'

"And," says I to Jim Henry, "he ain't ever come back. I talked the matter over with Mary and Alpheus and a few of the others; and, after consider'ble misgivin's on my part, we reached an agreement. I decided to run the Sign of the Windmill myself. We bounced the chef and his helpers and the furrin waiters, and hired Alpheus' wife and Cahoon's daughter, and four or five more. We fed ten folks that next day and they all said they was comin' again. They did and they fetched others. The upshot of it is that all that hotel's outstandin' bills have been paid, the place is out of debt and the outlook for the next season is somethin' fine! There, Jim Henry, that's the yarn!"

"Skipper," he says sort of broken, "I—I don't know what to say to you. I ——"

"It's all right," says I pretty sharp. "Your fifteen hundred's all right, I cal'late. The furniture and fixin's are wuth that, I guess. Is there anythin' else you want to ask me? If not I'm goin' to the store."

I was turnin' to go, but he stepped for'ard and stopped me.

"Zeb," he says, his face workin', "don't go away mad. I've been a chump! You ought to hate me; but I—I hope you won't. I was a fool! I thought because you was country that you hadn't any head for business; and when you wouldn't invest in that Windmill proposition I was sore and went into it myself. My conscience has plagued me ever since. I'm a lowdown chump! I deserve to lose the fifteen hundred and I'm glad I did. By the Lord Harry! you've got more real business instinct than I ever dreamed of."

He looked so sort of weak and sick and pitiful that I was awful sorry for him—in spite of everything.

"Don't talk foolish!" says I. "You ain't lost your money."

He shook his head.

"Not much," he says. "You don't suppose I'll take a share in that hotel, after you and your smart managin' saved it, do you? I ain't quite as mean as that, no matter what you think. No, sir; you've made good and the whole property is yours. All I want you to do is to give me another chance. If I live I'll show you how thankful I ——"

"There! There!" says I, all upset. "Don't say another word! Of course we'll hang together in this, same as in everything else. Shake, and let's forget it."

We shook hands, and his was so thin and white I felt worse than ever.

"Skipper," he says, "I can't thank ——"

"No need to thank me," I cut in. "If you've got to thank anybody, thank Mary Blaisdell. She's been the brains of that eatin'-house concern ever since I took hold of it. She's a wonder, that woman! If she'd been my own sister she couldn't have done more. I wish she was!"

He looked at me pretty queer.

"Skipper," says he, smilin', "if you wish that you're a bigger chump than I've been—and that's sayin' a heap."

What in the world he meant by that I didn't know—but I didn't ask him.



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Do not tear out this page. Use it only as an inspiration and guide. Write your advertisement on one side of plain sheet or sheets of paper just as you would any composition. Avoid big words. Awards will be made on neatness, simple language, sound reasoning and brevity.

We suggest that you write a short introduction based on the ideas you get from the picture, such as the consequences of neglected teeth and the benefits of well-cared-for teeth, this to lead up to the highly efficient, beneficial and safeguarding qualities of Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder—in all 200 to 300 words. No person engaged in the advertising business or member of his or her family is invited to enter this contest.

Contest closes with last mails reaching New York March 1st; foreign entries April 1st. Mail your advertisement, signed with address, to Contest Dept. A, Dr. I.W. Lyon, New York City. Awards will be made by jury appointed from their advertising departments by the following publications: Everybody's, McClure's, Cosmopolitan, Munsey's, Delineator, McCall's, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's, Literary Digest. Winning advertisements will be published after May 1st with names of winners.



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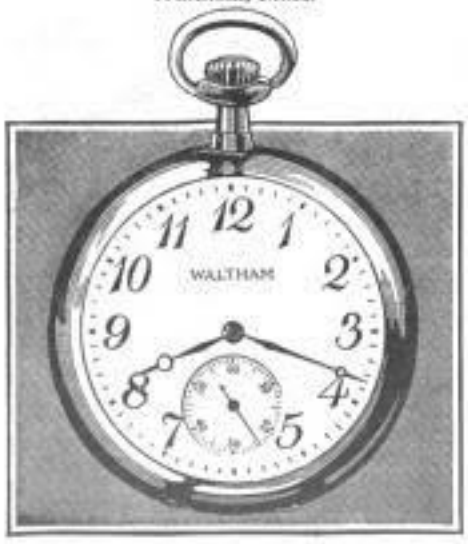
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HOW PITTSBURGH GOT HALF A LOAF

(Concluded from Page 5)

the bill could not pass with the initiative and referendum in it. So the Pittsburghers, not wishing to beat the bill altogether, simply threw up their hands and accepted what they could get.

What they asked for was a conservative modification of the commission form of government. What they got was a council reduced to nine members who were to be selected at large, instead of by wards—without initiative or referendum or recall or non-partisan ballot. This new charter was not to be submitted to the people of Pittsburgh for their approval or disapproval, as under a genuine commission plan. The people were to have nothing whatever to say about it. Moreover, the first members of the new council were not even to be elected by the people. They were to be appointed by the governor, to hold office until January 1, 1912.

Thus, with no election, no initiative, referendum or recall, the whole legislative power of the city was absolutely at the mercy of the governor, who also, it is needless to say, belonged to the machine. Naturally this remarkable situation provoked some gloomy forebodings; but Governor Tener was both merciful and wise. There was to be an election in November; and if he had named unfit men they would undoubtedly have been turned out of office at that time. Governor Tener did, in fact, appoint nine excellent men, who were accepted with high satisfaction by the people of Pittsburgh. Two of them presently resigned, their places being filled by vote of the remaining seven.

With those changes the council consisted of E. V. Babcock, a big lumberman and several times a millionaire; W. A. Hoeveler, president of a warehouse company; W. G. Wilkins, a civil engineer; Enoch Rauh, manufacturer and wholesaler of men's furnishings; John M. Goehring, a lawyer and former state senator; Dr. S. S. Woodburn, a physician who had been identified with several movements for civic improvement; Dr. J. P. Kerr, physician; Robert Garland, president of a nut and rivet manufactory; and P. J. McArdle, president of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers—the big labor organization of the Pittsburgh district.

The new council took office on June tenth, by grace of the legislature and the governor, the people of Pittsburgh having no voice in the matter. However, the state has a direct primary law. I do not know just how the machine ever came to grant the people that one opportunity of participating effectually in their own government. The law is there, however, and because of it the voters of Pittsburgh were permitted, at the September primary election, to say for themselves whether or not they liked their new city council.

The Winning Nine

The nine stood solidly for reëlection and the decent citizenship which had fought for the new charter solidly backed them. The local press supported them unanimously; but twenty-five other candidates entered the field. Some were merely freaks; some were actually independent. It appeared, however, as the campaign progressed, that the machine hoped to break into the nine. If it could capture five places in the council—a majority—its grip upon the city government would be stronger than ever. If it captured only four places its strategic position would be vastly improved, because six votes in the council—two-thirds of the whole—were required to pass any ordinance over the mayor's veto. If the machine got a majority of the council the people, without initiative, referendum and recall, would be quite as helpless as under the old order.

It was one of the warmest campaigns ever fought in Western Pennsylvania. "Vote for the nine!" was the slogan of the reformers. The opposition took it up. "Vote for the nine!" it cried; but the nine it asked the people to vote for contained only one or two—or possibly in some instances three or four—of the genuine nine, the remaining names upon the ballots being those of friends of the machine.

When the votes were counted it was found that the genuine nine led their strongest opponents by more than two to one. In short, the people of Pittsburgh at the first opportunity overwhelmingly indorsed the new council; and at the November election the nine were continued in office without opposition.

When the votes were counted another significant thing was discovered—namely, that some of the candidates who were least acceptable to the reformers had carried their own wards. Under the old ward system these patently unfit men would have been returned to the city council. As to some wards in every city, a man may serve certain elements in the ward so well that, no matter how badly he serves the city as a whole, it is impossible to defeat him in a ward election. When the electorate of the whole city gets a chance at him, however, the ward boss falls.

The nine members of the Pittsburgh council are business and professional men. In the main, their political experience had been just that of the average intelligent, well-to-do citizen who is actively engaged in his own affairs. With the exception of Mr. Goehring, none of them, I believe, had been a candidate for an elective office. They took office in the middle of the city's fiscal year, when all the appropriations had been made and there was nothing to do on the fiscal side except carry through a program which their predecessors had made. When they came into office the primaries were little over three months ahead. They would then have to stand for reëlection and some or all of them might be defeated.

Moreover, they were very far from having a free hand. They had to reckon with the mayor, who retained all his old powers, including the power to veto any ordinance passed by them. It presently appeared, also, that two of the nine would resign and must be replaced by new men.

Pittsburgh's Political Plums

Under all these conditions important constructive work could hardly have been expected from the council up to this time, and it has produced none. It is natural that nine men, inexperienced in governmental affairs, possessing unspotted reputations which they are anxious to keep in that condition, and more or less surrounded by a vigilant foe, should wish to move cautiously for some time.

Possibly the council has erred on the side of being too careful. However, the people of Pittsburgh—looking back to a time when their city was governed by a council which no prudent man would have trusted with a red-hot stove—feel that this is a small matter as weighed against universal confidence in the new council's integrity.

The situation of the nine is illustrated by one of the first matters they took up. Pittsburgh has a treasurer to collect taxes before they become delinquent and then a delinquent-tax collector to collect them afterward. The delinquent-tax collectorship is merely a political plum and is said to net the incumbent twenty thousand dollars or more a year. It is generally understood, however, that the collector retains only a portion of this for his personal use, turning the remainder into the machine's warchest. Of course any honest and intelligent board of directors of a business concern discovering such a situation would at once abolish the sinecure. This the new city council has been unable to do. It passed an ordinance empowering the mayor to turn the collection of delinquent taxes over to the city treasurer, but the mayor desired no such power. It then sought to cut down the collector's compensation, with the result that the matter has now landed in the courts.

Pittsburgh's city controller is vested with considerable power quite independent of mayor and council. E. S. Morrow, the present incumbent, has been in the office as deputy and as controller for many years, and—no matter what the rest of the city government might be—he has always possessed the confidence of the people. In the worst times, indeed, Controller Morrow has been regarded as a sort of lonesome but stanch rock in a stormy sea. Thus Pittsburgh's finances have not fallen into the disorder which frequently characterizes inefficient and corrupt city government; and on the purely fiscal side the new council has had little to do.

Stepping into the wholesale establishment of one of these councilmen, you at once notice a large placard that reads: "Mr. Enoch Rauh will be pleased to see citizens in reference to city business on Tuesday and Wednesday of each week, at two-thirty P. M., in the council chamber on the second floor of the City Hall." That is one of the signs of the new order. The other councilmen make similar arrangements. The city's legislative business is aboveboard and in the open. Not only council meetings but committee meetings are public. Everybody knows that nine honest, intelligent, public-spirited men are giving their best abilities to the city's affair. Probably, indeed, these men give more time and thought to the city's affairs than they do to their own; for in a formal way they spend three to five hours a day about five days a week on city duties, and nobody knows how much municipal thinking and figuring they do at other times.

As part of the new charter fight an act was obtained from the legislature abolishing the old system of school government—so beautifully "democratic" in theory, but so absurd in practice—by which three hundred and odd members of schoolboards were elected in many petty subdivisions of the city.

The new act created a single board of education of fifteen members, to be appointed by the county court, in which control of the schools should be vested. The new board, comprising twelve men and three women, took office in November, greatly to the satisfaction of good citizens.

The legislature also created a new court, modeled upon the municipal court in Chicago; but here again it was necessary to compromise. Each ward elects an alderman, who is a petty magistrate with about the same powers and of about the same ability and character as a justice of the peace in other cities. When the justices' courts became intolerable in Chicago that city procured an act abolishing them and creating a single municipal court. In Pittsburgh, however, the aldermen were not disturbed and the new court merely facilitates appeals.

Pittsburgh by no means succeeded in overthrowing the "Chinese Wall to keep out the great wave of municipal reform." By hard fighting she did make a breach in it—demonstrating that even in Pennsylvania an aroused and determined city can regain some measure of actual self-government.

When the legislature next meets Pittsburgh will undoubtedly renew the attack, demanding at least initiative, referendum and recall. Meanwhile Philadelphia has elected an independent reform mayor and Senator Penrose has spoken very kindly of the commission form of city government.

Model Management

THE big street-railroad companies across the country have stood abreast of the steam roads in their endeavors to find methods of keeping in touch with the men. Paying much less than their steam brethren for men in similar classes of service, their problem has been the more acute.

One big city system recognized this problem eight or ten years ago and met it by establishing employees' clubs, very much after the pattern of those on the Harriman lines. These, in turn, were followed by insurance and pension systems, and even lunchrooms at the carbarns on the outskirts of the town, where the saloon problem was as imminent as the steam transcontinentals have found it at some of their more forlorn division points.

An abandoned carbarn was transformed almost over night into a model theater. That theater runs all winter—and yet its seats are never sold, for the street-railroad company not only hires the talent but distributes the seats among the sixty-five thousand men and women who are directly or indirectly dependent upon it for their living.

Sometimes the performances are strictly amateur, for the company has discovered that it has latent talent among its own people. A big, husky-voiced starter, who directs travelers in one of its terminals, has made a splendid Marc Antony upon that little stage; while two conductors, whose runs were regularly through the Jewish portions of the town, developed a "backfire talk" that has since become a feature of the vaudeville circuits.

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BILLY FORTUNE AND THAT YOUNG FEELING

(Continued from Page 14)

pitch-dark when I stumbled up against the place. I'll never tell you how it happened. Mebbe it was just my fool luck; or mebbe it was the swearin' I done; or mebbe it was the prayin'. Did you ever know a cow-puncher could pray? Well, he can, if you put him in a pinch and it ain't himself he's prayin' for.

Anyway, I made it, and there she was, settin' huddled up over the stove with just a little glimmer of firelight. You'd have figured she was right thankful for company, the way she acted, because when I come to after a bit, she had me by the stove, layin' on the floor with my head in her lap, and was rubbin' my face and hands and arms with snow. I expect she'd read that in a book somewheres. It was just exactly the right thing to do; it sure saved me a few ears and fingers. And while she was rubbin' she was makin' funny little soft sounds in her throat, like I was a kid that had got a splinter in its thumb. I didn't make any holler for her to quit, neither; I just laid there with my eyes shut and listened at her till I got ashamed, and then in a minute I got up.

Well, I needn't have bothered, she told me. She was half laughin' and half cryin', and scoldin' and fussin' at me. Did I think she hadn't a bit of sense? Did I believe she didn't know enough to keep in out of the wet? The way she explained it to me, it looked pretty reasonable too. It was just the first day of school and she'd sent the kids home early, and then she'd stayed to get their lessons strung out for 'em, and then when the storm struck she hadn't moved a step outside the door, nor she didn't mean to till it was over. That was what she said. She hadn't been afraid a mite; but all the same she wasn't sorry for company.

The storm didn't let up till away along next day; and then it was just the wind that quit, with the snow keepin' right on thick and heavy, pilin' up deeper and deeper. That didn't matter though. By noon we'd eat all the grub I'd brought from the shack—just a loaf of bread and a couple cans of truck—so I started off to get some more. She wasn't goin' to try to go home yet; it wasn't any use, anyway, because the schoolhouse was a heap more comfortable than her shanty. I fixed it up with her that she wasn't to say nothin' to nobody about my havin' been there. The boys would just have deviled the life out of me; and besides I had somethin' in my mind. When I'd got her convinced I struck off through the drifts.

The rest of it sounds as ridiculous as one of these song-and-dance shows. You won't hardly believe it, I expect. The first place I headed for was the next ranch down the cañon, where Red McGee was horse-wrangler. When I got there he was out with the boss and another lad, tryin' to look after some of the critters and fussin' round. After we'd talked some about what a blazer it had been I coaxed Red off to one side beyond the alfalfa stack.

"Red," I says, "I'm right worried about that schoolma'am, ain't you? What do you reckon has happened to her off there by herself on her claim?"

Red's eyes commenced to pop out. "Well, great snakes!" he says; "I never once thought about her. The poor little thing!" She was a good half a head taller than Red. "The poor little thing!" he says. "It's a darned shame, so it is, us leavin' her that way. She just never come into my head, with the wrastlin' round we've had to do with the stock here."

"Listen, Red," I says to him, gettin' him up closer to me by his sleeve. "Listen—the man that rescues her is goin' to stand ace-high with her, ain't he? She's a fine woman, ain't she? I expect I'd have tried it myself if I'd been a marryin' man. But you know I ain't, like you are. Why don't you go and make a try for it?"

It sure caught him by the attention. He stood there silent for a minute, shiftin' from one foot to the other one and broodin' over it.

"Do you reckon so, Billy?" he says. "I don't know; I never had no luck with wives." They said he'd had three or four of 'em, scattered round different places. "But she's different. Mebbe it would work better. Do you reckon so?"

"Why, certainly it would," I told him. "Go on, Red! Her shack ain't more than six miles away. You can make it by dark. Go on!"

After he'd lit out I got some grub at the house and packed it over to the schoolhouse, and when I'd fixed her up comfortable I started off the other way to get some more of 'em converted. It was terrible easy. I had to use different ways with different ones, but there wasn't one of 'em that wasn't right willin'. By the middle of the second day when the snow quit there was seven of 'em at the schoolhouse, and three more had blew in by night. A couple of 'em had thought of it by theirselves, but the rest I'd got. All but one of 'em had gone over to her claim first, like I'd told 'em, but they'd wound up at the school—ten of 'em by dark, that had come to rescue her and save her life and make her grateful to 'em.

Only they couldn't work at it none, could they? You can see they couldn't, can't you? All they could do was just to bunch up round the hot stove and tell her different things about what a terrible storm it had been, and the time they'd had gettin' there, and how horrible anxious they'd been about her, and keepin' their eyes on each other till mebbe the rest would go away and give 'em a chance. Yes, only there wasn't none of 'em that would pull out. We'd most of us brought her a mess of truck to keep her from starvin' to death, and she fixed supper for us and we eat it; and then every last man went out and begun to root out a bed-ground for himself in the snow and get ready for night. Not one of 'em quit. The girl, I guess she was enjoyin' herself fine, because I'd slipped her word about what I'd been up to and it had tickled her most to death. She certainly had a good eye for fun.

A couple of days afterward it had been turned to a rank picnic. The news had got circulated all over the country about how we was rescuin' the school-teacher, and everybody commenced to take a hand at it. There was trails wore to the schoolhouse from twenty ways, packed so hard you could ride 'em on a dead run for miles and miles, and the boys was comin' from everywhere. You'd have thought the girl was some kind of a queen. The inside of the schoolhouse looked like Christmas, with the loads and loads of stuff that was brought to her. I expect she never did have no better time, and she wasn't in a speck of a hurry to have it quit. Yes, sir, she certainly enjoyed it. There's no tellin' how long it would have lasted if it hadn't been for the professor.

I'd rode down to Sunrise on Friday, on account of her sayin' how good a box of chocolate candy would taste after a whole week of canned stuff and such, and I run up on him just as I was leavin' the commissary. I judged it had been a sort of a fretful week with him, because he was lookin' peaked and frayed out, with a couple of bright red spots in the middle of his cheeks and his eyes excited as a couple of hot coals. He was right glad to see me, by the way he laid hold of me.

"Mr. Fortune!" says he; "I have been in torment, sir. What a frightful week! Tell me: do you know—can you give me any information—have you any news concerning ——" He was gettin' all tangled up.

"Who?" says I. "Teacher? Why, yes, professor. I guess you might say she's one of the survivors. She's snowed in the schoolhouse up in the cañon; but she's livin' yet."

He gripped hold of my arm with both hands. "Thank Heaven!" he says; and then this: "I'm going to save her! I must, sir. Take me to her at once—at once, sir! Can we reach the schoolhouse by conveyance from Sunrise?"

Wasn't that just exactly like him? It sent a laugh all through me; but I was holdin' my face straight. "Well, Billy," I says, "what do you think? Will we let him do it?" "Oh, why not?" says I; "it can't do no hurt to have one more workin' at it, can it? And don't you reckon it'll help out with the fun? Let's let him go." And then I spoke to him.

"Which?" I says. "Conveyance? You mean a buggy? Why, not hardly, professor,



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up through the cañon. Can't you ride horseback?"

"I cannot," says he, "but I will. Will you be good enough to secure a mount for me? Please make haste, sir, won't you? This suspense is becoming more than I can endure. Another hour of it would make a nervous wreck of me. Be quick!"

Se we went over to the sheds where they kept the mine stock and I started negotiatin' with Snub Harrison. "Somethin' for the professor, Snub," I says—"somethin' safe and reliable."

"Oh—reliable!" says Snub, with his eye on me. "You mean it, Billy? Well, what's the matter with Old Reliable himself? He ain't doin' nothin', with the snow on."

"That's him!" says I; and in a minute here he come, with the saddle on him and his ears droopin', meek as Moses. Old Reliable, they called him, because you never could tell what he was goin' to do. He was the big, hide-worn roan mule that run one of the dumpcarts at the mine. I couldn't help feelin' real pleased with the look of him somehow, without knowin' just why.

We boosted the professor up onto him and then I started ahead on my pony; but I didn't get far. "Wait!" says the professor. "Geddap! Go on, sir. Wait, Mr. Fortune, please. Geddap!" That's what he was sayin', because Old Reliable was just standin' there with his head down and his eyes half shut and his big ears wavin', not stirrin' a step. Nor he wouldn't either. Snub tried several different ways, with me lookin' on; and then I tried some more, with Snub lookin' on, and a couple of the Greeks from the mine stoppin' to look on, and the big yellow tomcat that used to hang round the place comin' up to rub against Snub's legs and look on. It didn't matter; that mule wouldn't budge.

"Well, Billy," says Snub, sort of casual, with his eyes rovin' round—he didn't have a real responsible mind, Snub didn't—"Billy," says he, "here's this cat. We don't exactly need this cat."

"Why, sure!" says I. "That's the very thing." And then Snub caught the cat and took it and tied it to the mule by their two tails, with the professor screwin' round in his saddle and doin' the lookin' on. Askin' questions too, he was. It seemed to be a kind of a new notion to him. But Snub he explained it real reasonable. Snub's one of these scientific liars; if you give him half a chance he can make anything in this world sound right, if there's any devilment in it.

"It's just one of Old Reliable's funny ways, professor," he says, workin' away with a piece of balin' wire, wrappin' their tails up. "He was brought up this way, because they done it the first time he was broke and he got sort of used to it. We've got to keep doin' it with him regular. Only it uses up an awful lot o' cats. We have to keep bringin' 'em up from Hartville by the dozen, and they been costin' us four bits apiece, till we got this old Tom. He's lasted three trips already, and I guess he's good for another one. All set, professor?" And then he let the cat loose.

Oh, I know what you're thinkin'—you're wonderin' how far off it was the professor lit. It wouldn't have done any hurt if he had, with the snow layin' three foot deep; but he didn't. That mule was a bad disappointment to me. There the cat was, hangin' head downward, spittin' and yowlin', and pretty soon he reached out and got hold of the mule's hindleg and started to climb up. And what do you reckon the mule done? He just stood there and turned his head backward to see what the trouble was, and then he didn't do a thing but sit right down. Yes, sir, he sat down. And then he got up again and started off, slow and steady, with the cat danglin' along behind him, just exactly as if Snub had been tellin' the solemn truth. The cat, he was considerable out of shape, but you could tell he was a cat yet. It surprised me so I couldn't do a thing but tag after the mule up the trail; and when I looked back once, there was Snub in the yard with his mouth wide open and his hands in his pockets, starin'. The professor, I couldn't tell what he was thinkin'.

We was quite a ways out before the talk started, and then it didn't amount to nothin'—just limped along. I don't remember a word of it, except once the professor made his mule stop and twisted round to look behind. "Most extraordinary!" says he. "But really, Mr. Fortune, don't you think you might remove that object now? It would be very embarrassing to appear thus in the presence of a lady." So I got down and untied the cat and threw it away. And then what do you think? Well, sir, I'm a liar if that mule didn't just stand stock still and refuse to stir another step till I went and got the remains and tied 'em back on again. You don't believe me, do you? I don't care a hoot whether you do or not; it's the truth. The cat, he was pretty shabby by then with draggin' along through the snow, but it seemed as if havin' that thing knockin' against his legs kind of kept the mule's mind distracted from balkin'. Don't that sound likely to you? Anyway that's just exactly the way we got to the schoolhouse. You can ask anybody in the country if it ain't so.

When we come near the place I don't know where the boys had gone to. There wasn't one of 'em there. It was right early in the afternoon and the day had turned off fine, pretty near as warm as before the storm.

"Yonder she is," I says. "That's the schoolhouse right there. You go ahead now and save her. I'm goin' to just kind of drag along behind." And there he went, straddlin' his old mule and danglin' his old cat. I wish I had a picture of him.

If I couldn't hear it all from where I was, I could hear some of it and I could see a-plenty. When he got up closer she opened the door and studied him for quite a spell, leanin' forward and shadin' her eyes with her hand tryin' to make him out; and then all of a sudden she got to her feet and took a couple steps toward him with her arms stretched out.

"*Alexander!*" she sung out; "why, what in this world!"

I couldn't hear a word of what he said. It looked as if he made a try to get down off his mule and couldn't. I expect he was plumb saddle weary. She had to go and reach up and help him; and then I saw her duck back to the step and set down again, hidin' her face on her arm against the post. If he hadn't liked bein' laughed at before I wonder how he relished it now. She certainly did laugh—laughed and laughed and laughed, and then dropped her head on her knees and laughed some more, and set up and rocked herself backward and forward and laughed some more; and all the while there he stood in front of her, straight and stiff and solemn as a telegraph pole, with his arms folded, lookin' down at her and waitin' till she'd get through. She took her time to it, but by-and-by she stuffed her handkerchief in her mouth to choke it off; and then he commenced. I don't know what he was sayin'; he was makin' her an oration, I expect, by the look of it, because he was makin' the motions. Anyway, he made her quit her laughin'.

In a minute she was just settin' with her hands in her lap and her pretty head droopin' over; and after that, all of a sudden she lifted her head and put out her hand to him, and what did the professor do but take it and bend in the middle and stoop down and kiss it. That was all I wanted to see. I just jerked my pony's head round and slapped in the spurs.

You tell me this, now—you wouldn't have picked out the professor for one of the bouncin' kind, would you? You'd have figured that the bounce had all oozed out of him years and years before he was born. But there's where you'd have been fooled, because he sure had it in him. Yes, sir, that solemn old beanpole was just as young as anybody.

HERE IS PROOF OF SOLID WORTH

THE NEW YORK TIMES, THU



BOGUS MONEY MILL FOUND ON A FARM

Secret Service Agents Pounce Down on a Connecticut Place, Capturing Three Men.

PLANT COMPLETE, THEY SAY

Three Other Prisoners Taken Here and a Large Amount of Silver Confiscated.

Following the arrest of three men in this city last night on charges of counterfeiting, Capt. Flynn of the Secret Service told of a raid that he and six of the Secret Service agents made yesterday on an alleged counterfeiting plant on a lonely farm four miles from Wilton, Conn.

On reaching New York the Secret Service men started after Rocco Figliozzi, a prisoner. They expected to get him in a saloon on Mulberry Street, but got a clue that led them to the Grand Central Station. They hurried there and arrested him as he was sitting in a train that left for Norwalk at 2.32. He was taken off the train and made a prisoner. He carried a suit case, and in this, Flynn says, he found engraved metal plates, such as was used at the farm to make the bogus paper money.

Next the Secret Service men went to 58 Mott Street, where they arrested Joseph Poggio, who, Flynn says, is owner of the house in which the bogus money was made.

The paper used in the National Currency is considered the strongest and most durable possible to manufacture for the purpose, and at the same time possesses such qualities as are capable of producing the highest type of engraving. So when counterfeiters, having hundreds of papers to choose from, select

COUPON BOND

Fac-simile Water-mark

The De Luxe Business Paper

as the best substitute for the Government's paper, it's a mighty high tribute to the printing qualities, engraving qualities and wear-resisting qualities of COUPON BOND.

COUPON BOND is but one of the 34 "Eagle A" Water-marked Bond Papers.

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FOR THE WOMAN:

2 pairs guaranteed elastic garter web Lisle "LENOX" HOSE with spliced heels and toes, SEAMLESS on top of toes,—Black and tan, ... Value $0.75

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ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR Total Retail Value $2.00

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3 pairs guaranteed soft Lisle "LENOX" HOSE, with Linen toe and heel, choice black, tan, navy, grey, ... Value $1.50

A beautiful "Lenox" all silk reversible tie of the latest pattern, to match, . . . Value 1.00

One pair stout silkweb garters carrying the usual "LENOX" guarantee, ... Value .50

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Above items sold with the distinct understanding that they are returnable if you are not entirely satisfied—you to be sole judge in the matter. *When ordering do not forget to state color and sizes desired.*

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Fulfills all the requirements of Go-Cart, Carrier, Bassinet and Jumper. Can be changed instantly. Permits you to take baby everywhere—on cars, trains, elevators without lifting child out. Endorsed by Physicians. If not at your dealer's, write us for catalog and trial offer.

THE WITHROW MFG. CO.
2731 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O.

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THE LIGHTED WAY

(Continued from Page 21)

tle more natural, but she still clung to
m. Arnold felt his head dizzy as though
ith strong wine.
"Fenella," he said, using her name
ldly, "your brother has been talking to
e tonight. All that he said I can under-
and from his point of view, but what may
well for him is not well for others who
weaker. If you have been foolish, if the
e of adventure has led you into any
ly, think now and ask yourself whether
is worth while. Give it up before it is
late."
"It is because I have so little courage,"
murmured, looking at him with swim-
ng eyes, "and one must do something.
must live, or the tugging of the chain is
re all the time."
"There are many things in life that
worth while," he declared. "You are
ng and rich and you have a husband
would do anything in the world for
. It isn't worth while to get mixed up
hese dangerous schemes."
"What do you know of them?" she
ed curiously.
"Not much," he admitted. "Your
ther was talking tonight a little reck-
ly. One gathered ——"
"Andrea sometimes talks wildly because
muses him to deceive people, to make
n think that he is worse than he really
she interrupted. "He loves danger,
it is because he is a brave man."
"I am sure of it," Arnold replied, "but it
not follow that he is a wise one."
e shrugged her shoulders.
Tell me one of those many ways of liv-
hat are worth while?" she whispered.
int out one of them only. Remember
I, too, have the spirit of restlessness
y veins. I must have excitement at
cost."
sighed. She was, indeed, in a strange
t.
t seems so hopeless," he said, "to try
terest you in the ordinary things of

lo one could do it," she admitted. "I
ot made for domesticity. Sometimes
ik that I was not made to be wife to
nan. I am a gambler at heart. I love
erce draughts of life. Without them
ld die."
et you married Samuel Weatherley!"
d exclaimed.
laughed bitterly.
es; I was in a prison-house," she
red, "and I should have welcomed
ailer who had come to set me free.
rried him and sometimes I try to
y duty. Then the other longings
and Hampstead and my house and
sband and my parties and my silly
seem like part of a dream. Mr.
ode—Arnold!"
nella!"
e were to be friends, we were to help
other. Tonight I am afraid and I
that I am a little remorseful. It was
ing that you dined tonight with
. I have wanted to bring you, too,
e life that my brother lives, into the
ere I also make excursions some-
It is not a wicked life, but I do not
hat it is a wise one. I was foolish.
wrong of me to disturb you. After
are good and solid and British. You
eant for the other ways. Forget
ing. It is less than a week since
me first to dine with us. Blot out
w days. Can you?"
t while I live!" Arnold replied. "You
hat it was during those few days that
ou."
you are foolish," she declared, lay-
hand upon his and smiling into his
that the madness came back and
in his blood. "There is no need
to be a gambler; there is no need
to stake everything upon these
oups. You haven't felt the call.
isten for it."
ella," he whispered hoarsely, "what
oing when Samuel Weatherley was
cked on your island!"
aughed.
you stupid boy!" she cried. "What
ce would it have made?"
can't tell," he answered. "Has no
r moved you, Fenella? Have you
nown what it is to care for any

er," she replied. "I only hope that
shall."
y not?"

"Because I am a gambler," she declared; "because to me it would mean risking everything. And I have seen no man in the whole world strong enough and big enough for that. You are my very dear friend, Arnold, and you are feeling very sentimental and your head is turned just a little, but after all you are only a boy. The taste of life is not yet between your teeth."

He leaned closer toward her. She put his arm gently away, shaking her head all the time. She was looking up at him, her eyes filled with a curious light, her lips slightly parted. She was so close that the perfume in which her clothes had lain, faint though it was, came to him.

"I don't think that you have a heart at all!" he exclaimed.

"It is the old selfish cry, that," she answered. "Please do not be foolish, Arnold. Do not be like those silly boys who only plague one. With you and me things are more serious."

The car came to a standstill before the portals of Pelham Lodge. Arnold held her fingers for a moment or two after he had rung the bell. Then he turned away. She called him back.

"Come in with me for a moment," she murmured. "Tonight I am afraid. Mr. Weatherley will be in bed. Come in and sit with me for a little time until my courage returns."

He followed her into the house. There seemed to Arnold to be a curious silence everywhere. She looked in at several rooms and nodded.

"Mr. Weatherley has gone to bed," she announced. "Come into my sitting room. We will stay there for five minutes at least."

She led the way across the hall toward the little room into which she had taken Arnold on his first visit. She tried the door and came to a sudden standstill, shook the handle, and looked up at Arnold in amazement.

"It seems as though it were locked," she remarked. "It's my own sitting room. No one else is allowed to enter it. Groves!"

She turned round. The butler had hastened to her side.

"What is the meaning of this?" she asked. "My sitting room is locked on the inside."

The man tried the handle incredulously. He, too, was dumfounded.

"Where is your master?" asked Mrs. Weatherley.

"He retired an hour ago, madam," the man replied. "It is most extraordinary, this."

She began to shiver. Groves leaned down and tried to peer through the keyhole. He rose to his feet hastily.

"The lights are burning in the room, madam," he exclaimed, "and the key is not in the door on the other side! It looks very much as though burglars were at work there. If you will allow me I will go round to the window outside. There is no one else up."

"I will go with you," Arnold said.

"If you please, sir," the man replied.

They hurried out of the front door and round to the side of the house. The lights were certainly burning in the room, and the blind was half drawn up. Arnold reached the window-sill with a spring and peered in.

"I can see nothing," he said to Groves. "There doesn't seem to be any one in the room."

"Can you get in, sir?" the man asked from below. "The sash seems to be unfastened."

Arnold tried it and found it yielded to his touch. He pushed it up and vaulted lightly into the room. Then he saw that a table was overturned and a key was lying on the floor. He picked it up and fitted it into the door. Fenella was waiting outside.

"I can see nothing here," he announced, "but a table has been upset."

She pointed to the sofa and gripped his arm.

"Look!" she cried. "What is that?"

Arnold felt a thrill of horror and for a moment the room swam before his eyes. Then he saw clearly again. From underneath the upholstery of the sofa a man's hand was visible, stretching into the room almost as far as his elbow. They both stared, Arnold stupefied with horror. On the little finger of the hand was a ring with a blood-red seal!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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WIN-SUM
Summer weight from waist up and winter weight from waist down. No side seams.

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Women wearing fine-ribbed, knitted-to-form Richelieu Union Suits having no side seams to cause irritation beneath snug corsets, enjoy comfort and style impossible in other underwear.

If you are not enjoying this comfort, ask your dealer for



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Thinner at waist line without sacrificing strength. No side seams to rub, rip or ravel.

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All styles of cut. Priced from $1 to $3

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Following are the winners of the principal prizes offered for the best reasons why Richelieu underwear surpasses all other:

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2nd " Mrs. John M. Knox, Glastonbury, Conn.
3rd " Mrs. D. J. Murphy, Toledo, O.
4th " Mrs. J. V. Durree, Denver, Colo.
5th " Mrs. Elizabeth Pelton, Erie, Pa.; St. Clair Jennings, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Catherine Jewett, East Brownfield, Me.; Miss Harriet A. White, Elmira, N. Y.; Albertine G. Nuhler, Cleveland, O.

6th prize: S. A. Leadley, Graniteville, S. I.; Mrs. Ella M. Bach, Hammond, Ind.; Nora V. Gill, Cincinnati, O.; Mrs. Ada H. Wright, Keene, N. H.; Miss Virginia B. McGrath, Louisville, Ky.; Miss Anna M. E. Carlson, Evanston, Ill.; Margaret Scott Weston, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Julia Stanley, Victor, N.Y.; Mrs. G. E. Roddy, Roswell, New Mexico; Miss Mildred Montross, Pierce, Neb.

Seventy-five participants in seventh prize have been notified by mail. The judges were three advertising men of New York

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Have imported roller chains, sprockets and pedals; New Departure Coaster Brakes and Rims; Puncture Proof Tires; highest grade equipment and many advanced features possessed by no other wheels. Guaranteed 5 yrs.

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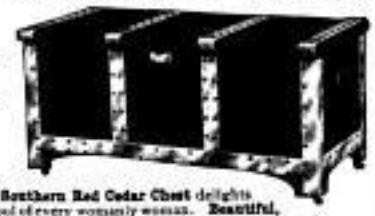
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A Piedmont Southern Red Cedar Chest delights the eye and soul of every womanly woman. **Beautiful, decorative, unique, useful.** An ornament to her home and protection for her wardrobe. **Perfect Storage** for laces, woolens, furs, etc. **Moth, Mouse, Dust and Damp Proof. The** wedding or birthday gift! Send for **handsome catalog** showing all styles in cedar chests, chiffoniers and wardrobe couches, and booklet, "The Story of Red Cedar." ALL GOODS SOLD DIRECT FROM FACTORY, AT FACTORY PRICES, 15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

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One Two Three and Five Pound Boxes

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The Pyramid Cabinet Box comprises five compartments, so ingeniously arranged that each dainty morsel is in full view and can be selected without touching any of the others.

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The Bally Little Bottles

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, there is no better custodian of a secret than a newspaperman. Any one of a dozen reporters, by betraying a state secret, might have caused serious international complications between England and Europe during the Spanish-American War. The story is an old one now, known perhaps to a hundred newspapermen; so there can be no harm in making it public. In substance, it follows:

When George Dewey, commanding the American fleet, received word at Hongkong to take Manila, Admiral Sir Edward Hobart Seymour's flag flew from a British man-of-war in the harbor. The day before Dewey sailed on his mission a flag officer from Admiral Seymour's ship visited the Olympia. He was met by a subaltern of equal rank.

"I just came over to make a little call," the Britisher explained.

The American and the Englishman went to the wardroom, where each drank to the other's health. The Britisher after a while called the American aside.

"I say, old chap," he said, "my old man told me to tell your old man that if you need any supplies or anything he would be most delighted to outfit you with them. You know we have some good Scotch, some most excellent mineral water and a good many other bally little things you are likely to need on a cruise of this kind."

The American didn't have to be hit between the eyes.

"Well," he replied, "what we need most are six-inch bottles. If you have more of those than you require we would be glad to borrow a few."

The American was told that he could have all the "six-inch bottles" desired if he would send a vessel to a certain deserted little cove. An expedition was sent to the described spot and there the American gunners found the "six-inch bottles" they sought. They took them aboard, sailed the next day, and history has told just how effective those "bottles" were in silencing the Spanish guns!

A Collector's Luck

THE collector of antiques changes his taste as he advances, of course, and collectors differ in their fancy. You will find people who will go into ecstasies over plain pieces of undoubted age. The truth is that in the old times, as today, some furniture was made for persons of means and taste, and other furniture for persons of moderate circumstances. The distinction between gentlemen's stuff and peasant stuff has remained through all these years. Eventually you will lean toward the former in your preference if you are collecting, as the writer always has, not for the purpose of sale but for personal use or, rather, personal ownership. Beautiful things always have cost money.

Sometimes gentlemen's stuff got into peasant use, and sometimes it has gone back again to the homes of gentlefolk. No one can tell the history of some of the good old pieces which he finds offered for sale in dealers' collections, or even in private ownership. The most unhappy moment I ever spent in my life was in the presence of two absolutely splendid Sheffield trays which rested in the dining room of a Southern lady's home.

"I see you envy me, sir," said she, smiling.

"Yes!" I sobbed.

"Do you know what I gave for those two fine trays?" she asked.

"Oh, I suppose about two dollars each, maybe—it is just the luck of some people!"

"You are very nearly right," said she. "I found them out in the country at an old farmhouse; and how do you think they were being used? The man had a stone wall round his front yard, and he used these two big trays as gates to keep the pigs from running through gaps in the wall! Of course I had them all replated."

What are pieces such as these worth to the owner? No one can tell. To be sure, they had to be replated—electroplated in this case—and electroplate is not the old rolled plate; but they were copper, not white metal. These trays were almost four feet long, the largest and finest I ever saw.



"Now, will I make them as beautiful as they are practical," said O. H. L. Wernicke—the father of Sectional Bookcases—when he became president of The Macey Co.

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Do Not Look Sectional—, But They Are

They have the style of Old Master furniture. You can see it yourself; it stands out so you can't help seeing it.

You may have them in Colonial, Chippendale, Sheraton, Artcraft or Mission design, any size; any finish; and they actually cost less than *ordinary* bookcases.

You would like them in your home!

Macey Book Cabinets are on sale with merchants in every locality and are warranted to give complete satisfaction.

A 72-page style book and price list, which is full of helpful information, may be had for the asking, by addressing the designers and makers, *The Macey Co., No. 940 So. Division St., Grand Rapids, Mich.*—"*The Home of Good Furniture.*"

By the way—that story of three generations is on page 47

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For five 2-cent stamps to pay postage and packing, we will send to your address a generous free sample box of any of the Johnston favorites.

Johnston's
MILWAUKEE

The story of the greatest institution" of its kind is on page 47

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Bulwarks of Business Policy

(Continued from Page 18)

In making customers the same dislike of change has always governed him. He would work three times as hard to hang on to the merchant who had bought goods once as to persuade some dealer who had never bought at all. In the early days of the business serious distrust of the goods had to be overcome in the trade, for even merchants who were disposed to order a small stock were afraid that the public might not take them off their hands. That led to a policy whereby goods were made returnable, so that each sale really became a connection. The same assurance was extended to consumers—when anybody bought that device the company stood back of it, ready to repair, alter, exchange or give the customer's money back, just as he pleased. On this basis the article that was making its way slowly as a novelty soon became a tried staple of the trade.

In hiring employees the same dislike of change leads him to select people who will stay with the business, grow with it and be loyal; and employees are expected to make connections along the line of the general policy. One morning the boss became much interested in the newspaper report of a dinner given by dealers in his trade. The speeches had touched on important business questions. It was the third dinner of that sort within a month. Retailers, wholesalers and factory men all through the industry seemed to be getting together for discussion and associations were being formed to abolish trade evils. None of his people had been present, however, and the reason was an odd one—salespeople and factory men did not possess evening clothes. The president immediately bought evening clothes for every salesman at the home office and all the branches, and for heads of factory departments, with the suggestion that they get in touch with the "joiners" in their respective lines and do what they could to help along any work for the betterment of the trade, without reference to business. And the increase of sales within a few weeks more than covered the tailors' bills.

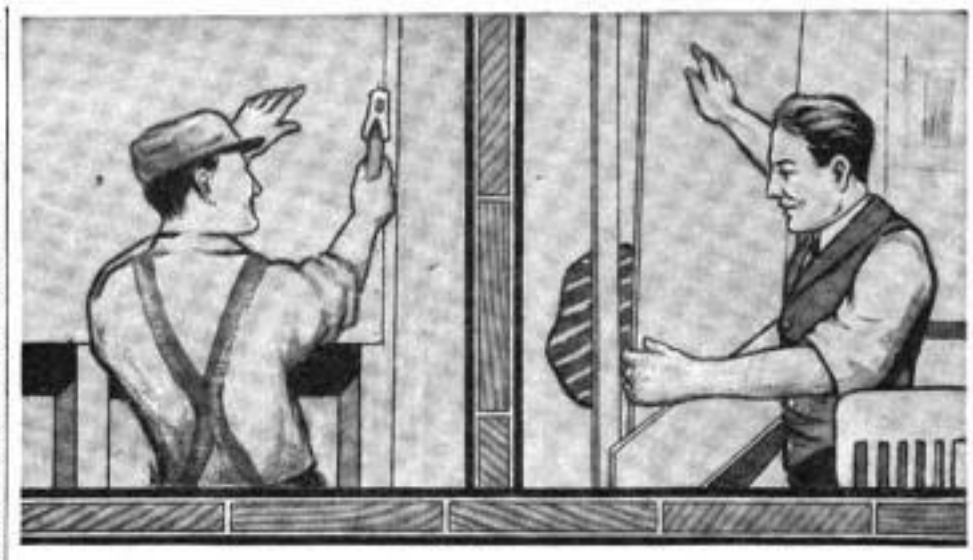
The Cost of Conceit

In contrast with an executive of this type it is easy enough to find in almost any line of business the man who not merely neglects connections but even goes out of his way to break them and make enemies.

Some years ago an ambitious young man left the employ of a large brokerage concern and started business for himself. During his first year he was remarkably successful. Resources were slender, but he had fresh ideas; and his negotiation of several difficult deals during the first twelvemonth set him up solidly. At that period he went out of his way to make friends. There were any number of business men ready to give him information, suggestions, references or backing. Clerks and subordinates in different lines knew him and liked him because success had not puffed him up, and they were on the lookout for him. Newspaper reporters kept track of his progress and he was always free to give them information touching his line of business.

During the next two years, however, his success was so much greater that it began to turn his head. The ideas with which he started led to new methods that were almost irresistible. Old concerns, following old methods, apparently could not compete with him. Prosperity made it easy to execute his projects. Success followed success, and one big deal came on the heels of another. By-and-by he became cocksure and unapproachable. Instead of keeping old friends and making new ones, his whole energy went into putting through bold deals, irrespective of the other fellow's side of the bargain—let the other fellow look out for himself! He played the magnate, chilled former allies, big and little, and was too busy and great to see the humble newspaper reporter. People began camping on his trail. Instead of giving him useful information, they quietly gathered facts that could be brought against him. Customers who had got the short end of some spectacular transaction through overvaluation, or misrepresentation that was as legal as it was shrewd, resolved to go gunning for that young man.

Today, after five years, he is still prosperous; but he does business with strangers.



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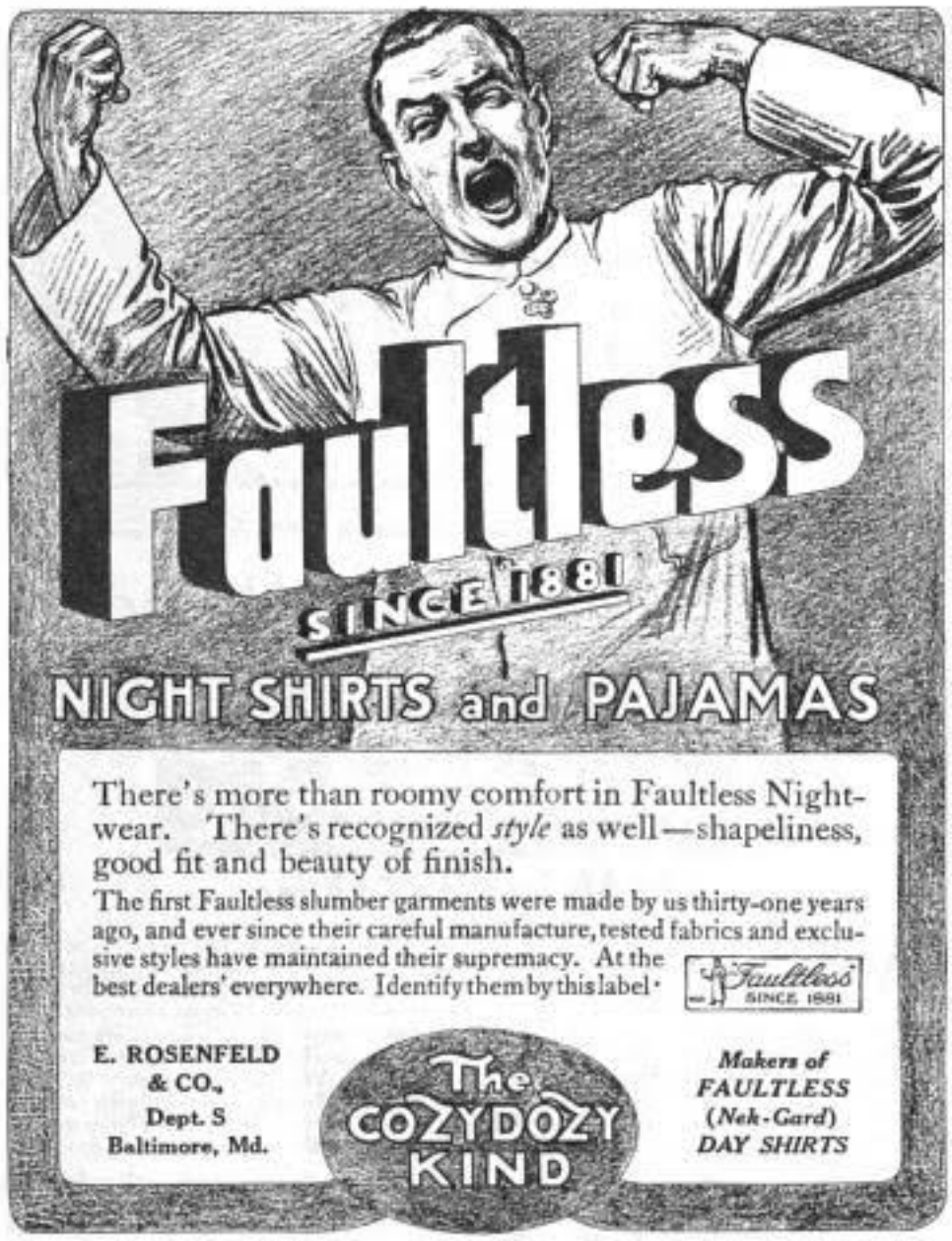
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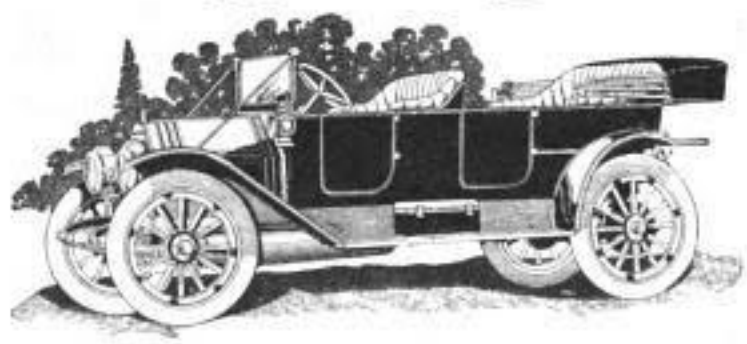
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S. E. P.

The whole weight of his community is against him. Some day he will venture upon a step that is not wholly legal. He will put one foot slightly over the line and his foot will slip—and instantly the pent-up resentment in his town will be upon him. It will put him down and out, and will rejoice if a way can be found to send him to jail.

Sometimes a very slight rootlet of stability and right intention will have a long life. At the head of a Wall Street bondhouse is a man who insists upon lasting connections as the main policy of his business. When a subordinate leans to the quick, profitable thing instead of the lasting one he tells a favorite story.

In Civil War days paper currency depreciated. State governments were hard pressed financially, as a rule. When they had an issue of bonds coming to maturity they paid them off in depreciated paper, so that the holder got less than the state had borrowed originally. The state of Massachusetts had some bonds to pay off. Instead of following the easy plan, it sent to London, bought gold at a stiff premium and paid bondholders at par. It is said that the London investment market has never forgotten this. An understanding of our state differences is apt to be rather vague in Threadneedle and Lombard streets. It is taken for granted that cowboys are as picturesque a feature of the streets in New Jersey as they are supposed to be in Texas, while the little distinctions between a New York corporation and one in Nevada may not be understood; but one point is clear to London, it's said—that a Massachusetts security has some special excellence and stability. London may not know why. The Civil War episode has been forgotten. Yet tradition whispers; and a definite something in the make-up of the British banker, the broker and the family solicitor leads them to put more confidence in even the bonds of a trolley company doing business in Massachusetts.

The Passing of the Parish Pump

Business confidence is a good deal like capital. Nowadays few men are rich enough to finance an important enterprise on their own capital. The savings of other people must be got behind it. The combined savings of the world perform the world's big work. A manufacturer raises capital, organizes a company, equips a factory and makes goods. When they are ready for market he must begin raising confidence. Confidence accumulates like savings. The grocery-consumer's confidence in a town will be on deposit chiefly with a few capable retail grocers; and drygoods confidence, jewelry confidence, and so forth, are massed in the same way. The retail merchant doesn't shut up this confidence in his office safe. He deposits it, in turn, with the wholesale houses, so that all the trade confidence in a state will be centered in a few solid jobbing concerns. In the market, confidence is as powerful a buying force as unlimited cash, because it represents outlets for goods, very often built up by more than one generation of fair dealing and service. The manufacturer with goods to sell must draw upon those reserves of confidence. He must demonstrate his own fairness in dealing, his integrity in maintaining quality, his willingness to put principle before profit.

The present era in American business life is peculiarly one in which reserves of confidence are being put behind square business through attention to the making and maintaining of good connections. Not so long ago the general conception of business was warfare—each man carried on an independent rough-and-tumble fight for himself; but that notion began to die out when it was discovered that business did not center round the parish pump. Increase of capital brought increase of production. National distribution followed. The manufacturer found himself tied up with the jobber, the retailer and the consumer. Today all are banded together to bring about economies of distribution. According to the extent, strength and stability of connections, goods move through the national distributing machinery with the least friction, waste and expense. Buyer and seller, big concern and little one, are being drawn closer and closer; and the policy-maker of a business who is working in harmony with the times loses no opportunity to further the understanding, open dealing and coöperation that make connections.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last of a series of articles by James H. Collins.

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The story of the millions — just turn to page 47

An Old Woman and a New One In the Old World

(Continued from Page 18)

agents. An American girl who married an Italian Count was among the first to protect the peasant women on her husband's estates from becoming the prey of these agents. For this reason it has been claimed by some of us that American women started, fostered this enterprise, and are chiefly responsible for the better condition of women in Italy. But this claim is scarcely justified by the facts. Nevertheless, we have the result that in Italy the women have made the most consistent advance all along the line and in every walk of life—and that without antagonism to any class of society. The new woman in Italy is rarely a suffragist, but a worker in her own behalf, a strictly domestic being still, who is rapidly becoming the mistress of every conceivable feminine fine-arts trade.

But mere thrift and trade could not do for any woman what has been accomplished among these in Italy; what has so quickly and noiselessly loosened the coils from round her, so that she is now trembling joyfully in the very doorway of a broader life and liberty. For once I could not fix the blame upon the men. There, as well as everywhere else, they are the same creatures, quizzically blind to the real situation as far as women are concerned. But there is something wonderful about this when you consider it. Within the last two or three years the various unions organized in all the large cities for the purpose of disposing of women's work have become flourishing industries incorporated, and the stock is owned by the women! There are so many schools for the industrial training of girls that in this particular the women in Italy bid fair to rival the manual-training school system of Germany—and besides all this we must not forget those who are crowding into the universities. Meanwhile, the men are rocking along as usual. It is queer to see only the women stirring to a new impetus. Peggy declared that she believed it was due to the "spirit of the times."

After the Earthquake

"In that case," I replied, "what is the matter with the men? I never heard before of the spirit of the times skipping the men when things had to be stirred up. And these men are not changing any."

Besides, I have observed this about the spirit of the times—it will remain just over the border in some other country forever and never cross it, unless something happens, something as definite and startling as if Jove had made a fuss scratching a match on the seat of his pants. Then it flares up and spreads. Now the whole world thinks that the earthquake at Messina a few years ago was the greatest calamity that has happened in Italy in a thousand years. And it was. But besides being merely a calamity, I reckon it was God shaking the folds of fate to awaken His people. And it is always the women who are soonest aroused to the needs of those who have suffered a great and literal misfortune. This is what happened in Italy. The hearts of her women were touched by the frightful privation and losses and distress of the helpless women and children who survived at Messina. Something womanly and effective had to be done, and done at once. And they have been doing it—everything to provide employment, shelter, food, clothes for these people. They have enlarged themselves accordingly. The unions have become organized business corporations, capable of handling the greatly increased amount of hand work done by the rescued women. The charity schools that had existed as mere fads became serious, well-equipped institutions, which are today filled by the Messina orphan girls, and lately with girls from everywhere in Italy. Hospitals for the training of nurses have been opened. Everything that can offer bread and security to a woman in such a country was placed within her reach almost before the earth quit shaking at Messina.

There is no doubt about one thing. The Lord knows how to manage the men and women He has made. He takes His time, but He does it. If they do not pay attention at once, He gets it at last and their obedience, even if He has to kick the crust off of a volcano and spill fire and brimstone over the whole countryside to do it. You may call it "personal providence" or the "forces of nature"—anything you please—but something always happens when it is time for a nation to wake up and move along in the scale of things, and it generally moves. If it does not, something else happens.

One day Peggy and I were invited to meet Signora G. More than once we had received such invitations, each time supposing that we should have an Italian matron for our hostess, only to discover that she had been born in England or America. But Signora G.'s husband is a senator and a famous professor in the University of Rome, and as we ascended the stairs of the old palace where the G.'s lived Peggy was confident that at last she was to talk with a real Italian suffragist.

Signora was very cordial, and if her accent was foreign, we were too foreign ourselves to notice. I thought I recognized something Teutonic in her ample waistline, in the broad, fair head staircased with furrows of thought, in the straight blond hair so severely drawn back from the gracious open face with its wide, friendly smile. But I held my peace, while she and Peggy discussed the present and future outlook of suffrage for women in Italy. The men were less amused, better impressed by the idea as time passed, she explained. They had eighteen of them—some senators and deputies—on their committees, yes. But the women, many of whom at first had been favorable to the idea, had even worked for it, were now withdrawn or indifferent, and so forth and so forth.

Finally I could no longer restrain my curiosity.

"Signora, are you an Italian?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!" she answered. "I have lived in Italy thirty years." Obviously she was at least fifty.

"But you were born——"

"In Heidelberg," she replied, smiling.

That accounted for her wide, detached grasp of conditions, for her long perspective and patient faith in the future of the cause. She was a German married to an Italian, accustomed to wait patiently and think far into the future while she waited.

As we descended into the street and made our way home through the golden sunlit city, I was far from suspecting that this interview concluded our last study of women in the Old World. I supposed my niece was contemplating a tour of Denmark and Norway. And it would not have surprised me if she had made up her little eaglet-clawed suffrage mind to take in New Zealand and Australia. But if you are a woman you cannot trust anything but the honor and respectability of another good woman, especially if she is a young one. Her heart is still in Nature's keeping. And Nature usually disposes of it in the end to your utter bewilderment and confoundment.

Peggy's Surprise Party

I had observed a subtle change in Peggy after that night in Paris, when with so many tears she had confessed her mistake about Philip Ring. When a young girl starts out merely as Miss Peggy March, and becomes in quick succession "Fraulein Peggy," "Mademoiselle Peggy," "Señorita Peggy" and then "Signorina Peggy," so many changes of titles are apt to affect her nervous system. And that was what I noticed more particularly. She was nervous, often abstracted, as if she had sneaked off privately into some one of her many rôles to act a part behind the scenes in her own mind. She would start violently and sometimes change color when the maid knocked at the door.

"Peggy, you are nervous; you are not sleeping enough," I would say.

"Oh, yes, I am; I am all right." Then she would begin the same old feverish discussion of the woman question, which was very tiresome to me. All my long life I have had the good sense of a normal mind to be more interested in men than in women, and it was a great trial to be obliged to fix my poor old faculties day after day upon these new wildcat women, bent upon clawing the world wrong-end-to, just to see what they could do with it hindpart before.



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On this particular evening, after our visit to Signora G., we were sitting in the little drawing room of our hotel, blissfully digesting a good dinner—at least this was what I was doing—when we heard a commotion in the hall. As usual Peggy started up, pressed one hand to her heart, turned a consistent tea-rose color all over her face and fixed her eyes upon the open door. The next moment this door framed the figure of a tall young man in gray traveling clothes. His red hair stood up in a stiff militant pompadour, his eyes were shining, his lips parted in the longest smile I ever saw on a man's face. At the sight of Peggy—he did not appear to see me at all!—he dropped the bulging suitcase that he carried in one hand, made a stride forward and caught my niece in his arms.

I stumbled to my feet and glared furiously. Neither of them noticed me. Peggy could not. She was partially buried in the young man's coat, nothing but the back of her head showing at the top. I began to circle round them, wringing my hands.

"What does this mean?" I cried.

A Wedding in Sight

The young man turned his head slowly toward me with a great effort, as if he had a crick in his neck. I realized that this was Philip Ring. But still I thought I must be dreaming. It flashed through my mind that I ought not to have eaten creamed carrots for supper. Then in my sleep I called out again:

"Philip! Philip Ring, is that you? And what does this mean?"

"It means a wedding!" he answered, still smiling.

Peggy began to snicker, but without lifting her shameful little head. I backed off and sat down. I began to whimper. I realized that I was not always asleep, that Peggy was not a new woman, that she was the kind of irresponsible young female who always winds up by betraying her trusting elders in this fashion.

"But it does not mean anything of the kind. I will not have it!" I sobbed.

Peggy turned round, showed her face glistening like a rose that has been kissed by the stars in the moonlight.

"I thought you liked Philip, Aunt Peg!"

"I do," I wailed; "that is, I did—but I do not like a bandit! This is scandalous! Peggy, come here!"

She refused to budge, stood there with his arm round her as serenely unembarrassed as if he'd been a nightingale.

"It's all settled," he began; "we'll be married at once, tonight in the ——"

"You'll do no such thing!" I stammered.

"I've brought my wedding garments and the ring—both rings!" he laughed.

"But Peggy isn't ready to be married. She hasn't got any wedding things."

Then I held my breath, shocked by a sudden new realization of my niece's perfidy. For more than a month she had been buying all manner of frocks and expensive lingerie. I had done what I could to restrain her extravagance, but never once had a suspicion of her purpose entered my mind.

I stared at the two guilty young wretches smiling at me. Then Peggy rushed forward, fell upon her deceitful knees, put her arms round me and began to laugh and cry all in the same breath. Philip stood over us in a cheerfully blessing attitude.

"Well," I gasped at last, "Philip may have his wedding suit and you have cheated me into seeing you buy your trousseau, but *I* haven't got anything suitable for such an occasion. And I will not see my niece married, in an old bombazine silk that I have worn for two years! You will have to wait at least till I get ready!"

"Oh, my darling, you will look perfectly lovely in that new crêpe de chine gown that you got in Paris, and that you have never had on—don't you remember?"

Yes, I had forgotten, but now I remembered Peggy had wheedled me into buying a beautiful black gown the day before we started to Madrid, with the plea that it would be the very thing to wear at the annual reception of the Daughters of the Confederacy, which would take place in January after we returned home. I looked down at the mischievously smiling face on my shoulder.

"Peggy," I exclaimed, deeply wounded, "I'll never trust you again!"

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Corra Harris. The eighth and last will appear in an early issue.

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The Senator's Secretary

AVERY wise and perhaps somewhat cynical man sat in his office in Washington on March 4, 1909, and looked out at the snow. President Taft had just gone by on his way to the stand where he was to review his inaugural parade. Former President Roosevelt, escorted by Troop A, of New York, had clattered to the railroad station and was on his way to Oyster Bay.

This very wise and perhaps somewhat cynical man had lived a long time in Washington and he had known Taft from boyhood. Moreover, he had a good working knowledge of Roosevelt. He was meditating on presidents, present and past—and mayhap future.

"There he goes!" he said. "There he goes—Big Bill Taft; happy, elated, full of the joy of achievement and unconscious of the troubles that are before him. And there goes Roosevelt too—the man who nominated Taft. He nominated Taft, and I presume Taft is grateful to him. Anyhow, Taft should be grateful to him in the light of Taft's understanding of the situation; but, if he only knew—if he only knew!"

"What in thunder are you driving at?" asked a friend.

"Why," replied the wise man, "just think what Roosevelt has done to Taft!"

"Well, what has he done? Nominated and elected him president—a pretty tidy little service, I should say."

"My boy," continued the wise man, "you haven't a glimmer of the circumstances! To be sure, Roosevelt nominated Taft and, to be sure, Roosevelt elected him; but what did he do to him? Think it over."

"Nothing that I can see beyond putting him in the biggest place in the world."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the wise man. "Nothing? Why, Roosevelt has killed him—politically, I mean—killed him! Roosevelt has left Taft the tariff and the tariff will break his back."

The Sleeping Dog Wakened

That was a wise man. Roosevelt left Taft the tariff. There never was a moment during the seven and a half years Roosevelt was in the White House when he fussed about the tariff. He was too wise for that. His only known utterance about the tariff—officially—was not an utterance at all. In one of his messages—in the advance copy—he put in this line: "I shall treat of the tariff in a future message." They heard about that up at the capitol, and Senator Aldrich and Senator Hale and Uncle Joe Cannon and others hurried to the White House and besought Roosevelt to let the sleeping dog of the tariff lie—and he did. The sentence was cut out of the message; and when Mr. Roosevelt left Washington he left Mr. Taft the tariff. A few days after Mr. Taft's inauguration the Congress began talking tariff—and the Congress is still talking tariff and will be talking tariff for many months to come.

There is no escape. The country is tired of the tariff. The Congress is tired of the tariff. Mr. Taft is sick of it. So is everybody else; but there it is and there it will continue to be—ubiquitous, unsettled, perplexing—and the first campaign orator after the nominations will shout tariff, and so will the one who makes the last speech before election day. It is inevitable. Mr. Roosevelt, cagey citizen, left Mr. Taft the tariff, and Mr. Taft's inheritance will vex and harass him until the end of his term.

Congress has begun the third grind at this depressing subject since Mr. Taft went into the White House. The Tariff Board sent in a bunch of reports that you couldn't crowd into a freight car and carefully neglected to make any recommendations as to what should be done in conformance with this mass of knowledge. Mr. Taft has contented himself with the general recommendation that there should be revision downward in some of the present schedules; and the dry-as-dust but most important discussion is on. The Democrats in the House are making their own tariff bills. The Republicans in the House are making theirs. The Republicans in the Senate—the standpatters—are going to make theirs. We shall have plenty of tariff bills.

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bill the Republican regulars in the House and Senate decide upon—and not any other kind. Senator Smoot, who is the present tariff sharp in the Senate, announced that he intends to frame a bill, or a series of bills, that will revise but maintain the sacred principle of protection. Whereupon Sereno E. Payne clambered up to the White House to inquire in frenzied tones where Reed Smoot got any authority to make any tariff bills until the members of the House of Representatives had their first whack at it, it being the right of the House to originate revenue bills as per the Constitution—et cetera and so forth. The Democrats are framing their bills in absolute disregard of what the Tariff Board has reported and there is enough tariff round and about to make one's head ache.

The curious thing about it all is that the reports of the Tariff Board were merely compilations of information without deductions therefrom. Some day, I suppose somebody will find out what the Tariff Board reported about. Somebody may have the patience to dig into this mass of stuff and see what it is all about. Somebody is sure to do this. Former Senator Peffer, of Kansas, has sat for ten or twelve years in the Congressional Library digging out and classifying something from the files of the Congressional Record, and it is quite probable that somebody will do the same thing to the report of the Tariff Board.

A Wicked Insinuation

There are wicked persons in Washington who say the Tariff Board was ready enough to put in the conclusions it had arrived at as regards wool and the other exciting subjects it had been investigating; but there came a warning cry of "Desist! Desist!" from the White House. These wicked persons say the reason the White House was so anxious to have the report go in without deductions and summaries and conclusions and recommendations was because, if the natural and proper and legitimate and correct recommendations, based on the knowledge concealed in the mass of stuff the Tariff Board sent to the Congress, had been made, two big and illuminating facts would have stood forth:

First: That Mr. Taft had absolutely no excuse for signing the Payne-Aldrich tariff law, and did have every excuse—both political and economic—for vetoing it; and

Second: That Mr. Taft had no excuse for vetoing the tariff bills presented to him by the Congress last summer, and did have every excuse, as per the results of the investigations of the Tariff Board, for signing those bills.

Anyhow, the reports were made without public recommendations and Mr. Taft made no specific recommendations in his message. And now comes another tiresome, long-drawn tariff fight—a fight that will extend to the next campaign, and a fight that will be bitter and intense. The Democrats will do as they please. Mr. Taft will have the Republicans do as he pleases. The result will be conversation, computation, conglomeration and chaos.

That was a wise man who said Mr. Roosevelt had left Mr. Taft the tariff and the tariff would break Mr. Taft's back. Up to date it hasn't quite broken his back, but it has bent it—and the break is bound to come. Meantime Mr. Roosevelt is using whichever sleeve he favors for laughing purposes and the business of the country is waiting to see what will turn up. Any way you look at it, the business of the country is getting the worst of it. The business of this country is a vital and vigorous institution—else it would have perished long ago. Any country that can stand four years of almost incessant tariff agitation and not come out of it with souphouses is doing pretty well.

Meantime, if there isn't enough tariff to keep things stirred up there certainly is enough politics. Always political, Washington is now so political that the man who takes your ticket on the street car wants to discuss with you the probabilities of Teddy's running again, of Taft's getting the nomination and of whom the Democrats will name. The waiters in the restaurants ask what you think of it and the barbers cease trying to sell you hair restorer in their eagerness to cite their opinions as to the situation.

I have seen a good deal of politics in my time and have mixed in many exciting campaigns; but if this coming campaign is as feverish as the symptoms now are hectic it will be just as well for everybody to quit



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business for a few months and get into the game. There will be no business done. We have heard the old complaint that a presidential campaign "unsettles" business. This coming one and its preliminaries will do more than that if it takes hold of the people with anything like the grip that the advance skirmishes indicate.

When you come to look at it, it is a lovely situation! You can get any angle on it you like by stopping for fifteen minutes in any hotel lobby or by talking to any statesman you meet. You can hear more absolute inside, straight, copper-riveted information about the thoughts, aspirations, purposes and intentions of any given candidate in half an hour than you could get if that candidate should unbosom himself to you unreservedly for half a day. The town is so crowded with persons who know exactly what is going to happen, and why, that you have to be careful to avoid stepping on them when you move about.

Take the position of Mr. Taft, for example. In the confines of one hotel lobby on any evening you can discover—from absolutely authentic inside sources: that Mr. Taft intends to withdraw; that nothing but death can keep him out of the race; that he is assured Mr. Roosevelt will not be a candidate; that he is certain Mr. Roosevelt will be a candidate; that he has demanded that Mr. Roosevelt shall state his position; that such a demand is beneath the dignity of a president and will not be made; that he is certain of enough votes to control the convention; that he is already beaten; that he will go on if he only has one vote; that unless he is certain of enough votes he will quit at the last moment; that he would quit if he could get the promise of a place on the Supreme Bench—and so on.

And, if there is some talk about Taft there is forty times as much about Roosevelt. Washington is jammed with people who know Mr. Roosevelt's innermost thoughts. There are five hundred expert mind-readers here who practice exclusively on the Colonel. You can find out what he is going to do and what he is not going to do by consulting your newsboy or your bootblack. Everybody knows—especially the correspondents. They know differently every day, too, which adds to the gayety of the occasion. And La Follette! He will and will not—must and must not—retire from the race. He is a stalking horse for Roosevelt—and he is not any such a blamed thing! And Cummins is double-crossing La Follette; and Roosevelt is triple-crossing everybody else—and all is lost save conjecture.

When to Dig Cyclone Cellars

Nor have the Republican prognosticators any patent on this sort of talk. There are just as many Democratic seers as Republican. One set of delvers into the mysteries of the motives and minds of men devotes its attentions to Mr. Bryan. Mr. Bryan would have to be sixteen different persons to do all the things scheduled for him to do. Likewise the hidden recesses of the Harmon boom and the Wilson boom, and the ultimate intentions of Tammany Hall, and the way the West will swing and where the Progressives will land—and all the rest of it—are discounted five hundred times a day. If it keeps up this way everybody will be crazy before next November!

There is a head bellman at the Arlington Hotel named Brown. Brown has been at that hotel for thirty years. He knows about every important person in the country. Just before the close of the campaign of 1908 I asked him which candidate he thought would be elected.

"Well," he said, "I hope Mr. Bryan will be elected. You see the Republicans have been in for a long time now, and the gentlemen who come to this hotel know as much as I do. If Mr. Bryan should be elected a new set of gentlemen would come who would demand my services and information. That is my personal view of it, of course. So far as the general effect on the country is concerned, I haven't considered that at all."

Looking at it from Brown's viewpoint, considering it from the angle of excitement and interest, and not regarding the effect on the country, if Roosevelt could be nominated by the Republicans and Wilson by the Democrats there would be a campaign that would necessitate the building of cyclone cellars in every community. However, it isn't necessary to begin digging the cyclone cellars yet.

After Motoring



After motoring don't content yourself with half-way measures. Be Hygienic and give yourself a *real* clean-up.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream

Is the most hygienic clean-up there is. Smear some on a wet cloth, and apply it first to the face and then to the hands. It will remove the dirt and impurities from the pores—give the skin a feeling of freshness and cleanness that makes you feel better all over.

The regular use of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream is a matter of hygiene—not vanity. It is primarily a cleanser, but also has a soothing effect which makes it a real luxury after shaving, traveling, outdoor sports and occupations of any kind.

Try it once, and see.



Free Sample and booklet "An Aid To Personal Beauty"

Address Dept. H,

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
314 West 14th St., New York

Some fine day You'll Come West!



Yes sir, yes ma'am, you'll come right into this garden land of *yours* where birds sing and flowers bloom all year; where winter is but a name! You'll come into *your own* in the wonder states of the Pacific Coast!

Life's Worth Living to all by the winter's fire and plan what you'*ll* do about the *real* west; not this year, perhaps, but before many years. For the call of the *real* west is right in your blood.

Will you listen to over 100,000 men and women—members of the Sunset League—who want you to know the *real* west as they know it? Will you kindly sign and mail the accompanying coupon TO-DAY? And enter into the spirit of good living and sunshine and gladness!

We want to tell you the name of a family in your *own neighborhood* who know the *real* west. They want to help you know, too.

A 2c Stamp brings to your home or office *immediately* a sample copy of "Sunset-The Pacific Monthly Magazine," with its magnificent four-color photographs of Western scenes; a booklet describing the Panama-Pacific Exposition to be held in San Francisco in 1915; an entertaining volume on "California's Famous Resorts"—and any one of our descriptive booklets about *California, Oregon, Washington, Nevada, Arizona or New Mexico.*

Besides, that 2c stamp puts at *your* command the "Sunset-The Pacific Monthly" Information Bureau. Let it tell you *everything* you want to know about this *real* west of yours. And we'll send information about the Sunset League that has no dues.

"GET ACQUAINTED" COUPON

SUNSET-THE PACIFIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE INFORMATION BUREAU,
San Francisco, Cal.

Gentlemen—Enclosed find 2c stamp. Please send, fully prepaid, California literature, Panama-Pacific Exposition booklet, marked copy of Sunset-The Pacific Monthly Magazine, and booklet about

_____, without any further obligation on my part.

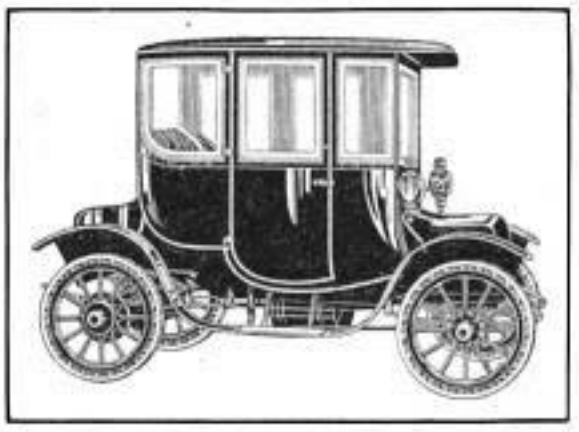
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"—and, Daddy, we'll have those new Motz Cushion Tires on our car, so Mother and I can drive it, won't we?"





Too many men, in buying automobiles, overlook the fact that *pneumatic* tires, because of *dangerous skidding, punctures, rim-cuts* and *blowouts*, render a pleasure car unfit for women to drive. Evidently they do not realize that there is now a tire which never causes the slightest trouble and yet is every whit as resilient as any properly-inflated pneumatic tire—*the Motz Cushion Tire.*

This new tire is totally different from any other, both in *composition* and *physical construction.* It is of *secret-processed rubber*—has *double, notched treads, undercut sides* and *slantwise bridges.* These patented features are what give the Motz Cushion Tire its amazing resiliency.

Note, too, the *economy* of this tire—no breakdowns—no delays—no repair bills—no extra tire equipment. It's all gone. 75 per cent of all upkeep expense is thus eliminated.

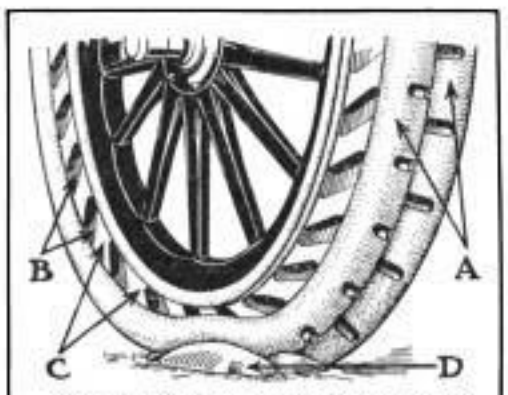
And Motz Cushion Tires are *guaranteed* for 10,000 miles—two years. In nearly every instance they far outstrip their guaranteed mileage. Thus we give you tires which, on the average, outwear five sets of pneumatics.

Do not confuse the Motz Cushion Tire with solid rubber tires or so-called "semi-solid" or commonplace cushion tires. Such tires are hard—utterly lacking in resiliency and easy-riding qualities. They injure the mechanical parts of a pleasure car. They constantly jolt and skid.

You will not only find Motz Cushion Tires most practical for your wife and daughters, but *also* for *your own individual use.* Nothing but unfamiliarity with Motz Cushion Tires could make any practical man cling to expensive tires, such as heretofore were universally used.

The Utility Tire

While the Motz Cushion Tire first won fame as the tire for pleasure electric cars, it is now proving equally practical for all types of utility cars—doctors, lawyers, dentists, merchants, manufacturers and others, every minute of whose time has money-value, are making their cars vastly more dependable by equipping with Motz Cushion Tires. Owners of taxicabs, town cars and fast-going commercial cars are doing likewise. *In the past twelve months the sales of Motz Cushion Tires have actually multiplied five-fold.*



The amazing resiliency of this tire is produced by means of *double, notched treads, undercut sides, slantwise bridges* and *secret processed rubber.*

A—shows *double*, notched treads.
B—shows undercut sides.
C—shows slantwise bridges.
D—shows absorbing means when passing over an obstruction.

Easy to Put On

Motz Cushion Tires are readily applied to any car. They fit any standard clincher, universal quick-detachable or demountable rim.

Write for Further Facts

We publish an attractive booklet on Motz Cushion Tires. It is interesting—not too technical. Contains letters from owners of pleasure cars equipped with Motz Cushion Tires. Get this booklet and know the advantages and construction of these most practical tires, before you buy a new car, or before buying new tires for your present car. Please ask for booklet 146 or simply use the coupon below.

To Dealers and Garage Men!

We have a splendid agency proposition for you. Write for Exclusive Agency Terms. Please address letters pertaining to agency to S. E. P., Main Offices, Motz Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio.

See our Exhibit at the Chicago Automobile Show, space 2-3; at the Boston Show, space F 535 and 536.

Leading Builders of Electric Cars Use Motz Equipment

Leading makers of Electric Pleasure Cars, who make 95 per cent of the electrically-driven automobiles, have adopted Motz Cushion Tires as standard equipment.

And *they* pay *more* for Motz Cushion Tires than they would for either pneumatic or solid tires. Yet, in most cases, *you* pay nothing extra by getting a car equipped with Motz Cushion Tires. The pleasure car maker stands this extra expense in order to give you an efficient, easy-riding car, free from trouble, worry and expense.

The following automobile manufacturers include Motz Cushion Tires as standard equipment. Names are listed alphabetically:

ARGO—Argo Electric Vehicle Co., Saginaw, Mich.
BABCOCK—Babcock Electric Carriage Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
BAILEY—S. R. Bailey & Co., Amesbury, Mass.
BAKER—Baker Motor Vehicle Co., Cleveland, O.
BORLAND—Borland-Grannis Co., Chicago, Ill.
BROC—Broc Electric Vehicle Co., Cleveland, O.
CENTURY—Century Electric Car Co., Detroit, Mich.
CHURCH-FIELD—Church-Field Motor Car Co., Sibley, Mich.
CLARK—Clark Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
COLONIAL—Colonial Electric Car Co., Detroit, Mich.
DAYTON—Dayton Electric Car Co., Dayton, O.
DETROIT—Anderson Electric Car Co., Detroit, Mich.
FRITCHLE—Fritchle Auto and Battery Co., Denver, Colo.
GRINNELL—Grinnell Electric Car Co., Detroit, Mich.
HUPP-YEATS—Hupp Corporation, Detroit, Mich.
KIMBALL—C. P. Kimball & Co., Chicago, Ill.
OHIO—Ohio Electric Car Co., Toledo, O.
PHIPPS—Phipps Electric Car Co., Detroit, Mich.
RAUCH & LANG—Rauch & Lang Carriage Co., Cleveland, O.
STANDARD—Standard Electric Car Co., Jackson, Mich.
STUDEBAKER—Studebaker Corporation, So. Bend, Ind.
WAVERLEY—Waverley Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

The Motz Tire and Rubber Co.

Factories and Executive Offices, AKRON, O.

BRANCHES:
1737 Broadway, New York; 2023 Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 999 Woodward Avenue, Detroit; 409 East 15th Street, Kansas City

FREE BOOK COUPON

THE MOTZ TIRE AND RUBBER CO.
Akron, Ohio

Please send me booklet 146 on Motz Cushion Tires and letters from users.

My automobile is a _____ *model*

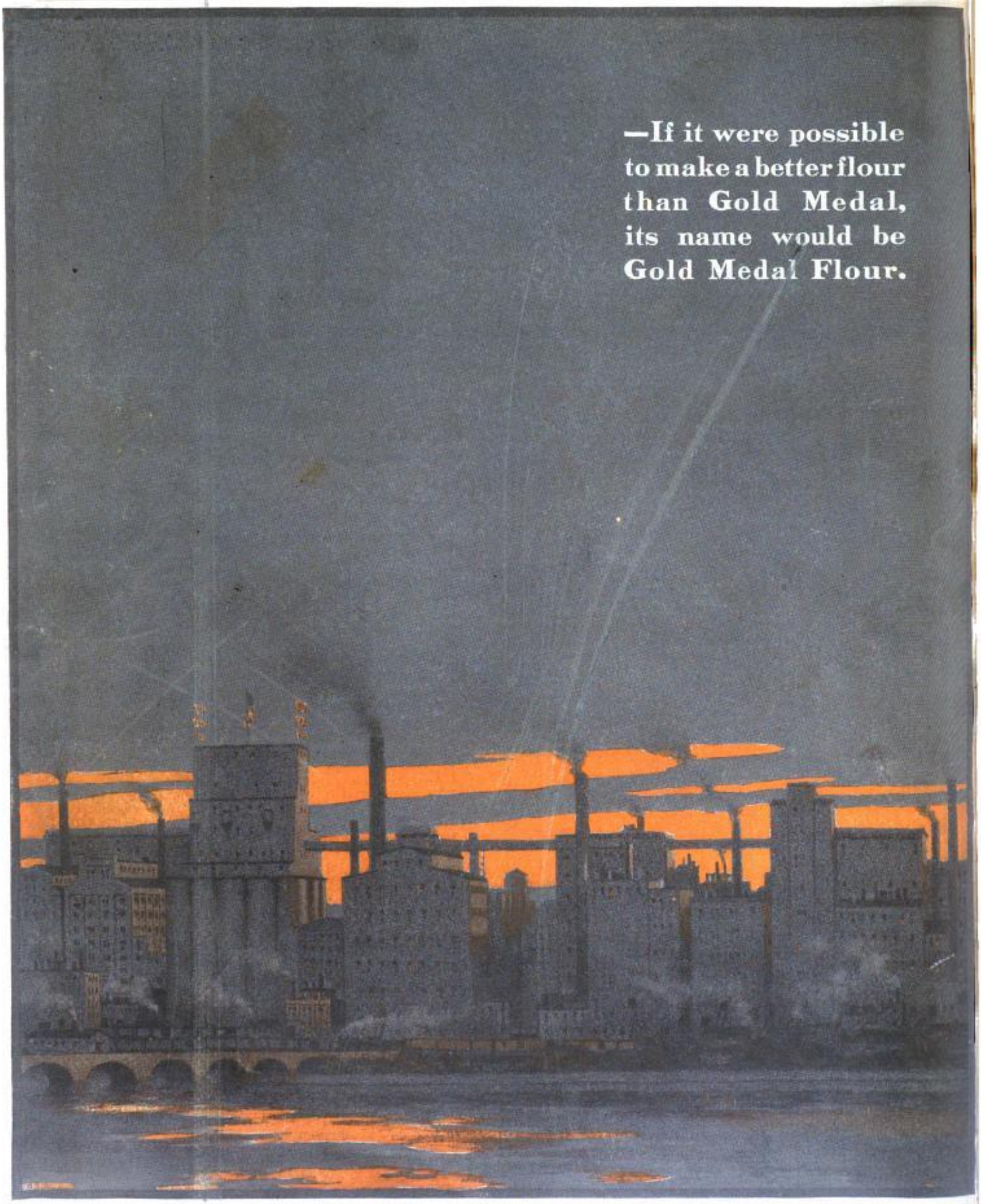
Size and style of rims _____

Name _____

Address _____

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—If it were possible to make a better flour than Gold Medal, its name would be Gold Medal Flour.



View of part of Washburn-Crosby Co's Milling Plant. More than 40,000,000 packages shipped from these mills last year. Is not this in itself ample evidence of the superiority of Washburn's Gold Medal Flour?

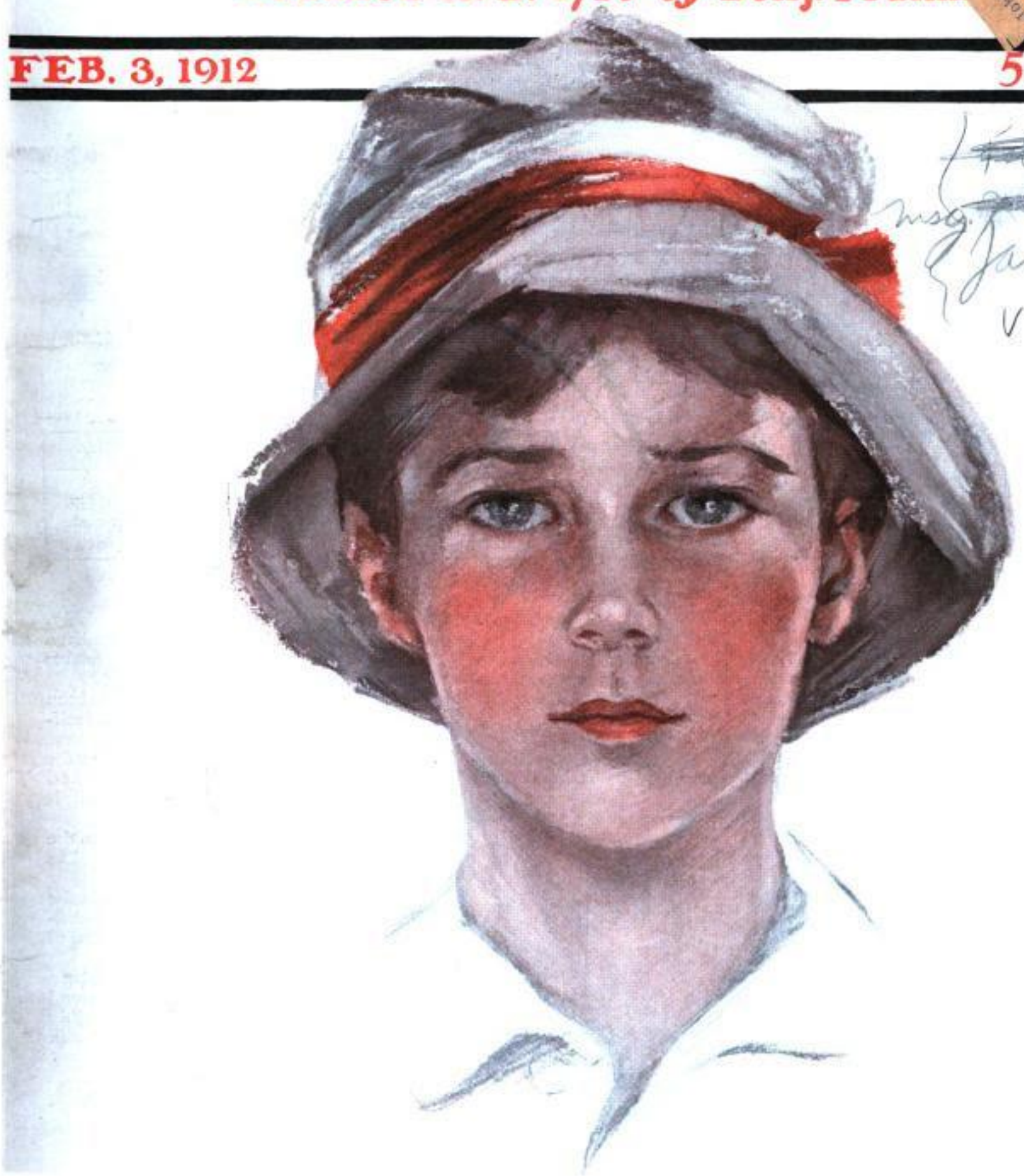
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Frank

FEB. 3, 1912 5cts. THE COPY

John Hay
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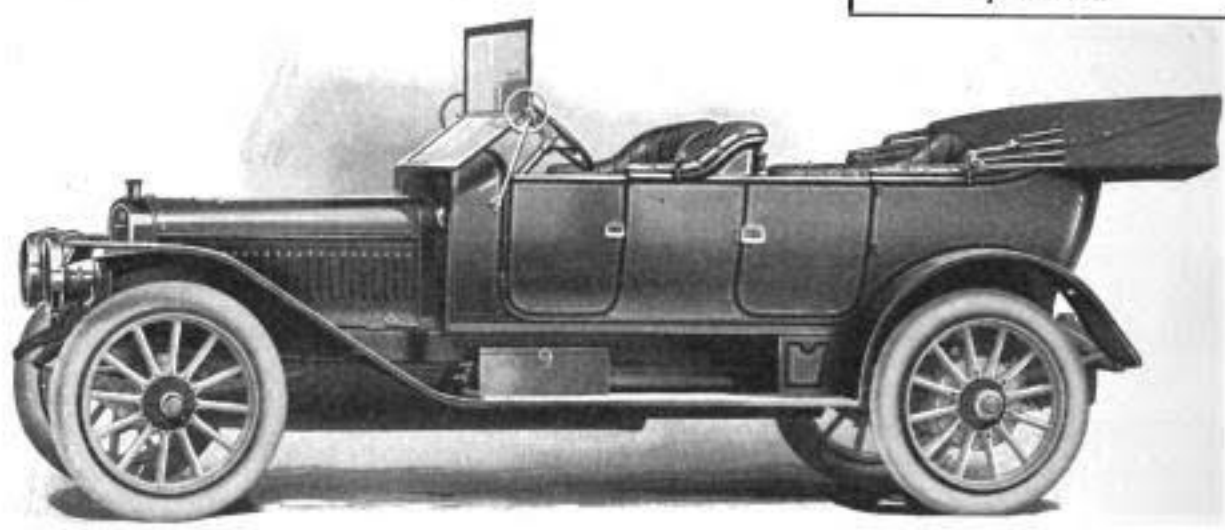
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More Than a Million Miles

The Winton Co. guarantees every statement made in **WINTON SIX** advertising to be true without qualification

Most Exhaustive Automobile Test the World Has Ever Known Stands to the Credit of the

WINTON SIX



FOR four years, individual owners have been putting their Winton Six cars through an exhaustive test.

These owners have sent us monthly reports of miles traveled and repair expense incurred, and have sworn to the accuracy of their reports.

The result is a record of direct interest to men who own motor cars and pay repair bills.

For this record shows that, when you own a car as good as the Winton Six, you are practically free from repair expenses and from the annoyance and the humiliation that repair expenses carry with them.

World's Record Cars

Our complete records cover 170 cars, standard Winton Sixes, manufactured in 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, and 1911.

Fifty of these cars made the world's lowest repair expense record of 22.8 cents per 1000 miles. We have already advertised these figures.

The natural thought is that the other cars "didn't do as well." But let's see.

Ran Without Expense

Sworn records show that 46 other cars (cars not included among the world's record cars) traveled 400,000 miles, averaging 8750 miles each, without incurring a single cent of repair expense.

These cars were not placed by the judges among the world's record cars because the world's record cars averaged a greater distance (14,800 miles each), and with so little expense that it was practically nothing at all.

Poorest Performances

Now consider the worst performances of all.

There were 27 cars whose repair expenses were high—$65.87 per car on total mileage of 300,000 miles, or 11,000 miles each.

Nothing much to be proud of in that record—because the other Winton Six records are so much better.

Still Other Cars

There were still other cars—47 of them—among the 170. These 47 cars, not otherwise classified, traveled more than 425,000 miles, or 9000 miles each, at a total repair expense of $300, averaging $6.39 per car, or 70 cents per 1000 miles. A fine performance.

Send catalog and Upkeep Book mentioned in *The Saturday Evening Post.*

_____

_____

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To The Winton Motor Car. Co.
Cleveland, Ohio

Complete Record of All Cars Traveling 5000 Miles or More Each in the Four Annual Winton Six Upkeep Tests of 1908, 1909, 1910, and 1911

CLASSIFICATION	Number of Cars	MILEAGE		REPAIR EXPENSE		
		Total Miles	Average per Car	Total	Average per Car	Average per 1000 Miles
Cars making the world's lowest repair expense record	50	744,426.2	14,888.5	$ 170.27	$ 3.41	$0.228
Cars making the poorest records	27	299,896.1	11,107.2	1,778.42	65.87	5.93
*Cars running without repair expense	46	402,801	8,756.5	. . . .	. . .	. . .
Cars not otherwise classified . .	47	426,668.5	9,078	300.53	6.39	.70
Totals for four years	170	1,873,791.8	11,022.3	$2,249.22	$13.23	$1.20

*Not included in any other classification.

Average repair expense for 170 cars, traveling 1,873,791.8 miles, is $1.20 per 1000 miles. All these cars were regular stock-model Winton Sixes, driven in the service of their individual owners. Each owner made monthly reports of mileage and repair expense, supported by his sworn affidavit.

More than a Million Miles

How exhaustive this four-year test has been is shown by the mileage.

These 170 cars averaged 11,000 miles each (more than three times the distance across the American continent), and traveled a total distance of 1,873,791.8 miles.

That's a distance almost beyond comprehension.

It is 580 times the distance from New York to Paris.

Or, almost 75 times the distance around the earth at the equator.

And nearly eight times the distance from here to the moon.

Wonderful Expense Figures

Sworn reports of the owners of these 170 cars place the total repair expense for this marvelous mileage at $2249.22, which is less than the purchase price of one Winton Six.

The average repair expense for each car was $13.23 for 11,000 miles, or—

Just $1.20 per car per 1000 miles.

And that's less than one-eighth of a cent per mile.

Expense is the Acid Test

Repair expense is the acid test of a car's merit. As every owner knows.

For the merit that enables a car to keep down repair expense is in the *car itself.*

This test of more than a million miles, participated in by 170 Winton Six cars and 170 Winton Six owners, shows the merit of the Winton Six.

You would be happy if your car were a Winton Six.

Same Model: Fifth Year

We are the pioneer makers of sixes exclusively.

Our present model is the same car we have made for four years *without a single radical change.* Now in its fifth season.

It is the original self-cranking car: has been a self-cranking car since June, 1907. Our self-cranking motor is no experiment.

This car represents all the quality a motor car can have, and, because we do business on bed-rock business principles, we can sell it profitably at $3000.

If you want to know its worth, compare the $3000, 48 H. P. Winton Six with cars priced as high as $5000 and $6000.

And remember that the Winton Six is the only car in the world whose repair cost is definitely known through the sworn statements of individual owners.

We shall be glad to send you our Upkeep Book that gives the million-mile facts and figures in detail, together with our thoroughly descriptive catalog. Clip the coupon and mail it today.

THE WINTON MOTOR CAR. CO.

World's First Makers of Sixes Exclusively

CLEVELAND—Sixth City

Winton Branch Houses

NEW YORK . . . . . Broadway at 70th Street
CHICAGO . . . . . Michigan Avenue at 13th Street
BOSTON . . . . . 674 Commonwealth Avenue
PHILADELPHIA . . . . . 246-248 N. Broad Street
BALTIMORE . . . . . Mt. Royal at North Avenue
PITTSBURGH . . . . . Baum at Beatty Street
CLEVELAND . . . . . 1228 Huron Road
DETROIT . . . . . 998 Woodward Avenue
KANSAS CITY . . . . . 3324-3326 Main Street
MINNEAPOLIS . . . . . 16-22 Eighth Street N.
SAN FRANCISCO . . . . . 390 Van Ness Avenue
SEATTLE . . . . . 1000-1006 Pike Street

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Volume 184 PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 3, 1912 Number 32

THE CHECKERBOARD TABLE

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

AGGIE, of course, really deserves the credit in the Forsyth case, if any one deserves credit for what is an inherited talent. For after it was all over she had to confess that her mother's half-sister, Aunt Sadie Briggs, used to be able to make a cane-seated chair follow her round a room merely by putting one finger to its back and saying: "That's a good chair; come, now! Come! Come!" And the chair would follow her like a dog.

And, of course, it was in Aggie's family that somebody was dug up years after she was buried, and they found her hair had grown to be fully ten feet long and was curly, whereas in life it had always been straight—Aggie has some of the hair in a locket. But in spite of all that, we had never suspected Aggie's psychic power, although so long as we'd known her, for thirty years or more, she'd been able to light the gas by running a comb through her hair and then holding it—the comb, of course—to the gas tip. And once or twice, by putting on a pair of woolen stockings and rubbing her feet vigorously on the carpet, she had been able to send quite a spark from her knuckle to my ear or nose, as the case might be.

Tish suggests that possibly Aggie's being, as one may say, surcharged with this mysterious current accounts for the fact that during the sittings—oh, yes, we had sittings!—during the most exciting moments Aggie really took on a sort of phosphorescence.

But even Aggie—she admits this herself—would have been helpless without the Checkerboard Table. The most remarkable thing about the whole affair is the part the Checkerboard Table played in it, and how, after having solved the mystery during those three terrible nights, it settled down into an ordinary parlor table again, its work being done. As Tish says, it acted precisely as if it had a soul and an intelligence. Or are they the same? And if they are, will my cat—a handsome and intelligent creature, but highly immoral—be eternally damned?

It is a strange thing that after thirty years of respectable living in Letitia Carberry's parlor, holding family photographs and being soap-and-watered and chamoised every spring and fall, the Checkerboard Table should have become suddenly possessed of a devil. We have really never accounted for it, although the explanation may possibly lie in the fact that on that very day it had had its spring cleaning and had been washed with Honeysuckle Soap!

It was Honeysuckle Soap, you know—but to go back. The table had been given to Tish's father by a murderer named Adolph Degelman when Mr. Carberry was warden of the penitentiary. You may have heard of the case. It was Degelman, you know, who boiled his wife in a vat at the soap factory where he was night watchman, and to bury her properly the soap company had to buy an entire cemetery lot and inter three carloads of Honeysuckle Soap! You can see why we thought the spring cleaning might have had something to do with it.

The table was photographed for the Star—Charlie Sands' paper—later; but the picture did not show the top. It was an inlaid checkerboard, made, I think Tish says, of twelve kinds of wood, and in a corner there was carved a skull and crossbones, with A. D.—the maker's initials—beneath. The D is not quite complete, Mr. Degelman either having been hanged sooner or having carved somewhat slower than he had expected.

Tish and I took Sunday dinner that week with Aggie and went to Bible class in the afternoon. It was on the way home that Tish sprung the bombshell.

We'd stopped to look up at the weather flag on the top of the stock exchange building, which is twenty-four stories high, and I said it made me dizzy to look up. I recall the scorn with which Tish turned on me.

"Dizzy!" she said. "If things turn out as I expect, in three or four months from now I'll be looking down from heaven's blue vault, and a twenty-four-story building like the stock exchange will bear a strong resemblance to a straw stack!"

"What do you mean?" I demanded with much the same sinking feeling that I had when Tish had insisted on buying an automobile to run herself.

"She means she's going to die!" Aggie said suddenly, and felt for her handkerchief.

But Tish wasn't thinking of dying. She'd seen a photograph of a woman in a flying machine, and Tish was going to fly. She said as soon as she could get used to the idea of the bloomers she was going to take a lesson or two, and by watching the papers until an aviator was killed she could likely get his machine cheap second-hand.

"If the thing has fallen from the 'blue vault of heaven' that you're so crazy to explore," I said scornfully but with the sinking feeling I mentioned, "there won't be much to buy."

"I've thought of that," Tish replied calmly; "I'll wait until one drops in a river or a lake. It stands to reason it wouldn't be much smashed."

Here Aggie burst into loud sobs and we were obliged to change the subject, but the next day I went to see Charlie Sands, Tish's nephew. He is something on a newspaper.

"No!" he said when I told him. "Not really!"

"Really!"

"Perhaps if she took a ride as a passenger she'd get over the idea."

"She'd buy the thing in the air."

Charlie Sands rubbed his chin.

"What's got into the old girl anyhow?" he demanded. "She used to be satisfied with trying to marry me to somebody or other and with making flannel petticoats and panties for the kids in the family. Used to make 'em by the gross—one leg longer than the other mostly. I know; I used to wear 'em."

"Your Aunt Letitia has developed," I said sternly. "She represents the unrest of the times among women who, finding their time no longer monopolized by spinning, by bearing and rearing children ——"

"Look here," he broke in. "Don't you think if she had a baby—adopted one I mean, of course—and could fuss round it and take it out in a perambulator and—er—make more panties for it ——"

"She'll adopt a child over my dead body," I snapped. "She's about as fitted for maternity ——"

"Vicarious maternity," said the young scamp.

"——as you are," I finished.

"All right, babies barred. The idea is, of course, to switch her on to something else, to find a safe outlet for her energy. Harnessing the wild sea waves isn't in it. She's got Niagara looking like a purling brook. How about Christian Science?"

"I won't meddle with her religion," I said firmly.

"Spiritualism?"

"That's a religion."

"I mean the phenomena. Get her to tipping tables."

"I don't like it; I'm afraid of it."

"Afraid of what?" he scoffed. "Don't you know if you let her buy one of those flying machines, inside of six months you and Miss Aggie will be sitting by a table in a dark room trying to get a message from her on the inside of a closed slate and asking her, if she is present, to rap three times?"

Well, I was desperate and Charlie was right. That very evening he took three of us to a séance, and Tish had a long talk with her great-grandmother who'd been dead eighty years. Her great-grandmother said that the old fourpost bed should have gone to Tish; and that she was well and happy and liked Heaven; and how was Tish's father? Which was strange, for Tish's father, the warden, had been dead for twenty-five years.



We Found Her With Books on Spiritualism and Spirit Phenomena All Round Her

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We went home very thoughtful, and Tish said there was certainly something in it and she would like to do a little investigating on her own account.

Aggie said little or nothing. She had a headache because a banjo had come out of a cabinet and hit her on the head and she was inclined to be sulky. If any one had told me that night that Aggie was psychic I should have scoffed!

Tish asked us both to supper the next evening, Monday. We found her with books on spiritualism and spirit phenomena all round her, and during the meal she read an account of a medium, or psychic, who—tied hand and foot to a chair in a dark room—had made a tin horn in the middle of a table stand up on its small end and recite The Charge of the Light Brigade.

While Hannah Thompson, who had been with her for years, was clearing up for dessert she read that during a séance round a dining-room table something had materialized under the table and could be felt rubbing against the legs of the sitters. Aggie got up and sat on her feet and I must admit my own legs felt creepy. And at that minute, as Hannah was putting the junket on the table, she screamed and dropped the tray on the floor. It was only a cat from the apartment next door, but it shows what a state we were in. We gave Hannah a tablespoonful of blackberry cordial and I dried the dishes for her, but she looked queer all evening and hardly spoke a word.

When I went back to the parlor I was hardly surprised to find Aggie and Tish, with the light out, sitting one on each side of the Checkerboard Table, which had been cleared of its cover and of Charlie Sands' picture, that usually sits on it in a silver frame.

"Don't you feel something?" Aggie was saying, and sneezed.

"Nothing but a cramp in my foot," Tish snapped. "Sit down, Lizzie. Rest your hands lightly on it and don't talk."

"What will happen?" I asked, feeling round in the dark for a chair.

"Nothing at all, likely," said Tish. "You will keep on asking questions probably and Aggie will keep on sneezing. That's all. You're neither of you psychic so it could be noticed."

Of course, as I say, we did not know then about Aggie's mother's half-sister.

Well, the room was dark and I was tired. Pretty soon I must have dozed off, for the next thing I knew something under the table struck me a violent blow on the shin. I sat up with gooseflesh all over me. The room was still dark and Aggie and Tish were still on either side of me, only I thought Aggie looked phosphorescent.

"So—something knocked me on the leg!" I gasped with my tongue stiff with fright.

"I did," snapped Tish. "You were snoring. Oh, for somebody to take a real interest!"

"I have a very queer feeling in my arms," said Aggie. Her voice was slower than usual and her eyes were fixed on something near the window. It made me creepy to look at her; but when I followed her gaze she was only looking at Charlie's silver picture frame. A bit of light from somewhere on the street was shining on it and it looked almost lit up.

"What sort of a feeling?" Tish demanded, leaning forward. "A pulling?"

"A tingling," Aggie said thickly. "And the table is throbbing. Can't you feel it?"

Tish thought she could, but I felt nothing. I tried to think I could, but I couldn't. My nose was itchy and I did not dare lift a hand to scratch it. Try as I would to concentrate I could only concentrate on my nose.

"I could lift the table," Aggie went on in a sing-song tone that made me shudder, "but I'm so weak—so weak!"

Tish reached over with her foot and prodded me.

"That isn't Aggie's voice!" she whispered.

It didn't sound like Aggie, but I would have been more impressed if it hadn't been for my nose.

"I've got to scratch my nose, Tish," I whispered back. "It's driving me crazy."

"Scratch it on the edge of the table," she ordered. "Don't move a hand!"

"So weak!" said Aggie faintly. "Get Hannah. Get—Hannah!" Her voice trailed off to nothing, but she was still sitting bolt upright staring at the picture frame. As I looked at her her face drew up terribly and Tish forgot her hands and grabbed my arm.

"Watch her," she said wildly. "She's going into a trance!"

But in a second the truth burst on us. She was not going into a trance—she was going to sneeze. And she did.

The next minute, in her ordinary voice, she was wondering where she'd left her handkerchief and the spell was broken. Tish was ready to scream with disappointment.

Well, we lighted a light and found Aggie's handkerchief and wakened Hannah Thompson out of a sound sleep and brought her in in her nightgown, with a red flannel petticoat over her shoulders, and the four of us sat until midnight. But nothing more happened.

However, Tish said it often took several sittings to get anything, and as it was too late to go home Aggie and I stayed there all night in Tish's guestroom, which opens off the parlor. Tish's room was just beyond.

About four in the morning I was wakened by somebody shaking me violently. It was Tish with a candle.

"For Heaven's sake come into the parlor!" she said. "The Checkerboard Table is moving round."

"You've been dreaming."

"Listen!" said Tish, with the candle dripping melted tallow over the bed. "Listen to that!"

Well there *was* a sound, a sort of shuffling noise as if some piece of furniture without castors was being shoved over the carpet. I sat bolt upright and Aggie turned over and spoke in her sleep.

"It's throbbing," she said thickly; "the table's throbbing. If I had a little help I could move it."

"Wake her," Tish commanded, looking alarmed. "She's as safe to trust with psychic power as a baby with a loaded gun. Wake her!"

"Aggie," I said, and shook her. But she never opened an eye. She'd taken hold of the edge of the blanket and was tugging at it as if it weighed a ton. Tish bent over and held the candle near her and I saw she was shaking.

"This will teach us to fool with powers we don't know anything about!" I exclaimed in a rage. "She thinks she's lifting the table!"

Suddenly Aggie stopped tugging and raised the edge of the blanket about eight inches and an expression of heavenly peace settled on her face.

"Thank you, Adolph!" she said.

Adolph! Adolph Degelman!

At that very instant came a crash from the parlor, and a draft of air through the open connecting door blew out the candle.

"For mercy's sake what did that?" said Tish. But the only answer was a snore from Aggie.

Tish hopped up on the bed and gathered her feet under her, and we stayed that way until dawn. As Tish said, if we had unloosed the Powers of Darkness the only way to do was to wait until cockcrow at dawn or, lacking the cockcrow in a city, until the early milk wagons warned the uneasy spirits back to Highgate Cemetery or hell, as the case might be.

We heard the scraping movement once at half past four and again just at dawn, when there was a sort of bang from the parlor, which was probably a sort of farewell demonstration.

At a quarter after five we roused Aggie, and each holding the other we went to the parlor door and looked in. It was much as we had left it, but Charlie Sands' photograph lay on the floor with the glass in a dozen pieces!



Before Me Stood a Nice-Looking Young Man, Very Bald, But Pleasant

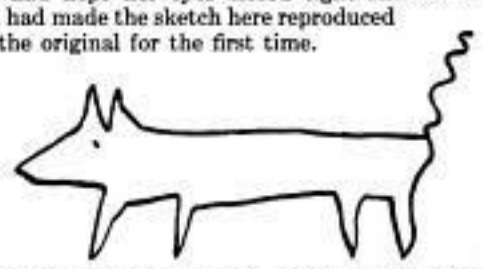
II

WE TOLD Aggie about Adolph that morning, and instead of being pleased, as we'd expected, she was rather disagreeable about it.

"If you're trying to insinuate that my control, if I've got one, is the murderous wretch that made the Checkerboard Table, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves," she snapped. "What if I did call out his name in my sleep? The time Lizzie had a nightmare and yelled that she was being chased by a cream cheese didn't mean that she was controlled by a cream cheese, did it?"

But after Tish had explained what we had seen and how we had distinctly heard the table move just as she'd asked Adolph to help her do it, and how Charlie Sands' picture had been found on the floor smashed, she looked more serious. It was then that she told about her half-aunt Sadie Briggs, and she admitted that she had often thought she was psychic. She read The Phantom World all morning, and by noon she'd accepted Adolph and was sitting by the Checkerboard Table with a pencil poised over a sheet of paper hoping for "independent writing." She had Tish and me try first, but the pencil wouldn't move.

At two o'clock she called us and said she had felt an irresistible impulse in the pencil to move over the paper. Aggie had kept her eyes closed tight and of itself the pencil had made the sketch here reproduced from the original for the first time.



Sketch Drawn by Aggie. A Fine Example of Independent Work

But although she sat most of the afternoon the pencil did not move again, and indeed this is the only piece of automatic work that she succeeded in getting during the entire three days. It was only three days in all, for, as you know, with the solving of the Forsyth mystery Aggie's power left her as suddenly as it had come.

By six o'clock, when Charlie Sands came to supper, Aggie had given up the attempt. But, as I say, she had adopted Adolph by that time and was lifting the parlor rug because she said she had a feeling that Adolph wanted the floor bare. Only she said she "sensed" it.

"To think," she said plaintively to Charlie Sands—"To think that, if I had only known, perhaps Mr. Wiggins need not have 'passed over.' I recall distinctly raps all over the furniture the very night before he fell off the roof."

Aggie had been engaged years before to a roofer who "passed over" the edge of a roof.

None of us ate much supper except Charlie Sands. Aggie took only a cup of tea. She said most mediums worked on an empty stomach. Charlie Sands said flippantly that he hoped they wouldn't work on his, and Tish reproved him for his levity.

"I have decided," Tish said, "to get Great-grandmother Carberry again and ask her where the fourpost bed is. She must mean the mahogany four-poster that she sold just before she died."

"Mahogany four-poster," said Aggie dreamily, and stirred her tea.

We did not start immediately after dinner. Charlie Sands said that a wealthy young woman named Forsyth had disappeared the night before from Melrose, a borough six miles from the city, and the Star was trying to locate her. He spent an hour at the telephone talking to reporters, and Tish said she thought it was a police matter and not a newspaper's business. But he only grinned and said that in these days a newspaper reporter had to be a detective, a contortionist, a baseball fan, a football expert, a diplomat, a politician, a sleight-of-hand man and an amateur actor, and have a diploma in "first aid" as well as be a crack shot and a professional photographer. If he knew jiu jitsu also he might get twenty-five dollars a week. And he was willing to bet that his men would locate Miss Ida Forsyth either in an abandoned well or in the marriage license office by noon the next day.

It is strange, after that, to realize that with all their qualifications, the Star people had to take off their hats to a frail woman like Aggie and to a Checkerboard Table, neither of them, as Tish says, being either a diplomat or a detective, knowing nothing of jiu jitsu and fainting at the sight of blood—Aggie, of course, not the table.

Well, while Charlie Sands was at the telephone Tish read about the experiments of an Italian named Lombroso with a medium whose name I've forgotten. The article gave a detailed account of wardrobes moving out from the wall and giant hands materializing out of the ether. I had cold chills up and down my spine, but Aggie sat by and listened with a patronizing smile—Aggie, who jumps into bed with a single leap after she has put out the light!

"'A draft of cold air blew out into the room,'" Tish read. "'Two clothespins placed on a table in the cabinet drummed with marvelous rapidity and precision. Finally a spectral hand—three times the normal size—came out and clutched Doctor W—— by the neck.' Good heavens, that's terrible!"

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"We'd better have a curtain of some sort," said Aggie placidly. "Of course I don't promise hands, but I have a feeling that something is going to happen."

As Tish said afterward, it was an astonishing exhibition of the influence of mind over matter. Under ordinary circumstances Aggie would have been sitting forward on the edge of her chair, looking like a scared sheep and sneezing at every climax. But the idea of spiritualism was born full grown in her mind, like Minerva from the head of whoever it was.

She got up finally and sauntered into the kitchen, and when she came back she had two clothespins and a rolling-pin in her hands.

"We might as well do the thing properly," she said, looking at Tish defiantly. "The portières over the door there make a sort of cabinet and we can put these things on a chair inside."

"What sort of a chair do you want?" Tish asked meekly.

"A cane-seated chair. Aunt Sadie Briggs always used a cane-seated chair."

"It's up to you of course," I said rather scornfully, for I admit at that time I was skeptical. "But if you're looking for drumming you don't want a cane-seated chair."

"Why not?" Aggie looked at me with her nose twitching. "If they're going to drum at all they can drum on the rungs—or anywhere in the room for that matter."

I gave up then and sat watching them while they pulled the portières out, and set the chair and the rolling-pin and clothespins and a table bell Tish brought from the dining room behind the curtains. I thought they had gone crazy and told them so, until Tish said that disbelief wouldn't affect the control but open belligerency would, and that I might at least keep my mouth shut.

Charlie Sands was ready at nine and they showed him what they had done.

"We'd better have test conditions," he said, lifting the chair and looking at its legs. "No silk threads tied to anything? It looks all right. Where does that door lead?"

"To the next apartment," said Tish. "The two apartments are sometimes let as one. The door is locked and the janitor has the key."

Charlie Sands shook the door.

"Seems all right," he said. "Who lives beyond?"

"The man who keeps the corner drugstore," Tish explained with dignity. "Hannah says he's away with his wife and baby for a week. I don't know them. And if you are intimating, Charlie Sands ——"

"Revered and respected kinswoman, I'm not intimating anything. I am merely trying to prove to you and to myself, for our comfort later, that if the rolling-pin comes out from behind that curtain and fractures anybody's skull, which isn't unlikely considering what we know of Adolph, we must not blame each other—or the druggist."

Well, we put the Checkerboard Table in the middle of the room and placed Aggie where she had been the night before, with Charlie on one side of her and Tish on the other. I sat across the table from them.

We sat for an hour and nothing happened! Both my arms went sound asleep, and at last Tish whispered she had a cramp in the middle of her left foot and she'd have to get up and stamp on it.

"There!" Aggie wailed, "I was just getting the tingling in my arms and now you've spoiled it all. Just a minute, Tish. Are you there, Adolph?"

And as surely as I sit here there was a distinct tap in the very center of the table!

"One tap!" said Tish. "That means 'no,' he isn't here."

"How could he rap if he isn't here?" Aggie demanded tartly. "Adolph, if we ask you some questions will you try to answer?"

But Tish's cramp got worse at that minute and she had to break the circle to take her shoe off. It was only when we lighted the gas that we saw why nothing had happened. Charlie Sands was sound asleep, and of course the psychic current, or whatever it is, hadn't been able to get through him.

Aggie was ready to cry, but she refused to give up, so we wakened Charlie and Tish went and got Hannah. She would not come at first. She said she was ready for bed and anyhow she had a toothache. She was really very disagreeable about it; but Tish filled a hot-water bottle and tied it to her cheek and turned the light out so she could come in in her kimono without Charlie Sands seeing her.

So we sat down again in the dark round the Checkerboard Table and Aggie said she felt a pulling at her arms almost immediately. For half an hour nobody spoke or moved and nothing at all happened. The room was dark, but a bit of street light shone in on Charlie's silver frame and made a faint illumination all through the room. And then suddenly the table bell tumbled off the chair behind the curtain!

We all turned and looked, and as we stared we saw the curtain over the locked door push out into the room as if somebody stood behind it!

"Adolph," Aggie murmured faintly. And then she sneezed!

III

OF COURSE the curtain flattened out at once and Tish was furious at Aggie. She said she'd try to find a psychic who didn't have hay fever, and Aggie retorted that anybody was likely to sneeze and that she'd wanted to sneeze for an hour and had held it back long enough for Adolph to appear, at the risk of her head flying off.



But the Pencil Wouldn't Move

It was only by main force that we kept Hannah in her place. She said her tooth was jumping, and anyhow she hadn't agreed to work all day and then sit up all night and see the grave give up its dead.

She gave Tish notice then and there—although she'd been with her for years—and Tish accepted it, but she said Hannah's week wasn't up until Wednesday noon and this was only Tuesday evening. Hannah gave up then and sat the rest of the evening sulking and dozing. Really, under the circumstances, that we got any result at all was marvelous.

Charlie Sands was skeptical. He insisted that there was some one behind the curtain and finally we agreed to let him look. But Tish refused to break the circle, so with our little fingers linked we all went over and Charlie shoved the portière back with his head.

There was nothing behind the curtain. The door was closed and locked and the rolling-pin and the clothespins still lay on the chair. But the bell was on the floor, just outside the cabinet! It was astounding.

Hannah was breathing in gasps and she pleaded to be allowed to go back to bed and put her toothache under the covers. But Tish was inexorable.

"Don't be a fool," she said. "We've made a good start and we're not going to stop now. Perhaps Miss Aggie can induce Adolph to put something in your tooth."

But Hannah was almost ugly about this, and as you probably know, if you've read Tish's report to the Society for Psychical Research, our further demonstrations that evening were limited to the Checkerboard Table.

The clock in Tish's dining room struck the half-hour when we were settled again and Charlie said it was half-past ten. He asked Aggie's permission to ask the table some questions and Aggie granted it ungraciously.

"Now, Adolph," said Charlie Sands, leaning forward, "this ringing of bells and tapping on tables is all very well. But it's hardly your size, I should think. Let's get down to business. Have you seen the evening papers?"

From right on top of the table came one sharp rap.

"No?" said Charlie Sands. "That's too bad. Well, Adolph, a young lady named Ida Forsyth is missing from her home, a pretty young lady, Adolph ——"

The table suddenly quivered under our hands.

"She went home from a dinner at the Melrose Country Club, went upstairs to retire, partially undressed, wound her watch and put it on the bedside table, failed to go to bed at all and hasn't been seen since. Rather unusual, eh?"

The table gave no sign this time, and Tish said she didn't think much of the idea.

"Anyhow the girl's probably making the sensation herself," she said. "Do you remember that niece of yours, Lizzie, who wrote she was going to drown herself and was found in the hayloft the same day with three sofa cushions, a box of candy and a volume of Airy, Fairy Lillian?"

"Possibly," Charlie Sands said calmly. "But why then should her sister attempt to kill herself this afternoon? She did, and only failed because a steel in her —hello!"

For the table had pushed fully four inches to one side and gave a terrible groan. Even Tish was startled, but Aggie was quite calm.

"It will probably lift up in the air in a moment," she said placidly. "Adolph, be careful of Miss Carberry's chandelier." But the table sat quiet in its new position and gave no hint of rising.

"Now, Adolph," Charlie Sands went on, "you've got a good bit of local talent to draw on where you come from—Poe and Gaboriau—and Sherlock Holmes is dead, isn't he? See if you can't get a line on Miss Forsyth, won't you?"

Without any warning at all the side of the table next to Tish lifted suddenly. We felt it coming up under our hands, and it stood for a second or two, balanced on two legs, before it settled back again. Even then it didn't drop back, but slid back gently.

"Who did that?" Charlie Sands said sharply. None of us had touched it and we said so. The next minute it came up again and tried to climb into my lap!

"Is that you, Adolph?" asked Charlie.

No answer.

"Perhaps," Aggie said coldly—"perhaps if you will allow me to interrogate him he will answer."

"Help yourself," Charlie returned cheerfully, "although personally I hardly call Adolph a ladies' man."

"Hush," from Tish.

"Adolph," Aggie began gently, "are you trying to put the table in Miss Lizzie's lap?"

Three sharp knocks came instantly from some part of the Checkerboard Table.

"Will you let the table down gently?"

The table slid off my knees to the floor with only a light creak.

"Are you alone?"

"No"—one rap.

"There are other spirits here?"

Three loud raps, this time from a table leg.

"Holy saints!" said Hannah, and tried to cross herself, but Tish and I held her hands.

"Is your wife here?"

The table began a series of wild oscillations back and forward. It was terrible. At the last it came down on my ingrowing toenail and I am not certain what came next.

After that we had a few moments of quiet. The table did not move and there were no raps. Charlie suggested that we lay our hands lightly on the table with our little fingers touching and this we did. But Adolph seemed to have gone. I had a suspicion that Hannah had gone to sleep. I could hear her breathing deeply beside me and sighing now and then. But I hadn't the heart to waken her to her toothache and Adolph again.

Charlie Sands said he thought Adolph was probably off consulting Sherlock Holmes. Finally he said:

"Adolph, are you here now?"

The table rapped three times.

"Have you found out where Miss Forsyth is?"

The table rose very feebly in front of Aggie.

"Hah!" said Charlie Sands. "Set a thief to catch a thief! Has she been murdered?"

The table rose twice.

"He's not certain," Tish whispered.

Charlie Sands was leaning forward in the dark. "Are you sure nobody here is lifting that table?" he asked.

"Not unless you are!" Tish said sharply.

"Now, Adolph," he went on, "do you say you know where Miss Forsyth is? Where is she?"

But instead of answering the table began to groan and creak as it had done the night before. It seemed to twist without either lifting or moving along the floor.

"I'm going into a trance!" Aggie called suddenly.

"All right, sit tight," said Charlie Sands coolly, as if she had said she was going to wash her hands.

"Now, Adolph, I am going to say over the alphabet slowly. I want you to spell out where she is. Just come up once at the letter you want."

"Yes," said the table. But he had gone over almost the entire alphabet before it rose again. Then it came up at S. After that came—I-A-N.

"Sian," said Charlie. "If you mean Siam, Adolph, I doubt it, if the lady is still on the earth plane."

"S-I-A-N" we got again.

Then with hardly a pause we got "Ida."

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"By Jove," said Charlie Sands, "that's interesting, isn't it? Interesting but not enlightening. That's her first name. I believe you read the papers after all, Adolph. Did she leave because she was worried?"

"Yes"—three raps on the table top.

"Now then, Adolph," said Charlie Sands, "this is a young girl in distress, a nice young woman. Now what have you and Gaboriau decided is the trouble?"

"O-M-A-R" spelled the table. And then without stopping, "O-M-A-R" again.

"Sian—Omar," Charlie Sands said rather flippantly; "sounds Persian, Adolph."

To our surprise the table rapped "yes" violently.

"Well, if I had a cigarette I might figure that out. Do you mind if I smoke, Adolph?"

The table did not deign to reply.

"You'll start Aggie sneezing," Tish objected. "And anyhow there's no use making Adolph feel bad. Perhaps he used to smoke himself."

"There was a letter in the grate in Miss Forsyth's room, burned. Who burned that?" The table lifted twice.



"That's a Good Chair; Come, Now! Come! Come!" And the Chair Would Follow Her Like a Dog

"Ah! You don't know. Well, who sent Mrs. St. John the special-delivery letter just before she shot herself?"

The table did not move.

"Do you know?"

"Yes."

"And you won't tell?"

"No."

Charlie Sands whistled.

"Well, talk about sleuths!" he said. "Old Adolph has Sherlock Holmes locked in a pantry and begging for air! So you know and you won't tell! What about the broken pitcher, Adolph?"

"O-M-A-R" spelled the table.

But after that it went to pieces. We got "Pain," "Peaches" and then "Pain" again three times. And at that Tish insisted on ending the sitting.

"It's cruelty to keep on," she said; "the poor thing's been eating peaches and has a pain. I insist on letting him go."

"Considering where the spirits of murderers are supposed to reside, it might be kinder to keep him here," said Charlie Sands. "But if you insist ——"

He lighted the gas and a cigarette with the same match and the circle broke up. Aggie said her arms were numb and cold, which she'd got from Tish's books, and that she felt weak, which she'd got from the tea and toast. She took all the credit to herself and looked exalted.

Hannah was sound asleep. We could hardly rouse her, and she tottered back to bed like a cripple. She looked white and worn, and Tish told her I would get the breakfast.

Seen in full light the cabinet showed nothing supernatural. The door was locked and there was no key on either side. We pushed a pencil through the keyhole.

Before he left Charlie Sands went over and looked at the Checkerboard Table.

"Well, Adolph," he said, "I'm sorry, old chap, but it's back to the flames and brimstone for you until tomorrow night. *Au revoir*, old sleuth."

The table said nothing, but it stared at him coldly with every one of its checkerboard eyes. It made me creep.

IV

THE following clipping, from the Globe of Thursday morning, March the thirteenth, was submitted to the Society for Psychical Research, with Tish's report of the sittings and their result; and the whole thing was published in the Annual Report of the Society, under the heading of The Psychic in the Detection of Crime:—

"Miss Ida Forsyth, daughter of the late Martin Forsyth, of the Forsyth Coal Company," [the clipping reads], "is mysteriously missing from her home in Melrose. Although the young woman, who is well known and prominent socially, has been gone only thirty-six hours, the circumstances of her disappearance are so unusual that detectives have been at work since noon of yesterday.

"The situation is further complicated by the attempted suicide, yesterday afternoon, of Mrs. St. John, a sister with whom Miss Forsyth made her home.

"Miss Forsyth, who has recently joined the Melrose Valley Colony, is wealthy and socially prominent. Mr. Martin St. John, her brother-in-law, is M. F. H. of the Valley Hunt, and Mrs. St. John is one of the best-known hostesses of that exclusive borough.

"Miss Forsyth disappeared Tuesday night. With the St. Johns she had dined at the Country Club and motored home by moonlight. She complained of being fatigued and retired to her room at once on arriving at the St. John house. She has not been seen since.

"The police refuse to discuss the case; but from a servant in the house it was learned that Miss Forsyth had partially disrobed and had apparently left the house in slippers and a dressing gown. A careful search of the grounds and of the neighborhood, however, produced nothing of any importance. At first the discovery of the dead body of Miss Forsyth's pet cat, found amidst the shrubbery in a ravine on the property, caused some excitement, but the body of the cat—a large, prize-winning Persian named Omar—bore no marks of violence.

"At three o'clock yesterday afternoon, immediately after a conference with Detective Sloane, of the Sloane Agency, Mrs. St. John retired to her room. At half-past three Mr. St. John, returning in his machine from a fruitless search for his sister-in-law, found his wife unconscious in her boudoir. She had shot herself in the left side, and the bullet, deflected by a rib, produced a painful but not fatal wound.

"Coming immediately after the other sensation Mrs. St. John's attempt at suicide startled the entire community, where both sisters had been prominent and popular.

"The motive for the deed is unknown. At nine o'clock last night Mr. St. John personally saw a number of newspaper men. He said that his wife was resting quietly, but had given no reason for the shooting. He explained that it was probably a nervous collapse from strain, and this opinion was confirmed later by the physicians.

"Up to a late hour last night no clew had been discovered as to the whereabouts of Miss Forsyth."

"Omar!" said Tish, putting down the morning paper and looking at us. "So Omar is a cat!"

"Was," Aggie corrected her, placidly buttering some toast. "The poor thing has 'passed over.' I felt last night that he was a cat."

"Humph!" said Tish, staring at her. "Did you have any inspiration about 'Pain' and 'Peaches' and 'Sian'?"

Aggie broke her toast slowly. In the last twenty-four hours she had developed a maddening air of detachment, of ox-eyed superiority, of placidly surveying us from the heights of a spirit level.

"Well," she said, "of course my guides haven't really taken hold of this affair, but I sense that Omar ate peaches and died in pain."

"Did you ever see a cat eat peaches?" Tish demanded.

"No," Aggie replied, calmly sugaring her tea, "and I never saw a cannibal eat a missionary—but I believe it is done sometimes."

Tish stared at me across the table; we could hardly believe it was Aggie.

"And Sian?" she asked almost meekly.

"Probably where he was born," said Aggie. "Good gracious, Lizzie, did you boil the tea?"

For I had got the breakfast, Hannah having hunted a dentist at daylight.

I do not recall the events of that day with any clearness. Tish had decided on another sitting that night, so Aggie and I stayed. At eleven o'clock that morning Aggie dressed and went downtown, still with her maddening air of being up in a cloud and viewing us from a remote height. She came in at one o'clock with a largish bundle, which she stored under the guest-room bed.

To our inquiries she replied that we should know what was in it in good time and were not to disturb her for an hour. She was going to sit with Mr. Wiggins' photograph in the hope of getting a message from him that night.

"Nothing of the sort," Tish said angrily. "We are going to carry on the investigations we commenced last night. You can talk to Mr. Wiggins any time."

Aggie gazed through her calmly.

"If you intend to be disagreeable, Tish," she remarked, "you can have Adolph yourself. I'm sure I don't want him. I am perfectly willing to form a circle of my own choosing in my own house."

Of course Tish surrendered at that. She knew she wasn't psychic and neither was I. Aggie was different. She had slept with a dreambook under her pillow for years, and twice when she dreamed of having a tooth pulled somebody in the family had died. Also she had dreamed of muddy water the very night her niece, Elizabeth Watson, eloped with her father's chauffeur. Oh, Aggie's psychic power was not a complete surprise when we got to thinking about it.

Tish crawled under the bed during the afternoon and reported that the large package felt like a drum, yet she couldn't be sure; but, as you will see, it was not a drum.

Charlie Sands dropped in during the afternoon and brought us the first edition of his paper. Of course, as he said, the morning papers had stolen all his thunder. "But wait until tomorrow, Aunts Tish, Aggie and Lizzie," he said. "Oh, just wait until tomorrow! How's Adolph?"

"Don't be flippant," said Tish, seeing Aggie look annoyed.

"Flippant—with a murderer!" he exclaimed. "I am not brave enough, dear Aunt Letitia." He opened the door and turned in the doorway. "Oh, yes," he said, "be sure to have Hannah. There is something solid and dependable about Hannah. When I begin to sink in a sea of doubt and immoral specters Hannah's hand is a virtuous actuality, a plank to cling to."

The afternoon passed slowly. Aggie shut herself away and read The Phantom World. Hannah moped round with a bandage over the lower part of her face and a scowl on the part that was visible. I put fresh ruching in my waist and Tish went out about four o'clock, returning in an hour with two bolts of white tape and a spool of heavy silk thread.

"We'll have test conditions while we're about it," she said. "I don't insinuate anything against Aggie, but mark my words, she'll get a message from Wiggins tonight if she has to send it to herself. She's just about worked up to that."

"She'll never sit if you tie her," I declared.

"Sit!" said Tish. "She'll sit until we are through with her and then some." Tish is not usually addicted to slang, but she was excited. "She'll sit until we release her with a tacklifter. I'm going to nail her to the chair!"

And she did.

For the conditions under which we "sat" that remarkable night I think it best to refer to Tish's report to the Society for Psychical Research.

It was in part like this:

"The sitters were the same as in the circle the previous evening. The psychic, Miss Agatha Pilkington, sat with her back to the improvised cabinet previously mentioned, said cabinet consisting of a portière hung over a locked door. Between the door and the portière a chair had been placed and chalk marks drawn by Mr. Sands indicated the exact position of the chair legs.

"The psychic having taken her place on a kitchen chair we requested that she submit to strict test conditions. To this she agreed; but on learning that we intended to nail her dress to the chair and to the floor became indignant and threatened to end the sitting. Such demonstrations are not unusual on the part of psychics, and have been accounted for by Mitchell and Crookes as denoting, not a desire to have the limbs free to assist the phenomena, but a natural resentment against the accusation of fraud thus tacitly shown.

"After some argument and an assurance that the tacks would not injure her best broadcloth skirt, the psychic consented to the conditions imposed. As with the chair in the cabinet chalk marks were drawn round the legs of the kitchen chair to mark its position. Strong tapes were then attached to the psychic's wrists, carefully knotted by Mr. Sands, the tapes crossed over the psychic's breast and nailed to the back of her chair. Some demur followed this, the psychic objecting that she could not take a deep breath. However, on the writer's pointing out that she could breathe oftener, using shallow respirations, she acquiesced.

"Tapes were then attached to the psychic's ankles and carried through the rungs of the chair to the floor eighteen

(Continued on Page 65)



Tish Gasped as Mr. Schmidt Solemnly Shook Out the Folds

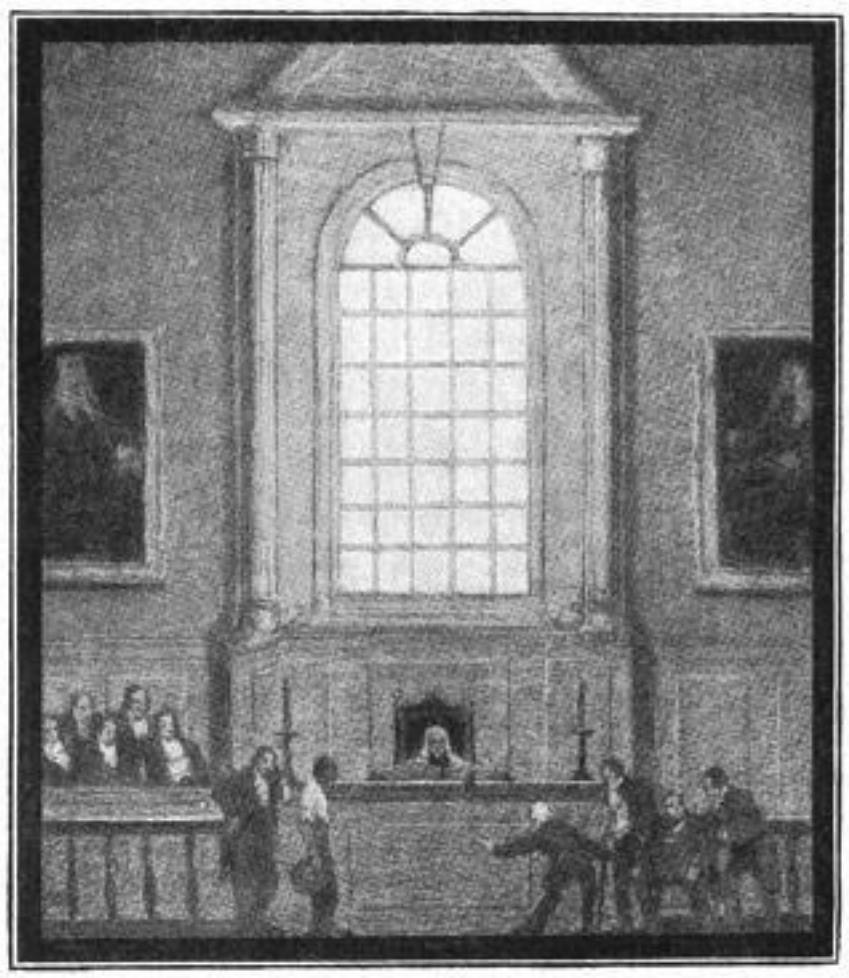
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THE LAYMAN AND THE LAW

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

DECORATION BY H. DEVITT WELSH







WHEN one takes his case to an attorney he ought to remember that he is merely employing an expert to present it to the court in an orderly and formal manner. It remains with him to furnish the attorney with the necessary evidence to support his case.

Causes are won not by eloquent speeches or the ingenuities of cross-examinations but by the evidence produced. The very first thing to do, then, is to look up this evidence. It is a good rule to go at once to persons who, you think, will be valuable witnesses, talk with them and make an abstract in writing of what they will say upon the witness-stand, together with a careful record of their names and addresses. The habit of taking a summary in writing of what the witness will testify helps to fix it in the witness' mind and also furnishes the attorney with a record of what he will be able to prove at the trial. When this is done the client should continue to keep track of his witnesses, carefully noting any change of address in order that he always may be able to locate them when the case is called for trial.

It is not always possible to say when a case will be tried. It may be called on any day of a term or it may be continued, and always one must be ready to obtain his witnesses in the event of an unexpected trial.

One should remember when he brings a suit that he must be prepared to prove every important allegation he makes. He must be able to do this from his own side of the case and he must not expect to obtain any of the evidence from his adversary. The defendant may not introduce any evidence whatever, but wait for the plaintiff to make out his case; and if the plaintiff is unable to do this from his own side the defendant need do nothing—and the court will dismiss the action.

The necessity, then, of having proper evidence to support one's case cannot be overestimated. And here another matter of the first importance arises. Everybody ought to know, in a general way, what is and what is not competent evidence in a court of law; otherwise he might go to great trouble and expense in procuring documents that would not be admitted as evidence, and in bringing witnesses whose testimony would not be permitted.

The Kind of Evidence the Courts Demand

THE average citizen is very much confused by the arguments he hears in the courtroom relating to the admissibility of evidence. These arguments often seem to him not unlike the famous argument between the executioner and the king, in Alice in Wonderland, relating to the decapitation of the Cheshire Cat. The executioner's argument was that you could not cut off a head unless there was a body from which to cut it off; while the king's argument was that anything that had a head could be beheaded.

It is not essential that one familiarize himself with all the refinements of the law with respect to the admissibility of evidence. He can usually get along if he bears in mind one or two general rules. The most important is that one must produce "the best evidence of which the case, in its nature, is susceptible." This general comprehensive rule, if borne in mind, usually suffices for the litigant. It means that if a certain paper, letter or record is in controversy you must produce that paper, letter or record, and not a copy of it. It is true that if the original paper is lost or destroyed, or cannot be produced for some reason unquestionably beyond your control, then you can prove it by a copy or even by a witness who has seen it. If it is in the hands of adverse parties, or hostile or disinterested persons, who refuse to produce it, they can be made to do so by proper legal procedure.

This rule also means that you must produce as witnesses those who were present at the incident in controversy and not those who have heard of it or have gotten their information in any indirect way. This rule is so clear that one has only to apply it as one would a yardstick and he can at once see whether or not the evidence which he is considering is competent.

There are also a number of rules of evidence that are curiously interesting, though not, perhaps, of the first importance to a layman. As, for instance, the fact that in some jurisdictions, and in criminal cases in the Federal courts, one cannot prove a disputed writing by going out and bringing into court a genuine writing to compare with it. This rule, however, does not seem to be founded on the best reason, and at least three-fourths of the states have changed it, either by statute or judicial decisions.

There is also a rule with regard to what are called "dying declarations" which seems, at first sight, extraordinary to the layman. Thus, if the decedent has said, "I am dying. It was John Smith who shot me," that evidence would be admissible; but if he said, "It was John Smith who shot me; when I get well I will kill him," that statement is not admissible.

The reason is that the law requires evidence to be given under the sanctity of an oath and the jeopardy of cross-examination; and when it is not produced under these conditions there must be some other strong reason for telling the truth. Now, the common experience of men is that persons who believe themselves in the immediate presence of death do not usually lie; and, therefore, if the statement is made by a person who believes himself at the time to be near dissolution it will be received as evidence. If, however, the statement shows that the person making it entertains a hope of life, then it will not be received. And, of course, as in the last instance, where the statement is accompanied by a threat of what one will do when one recovers, it is certain such a statement was not made in the solemn manner the law requires.

When one follows and carefully studies all the rules of evidence he will come to see that every one of them, no matter how curious it may seem upon a casual scrutiny, will be found to have its origin in sound principles of common-sense and to be justified by some experience of the English-speaking people.

As Sir James Stephen has so aptly said, one of the most difficult things in the world is to determine whether or not a man who has an incentive to lie is, in fact, speaking the truth. It is, therefore, of the first importance that the testimony of such persons should be tested by every device known to the law.

When Confucius was minister of justice he said: "Surely the grand object to achieve is that there shall be no litigation at all."

It usually happens that attorneys are held responsible for the multiplicity of suits; but, in fact, it commonly arises because the litigant has not taken proper precautions in advance of his coming into court.

For instance, there are a number of things which no man ought ever to undertake to do except upon the advice of a competent attorney. Primarily and by all odds the most important of these things is the drafting of a will. One without a competent knowledge of the law should no more undertake to draw his own will without the advice of an attorney than he should undertake to amputate his own leg without the service of a surgeon. So much fraud has arisen about the devising of estates that the law has thrown a great number of safeguards round such transactions. Certain exact technical things are required in the structure of wills. These requirements differ in different jurisdictions. The laws of all states are not alike with respect to them, and they must be accurately followed or the will may prove to be void and ineffective.

Experts Needed for Wills and Deeds

WHEN one has a will to prepare he should go to the best and the most reliable attorney he knows in the jurisdiction in which his estate lies, and have the will properly drawn and all the requirements of the law met with respect to it. To do anything else is to endanger the validity of the will and perhaps throw the whole matter into long and expensive litigation.

There is no language strong enough to characterize the folly of one who undertakes to draft such a paper from his own knowledge or at the direction of friends and neighbors.

The same suggestions apply to the drawing of deeds. Deeds in some jurisdictions require certain formal words; if these formal words are not present the deed is void. They require usually formal acknowledgment before a notary public, and usually without such acknowledgment they cannot be admitted to record. It is nothing short of criminal negligence for a little farmer, who has laboriously earned enough to purchase a tract of land, to trust the drawing of the deed to some inexperienced person.

And here it ought also to be added that before men purchase lands, especially farmers and the like, they should have the title carefully examined by some competent person. The lawbooks are full of pitiable cases in which men have lost their lands because they failed to take these precautions. Men have relied upon the rumor in the neighborhood that the title was good, or because a certain person had held it for a great length of time, or because the person from whom the purchase was made was reliable and solvent.

(Continued on Page 61)

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Working to Save Wood Waste

NEW USES FOUND FOR WOODWORKERS' BY-PRODUCTS

By FORREST CRISSEY

ON THE nineteenth floor of a modern steel skyscraper, in the business center of a city of more than two million inhabitants, is located an office of the United States Forest Service.

Many a chance passer has paused before this door, read the words, United States Forest Service, and smiled in amusement at the seeming absurdity of the situation. One stranger from the cattle country, straying about the upper mesas of this almost woodless building, read the legend written on the door and remarked:

"Nice roost for a bunch of forest rangers! I don't see what standing timber they can find to inspect in these parts except the leadpencils in their pockets and the toothpicks in the tumblers on the lunch counters."

Yet there is not a busier or more useful Forest Service office in America than this. The eleven employees in it hustle as if they were working for a private individual or a soulless corporation instead of for Uncle Sam.

When Mr. H. S. Sackett, the forester in charge, was asked, "How does a forestry office happen to be located here in the heart of Chicago?" he quickly answered:

"Because this is the Office of Wood Utilization and Chicago is the greatest lumber market and wood-using city in America; because it is the headquarters of more than twenty of the largest associations of wood-users in existence and entertains more timber and wood men than any other city; because it is the center of information concerning more different kinds of wood-using activities than any other place on the continent."



Acres of Sawmill Waste Available for Pulp

Laying a Foundation of Statistics

"OUR main job is to teach the lumberman of the United States how to utilize the whole of the tree, clean out to the bark; just as Chicago's great packing houses have learned to use all of the pig, even down to its squeal. Without doubt there is much waste at the present time, but it is neither willful nor malicious. I do not believe there is a lumberman or a wood-using manufacturer who is wasting any material that he knows how to use except at an outright expense. In other words, this waste is caused by an ignorance of the possibilities of utilizing it; and the purpose of this particular office is to dispel that ignorance and tell the lumberman and the manufacturer how to convert the waste into a profit.

"Coöperation is the keynote of our work. We aim to take up only practical problems and work them out by coöperation with associations or with various individual wood-using concerns. We are here to work for and with the users of wood—not against them. Whenever a lumberman or a manufacturer in wood comes to us with a trade problem or with a question as to how a waste product may be utilized, a welcome is always found waiting. This was the purpose for which the office was organized in July, 1909."

Uncle Sam did not, however, start his Office of Wood Utilization by simply hanging out a shingle bearing the legend: Wood-Users' Problems Solved Here. Consultation Free.

A broad and thorough groundwork of fact had to be laid first. This involved a searching inquiry into the wood-using activities of one state after another and a scientific analysis and arrangement of the information disclosed by the investigation. These studies have been completed in Massachusetts, North Carolina, Maryland, Illinois, Wisconsin, Louisiana, New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Nevada, Oregon and Washington. They are now going on in Arkansas, Missouri, Michigan, Virginia, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and California. All the other states will be covered as rapidly as possible.

What does this investigation of a state's wood-using activities involve? And what is it worth to the manufacturer after it has been completed?

After lumber leaves the sawmill, some of it passes directly into buildings; but a big part of it is subjected to further manufacturing processes before it is ready for use. Wood-working machines of many kinds change its form and it is shaped by skilled labor into boxes, door and window frames, vehicles, boats, baskets, musical instruments, furniture, brushes, toys, and hundreds of other articles.

Up to the time the Office of Wood Utilization began its work, definite information as to what happened to lumber after it left the saw was about as scarce as mahogany stumpage in Michigan. When a man of perniciously inquisitive turn of mind attempted to find out what forms were given that portion of the lumber product which passed through a secondary process of manufacture after leaving the sawmill, into what commodities it entered and in what proportions, he was plainly "up a stump." To fill this void and to reduce the wood-using activities of every state to a business-like analysis, a directory of manufacturers was the first undertaking of this office. It was a big job; but, without this classified information as a foundation, the office felt that its future work would be little better than beating the air. The questions asked of every wood-using manufacturer in the state under investigation covered these points: the products manufactured; the field of trade; the kinds of wood used; the specific nature of that use; the amount used annually; the cost at the factory of a thousand feet or a cord; the source of the material and the character of the waste, and what attempt may have been made to utilize it in any way excepting as fuel.

A new business house beating the bushes for trade prospects and fighting against established competition for a foothold could not put up a more thorough or energetic campaign than that followed by this Federal office in pursuit of its foundation statistics. Take the case of a state having two thousand wood-using concerns. To compile a directory of these manufacturers required the time of one person for two months, at a cost of two hundred dollars. Then a letter was sent to each firm explaining the purpose of the campaign and asking for the information required. Along with each letter was sent a blank card to be filled out, a sample card showing how that should be done, a circular letter fully explaining the work of the office, and a return envelope. All outgoing envelopes were addressed by hand. It was found that many firms paid no attention to the first appeal. About two weeks later the operation was repeated in the case of all these delinquents. Again, many of the firms that did respond gave incomplete information, which necessitated an individual letter. Of this class there were about one thousand. Altogether, the number of hand operations required was sixteen thousand.

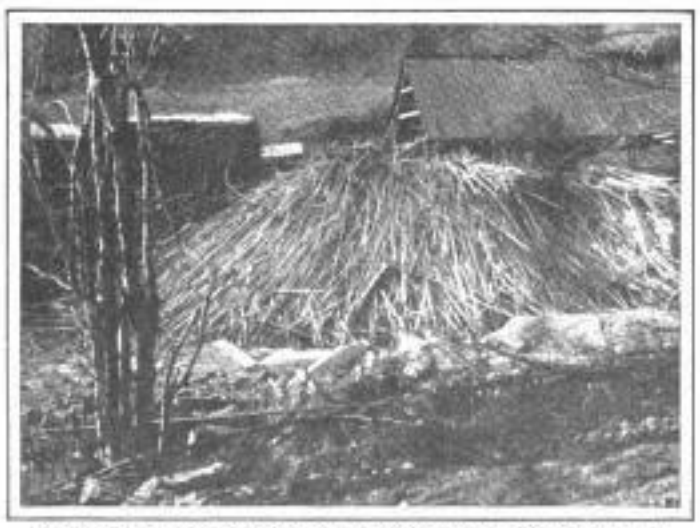
Meantime fieldwork, equal to six or eight weeks' labor for one man and costing five hundred dollars, was required. This work involved traveling three thousand miles, visiting about five hundred firms and factories, besides telephoning to about two hundred more.

Next came the tabulation and analysis of all these data at the office. This took twenty weeks for one person at a cost of five hundred dollars. Literally miles of adding-machine paper strips were used in making the calculations to show the average cost a thousand feet and the percentage of each kind of wood used by each separate industry, as well as summary tables for all the industries and all the species of wood.

Practical Points for Wood-Users

FINALLY came the preparation of the report for that state, including a discussion and analysis of the uses of each kind of wood and of the work of each industry. To this was added a list of all the concerns that coöperated with the Office of Wood Utilization. Writing the report required three weeks' labor on the part of one person and cost one hundred and fifty dollars.

These reports are not given a peaceful burial in the filing cabinets or the pigeonholes of the office. They are promptly printed by thousands and distributed to the lumbermen, the wood-using manufacturers and others having a live interest in the subject throughout the various states. Manufacturers are not the only men who may study these reports with an eye for increased profits; owners of timber and woodlots are equally interested. In the report for his own state, the woodlot owner has before him, in concise form, a statement of the kinds of wood



A Waste Heap of Hardwood Edgings Suitable for Picture Frames



Saving Fire-Killed Timber by Prompt Logging

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Magnificent White Oak (Tanbark) Logs. Formerly Burned Up in Logging Operations But Now Utilized



A Display of the Waste at a Cooperage Plant, Which Would Be Available for Toys and Novelties

demanded by the various industries, together with the quantity of each species used, the prices paid at the factories and the list of the commodities into which each wood is manufactured. Also the report tells him what part of the total demand for any particular wood is met by the forests and woodlots of his own state and what part is supplied from without. With this information in hand, the woodlot owners who are looking to the future can determine what kinds of timber promise the best returns and give these preference. Owners of timber tracts can also form from these reports a more accurate and intelligent opinion as to where the best markets can be found for their timber.

Wasted Hearts Turned Into Money

ON THE other hand, the manufacturer who is in the market for woods of certain kinds will have before him the means by which to determine whether he may serve his advantage by buying his supply near home or bringing it in from another state; and a statement of average prices paid by all in the business will show him whether he has been buying on an equal footing with his competitors. In a word, these reports furnish a short cut to a closer acquaintance between buyer and seller—to a better understanding of what one has to sell and what the other wishes to buy.

But how does this work out in actual practice? Does it "take"?

Here is what happened in one typical case: A lumberman in one of the Southern states received a "news note" sent from the Office of Wood Utilization to the trade. It stirred his curiosity and he wrote to the office, saying that he understood that Uncle Sam had started in to try to help lumbermen utilize their waste and sell their product to greater advantage. He intimated that he had been working at the same identical job for a good many years and was a little skeptical as to the ability of the United States Forest Service to show him any selling secrets that he had overlooked; but, at the same time, he was willing to admit that he did not know it all and he could use any money that could be made from the utilization of his waste or from a clearer knowledge of general and special market requirements.

The office sent him reports covering his own and several adjacent states. About a month later he met Mr. Sackett, who is in charge of the Office of Wood Utilization, and made a cheerful confession.

"When I opened those reports I hadn't much of an idea that I should find anything practical in them; in fact, it didn't seem reasonable to me that an outsider, no matter if he did represent the United States Government, could tell a live, hustling lumberman, who had been in the business up to his ears for the better part of his lifetime, anything worth while about selling his product or handling his business. Now, as you know, I am right down in the original persimmon belt. We cut a lot of it and it is an important factor in our trade.

"Well, as I was turning the leaves of one of those reports my eye hit on the statement that heart persimmon is used for parquetry flooring. I pricked up my ears right there, because my trade had no use for heart persimmon and for years I had been throwing away or burning up persimmon heart by the cord. My attitude toward that report suddenly changed from mild curiosity to practical business interest. In the back of the book I found a list of all the wood-using manufacturers in that particular state and among them were several firms that made parquetry flooring. That day I wrote a letter to each of them and received a prompt reply from each instructing me to ship at once all I had, and naming a price that was pleasant to think about. At the moment, I had on hand two carloads of this waste stuff and made the shipment immediately. In a few days I received a check for about a thousand dollars. As a specialist in advising old hands at the wood-selling game, you have made a hit with me right off the edge of the saw."

The fact that one item in one report from the Office of Wood Utilization enabled this manufacturer to convert his accumulation of a certain waste into a check for one thousand dollars is only a beginning of benefits to him. Each year he will be able, in the same manner, to add in the neighborhood of two thousand dollars to his net income; but perhaps the most important benefit to him is the fact that he will study every report from the Office of Wood Utilization with the eye of faith and a keen determination to find other profitable leads that he has overlooked—and will find them!

Often the large associations of manufacturers bring their problems to the Office of Wood Utilization for a solution. Not long ago the Association of Cypress Manufacturers of the South put this into Mr. Sackett's question-box:

"Where can we find a market for our odd lengths and short scraps?—this stuff is of various widths and from one foot to four feet in length. Today it is absolute waste and the volume of it is large."

Recognizing the validity and importance of this problem, Mr. Sackett at once applied his best energies to its solution. After careful study he decided that its use in the manufacture of boxes for plug tobacco offered the most plausible field for the utilization of this particular form of waste. The only obstacle to the practicality of this plan was the possibility suggested by the manufacturers of plug tobacco, that the cypress might impart to the tobacco an odor or flavor that would be objectionable to the users of that commodity. The only thing to do was to try it out, and he had no difficulty in securing the coöperation of the box manufacturers who supplied the plug-tobacco trade. A sawmill in the South sent a shipment of cypress waste-length pieces to the box manufacturer and he made them into boxes and passed the problem along to the plug-tobacco factory. The boxes were there packed with various brands of "plug" and sent to the warehouse, where they were allowed to stand for fully four months. Then they were taken out and distributed to a score or more of men who were supposed to be connoisseurs of sweet tobacco. In due time each one of these expert chewers rendered his decision. The consensus of these findings was that the tobacco carried no flavor of the cypress and that its quality was as unimpeachable as if it had been packed in the usual boxes of sycamore and red gum.

Saving the Core

THE problem is now up to the cypress mills. Backed by strongly favorable findings from a test conducted under the joint auspices of the United States Government and the manufacturers of plug tobacco, it would seem an easy task for them to sell their waste lengths to the tobacco-box manufacturers. There seems to be every probability that this one experiment will result in a saving of several hundred thousand dollars a year to the cypress mills of the South.

The wideawake mill-operator or wood-manufacturer does not wait to have the leaders of his particular association detect his problems and put them up to the Office of Wood Utilization—he takes them there himself and thereby saves time. The smallest manufacturer finds just as warm a welcome as the largest association in the office that is always looking for troubles in wood.

In North Carolina there is an alert manufacturer of veneer for baskets and crates. When he learned of the existence and the mission of the Office of Wood Utilization he promptly offered it his problem under a two-cent postage stamp.

"What better use can I make of my veneer cores," he asked, "than burning them under the boilers of my engine or sawing them into crating strips?"

In the manufacture of veneer, a steamed log is revolved against the edge of a long knife and in this manner turned into veneer strips until only a small center, a few inches in diameter, remains. This remainder is known as a "core."

The question passed up by this progressive manufacturer of veneer was by no means an easy one. Perhaps this, together with the fact that it came spontaneously from a private individual, added zest to the work of its solution. The quest involved a search through many formidable lists of



Ideal Forestry in a National Forest in the Black Hills. The Logs are on Skidways. Top Logs Have Been Cut Into Cordwood, and Brush and Limbs Piled for Burning. Young Trees are Left for Future Forest—No Danger of Fire

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"wood specialties," and even this research did not bring to the surface any suggestion that seemed to be clearly the right one. At length the idea suddenly came to Mr. Sackett that all these cores needed in order to transform them into finished "mine rollers" was the boring of a hole through the center of each core. In coal mines having horizontal shafts the cars are pulled out by a power cable; the return portion of the cable underneath the tramway rests upon a series of rough wood cylinders called "mine rollers." Ordinarily the miners go out into the woods, cut young trees and then turn them in a lathe down to a diameter of six inches. As the veneer cores happened to be of exactly the same length and diameter as the regulation mine roller, all that remained to be done was to bore them for the insertion of the central rod. The veneer man had, in fact, been manufacturing mine rollers without knowing it—and then burning them up.

Instantly on receiving Mr. Sackett's suggestion, this pushing veneer man gave orders that not another core should be burned or made into crating. Then he had a few cores properly bored and with them he started out after contracts for rollers from the coal mines of the horizontal shaft type. When the mine operators found they could buy good black-gum rollers from the veneer man for a little less than the actual cost of the labor of cutting down young trees and turning them into shape, they were quick to place their contracts at a price that was practically all profit to the veneer factory.

What have been the results of this veneer man's enterprise in calling on the Office of Wood Utilization for advice on how to get something out of his waste cores? Today the big income-producing end of his business is not his veneer output, but the manufacture of mine rollers. The tail has wagged the dog; the waste that he burned under his boilers has been converted into his main product through his first attempt to secure aid from Uncle Sam in his capacity as a specialist in wood utilization. By the growth in this end of his business he has been forced to put in special machinery for the manufacture of mine rollers direct from the black-gum saplings that are too small to yield veneer and are practically useless for posts or any other purpose. The young trees that were formerly cut down by the mine-owners and turned into rollers were, as a rule, of varieties valuable for timber, and if they had been left standing would have produced good timber trees in the course of time. On the other hand, the black-gum saplings now sacrificed by the veneer man in order to fill the surplus of his demand unsatisfied by his waste veneer cores themselves represent a waste product on account of their cheapness and their unavailability for any other purpose than a cheap grade of veneer and mine rollers.

Money Made and Birch Trees Saved

THE Office of Wood Utilization does not always wait for the manufacturer to ask for aid; it is in the business of saving wood waste, and when it sees an opportunity to do this by bringing two or more manufacturers together it does not hesitate to take the initiative.

In the course of his preliminary investigation of the wood-using industries of the New England states, Mr. Sackett received a return card from a certain manufacturer of brush backs, who stated that he was able to use only the heartwood of the birch tree and that his largest volume of waste consisted of birch sapwood. A little later another return card came in from a spool factory which specified its principal waste as birch heartwood and added "we can use only the white sapwood of the birch." Instantly the return card from the maker of brush backs was called for and the two were compared. It was found that these two factories were located less than a hundred miles apart. Each was wasting the very material from which the other manufactured its output. Letters were at once written from the office to each of these manufacturers, with the result that they entered into a mutual waste-buying arrangement that was greatly to the advantage of both. From the viewpoint of the Government forester, however, the most important feature of this exchange of raw material was the fact that only half as many birch trees were required to feed these factories after the professional waste-saver had interposed as were demanded before.

Not infrequently, in the course of a personal investigation of a manufacturing plant, close visual contact with processes suggests to the alert eye of the Federal investigator means of waste-saving that would otherwise have escaped attention. When Mr. Sackett was passing through a large plant devoted to the manufacture of wooden pulleys he suddenly stopped before a boring machine and said to the proprietor of the concern:

"Instead of building all your smaller pulleys into wheels of solid wood and then cutting out the center with a big borer, why do you not build round the center, leave a square hollow inside, and thus save thirty to fifty per cent of your pulley wood, which is growing scarcer and dearer each year?"

"Because," was the quick reply, "it is a mighty hard trick to bore a square hole into a round one. We've tried it and spoiled a lot of good material that way."

"Of course," returned Mr. Sackett, "you can't do it with an ordinary borer of this type. There is a special machine made for just that purpose—and it is not very expensive either. I will give you the address of the shop that makes them."

Because of this suggestion that pulley manufacturer is now saving nearly fifty per cent of his material used in the manufacture of the smaller sizes of pulleys. In many other instances the Office of Wood Utilization has been able to effect large and permanent savings of valuable materials through suggesting new and improved types of machinery; in fact, it might be said that the machinery used in any industry is nearly always considered as a cardinal factor in the solution of the waste problem.

The Office of Wood Utilization does not play any favorites. Its policy is pronounced on this point. All the information that it gathers is at the service of the entire wood-using public. Its facts are not collected by stealth or secret-service methods, but openly and aboveboard; consequently, when the office discovers that some firm or individual has turned a clever trick in the utilization of waste, it has no compunctions about giving the entire public the benefit of that discovery. If it is considered of sufficient importance it is briefly described in a "news note" and sent to all the manufacturers and trade journals likely to be immediately benefited by it.

The investigation of the wood industries of a certain Southern state disclosed the fact that one of its wagon factories was selling its hickory dust. Hickory spokes and other parts of wagon gear made of this wood are polished by the use of sanding belts. In every instance excepting the present one, this fine dust has to be scooped up and thrown away at an outright expense. Therefore, when the Federal wood-utilization expert found that this factory was selling its hickory dust he promptly started an investigation—for the utilization of sawdust is regarded as a permanent and standing problem in the Office of Wood Utilization. It was found that a shrewd man living in the locality of the wagon factory had discovered the value of this hickory dust as an ingredient in floor cleansers and jewelry polish. At once he began to drive a thriving trade as a dust broker, selling this queer commodity to the manufacturers of floor cleaners and jewelry polish. Now every wagon manufacturer in the country knows the value of his hickory dust and where it can be sold.

"Hickory," declares Mr. Sackett, "is undoubtedly our most indispensable wood and it is growing scarcer and dearer with every passing year. Nothing should be left undone that may prevent the waste of a particle of it. More than thirty thousand cords of good hickory are used every year by the great meat-packing houses to impart the hickory flavor to certain brands of smoked hams and bacon. Then, to give a still finer aroma to these meats, mahogany sawdust is sprinkled over the hickory wood in the smokehouses. Though this hickory-mahogany smudge certainly does give the meat a delicious flavor that perhaps costs the consumer an additional ten cents a pound, at the same time it seems to me that this sacrifice of thirty thousand cords of good hickory wood—so indispensable for the spokes of wagons, carriages and automobiles—is lamentable. This office indulges the hope that such a sacrifice of hickory can be eliminated with entire satisfaction to the great meat-packing houses. Possibly this may be done through the use of the sawdust—not the sanding dust—from the sawpits of the mills where the hickory logs are cut into materials for the factories, as well as from the wagon factories themselves. At any rate, we are working on this problem and have strong hopes of solving it before we quit. We want to save that thirty thousand cords of good spoke hickory if possible."

The Demand for Osage Orange

MANY of the largest problems that are put up to the Office of Wood Utilization properly come under the head of Supply and Demand Questions. A problem of this character generally calls for an extensive and costly investigation; but the intrinsic merit of the problem is the only thing considered.

Recently a representative of the National Wagon Manufacturers' Association called on Mr. Sackett and asked:

"How much osage orange or bodark timber is there in this country?"

Evidently he expected an immediate answer in definite figures, but he received this reply:

"I don't know; why?"

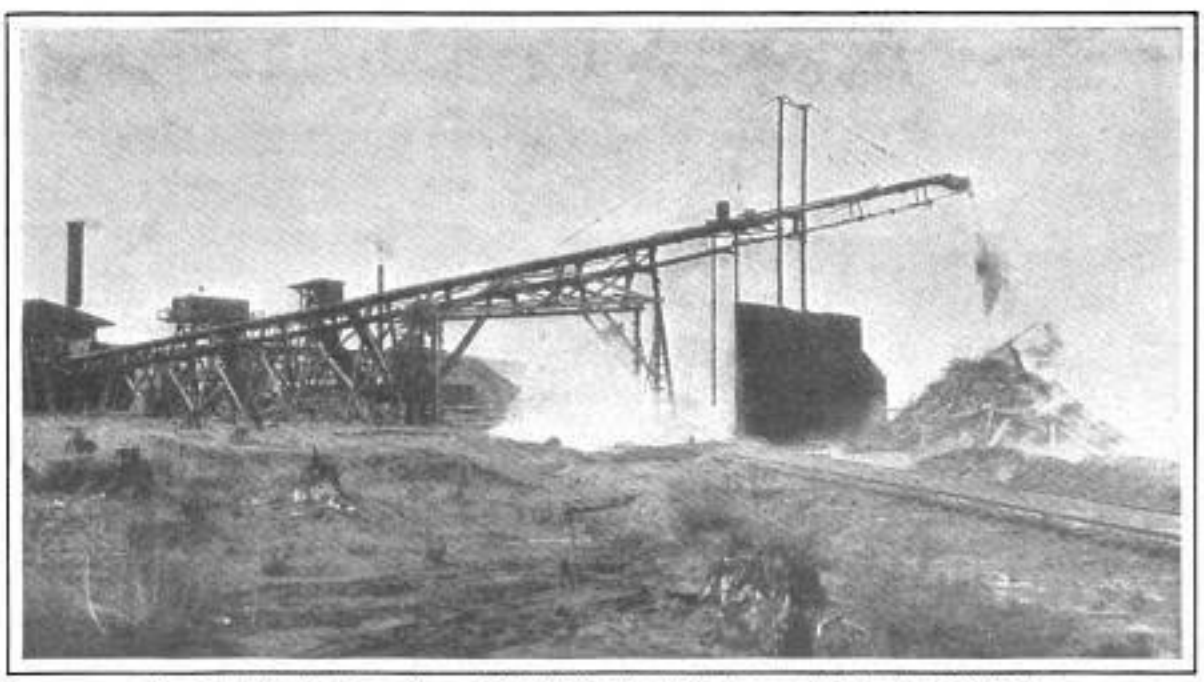
"Because we've got to know," responded the wagon manufacturers' representative. "In the first place, there is no timber grown that will take its place in the manufacture of wagon felloes for those sections of the country where it rains for a few months and is hot and dry for the rest of the year. Next, it seems to be getting suddenly scarce and the price is climbing higher and higher; in fact, it has every symptom of having been cornered by a trust. Right now it costs us three times what it did a few years ago. We've got to find out how much of it there is, whether it's been cornered and what is the future outlook for the supply. You see the farmers in the arid states simply refuse to accept any substitutes for osage orange or bodark wagon felloes. They're willing to pay a premium of fifteen dollars for a bodark wagon. It's about the biggest question we've been up against in our association, and we've got to find out where we're at."

"I'll try and find out for you," answered Mr. Sackett; "but it's too big a question to be answered in a day or a month—it will take time and travel and investigation."

"If we find the supply is going to pinch out on us," remarked the man from the Wagon Manufacturers' Association, "we've got to start in on a campaign of education to drill out of the heads of those Texas and Southwestern fellows the notion that nothing but bodark will do for wagon felloes."

"Or, perhaps," suggested Mr. Sackett, "get the men who grow that kind of wood to grow more of it—or, if that does not seem feasible, find another wood that is really just as good under actual test and not so expensive."

The investigation was started at once. First, it was definitely determined that the preference for osage felloes in the arid regions was not a mere prejudice; that, in the case of a wagon having osage felloes on its front wheels and those of oak on its rear wheels, the osage felloes were in sound and serviceable condition while the oak felloes shed their tires and fell apart. The investigation also disclosed that the osage wood, of timber size and character, is mainly produced in a restricted region in Northeastern Texas and Southeastern Oklahoma; and that, considering its present consumption, the bulk of it is bound to be gone in ten years. Also it was found to be uncontrolled by a trust. The wagonmakers found out where they were "at"; and that if they hoped to have anything like a permanent supply of this wood they must encourage the planting of it. The fruits of the investigation, however, were finally presented in a fourteen-page bulletin covering every phase of osage-orange-wood utilization.



The Sawmill's Necessary Shame, Which is Passing With Improved Methods of Utilization

Editor's Note: This is the first of two articles on wood waste. The second will appear in an early number.

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JAN TINGLOFF

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

SHE came of good people, but they died off too soon. All she knew of life, and especially of men, was what she learned in the dance-halls near the waterside; and it was a hero of the dance-halls she married—a handsome fellow, who dressed like a tailor's model and left everybody to guess where he got the money to do it.

She thought it was for love when she married this fellow and for some little time thereafter; but she was only seventeen on her wedding day—and at seventeen a girl probably does not know much. At twenty-two, when this story opens, she surely knew more. Her husband was then lessee of a transients' lodging house on a side street near the waterfront. She took care of the rooms upstairs, while he ran what the signboard said was a poolroom in the basement.

Jan Tingloff, knowing nothing of all this, but seeking a room handy to the waterfront, came along one day and noticed the Rooms-for-Rent sign. A woman who preceded him like a discouraged shadow showed him the room, but it was to the man in the basement that he paid the money. "Yes; I take the rent—always," this man said; and his eyes brightened as Jan pushed the money across the cigarcase at him. And he wore rings out of all keeping with the dark little place; but he had a pleasant smile for Jan and Jan smiled back at him; for Jan was one of those friendly natures who prefer to be pleasant, even to a man whose looks they do not like.

Jan Tingloff slept in his new quarters that night. He saw nobody connected with the house as he passed out in the morning; but that evening as he opened the front door he heard a cough. It was a woman's cough and dimly he saw a woman's form—a rather slender form. Jan's senses were the kind which see a thing large at first and then go back for details; and he hurried to close the door so that the cold November wind would not endanger the poor creature further. As he closed the door she said:

"Good evening."

Jan hurried to take off his hat.

"Good evening, ma'am."

"You go off early mornings, captain?"

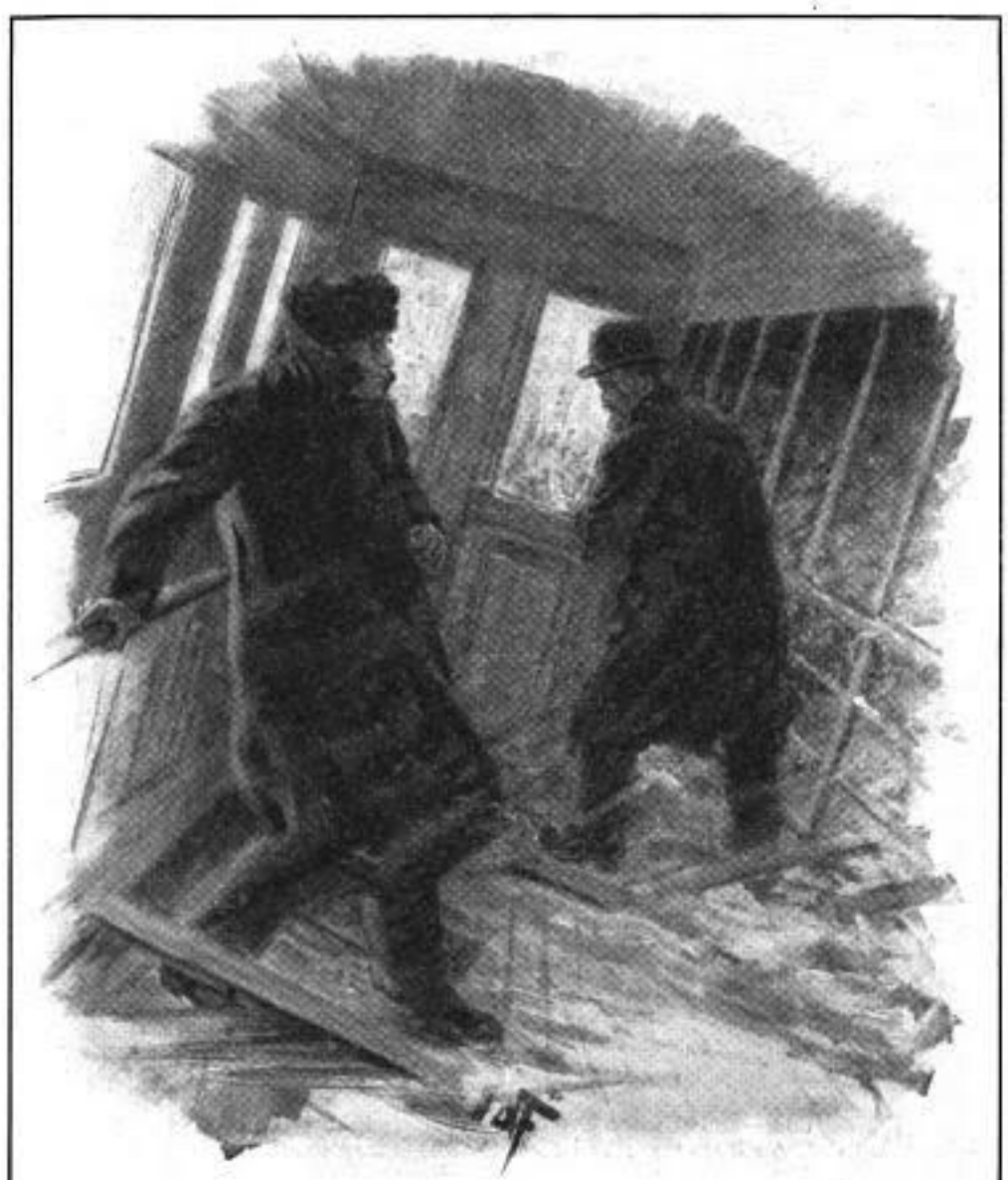
"Yes, ma'am." He peered into the twilight of the hall and saw a hand lighting the suspension lamp. "But I'm not a captain, ma'am. I was a seafaring man one time; but I am a ship-carpenter now in a repairing job on a big coaster in the drydock, and I have to be over there early to get my gang started."

She was turning the wick of the lamp high and then low, and high again, and Jan was vexed to think he had not offered to light the lamp for her in the first place, especially as he now recognized in her the same sad-eyed woman who had showed him his room the evening before. It was twilight then, too, but she had lit no lamp in the hall or in the room, and Jan guessed why and did not blame her for it. The furnishings here, as in his room, were shabby.

Jan began to feel a pity for her. There was that in the curve of her back which caused him to address her with unwonted gentleness—and ordinarily Jan was gentle enough for anybody's taste. Yes, she was the same woman; but if he had met her anywhere else he would not have known her. She was now all tidied up. Her clothes were fresh, her shoulders had lost their droop. Her face was less pale and there was a glow in her eyes.

Jan's room was on the second floor and now he ascended the stairs to go there. At the top of the stairs he glanced back; but catching her looking at him he looked quickly away. From the darkness of the second-floor hallway, however, he could peer down and she could not see him. She was still there, standing under the lamp which was now at full blaze. One arm had been raised high in regulation of the wick and now she raised the other to steady the lamp, which was swinging. Her figure was in the shadow from the waist down, but her bust, her neck, face and long, slim hands were in full light.

"I'd never took her for the same woman—never!" thought Jan.



"Don't You Open Your Mouth When You See Her"

Next evening Jan saw her again, this time in the narrow second-floor hallway near the stairs. She shrank against the stair-rail to let him pass. Jan drew up against the wall. She mutely indicated that he should pass.

"After you, ma'am," said Jan, and resolutely waited.

"Thank you," she said, and passed on. At the head of the flight of stairs she turned her head. Jan was still there.

"Is your room all right?" She asked the question hurriedly, awkwardly.

"All right, ma'am."

"And not too noisy for you here?—the basement noise, I mean."

"Noisy? Huh! What's any noise they can make to the roar of wind and sea? And a ship-carpenter, too, ma'am—he soon gets used to noise."

"Of course." She glanced furtively at him. "Good night." She hurried downstairs.

That night when Jan, who read romantic fiction to relieve his loneliness, laid down his stirring medieval tale to go to bed, he did not follow up the intention with immediate action, as usual.

By-and-by he raised the window-sash; and the cool, damp sea-air feeling good he leaned well out to enjoy it. It was a cloudy night, with a touch of coming snow in the air; but for all that a night to enjoy, only for the racket ascending from the poolroom.

"I don't think much of those people down there," thought Jan as he lowered the sash all but six or eight inches for fresh air and picked up the alarm clock from the rickety dresser. "I wonder if she's one of 'em?" And he began to wind the clock. "But sure she ain't—sure not."

Jan had been holding the clock absently in his hand. Suddenly he set it down and scolded himself—"Jan Tingloff, remember you has to be up at six in the morning!"—and undressed, blew out the light and slid into bed, and tried to go to sleep. And he did after a while; but his last thought before he fell into slumber was: "Who'd ever think one day a woman could grow so young-looking the next day?"

. . . . . .

Many an evening after that Jan met the landlady on the stairs or in the hall, and always she stopped to ask him how he was coming on with his ship; but never any more than that or a brief word as to the weather and his comfort, though there were times when Jan felt he would like to become better acquainted—times when he even had a feeling that if he had asked her to sit down somewhere for a talk she would be willing. Jan had learned, however, that she was married. It had been a shock to learn that. It had come about by his noticing after three or four days the plain gold ring on the wedding finger. He had kept staring at it until she could not help remarking it; and by-and-by, in a casual sort of way, she had told him she was married.

"And is your husband living, ma'am?" asked Jan.

"He's living—yes," she answered slowly.

That made a difference. Even though a man didn't know anybody in the city except the men he worked with and it was terribly lonesome of evenings—even so, her being married made all the difference. And she must have been a wonderfully pretty girl once—and was pretty yet, now he had a chance to look good at her. Pretty—yes; but—well, Jan didn't know what it was, except that she was all right. Jan knew he didn't know much about women, especially strange women—and he knew, too, that he never would; but he would never believe she wasn't all right—never!

Yes, it was pretty lonesome at times; and there was the girl who roomed on the top floor. Jan was thrilled by alluring glimpses of her in the half-dark recesses of the back halls, but the glimpses remained only glimpses after he saw her one Sunday by daylight. Only then was Jan convinced that she painted. She was a little too much and he took to dodging her. Yet it was a pity—oh, a pity! and Jan, still thinking what a pity, was going out for a lonesome walk one night, when who should meet him on the front stoop but that same top-floor girl! And no sliding by her this time. She nipped the lapel of his coat with a dexterous thumb and forefinger.

"Why, hello, cap! Where yuh goin'?"

"Nowheres."

"Then you got time, ain't you, to buy a girl a glass o' ——" She stopped and winked sportively.

"Glass o' what?"

"Why, ginger ale!" She laughed at his surprise. "You thought I was goin' to say beer, or maybe somethin' stronger, didn't yuh? But I don't drink no hard stuff. No. An' I was dyin' for a drink o' somethin' when yuh pops out that door. An' I know yuh ain't any hinge."

"How do you know I ain't a hinge?"

"Oh, don't I? Leave it to me to pick a sport from a piker."

"But I'm no sport either."

"You could if yuh wanted tuh. An' yuh ain't any hinge, even if they do say you're a Dutchman. Come on an' let's go in back an' have a couple o' bottles o' ginger ale in Hen's place."

And Jan followed her into the private room beyond the poolroom—the room to which, as he had gathered before this, the street girls of that section steered drunken sailors. The ginger ale was brought in by the proprietor himself. Jan threw down a ten-dollar bill. Jan had a good many bills with him that evening—his month's wages; and seeing it was the fashion round there to show your money when you paid for anything, why, he'd show them—even if he was a Dutchman—that he could carry a wad too.

"Say, cap, but yuh must be drawin' down good coin?"

"Oh, a boss ship-carpenter gets pretty good wages." And with one splendid sweep Jan emptied his glass.

"I should say yes. An' there's tinhorners round here that if they had half your wad Hen'd have to ring in the fire alarm to put 'em out—they'd feel themselves such warm rags. But what d'yuh say to another ginger ale?"

"Sure," said Jan, and called aloud for them. And again Hen brought in the ginger ale in two long glasses, but also with two empty bottles to show Jan by the labels

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that it was the real imported and no phony stuff; and Jan said, "I know! I know!" as he paid and waved Hen away.

A door led from this back room into the lower back hall of the house, and in the shadow of the back hall Jan thought for an instant that he saw the landlady's figure; but he wasn't sure. Two minutes—or it may have been five minutes—later, a boy whom Jan had noticed round the house came into the room by way of that same door and said to the girl:

"Mrs. Goles wants to see you a minute."

"Tell her I got no minute to spare—not now."

The boy went out and quickly came back.

"Mrs. Goles says for you to come out and see her or she'll have the policeman in off the beat. He's at the corner now."

The girl went out.

"Who's Mrs. Goles?" asked Jan of the boy.

"Why, she's the landlady."

"Oh!" said Jan. So that was her husband, the handsome proprietor with the evil eyes. "Poor woman!" muttered Jan, and absent-mindedly drank his ginger ale.

The boy was still there. "Where is Mrs. Goles now?" asked Jan.

The boy jerked his head. "Out there on the back stairs."

Jan stood up. "Here!" He handed the boy a quarter. "A wonder a boy like you hangs out round here!"

"I run Mrs. Goles' errands. I been runnin' 'em since I was a kid. My mother used to work for her mother."

Jan was heading for the side door, the door which led into the alley.

"Will I tell her you're comin' back, mister?"

"Tell who?"

"Why, that girl you was with."

"Tell her nothing. Nor"—Jan nodded his head toward the poolroom—"him. Better go home. This is no place for a good boy like you."

Jan went out by the alley; and from there, after peeking to see that nobody was looking out of the poolroom windows, he stepped quickly up the front steps of the house.

Cautiously he unlocked the door. He could hear voices, but not distinctly. Quietly he tiptoed toward the head of the back stairs. It was Mrs. Goles talking.

"Didn't I warn you again and again never to bother him?" Jan heard.

"An' why not?"

"Why? He's a lodger—that's why."

"Is that why? Say, but ain't you takin' an awful sudden interest in yer lodgers though! Are yuh sure you don't want him for yerself? Are yuh sure he ain't something more than a lodger?"

"You—you ——"

"Me—me! Yes, me. D'yuh think I ain't been on to yuh? D'yuh think I ain't seen any o' that billy-dooin'—yuh an' him upstairs in the entryway—huh? An' d'yuh think Hen ain't wise too? D'yuh think he gave me the top-floor room for nothin'—huh? Oh, yes; we're a couple o' come-ons—Hen an' me—oh, yes! Run along now, Salomey—he's there, waitin' for me. D'yuh hear—waitin' for me! They all fall when yuh play 'em right. All of 'em. Thought yuh had'm to yerself—huh? Well, guess different next time; for he's out there waitin' for me—the soft-headed Dutchman! Beat it! Beat it when yer gettin' the worst of it. An' talk any more about a policeman—an' see what Hen says to it!"

Jan could hear Mrs. Goles running up the stairs behind him. He hurried up, intending to get to his room and hide away before she knew; but it was the last key of the bunch which fitted the lock; and before he had the door opened she was up with him.

She turned the hall light up to see him better.

"Weren't you downstairs in the back room a minute ago?" she asked at last.

"I was; but ——" Jan reached up a heavy hand and rubbed his forehead. "I was—I know I was; but ——" somehow he was feeling bewildered.

She drew nearer to him.

"Come nearer the light. Stand where the light will be on your face. Let me see your eyes. There—you can't keep them open. Did you drink that second glass of ginger ale—after it was brought in all opened up? Never mind trying to speak—just bow your head. You did? Oh, you poor innocent boy! Here—hurry into your room. And wait there. I'll be right back. Light the lamp if you can while you're waiting."

Jan managed to light the lamp.

She was soon back with a bowl of something hot which she held to Jan's lips—a nasty-tasting stuff. While he stopped once to get his breath she stepped to the door, took the key from the outside and set it on the inside. She stepped to Jan's side again. "Finish it!" she ordered. "Every drop. There—but sh-h!—hear 'em?"

"Hear what, ma'am?"

"The footsteps—coming upstairs. Creeping up. Hear 'em?" She jumped to the light and blew it out. She jumped to the door and turned the key.

"Oh-h!" Jan had fallen backward on the bed and now was rolling from side to side. His stomach was griping him like a burning hand.

"Hold in for a minute if you can!" she whispered.

Nausea uncontrollable, as it seemed to Jan, was taking hold of him when a knock came on the door. "Sh-h!" she warned, and Jan controlled himself. He wanted more than ever to vomit, but there came another knock on the door—and another. And then the knob was turned.

A silence then; and then a voice—a man's voice: "I told you you were crazy. He felt dizzy and went out into the street for some fresh air. You shouldn't 've left him once he got the stuff into him. Take a look round the block. He's probably lying in the gutter somewhere with that load into him."



"Sh-h!" said Jan. "Sh-h! You Mustn't"

The voice stopped, the steps moved, the stairs creaked. And Jan's tortured stomach was allowed its relief. And while he retched in the dark Mrs. Goles held his head and, soaking a towel in the water-jar, bathed his forehead and face and neck, and kept wetting the towel and bathing his head with the cold water until at last, with a grateful sigh, Jan stood up and said:

"I think it's all gone now."

"That's good. So I'll be leaving you. And you ——" They had been talking in whispers, but at this point her voice broke into a cough. When she spoke again her voice was husky and pitched in a higher key. "But you—listen! You must leave this house!"

"Why must I leave?"

"It's no place for you."

"And is it for you, ma'am?" he asked her.

"For me? No—nor for any woman. But I'm talking about you. Tomorrow—don't say a word to him downstairs—but tomorrow, when your week's up, take your grip and walk out."

"The day after tomorrow," amended Jan. "Tomorrow's Saturday and I has to be at the drydock. But what will become of you?"

"There'll nothing become of me—no more than before."

"He will beat you?"



It Was the Sound of Breathing, of Suppressed Voices

"Beat me! If he don't any more than beat me!" Jan fancied she was smiling at him in the dark. "But I'd better go. Good night."

"Good night," said Jan. "And I'll see you tomorrow to say goodby."

"Yes," she said. "I'll be about. Good night."

"Good night," said Jan again, and found himself standing at the door after it had opened and closed behind her.

. . . . . .

"I wonder," thought Jan, "if he will beat her!" And he stooped to lock the door. His hand was on the key, but he did not turn it. Who was that? Jan had keen hearing. He jammed his ear against the crack. It was the sound of breathing, heavy breathing, of breathing and tramping, and now—Jan had been listening for perhaps a minute—of suppressed voices.

Jan stepped back to the washstand and poured out a glass of water. He took it at a gulp. He had another. It was cold and bracing to his fevered stomach. He stepped to the door, cautiously turned the knob and slowly drew the door to him. He peeped out.

Under the hall light he saw them—she jammed back against the stair-rail and he with his hands at her throat. His back was to Jan.

"Where is it? Come—give up!" he was saying. Jan could not hear what she said; but the man took a fresh grip and shook her. "Don't tell me anything like that! You gave in at last and got the money off him. Give it up!"

"I did not! I'm not that kind of a woman—not yet. I may be yet if you keep on—but I'm not yet. And he's not that kind of a man."

"You're not? And he's not? And you an hour in his room with the door locked! You got money off him! Give it to me!"

"N-no—no!"

"You lie, you ——" He shifted his grip to her hair and started to drag her along the hall.

Jan stepped softly out, reached his arms round Goles' shoulders, drew them tight against his own chest; and then, holding him safe with his elbows, he ran his fingers down until they felt the knuckles of the other's hands. And then he squeezed. With thumb and forefinger of each hand he squeezed. Jan could pick up a keg of copper rivets with one thumb and forefinger and toss it across the deck of a ship. And now he squeezed. Goles hung on. Jan squeezed. The knuckles began to crack. "G-g-g ——" snarled the other and loosed his grip.

Jan relaxed the grip of his thumb and forefinger, swung the man round, walked to the head of the stairs, raised his left knee, pressed it against the small of Goles' back, shifted his right hand to behind the man's shoulders and suddenly let knee and arm shoot out together. In one magnificent curve, and without touching a step on the way, Goles fetched up on the lower hall floor.

He stood up after a while and made as if to come back upstairs. As he did so Jan made as if to go down.

Goles glared up at him.

"So it is you!"

"Yes, it's me," said Jan. "Come!"

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"Come? No! But you wait there, will you? Just wait there and see what happens to you! Wait!" And *even as* he called that last "Wait!" he was running for the back stairs.

Jan turned to her. She was sitting with her back against *the stair-rail.* Her knees were drawn up, and with elbows on knees she was supporting her head in her hands.

"Where is he gone to?" asked Jan.

"I don't know—to get his revolver probably."

Jan bent over to see her face. A great listlessness was all he could read there.

"Would he shoot? Did he ever shoot anybody?"

"Yes—two. But the police never found out who did it. You'd better get out while there's time."

"And won't he shoot you?"

She raised her head to look at him. "No," she answered presently—"not just now. He will some day—that's sure. He promised me that more than once, and he means it; but I don't think he will tonight."

"Then, if ever he meant it, he will tonight," said Jan. "I don't want to get shot; and I'm going. You better come too." She shook her head. "Yes." He put an arm under her shoulder. "Come."

"No, no. I mustn't."

"But you must." Jan put his other arm under her and lifted her to her feet; but yet she lay heavy, half-resisting. "Come," said Jan. "I'll take you out of here—to my mother."

"Your mother?" she repeated, and straightened up; but almost instantly fell back. "Too late!" she whispered.

"What's too late?" whispered Jan.

"Too late to go. Hear him?" Jan heard steps on the landing below; and as he listened and looked the light in the hall below went out. "You can't get out the front door in time now," she said hopelessly.

"There's more ways than front doors to get out of a house. And there's lights to put out up here too." He reached up and turned out the gas. "Come," he whispered, and led her into his room and locked the door.

He groped for the bed, tore off the sheets, twisted them tightly and knotted them together. "There!" he said, and, taking a turn of it under her arms, let her down from the window into the alley. Then he swept into his suitcase a few things from the dresser and snapped it, and dropped it out the window.

He was about to fasten one end of the twisted sheets about the bedpost, to let himself down; but hearing the doorknob slowly turning he did not finish the job. He dropped the sheet, lowered himself by his hands from the window-sill and let go. He landed all right.

"Come," he said, and led the way to the street. At the first corner he turned. At the next corner he turned. At the third corner a cab was in sight. He put her in.

"Do you know," Jan whispered to her, "a good hotel I could tell him to drive to?"

"With me looking as I am? Why, no. Tell him any hotel we can get into."

Jan addressed the cabman.

"I want"—he said it very distinctly, so that there could be no mistake—"a good hotel to take a lady to."

"A lady? And a good hotel? Sure thing," said the cabman. "Jump in."

Jan got in and sat opposite to her. She was restoring order to her hair.

"Did the cabby laugh?" she asked.

"No. Why should he?"

"Why?" Jan saw that she was staring at him. Suddenly her stare was transformed to a soft smile. "Sometimes these cabbies think they're funny."

Presently the cab stopped. Jan looked out. It was a hotel, with a wide door and a narrow one. The narrow door was marked "Ladies' Entrance," and through the transom a red light shone.

"Wait," said Jan.

He went through the wide door to the desk. "I want a room for a lady," he said to the clerk.

"Lady? Sure. Four dollars."

Jan paid the four dollars and registered. The clerk touched a bell. A boy bobbed up.

"I will bring her in by the ladies' entrance," said Jan; but in passing out to the street he caught a glimpse of a room across the hall—a room with tables, and men and women at the tables, and drinks on the tables. He halted for a longer look and went out to the cab finally with a troubled look.

"There's a room for you, but"—he took off his hat and ran his fingers through his hair—"I don't think you ought to stay here." He had put his head inside the cab and was speaking low, so that the cabman should not hear. "I don't think it's a proper place for a lady."

"But"—she almost smiled—"I'm afraid we'll have to put up with it. Look!" She spread wide her rumpled skirt. Her eyes rolled down to indicate her torn bodice. With her fingertips she touched the bruises on her face and the marks on her neck. "And I haven't even a hat on," she concluded with an undoubted smile.

Jan gave in. He paid the cabman, and led her through the ladies' entrance to where the bellboy was waiting. The boy led the way upstairs, opened a door and turned on the light.

"You wait out in the hall," Jan said to the bellboy. "The lady may want hot water and things to clean up. You know? The lady"—Jan tapped the boy on the shoulder—"fell out of a buggy and lost her hat." He handed the boy a dollar bill. "You understand now?"

The boy tucked the bill away. "I'm wise! I'm wise!" He winked at Jan and left the room.

Jan turned to her. "I'll have a few things sent up in the morning."

She was standing straight and motionless in the middle of the room.

"You're good," she said, but without looking at him.

"And—oh, my mother! I almost forgot her. She lives in Port Rock. Tomorrow night I'll put you aboard the boat for Port Rock. And I won't see you till then."

"Not till tomorrow night?"

"I has to be at the drydock early in the morning or they cannot start work. Good night." He was holding his hat very stiffly in one hand. The other hand he extended to her.

"Good night," the woman said, and took his hand and clung to it. Suddenly she lifted it to her lips and sobbed.

A woman crying and kissing his hand, and all done so suddenly he couldn't stop it—Jan was shocked at himself. "Sh-h!" said Jan. "Sh-h! You mustn't."

"I will. You're the first man ever came to the house who didn't look at me as if I was a street-walker. And he tried his best to make me one. And I fought him—and fought him; but not a soul to help me. And a woman can't hold out forever. I'd 'a' killed myself, but I was afraid to die that way. I was beginning to weaken when you came. And if you had been the wrong kind of a man ——"

"Sh-h! Don't say things like that."

"But it's so. And you helped me to get over it. Before I was married I used to dream of a man like you. But him! Almost on my wedding day he began to abuse me."

"No, no!"

"It's true. And when you told me you'd take me to your mother—that was the first message I'd got in five years from a man except what was meant for my harm. But a good mother—I'll tell her so she'll understand."

"Tomorrow is Saturday. Sunday morning you'll be in my mother's house in Port Rock."

She stooped to kiss his hand again.

"Here! Here—you mustn't!"

"I will—I will! And there! And there! And now good night."

"Good night," mumbled Jan. He hurried out of the room and all but fell over the bellboy in the hall. "What you hanging round for?" Jan almost hissed. "Go below."

The bellboy hurried downstairs.

"Say, but that's a new kind of an elopement for this shack!" he exploded to the clerk, and told him about it.

The clerk took a look at the register and read: "'Mrs. H. G. Goles, City.' Now I didn't notice that before. 'Mrs. Goles' he registered, and not himself. Goles? I wonder if that's Hen's woman? Well, if it is he'll get his good and plenty before Hen's done with him."

"Yes, and the police'll get Hen. And, say, that Swede ain't such a gink when yuh get a second look at him."

"I don't know. I didn't get a second look at him; but the way he pulled out that wad —— I charged him four bucks for a dollar-'n'-a-half room. And ——"

"S-st!" warned the boy.

It was Jan, reëntering the office.

"What's wrong?" demanded the clerk.

"Paper and envelope, please," said Jan.

"Oh!" The clerk looked relieved and passed them over. Jan took out a carpenter's thick-leaded pencil and wrote on the sheet of paper: "You must buy some things for the trip on the boat." He looked at the clerk and then at the boy, and went out into the hall, folded one ten-dollar bill and two twenty-dollar bills inside the sheet, sealed and addressed the envelope, and brought it in to the boy.

"You take this up to the lady. Give it to her and hurry away before she can open it. And if you are back in two minutes——" The boy was back in less time. Jan gave him half a dollar and passed out into the street.

. . . . . .

On Saturday evening at six o'clock the Port Rock boat was due to leave her dock. At five minutes to six the first

(Continued on Page 36)



Sometimes She Seemed to be Studying Her Husband

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NOTHING FOR SOMETHING

Sharks That Swim in the Business Sea

By One of Their Victims

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

THERE was nothing about the pleasant girl at the desk to suggest the shark. She was a light-haired young woman of about thirty, with clear, gray eyes, set widely apart, and narrow lips that closed tightly on white, sharp teeth. She was dressed in a brown tailor-made suit. Her voice was low.

"We give you forty dollars," she said, "and you pay back five dollars a week for twenty weeks."

"But, Miss Blank," I protested, "that makes one hundred dollars for forty!"

"It's the best we can do," she answered. "There's risk in this business. We lose a good deal of money through dishonest men who borrow and skip out. With your salary of twenty a week, you can easily pay five; and in a few months the debt will be cleared up."

I had to have the money and Miss Blank knew it; but still I hesitated.

"What will happen," I asked, "if, sometime, I can't pay on the day? Suppose I'm sick. Will you show leniency?"

"Why, most assuredly. You'll find us square and upright. We'll treat you right."

She handed me the papers to sign. One was a promise to pay five dollars a week for twenty weeks—my wages to be attached if I failed to pay. The other seemed to be a power of attorney. I did not get a chance to read the papers through, but I did notice that there was no mention of the forty dollars.

"How's this?" I asked.

"You'll get your money as soon as you sign."

Borrowing Forty and Paying One Hundred

I WROTE my name at the bottom of both papers. The girl drew four crisp ten-dollar bills from the drawer of her desk. I put the four ten-dollar bills into my pocket. I was in the jaws of the shark!

. . . . . .

I had never thought that I should have to go to a money-lender. Things had been going well. I was working in the city as a clerk in a large wholesale store. There were six of us in all—Anna, myself and the four children—the oldest seven and the youngest one; but my twenty dollars a week were enough. We lived in two stories of a nice little house. We had six rooms and a bath, for which we paid nineteen dollars a month. My wife, you see, was a farmer's daughter, and she had been trained to save.

Then, one day, five years ago, my wife and all four children came down with diphtheria. Those were the six worst weeks of my life. My little girl died; and I buried her—the minister and I—without even a neighbor to help. When we came out of it I owed the landlord, the grocer, the butcher, the doctor, the druggist, the undertaker. I had not been to the office for six weeks, for it was up to me to cook, wash, and nurse Anna and the young ones night and day. My savings were gone. There was not a penny in the house and I was left with four invalids and—bills. I thought I should go crazy.

An advertisement in my morning's newspaper seemed like a message of hope. This is how it read:

MONEY! MONEY! MONEY!

Honest people can secure money through me in a few hours' time; no red tape or delay about it. It cuts no figure to me who you owe or what you are going to do with the money; all you have to do is to prove to me that you are a trustworthy man or woman. Don't injure your credit by giving a chattel mortgage on your household furniture and have it go on public records. If you are being worried by a number of small bills get enough money through me to pay up. Come in and talk it over with me today. JOHN DOE—Broker.

Do you blame me for going? The newspaper was a respectable paper. It had always stood for honesty and reform. I had always believed in it. On entering the little office, I asked for Mr. Doe. That showed right off that I was a greener. All loan offices that I know of are managed by women. The man never appears and the name in the advertisement is not his real name. Most loan sharks use fake names.

The girl with the gray eyes smiled. "Mr. Doe," she said, "is out of town today. Did you come about money?"

I had been wondering how I could begin the subject. The ice once broken, I answered all her questions. She asked me my name—and the names of my wife, my children, my father and my sister, my employer and my former employers, my landlord and my former landlords. I told my salary and the day it was due; and I gave her the names of several men who worked at the office and the addresses of the tradespeople I dealt with. Then I was told to call the next day. What stuck in my memory afterward was not these questions but the smiling way in which the girl had asked: "Did you come about money?"



"That's All This Week," I Said

. . . . . .

That Saturday night I gave my wife ten dollars instead of the usual twelve. "There are only five of us now," I told her, "and we've got to pay off our bills." I did not tell her about the loan company. I did not want to worry her. For fifteen Saturdays I went to that office to pay my five dollars. I never got a receipt. "We don't give them," said Miss Blank.

I soon began to see what a bad bargain I had made. I was paying sixty dollars interest on forty dollars for two months! A bargain was a bargain however. I had made my bed and must lie on it; but this was to be the end. When I had paid this off I was through with loan sharks. Was I through with them? The sixteenth Saturday came round and I didn't have five dollars. I simply couldn't get the money.

I telephoned to Miss Blank:

"I'll have to ask you for an extension. I'm sorry, but the landlord wouldn't wait."



I Cannot Write Down the Blasphemous Words That Woman Hurled at Me

Then the shark showed her teeth. "No, sir'ee," came the answer. "We don't stand for that sort of business. If you don't pay up we'll send a collector to your office."

"But I haven't got the money!" I pleaded. "I haven't got it, I tell you. You'll simply have to wait."

"You've another guess coming," she answered. Then, after a pause, she added sternly: "Why don't you come to the office instead of 'phoning like a coward?"

I did go to the office.

"You've no right to charge such interest," I protested. "I only borrowed forty dollars. I've paid you seventy-five already. It's usury! I'll see a lawyer."

She laughed.

"You'll cut a pretty figure in court! Suppose we swear we advanced you a hundred! You have to prove. Suppose we swear you've paid nothing back! You've got no receipts. It's not usury, because we don't lend money—we buy wages! Take it to a lawyer."

"Anyhow," I replied, "lawyer or no lawyer, I won't be cheated. I have paid you seventy-five dollars and you get the rest when I'm ready."

"Oh, all right," she answered. "We'll attach your wages Monday. If you lose your job don't blame us."

"What do you mean? You promised secrecy."

"That was for honest men," she answered. "We treat people square who treat us square; but when we catch a scoundrel who wants to get out of an honest debt we make it hot for him. We make an example of him."

How the Usury Piled Up

THAT was the beginning. There followed a torrent of awful language. I was ashamed at being forced to listen. Suddenly her manner changed.

"Listen, Mr. Luce," she said. "We lenders are not as black as we're painted. And, to prove it, I'll make an exception in your case. Here's my proposition," she went on. "You still owe us twenty-five dollars. We'll lend you forty more. That will clean off the twenty-five and leave you fifteen cash. Christmas is coming and you'll need it."

"Well," I answered, "that seems very square. I'm sorry for what I said. I was worried."

She made out some papers and handed them over to sign.

"Sixty-five dollars!" I gasped. "I thought it was forty."

"The forty costs you sixty-five. That's our price."

At last I understood. I had been a fool to the end. Because I did not have five dollars I had to take a new loan and be charged twenty-five for the privilege. But what could I do?

That evening I could not touch a mouthful. All through supper I thought and thought, going over

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mind the humiliating experiences of the afternoon. I *remembered* words and looks that I had not at first noticed. Then, as soon as the dishes were cleared away, *I went* to the parlor, locked myself in and worked out my account with Miss Blank. This is how it looked on paper:

	RECEIVED	PAY BACK	MY LOSS
First loan	$40	$100	$60
Second loan	40	65	25
			$85

For fifty-five dollars in cash I had paid back seventy-five and still owed sixty-five. Thirteen more weeks, and then—Heaven help me!—I would never go near a money-lender again.

. . . . . .

It seems to me, as I look back on it now, that I was always just about to get clear, when something—usually a little thing—pulled me back. This time it was the grippe. I was in bed a week. There was little enough money in the house, but Miss Blank got what there was. I did not dare put her off. I gave the letter, inclosing the five dollars, to my little girl to mail.

"Who is Miss Blank?" asked my wife that evening.

"It's a woman at the office," I answered. "I had to send her directions." My wife said nothing, but a troubled look came into her eyes.

When I returned to work I was more in debt than ever. There was no hope for it. I looked in my newspaper for the name of a new money-lender, scanning the four columns of such advertisements for one that seemed honest. There was no choice.

At last I picked out a company located as far away from the first one as I could find. Again I borrowed forty dollars, promising to pay five dollars a week for fourteen weeks. I had now ten dollars to pay. I worked overtime. I saved. I scrimped. I let the children go about in rags. My home became shabby. Another baby came—and we had to move into a smaller flat.

The more I struggled, the deeper I got in. I was like a man in a quicksand. Soon I went to a third lender; then to a fourth; then to a fifth.

A year rolled round and Christmas came. I shall never forget my walk home that Christmas Eve. I had only five dollars in my pocket. Out of my week's wages I had paid sixteen dollars to money-lenders.

As I came into the room, Anna wished me a "Merry Christmas!" It suddenly came to me that she had grown old during this last year. Did she suspect?

I laid the five dollars on the kitchen table.

"That's all this week," I said. My voice was gruff, though God knows I did not wish it to be.

Deeper and Deeper

"We'll make it do somehow," she answered. Then, looking at me wistfully: "No little presents for the babies?"

"No."

I did not speak harshly that time; but she began to cry. A great pity swept over me. It was she who was bearing the burden. I longed to take her in my arms and explain; but I could not. I could not tell any one.

"I'll not take supper tonight," I said; and again the harsh tone crept into my voice.

All that night I sat alone in the dark, planning. I found myself staring at nothing, thinking out foolish schemes that I had thought of a hundred times before. I had been with the money-lenders fifteen months. I had borrowed forty dollars and had got other sums—perhaps a hundred dollars in all. I had paid back four hundred or five hundred dollars—I did not know which. I still owed three hundred. Would it go on forever? Should I always slave and scrape and borrow to pay? Was there no escape?

. . . . . .

For three years more I struggled. Again and again I borrowed to pay. I hated the weary round of weekly visits to half a dozen offices. I hated the elevators that took me up; I hated the green carpet in Miss Blank's room, and the blue-and-yellow rug in Miss Ward's; I hated the women that I saw—but I feared them even more than I hated them.

During those years not a Saturday afternoon passed that I did not go from office to office paying my notes. Every hour of the day—on the walk to my work, in the office over my ledger, at lunch with my comrades—I thought, thought, thought of how I could gather together the money I had to have by Saturday. My work suffered. My health gave way. I could not eat. I could not sleep. I could not think when I was with others. I could not think when I was alone.

I soon learned there was no pity to the shark. Only one of the women ever treated me kindly. She drove a hard bargain; but once she let me run three weeks and did not charge me extra. She was a hard woman, with a sharp tongue; but I am grateful to her.

I had always tried to keep the collectors from the office by borrowing to pay; but one day I could not pay. They threatened to send a "bawler-out" on Monday. And still I could not pay.

All that Monday I thought with dread of the woman who was to come; but, as hour after hour passed, I picked up hope. For once the shark had relented! Then, as it drew near four o'clock, a large, slatternly, painted woman appeared at the railing and in a bellowing voice asked for Mr. Luce. I am sure every eye in the office was turned upon me—but I did not see. My face was deep in my books.

Have you ever thought how the condemned man feels as he walks from his cell to the electric chair? I did not glance aside at the forty faces turned toward me. I did not know whether pity or contempt was in those faces. I thought only of one thing—how to quiet this woman.

Is there anything worse than the cruelty of the shark? I cannot write down the blasphemous words that woman shrieked at me. They would not be printed if I did.

I do not know how long I stood there. It might have been a minute or an hour. All I know is that one of the men—to this day I do not know which—thrust a bill into my hand, which I turned over to the painted woman. I do not remember walking back to my desk, but I do remember the years of waiting before the bell rang for the end of the day's work!

. . . . . .

I had learned my lesson. I had been taught that it was up to me to pay and, if I could not, to borrow to pay—to borrow on any terms. I knew now that the men at the office knew; but I did not speak of it and they did not speak of it. The boss did not know. I could hold my place as long as the boss did not know.

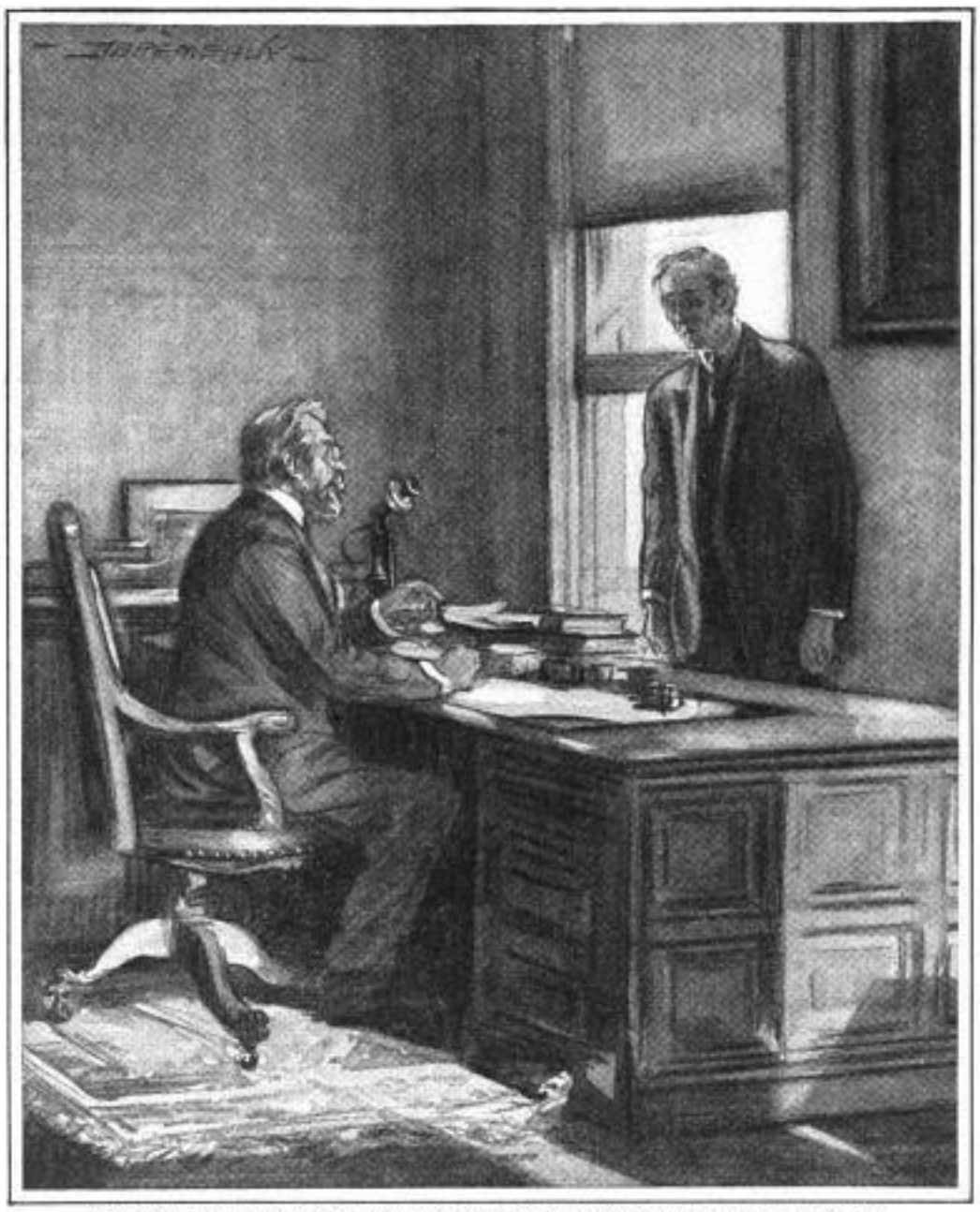
"What is the use?" I sometimes asked myself. Here I was working year after year, not for my wife and the dear little children but for the loan shark. Would it not be better to throw up my job and find another? But what good would that do? They would attach my wages in the new job. They would send a "bawler-out" to the new office. I had heard of a promising young clerk in a department store who left his job to escape a shark, and got a new place under another name; but the shark put his tracers at work and the man was found and discharged. Four times he changed his name; four times he got a new place, and—four times the shark found him! At last he left for Cuba; but even there the shark followed him. A file was placed against his wages; the man was dismissed again. And that was the last of him!

. . . . . .

I thought I had seen the worst of the shark, but I was mistaken. In the last year of my slavery I went to a new company. Again the same questions, the same promise of secrecy, the same woman manager—polite, businesslike, but with cruelty in her eyes. Only one thing was different—to evade the laws in the state in which they did business this company had become the agents of a firm in another state. When you signed the papers, which they never let you see—and what would have been the use anyway?—you were really giving them the right to sign your name to any papers in that state.

To this firm I went every Saturday, put my five dollars in an envelope and mailed it to this other company. If my letter was delayed even a single day a company—called a collection company, though it was one and the same firm—sent me a protest, and I had to pay the five dollars and a dollar and a half extra. They were always running in new charges on you. Once I forgot to put a stamp on the letter. That cost me a dollar and a half. Often, I am sure, they received the money on time, but wanted the extra dollar and a half. I had no proof. I had no receipts. I had no rights. When I complained to the usual woman manager—she shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't know anything about it," she said. "We sell your notes and have no control over them."



"You've Been a Faithful Employee for Eight Years; But You're a Blamed Fool!"

Gouged Again

Again and again I got protests from this company and had to pay six dollars and a half instead of five. Then, two years ago, my little baby died. I wrote to the company, telling them of the expense it would put me to, and begging an extension of a week. There was no answer; but when I came to work on Monday there was the protest lying on the table!

To meet this payment of six dollars and a half I had to make a new loan. That is the hellish part of it—to pay one you must borrow from a second; to pay a second you must borrow from a third. Again I went to my newspaper and picked out a new money-lender.

It was a modest little office, with no carpet on the floor and much dingier than those I had been used to. The manager was busy, so I waited my turn. A young girl cashier was seated at a high desk, and near the window stood a young, light-haired fellow—he looked like a carpenter. His blunt fingers nervously drummed on the panel. His eyes wandered from the church across the street to the closed door of the inner office. There was a haggard look on his face and his lips moved tremblingly. Suddenly the door of the inner office opened and a big, black-bearded man with huge, gnarled hands stumbled out.

The man in the office sprang forward. "Don't, Jack!" he cried. He put his arm round his friend and led him to the outer door; and, even as he did so, I saw the big fellow break down and begin to sob. As I turned, sick at heart, a dark-eyed little woman stood before me, a smile upon her lips.

(Concluded on Page 60)

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The Thirty-Thousand-Dollar Slap

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY M. LEONE BRACKER

AT NINE o'clock in the evening of February second, a tall, spare figure of a woman whose face was heavily veiled stalked into the vaulted and domed waiting room of the New Terminal Station.

This woman carried in her hand a small leather bag apparently brand-new and also apparently the object of her nervous concern. The brass lock on the bag was sealed by a piece of steel wire, the two ends of which were fastened by a lozenge of pressed lead.

The woman, having seated herself on one of the benches, felt the leather sides of the neat receptacle several times, as if she either wished to be sure that its contents were still intact or, not knowing what was in the bag, desired to determine what it contained.

The hour was not a busy one for the great station, but nevertheless people of all types came and went continually, some strolling lazily about as if time were passing painfully, others waiting as if to meet the other half of an appointment; and occasionally some brisk click-clack of running feet spoke of haste. Large railroad stations at all hours are places of both panting and sighs; in this one at the moment there was also the sound of a cleaner's broom and the rattle of dish-washing reverberating from far away in the restaurant. Occasionally, too, there came the faint roar from the streets and with it the tail ends of drafts of the cold night outside.

With one of these drafts arrived a spare and sinewy young man who put forth a good first appearance in his dress, but who, a close observer would have remarked, was clothed for summer rather than for winter. He blew upon his cold, red fingers and, without showing any interest in his surroundings, slouched into a corner of a bench opposite the woman, stared up at the haze that seemed to sway in the station's dome, and, stretching his arms, yawned audibly.

No one—least of all, perhaps, the woman—would have suspected this bored newcomer of having any interest in anything particular in the whole waiting room. Yet when the telephonic contrivance on the wall had announced "Train 49, local to the north, on track 32," he must have noticed the almost imperceptible start in the woman's angular body. He arose, yawned again, went to the ticket office and smiled through the polished brass grating at the half-automaton, half-human who frowned there.

"Does 49 go as far as the capital?" he asked out of the side of his mouth.

"Last stop," sang the man. "Two eighty-five one way."

"I'll try anything once," the young man said, pushing his hat back on his head. "That's me! Here's the kale."

As he walked across the waiting room toward the big elevators he did not seem to be watching the woman with the locked and sealed bag, who walked before him; he even stopped to buy some chewing gum and a newspaper, as if he did not care very much whether he lost sight of her or not, and he even felt his chin to see whether he was in fit condition to make himself attractive to the feminine world. Yet it was a fact that he had first seen this particular woman and her mysterious bag long before she had reached the station. He had followed her, sticking closely to her trail. And, following, he had sensed a night of good luck.

He was delighted to find that fortune stayed by him; the woman had not bought parlor-car accommodations. Therefore he could sit in a seat behind her and across the aisle, read up and down the sporting page with one eye, and with the other watch her every movement and reflect on and enjoy his catlike pursuit of quarry without any additional expense that might in the end be thrown away to no purpose. From his place of vantage, like a shadow that falls behind rather than before, he was in no danger of being observed; yet when the conductor had come through and tucked the woman's ticket into the binding on the top of a plush seat he could see that his surmise that the woman was going to the last stop had been correct.



"Is it Blackmail, Eh?"

"I have luck with women," he said to himself, smiling at a newspaper cut of a beautiful dancer who had just declared for anti-vivisection. "Especially when I'm alone with 'em," he added, looking about as if to count the five or six other passengers in the car.

Though almost empty this interior was warm—so comfortably and sleepily warm that, after a day spent in the cold wind, he wished that his business there did not make it necessary for him to sit up straight and resist the soporific effect of the rocking of the coach on its springs and the hum and click of the wheels on their tracks.

The woman and her actions had begun to be an interesting study. With timid, covert motions she had drawn the fascinating sealed bag into her lap and again was feeling of its bright new leather sides. Once, without lifting her veil, she looked about as if she felt eyes fixed upon her, but all she saw of the observer was a widespread sheet of want advertisements, and she returned to her strange occupation of turning the bag round and round, studying its contour, testing its weight, inspecting its seams, trying to pry open a corner of its mouth to achieve a peek through a narrow crack. Whether or not she was doubtful of the safety of that which the bag contained, or was suffering from curiosity, doubly sharp because that of a woman, the young man could not determine. He found himself, none the less, as eager as she to have a single look within the leather receptacle. The leaden seal was not a usual decoration for a commonplace bag carrying a change of clothes and a bottle of tooth-powder; small, new traveling bags were not ordinarily the objects of so much care or curiosity.

This reflection passed many times through the mind of the shrewd, crafty-faced young man, without leading to any firm conclusion as to the nature of what was hidden within the mysterious satchel. He wished that he might for once see the woman's countenance so that he could tell whether any emotion was written upon it, and perhaps read from an expression of fear or one of guilt an indication of what he desired to know.

It was several minutes before she took from her purse a small jackknife and, believing herself unwatched, deliberately began to rip the stitches in one of the bag's corners. She worked with care, as if she planned to sew up the opening again and avoid detection when once her object had been satisfied.

"She dresses pretty plain," said the watcher to himself. "I wish I could see her face."

It was not necessary, however, to see her expression to know, when she had made the aperture and had peeked into it with one eye, that she had been shocked by what she had seen.

She dropped the bag as if it were red-hot. Her body stiffened. For several minutes she sat staring vacantly ahead of her, apparently trying to realize the truth of some awful thing upon which her peeking vision had rested.

"I'd like to see her face!" whispered the other to himself again. His palms felt the digging pressure of his nails. "I wonder what she saw. I'll see this to the finish anyway!"

The train rocked along. The woman folded her gloved hands and thrust them forward on her knees, as one of her sex does when in distress of mind. She seemed to be fighting a battle with her judgment. Once she lifted the bag and looked within once more as if to be sure her eyes had not deceived her. Again she uttered a soft exclamation and then leaned back to stare at the ceiling of the car. At last she sat up and buttoned her raincoat. It gave the impression that she had made a decision.

This impression was verified when at the first stop a brakeman opened the door and bawled through the rush of cold air and smoke that he allowed to enter, "Foxburg! Foxburg!"

The woman arose at once.

"She ain't going up the state," exclaimed her shadower under his breath. "I'll take a chance on this."

He, too, got up and, brazenly whistling a popular melody, slouched after the woman and found himself on the platform of the station, waiting to see what action she would take next.

Foxburg, as all know, is a smoky but prosperous manufacturing place not ten miles from the metropolis. Its hotels have not yet outgrown the custom of sending a bus and clamorous porters to the trains.

"Imperial Hotel, ma'am," called a hotel runner up.

For a moment she appeared undecided; then, clasping the bag tightly, she stepped into the bus.

"What sort of a shack have you got?" asked the young man in a loud voice.

"It's all right. If I said it wasn't I'd lose my job," said the Imperial representative. "Step in."

"I'll try anything once," the young man answered. He had spoken with such well-simulated doubt that he had successfully concealed his desire to ride in that particular conveyance with its single feminine passenger. "Drive on. It's beginning to snow."

The hotel was not far from the station. The woman, without lifting her veil, registered first. Her writing was not preceded by the slightest hesitancy and the man behind her believed she had inscribed her own name.

"Miss Mary Inness," read the clerk. "Front! Room 42. See if those gas-fitters have cleaned up in the bath."

"Ice water," said Miss Inness in a sweet but firm voice. "And are there telephones in the rooms?"

"No," answered the clerk. "You'll have to come down and use that booth over by the cigar-case for long distance."

"Room 42," said the young man to himself, still slouching in the background.

"Just the night?" asked the clerk after Miss Inness left.

"Yep," answered the other.

"Front! 31. Two dollars, please."

"You win," replied the guest, tossing over a bill. "What about fire-escapes?"

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"There's one just outside your window, my friend," answered the clerk, sticking the pen into the potato.

The newcomer, who nodded, waited for the elevator, sharpening a match with a jackknife. He still whistled the popular melody. When he had reached his room and the boy had closed the door after him he quickly slipped off his shoes, kicked them under the bed, drew a little leather pouch filled with fine lead shot—which is commonly called a life-preserver or blackjack or persuader—from his coat pocket, and, opening a hairwide crack in his door, listened for sounds in the hall.

He did not have to wait long. After one hundred and twenty seconds, during which he puffed on a cigarette, his ears caught the sound of a door down the corridor. He heard the lock turned from the outside and the rustle of a woman's dress going toward the stairs.

"She wants to telephone," he breathed softly. "I'm lucky with women!"

A moment later he had crept down the hall as stealthily as a feline. The corridor was dimly lighted. He felt the raised numbers on a door or two until he was sure he had come to the right one.

It did not yield to a cautious manipulation of its knob. He tried without result a key of his own that he carried as a convenience and that is known as a skeleton. Trained in quick observation and action, he glanced above him, saw a half-closed transom, looked up and down the hall, then, placing his fingers on the dusty ledge, drew himself up and peered through the opening.

The room was lighted. The girl's raincoat hung over a chair. Two hatpins stuck up in the pincushion on the bureau. The bag was not visible.

Few men are as graceful in their motions as this one in reaching for the ledge, first with one stockinged foot and then with one knee, and drawing himself through the frame of the transom. Indeed the easy, noiseless invasion of this chamber was so well executed that even the man himself, standing on the floor inside, congratulated himself on the perfection of the performance that had been accomplished without disturbing the adjustable glass window or the rod that fastened it in place.

He knew, however, that every watch-tick counted. He surveyed the room and noted five possible hiding-places for the bag—under the bed or bedding, in or under a bureau drawer, on top of the old-fashioned wardrobe, behind the tarnished radiator or in the closet. When he had finished his whirlwind search the closet door stood open, some of the bureau drawers were resting on the floor, the bedding was thrown in a heap against the baseboard and he himself had just stepped into the bathroom.

The bag itself was sitting there on the washstand! A piece of gaspipe left by the fitters was beside it. It suggested that the woman had thought of it as a possible weapon.

There was no time for an inspection of the bag's contents by peeking. He thrust his fingers through the opening that the woman had made and found them in contact with a folded piece of paper. This he drew forth.

The bathroom was dark; he had brought no matches. Something was written on this sheet. With quick motions he returned to the light of the chandelier in the chamber.

The paper was a plain sheet, bearing on its face these typewritten words:

A woman will hand you this. Didn't dare to send agent number 3, fear of being watched. There is thirty thousand here, all bills from Boston bank and can't be traced. Ten thousand to Gloomy for upstate votes. Five to Happy for his crowd. They are acting together. Fifteen to double up after rollcall nay votes on House Bill 42,110. Depend on you not let city reps know what farmers got per vote.

"It's the anti-gambling bill!" exclaimed the intruder, being somewhat more familiar with the legislation than most citizens. "Thirty thousand! And goes to vote tomorrow afternoon. Mary, whoever she is, is going to play the double-cross on the gang. No wonder she threw a fit when she seen what was in the bag. I certainly have luck with women!"

He dropped the sheet on the towel that served as a cover for the marble-topped table. As if echoing its soft rustle there came a slight sound from the door. Some one had inserted a key.

The man's first instinct, as it would have been had he been invading a private home in the nighttime, was to put out the lights. Here in a hotel, however, it would probably mean a scream or shout, followed by many pairs of running feet and no hope of escape. His second instinct was to draw the life-preserver from his back pocket and deal the person at the door a sleep-inducing blow from behind as he or she entered. It was too late! His third instinct was to slide down on to the floor and wriggle under the bed. But the disordered room would be enough to discover his presence! His fourth inspiration was a good one.

The woman, who was probably now at the door, intended to misappropriate thirty thousand dollars of a corruption fund. Had she meant to deliver the bag as directed she would now be on the train on the way to the capital. The money was now hers. She and he were in the same difficulty. Both were thieves. He lit a cigarette, and, sitting down in the wicker rocking-chair, crossed his legs. The door opened. The woman stepped in.

"Don't scream, Mary," said the man almost nonchalantly. "Perhaps you and I can fix this up between us."

He had an opportunity to study her unveiled countenance in the moment that followed his words. He had expected her to show her emotions in a change of expression, but was astounded to see how quickly she recovered from her astonishment and how little she disclosed of fear.

She was thirty-two, perhaps, tall and not unattractively angular, and, though her face was marked as if by routine office work of some kind and appeared tired, she was not lacking in a certain reminiscence of beauty. She had gray eyes. Her hair was parted severely in the middle, as if to indicate that she was some sort of a feminine sacrifice dedicated to the machinery of the business world.

"Come in and shut the door," cajoled the man. "I'm not in love with you. And you aren't going to call help to get me into trouble, because that would mean trouble for you. We're in the same fix. Come in!"

He was playing a dangerous game. He knew it. He pointed to the paper on the table to indicate he had read it. With the greatest satisfaction he saw her close the door after her.

"Who are you?" she asked in a tense whisper.

"My name's Paymaster," he replied good-naturedly. "I bet on a horse by that name once and won a pot of money. I'm going to tell you the truth. I'm a crook."

Miss Inness gathered herself.

"You interest me," she said.

Paymaster smiled with admiration.

"I have no specialty," he went on; "I do the thing that comes along. That's why the police haven't got me classed. I'd have had your thirty thousand if you hadn't come back at the wrong time, but even then I usually have luck with women. I've got a proposition. After all, it's your wit against mine—ain't it?"

"I suppose so," replied the woman coldly.

"You were sent up by somebody, probably a lawyer, with this here bag of vote-getters. Here is a piece of typewriting that goes with it. It looks as if the man wouldn't trust to dictation and rapped this out himself. But he knows that typewriting can be traced to the machine that did it. I know it can and so do the police. With this paper you've got the man who sent this dough and the whole gang, too, right by the throat. They can't holler for their money back or they'd call the district attorney."

"I realized that," said Miss Inness, leaning against the foot of the bed. "But I suggest you do not talk so loud."



The Man Ahead Did Not Hear Any Sound Other Than the Wail of the Wind



He Received the Impression That the Stenographer Was Laughing at Him

"Right-o," said Paymaster. "Well, now, I've come into this. The worst thing you've got on me is that I'm in your room, being as I climbed over the transom. But I've got something worse on you. You started off with the thirty. And we've both got something worse yet on your boss. He sent the money and wrote the letter. How do we divide?"

Mary Inness smiled, with a trace of sadness.

"You don't quite understand," she said quietly. "You see, I've just telephoned Mr. Valingworth, who employs me, that I am here. He is on his way by automobile now. He asked for a conference. That changes the thing somewhat, doesn't it?"

Paymaster's face indicated by a little flash of anxiety and fear that it did.

"Who are you anyway?" he said, leaning forward.

"I'm the woman with whom you say you are going to have luck. There is no reason for concealing what you can find out. I'm a stenographer. I'm the personal stenographer and secretary and recipient of abuse of Mr. Colon D. Valingworth, of Valingworth & Dowse, Pine Street. I've had the position for fifteen years. I am not exactly a thief. I have the thirty thousand dollars, to be sure, but I intend to give it to the Clinton Home for Women. It will be better there than in the legislature. I made up my mind to that when I had confirmed my suspicions on the train. I'm not a fool. Mr. V. had no one else he could trust as he did me. He believed I'd carry out any orders faithfully, like a piece of machinery with nothing human in it. He told me to go to a hotel up there in the capital and at eight tomorrow to put the bag outside room 89 and rap twice on the door and go away. But I am human after all. So the money goes to the Clinton Home unless Mr. V., when he comes, is willing to win back the thirty thousand dollars by fulfilling a certain condition."

"What?" asked the astonished Paymaster. "What condition? Unless what?"

"Unless Mr. V. allows me to tell him how I came to him a fresh and hopeful girl, fifteen years ago, tender of heart and spirit, and how he has played upon my necessity to earn a living to keep me working year after year and giving two dollars of labor for every dollar he paid me. And unless he allows me to tell him how he has taken advantage of my necessity to live by swearing at me, abusing me, bullying me, and of how in his pleasanter moods he has preached all the woman in me out of me by his cynical talk and his poking fun at all that's good and beautiful. He's squeezed me dry! I've been a cringing, spiritless machine. And now he wants to use me in this dirty, dirty business, as if he owned my soul. And I won't give him back the money, unless ——"

"You're joking!" he exclaimed.

"I said unless ——" she answered firmly.

"Unless ——?" Paymaster repeated.

"Unless he lets me slap his face!"

The thief sat silent a moment. Then he laughed and snorted.

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Drama a League From Broadway

By IRVIN S. COBB

THERE were lately given at a theater in New York, on a Saturday, a matinée and a night performance of a new play by a new author. The theater, which was brand-new, had a seating capacity of about eighteen hundred and fifty. There had been no considerable advance sale, since the play itself had its first performance only a night or two before. Yet, long before the rise of the curtain in the afternoon, and again in the evening, the building was crowded until it could not hold another person without violation of the law. The man in the box office was under instructions from the management to keep account of those who came after the capacity had been exhausted; but these disappointed patrons came so fast and in such numbers that he speedily abandoned his attempt to keep the record with a pencil and a sheet of paper. He sat alongside his empty ticket-rack with a ticket-clip in his hand and for every person who passed his wicket he made a punch-mark in a long strip of cardboard. The tally showed that nearly six thousand applicants had been turned away.

If this had happened on Broadway in the so-called theatrical zone there would have been long stories in the next morning's papers about it. It would have furnished material for conversation up and down Broadway for a fortnight. It would have been a nine days' wonder of the theatrical district. Properly advertised and exploited—as it would have been—it might have stretched into a nine months' wonder. It happened, however, three miles or more from Forty-second Street, in the midriff of the East Side; and to the best of the writer's knowledge and belief it has never been mentioned in a single English-speaking newspaper of New York or any other city.

The theater in question stands at Second Avenue and Second Street. There are tall tenements all round it and elevated lines passing it—one a block to the east, the other a block to the west. Behind it are forests of clothespoles laden with frankly fluttering garments of red and blue and white, like the flag-dressed masts of domestic arks. It is as handsome a theater and as well-appointed and ornate as almost any of the newer theaters along Broadway; yet few persons along Broadway ever heard of it. It is called Kessler's Theater, and the plays that are seen there are all written in Yiddish or translated into Yiddish by Yiddish playwrights, and are interpreted by actors who speak Yiddish to audiences that understand it. The manager rarely or never advertises in the big New York newspapers, and for his patronage he depends upon a clientèle living entirely outside the districts from which New York theater audiences are supposed to be drawn.

The Playwright of the Cloak Trade

THE name of this play that created such a furor was The Reigning Slaves—signifying women who rule and yet are ruled. One day last August, as he tells the story to me, the man who is part owner and manager and chief star was just leaving the building—then unfinished—in an automobile for his summer home on one of the beaches near the city. A young Russian Jew, shabby and thin, and in no way different from any number of other young Russian Jews in that same neighborhood, hurried across the sidewalk to the curb and, hailing Kessler, told him he had a play he wanted him to read. It is not highly probable that a Broadway manager could have been successfully approached in the same fashion, but on the East Side they seem to have a way of doing these things differently. Kessler gave the eager stranger the address of his cottage and told him to come there at noon of the following day.

At noon of the following day he was there, still shabby and more nervous than ever, with a roll of manuscript in his hands. In a bathing suit, sitting in the shadow of a pier, Kessler listened while the youth walked up and down, reading his play, oblivious of other bathers who were looking on curiously. By the time he finished reading the first act Kessler had heard enough.

"I will take your play," he said, "and produce it as soon as I can get my theater finished and my company into rehearsals. How many other plays have you written?"

"I never wrote any before this one," said the overjoyed author.

"What is your business?" asked Kessler.

"I am a designer by cloaks," said the other, meaning that he modeled garments in a loft factory somewhere.

This is not a press-agent yarn. I am reliably informed that it happened substantially as I have told it here. The young cloak-designer dramatist—his name is Jacob Jacobson—speaks little or no English; and when he wrote The Reigning Slaves he had probably never seen the inside of an English-speaking theater. He knew no actors or writers, and he knew nothing of the thing called stage technic except what he could gather from the far side of the footlights. Working ten hours a day in a sweatshop, he went at night to one or another of the Yiddish theaters, watching the performances from the cheapest seats in the top balcony. Sundays and holidays and at odd moments he wrote his play. It dealt with the life of the people he knew; the scenes were laid in a tenement in Norfolk Street, within ten minutes' walk of the theater; his hero was a motorman of the Third Avenue carline, out of work; and his heavy man was a sweatshop operator who, becoming prosperous, had moved uptown—out of the Ghetto. The motorman's wife, who had once been the sweetheart of the clothing manufacturer, was the axis of the play—and about her its action revolved. Naturally all the characters in the play were East Side Jews—immigrants or native-born; it is probable that among all the author's acquaintances there was not one who was not a Jew.



PHOTO. BY MORRIS BELLIN, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Jacob Adler and His Little Daughter Who Plays the Juvenile Roles in His Productions

Jacob Jacobson was so overjoyed to find a manager who would produce his first brain-child that he offered to turn the play over to Kessler without a cent being paid down. To see and hear his lines spoken would be reward enough for him, he said; but Kessler cannily paid him the customary binder on the spot and got his signature to a contract for all his output for three consecutive years. The Reigning Slaves was played for the first time in the middle of last fall. As in the case of a new play by an unknown author, the audience was not overly large and it was overly critical—as all East Side audiences are said to be. Next day, though, the East Side read the criticisms of the piece that were printed in the Yiddish newspapers—and that night the East Side was storming Kessler's.

The writer saw an act of The Reigning Slaves. Knowing no Yiddish, he was yet able to follow the action closely. Any person with eyes to see could have followed it. It seemed a great big play with a great big story to it, acted with realism and repression by a capable company. The house was packed to the doors by an audience that alternately laughed aloud and wept aloud—not weeping with the restrained and decorous emotion of a fashionable audience, but with full-voiced sobbing and sometimes with ejaculations. In the front row of gallery seats sat, side by side, an old bearded Jew—he looked like a pushcart pedler—and an old Jewish woman with the wig of the orthodox over her own hair and a shawl about her shoulders; and both of them were crying until the tears streamed down their wrinkled old faces. About them were well-dressed young Jews of the second generation, also weeping when they did not laugh or applaud. The applause seemed to be directed not so much at the climaxes and the big scenes as at certain well-turned passages of speech or quick shifts of reasoning occurring in the quieter moments of the act. This I was told is a characteristic of these audiences—their best approval is for the line and for the thought that is behind the line rather than for the palpable stage business.

The Reigning Slaves will be played at frequent intervals all this winter or until the acute interest in it begins to abate. Thereafter it will be played occasionally for years to come; and people who have seen it will go back again and again and again to see it, this also being a point wherein Second Avenue differs most radically from Broadway. Yiddish plays which were written ten or fifteen years ago, and which have been played hundreds—perhaps thousands—of times in this same locality, will be played this week and next week, and every week thereafter during the season, with the certainty of large audiences and appreciative ones to see them.

Jacobson's success, though notable, is not unprecedented in the great American Ghetto. There have been plenty of others who came up as he has come up. Jacob Gordin, who has been called the father of the Yiddish drama in America, which means the world, was past forty when he wrote his first play. He wrote about thirty others before he died, many of them treating of the Jew in his new life in America as contrasted with his old life in Europe, and all or nearly all were successes. It is safe to assume that the East Side will still be applauding some of Gordin's plays twenty years hence.

The Upgrowth of the Yiddish Drama

THAT section of old New York of which the Bowery is the middle and the main thoroughfare has always been somehow a forcing-bed for the production of actors and acting. It is the crucible into which all the races are poured to be fused into the conglomerate mass of New World life and to work out their several destinies. The first influx of immigration which provided what you may call the original settlers of the East Side brought mainly Irish and German stocks. Years later came the floods from Eastern and Northern Europe and from Latin Europe—Italians, Roumanians, Russians, Hungarians—but, most of all, Jews. Today the biggest Jewish community on earth is to be found in the lower East Side, with outcropping colonies in Brooklyn, in the Bronx and in upper Harlem. There are, roughly speaking, a million people in what is known as the East Side of New York, and of these million probably eighty per cent are Jews and speak Yiddish.

Years and years ago the leading theaters of New York were along the Bowery, and in them the reigning stars of past generations—the Booths and the Barretts and all the rest—played. With their passing came burlesque houses and variety houses—early nurseries for modern vaudeville these last were. Amateur night, that institution whereby unknown beginners might display talent or the lack of it before audiences that were at once the most appreciative and the most hostile, originated on the Bowery; and so out of the East Side there trickled a steady stream of actors and actresses, mainly of the comedy type, who were destined to become fixtures of the larger theatrical world. Weber and Fields, Lillian Russell, Blanche Walsh, Sam Bernard, Joe Welch and twenty others who might be listed sprang out of this environment. They were of Irish and German parentage mainly, as was to be expected, and a good many of the Germans were Hebrews.

Eventually the cheap vaudeville houses killed off the variety theater, and the moving-picture show came and took the places of the dime museum and the melodrama house. The older theaters that had made the Bowery blaze with light were torn down to make way for business houses, or else they degenerated into shabby moving-picture places. There were some notable exceptions, to be sure; I am speaking of the run of them. Except for vaudeville performers the East Side ceased almost altogether to give to the stage at large any notable recruits. This altered condition might be said to date back seven or eight years, though it is hard, in a district that has changed so fast, and into which one overlapping tide of immigration after another has poured like surf upon a shore, to fix with any degree of definiteness the time of transition.

While this was going on, however, another thing developed. On the East Side, now practically populated by Jewish peoples from Eastern and Southern Europe, a new school of drama was growing up—the Yiddish school, forcing, producing, creating, imitating, bringing to life a school of actors, a school of dramatists, a school of criticism, a class of patrons; yes, even evolving a language, since Yiddish, originally a jargon of Hebrew, Polish and Russian words based on a German foundation, was made more flexible and better adapted to the environment by the

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addition of English words and of Americanisms—slang, some of it; vernacular, much of it; but all of it graphic and expressive and forcible.

So long ago as twenty-five years, small itinerant bands of strollers, Russian Jews, were giving plays in Russian and Yiddish in makeshift theaters and at assembly halls in the lower East Side where their fellow countrymen and co-religionists were already colonizing; but the active, formulative period of this new drama dates back, as well-informed East Siders tell me, not more than twelve years or fifteen years at the outside. Though its real history is spanned in that short stretch, the Yiddish drama caters today to the largest resident clientèle in America. There are more strictly Yiddish theaters in New York, within a space a mile long and half a mile wide, than there are in all the rest of the world put together. In proportion to the invested risks, more money is being made by the owners and managers of Yiddish theaters than any other owners and managers in this country make, except in certain isolated and extraordinary instances. And some who are qualified to judge declare that the best acting to be seen today in America may be seen in these Yiddish theaters of the East Side, and with the most keenly alive and alert audiences looking on.

Yet, so far as New York is concerned—and that means the country at large—Broadway and Forty-second Street is the geographical center of the dramatic output of this continent. There are about five million people in Greater New York, and of these it is safe to say four million know the Yiddish drama only by the vaguest of hearsay. This applies even to a considerable proportion of Americans of Jewish antecedents. Occasionally, when a Bertha Kalisch or an Alla Nazimova is drafted out of some East Side theater to make a sensation on Broadway, the mind of the populace is directed in a moment to that close-packed, swarming jungle of tenements stretching along the lower eastern shore of Manhattan Island, and people have been known to express wonder that an actress of such merit ever came to be playing anywhere except on Broadway in the first instance. A good many readers of the English-speaking newspapers know there is somewhere in that unknown and hiving district an actor named Adler, whose Shylock has been commended, and that a man named Gordin once turned out a tremendous number of plays in an alien tongue down there somewhere—a general wave of the arm to the eastward and southward; but with this knowledge the four million rest content. The remaining one million feed the Yiddish drama and are fed by it.

The Business Methods of the Yiddish Theater

THIS million of people is a polyglot mass representing almost every main division and every small principality of Europe; but in the Yiddish they find a language they all can speak, and in the Yiddish drama they are finding, it would appear, a form of education that has the most direct of appeals for a highly organized, highly emotional, sentimental and poetic race. Be that as it may, they accord to this new drama a support that would, everything considered, be an abiding marvel to the managers of Broadway houses—if they only knew about it; but they don't know. Between uptown and downtown there is a thick curtain of mutual indifference and mutual ignorance, through which few pass or beyond which few care to peer.

On the East Side, properly speaking, there is now just one theater of large size where English is spoken exclusively. It is a burlesque house. In the district, in addition to hundreds of minor amusement places—moving-picture shows and Yiddish vaudeville shows mainly—there are four Yiddish theaters of the first importance. They are: Adler's Theater, on the Bowery, which is the oldest and best known; David Kessler's, which is the newest and largest; Boris Thomasheffsky's People's Theater, and Madame Lipzin's Theater—the smallest, but one of the best and known simply as Lipzin's. These four have a joint seating capacity of about six thousand. Each one of them is open every night in the week, Sunday included, with matinées on Saturday afternoon and on Sunday afternoon—or a total of nine performances for each theater week; and, speaking by and large, each theater is crowded at each performance.



PHOTO. BY FALEY, NEW YORK
Mme. K. Lipzin as "The Orphan"

Here, though, is a condition which probably obtains nowhere else. For the four nights of the week listed as the poorest for theatrical purposes—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday—the manager sells his house outright for a lump sum—say, four hundred dollars—to one of the benevolent societies or lodges that are so bewilderingly numerous on the East Side. For that money he provides a house staff and a company, light, heat and attendants. The members of the lodge take over all the tickets and peddle them out among their friends for what they can get, usually an advance over the house price; they also select the bill for the evening, generally a popular Yiddish comedy which has already been played hundreds of times, or an operetta full of bright and splashy music. This arrangement provides a certain income sufficient to pay the running expenses of the theater and it leaves the producing manager free, during the remaining five performances in the week, to mount his new plays and to play in them himself, which is something he does not do on the four so-called benefit nights unless he is specially paid for it. It likewise makes him in a measure independent of the popular whim; so that, with an assured exchequer behind him, he can do and often does do what no Broadway manager would dare to do, and that is to force the run of a play which is not popular among his patrons because of his own belief in its intellectual or artistic value. In the main, however, he may safely count upon good business right along.

For the regular performances the scale of prices runs from one dollar for the best seats to twenty-five cents for the poorest, with box seats selling at two dollars each, or about half of what a Broadway theater gets. Yet, when the difference in worldly wealth of the contrasting audiences is taken into consideration, it is apparent that the East Side audience is infinitely more generous in its support than the Broadway audience is. A dollar for a seat probably means five times as much to an East Side artisan or shopkeeper as two dollars means to the type which furnishes the backbone of support for Broadway theaters. Yet there is never any complaint of the price if the piece and the players are deemed to be worthy.

"In my own experience," said the critic of one of the leading Yiddish papers to me when I was getting material for this article, "I have known not one case, but dozens of cases, where an underpaid, underfed sweatshop worker has stinted himself of food all week, saving his pennies one at a time in order, on Saturday, to be able to go to the theater and see for perhaps the tenth time a play which appeals to him as worth while. The avid hunger of our people for education manifests itself no less in the theater than in the public schools and in the free colleges. They want to learn and they will learn, even at the cost of ragged garments and famished stomachs; and this insatiable demand has molded our drama into certain uplifting forms by the sheer outward pressure of its weight. That is why our new Yiddish drama, though crude in spots and finished in spots, is always growing and always expanding."



PHOTO. BY HALLEN, NEW YORK
Alla Nazimova

For the dramatic season of 1910-1911 each of the big Yiddish theaters closed its books with a really impressive amount on the profit side of the ledger. After paying all expenses, including a big salary to the manager and good salaries to the players, the stock company of East Side business men which owns and controls one of these theaters had for division at the end of the year nearly seventy thousand dollars in clear dividends, or a sum equal to about thirty per cent on the actual investment. I wonder what big, pretentious uptown theater did as well!

The Yiddish drama of the East Side is circumscribed by limitations that do not apply anywhere else in this country or, indeed, in any country. The star system is invariably in vogue; the producing manager is always the leading performer in his own pieces. Moreover, every actor in the troupe, big or little, with the exception of the star, belongs to a closely organized labor union. The theatrical critics of the East Side newspapers complain that this thing militates against uniform excellence in a supporting cast, since the producer may not hire his performers where he pleases, but must secure them through the union and must take what the union pleases to send him, paying never less than a specified minimum wage scale. Moreover, without the union's consent, he cannot discharge a member of his company, no matter how incompetent or unwilling the member may seem to be. Trade-unionism, however, is the breath in the nostrils of the Ghetto industrial system; it, more than any other one thing or all other things combined, has given a measure of independence to the work-people in the crowded labor fields of the East Side. And even if, as the critics claim, art suffers sometimes, the actors' union will probably be as powerful for years to come as it is today.

Finally, as an added offset to the abilities and the ambitions of the company, there is the paucity of the mechanical and scenic equipment which has come to be so essential a factor of the stage among English-speaking Americans. With the exception of Kessler's, the Yiddish theaters are old-time theaters, still provided with the meager stage properties that satisfied an audience twenty years ago. Oftentimes the stage-setting is almost Elizabethan in its simplicity—one crumbly and dauby back drop serves indifferently for a mansion and a tenement interior; and the same old set of stage properties is lugged out time after time until every battered piece becomes as familiar to the audience as to the actors. Even Kessler's stage has, rising from its center like a misshapen wooden toadstool, the prompter's box that is a legacy from Old World drama of a bygone century; and the actors must keep behind it, often stepping over it when the action of the piece requires rapid movement. And yet, among such limitations these actors are able to give to their work a fire and a force that often lift an audience off its feet and sweep it like a storm. It is drama in the making, but drama that is striding forward with the league-long steps of a giant.

The Belasco of the East Side

HOWEVER, in the matter of investiture, there has lately been considerable and notable improvement. There is manifest a general effort to present more adequately the unities of the drama in lighting and scenery and stage equipment. Curiously enough, it was Thomasheffsky, who long catered most steadily to the popular fancy of the Ghetto, that took the lead in this direction. His followers are beginning to call him the Belasco of the East Side; and the critics and scholars there take this as a hopeful sign, saying that, with the coming of proper stage mountings, the actors will not have to pile on the contrasts in such heavy colors in order to create by their individual skill the illusion that is lacking from the physical surroundings.

Just as the East Side has its own drama differing from any other, so it has its own school of dramatists and its own school of criticism. Jacob Gordin has been dead and gone several years; but those who followed in his footsteps have followed literally, finding in his plays models for theirs, even though none of them has yet been able to approach his work in its literary excellence. Gordin nearly always undertook to compare the patriarchal system of Jewish family life of the Old World with the freer family life of the younger generations; and he did it with a deftness and a sympathy and an understanding that made his name and his works live after him. Originally exiled from Russia because of his ethical teachings, which had resulted in the founding of a new religion of which he was the leader, with over a million followers, in his years of activity as a dramatist he continued to bear his ethical message to his people—only changing its form.

Attached to the staff of each Yiddish theater is at least one dramatist who, in addition to furnishing original plays, also acts as translator and adapter of plays in other languages. Among these may be listed Libin, Kobrin, Shomer, Zolotarefsky, and the newest recruit of all, Jacob Jacobson, the designer of cloaks who wrote the season's biggest success. Each of these men counts upon turning out at least one play of his own a year—comedy, tragedy

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WORK AND PLAY

By Brander Matthews

DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON

BEFORE Matthew Arnold paid his first visit to the United States he published a paper about America in which he made the very natural mistake of assuming substantial identity of characteristics between the Americans and the British. Here in the United States we speak the English language; we have inherited English literature; we have retained the English law; and we cherish the ancient ideals of the English stock—but our social organization is no longer feudal; we have no hereditary aristocracy; and we have no native proletariat. From our lack of an upper class and of a lower class—in the British sense—Arnold came to the conclusion that the American people as a whole must resemble the British middle class. After he had visited the United States he saw reason to modify his opinion, which every American had at once recognized as absurd.

The British middle class is what it is partly because of the survival of the feudal organization, and partly because of the pressure of the upper class down and of the lower class up. This feudal organization is acceptable to the majority of the British people—at least we may assume this, since they could alter it at will. In the United States, however, there never has been any feudal organization, and to us such a thing is simply unthinkable. As Mr. Howells once put it, with his pithy common-sense, the British upper class looks down and the British lower class looks up; whereas, even if any self-styled upper class in America might look down, there is no self-confessed lower class here to look up.

What is a Gentleman?

IN NOTHING is the difference between the British and the Americans more sharply shown than in their respective attitudes toward work. This is illustrated by the retort of the American girl to the Englishman who complained that there were so few gentlemen in the United States. "What do you call a gentleman?" she asked, and he explained that a gentleman was a man who did not work. "Oh," she returned at once, "we have them in America—but we call them tramps!" And it is a fact that we are inclined to consider any man a loafer if he does not work, no matter whether he is a poverty-stricken dependent or the inheritor of an immense fortune. And this attitude of ours is obviously one of the reasons why the idle descendants of rich parents are so often tempted to reside abroad, especially in the British Islands, where they can find other wealthy idlers to play with and where they do not feel the pressure of any public opinion mutely protesting against their willingness to contribute nothing to the public welfare.

The British attitude is illustrated in an anecdote told by the late Colonel Higginson about an American trained nurse who went into a shop in Edinburgh to get a raincoat. Those which were shown to her were rather expensive and she explained to the shopman that she could not afford them as she had to work for her living. The shopman went back to the office of the proprietor. "There's a young person looking at raincoats and they are too dear. She says she's not a lady and she wants something cheaper!" And that happened in Scotland, where the feudal organization might be supposed to be modified, partly by the clan system and partly by the habitual willingness of the Scot himself to work with his hands as well as with his head. Possibly the Scotsman who thus denied that any woman who worked could be a lady had been contaminated by the London trippers whom he was in the habit of serving.

It cannot be denied, of course, first, that certain kinds of labor are exhausting and, second, that any excessive labor is demoralizing. Nor can it be denied that we all enjoy an occasional relief from regular work. Here, indeed, is where we are prone to make our mistake. We are inclined to argue that, as we enjoy the intermissions between the intervals of labor, we should enjoy still more the absolute freedom from all obligation to work; but we all know this is not true, and that the enjoyment of the intermissions is in reality due to the relief from the regular duties that have preceded this cessation from toil. One day's rest in the week, or even two, may be delightful; but seven days of idleness soon become intolerable. Because we find pleasure from time to time in not working, we are not to assume that to double the intervals would double our pleasure and that to abolish all labor would bestow upon us unlimited delight.

As a matter of fact, experience teaches us that pleasure is closely allied to work—indeed, that the highest pleasure is probably inherent in the work itself, in the task done for its own sake, for the sheer joy of the doing, for the exhilaration inherent in a good job well done. Stevenson found his deepest delight in writing, and he expressed his wonder that he should be paid for what it had given him so much pleasure to do. And Kipling voiced the same opinion in his forecast of the millennium of the artist, when he said:

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are.

"Each for the joy of working"—that puts the matter in a nutshell. And it helps us to see that the highest form of pleasure comes from the work itself, even if the next highest may come from the necessary intervals between periods of work. Certainly the lowest form of pleasure is that wholly detached from work—pleasure sought for its own sake and as a relief from idleness. That man is happiest who has a job that he loves, that he can do in a fashion fairly satisfactory to himself, and that provides him with a living wage. It does not matter very much what the job is—lofty or humble—so long as it is not altogether uncongenial. And even uncongenial labor can be elevated by the temper in which it is undertaken. When a maid-servant, after a series of revival meetings in her town, was asked how she knew that she had religion she answered: "Because I sweep under the mats now." She had discovered the great secret—that all work is honorable if we honor ourselves in doing it.

The idea that there is anything unworthy in manual labor is not only feudal but also false in itself; and it is absolutely un-American. Franklin was a journeyman printer and Lincoln was a flatboatman. Whittier made slippers as Thoreau made pencils; and Emerson helped himself through Harvard by waiting at table and by serving as the president's messenger boy.

When Adam dolve, and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

In fact, most of the men who have been prominent in public life in the United States have been ready to turn their hands to any honest task, whether manual labor or not. Of the Revolutionary worthies Washington was almost the only one who was by birth and by breeding a gentleman in the narrow British limitation of the word; and in his strenuous youth Washington served as a surveyor, whose work is but little removed from manual labor. This British limitation of the word does not preclude a gentleman from going into the church or the public service, into the army or the navy, or from practicing at the bar—or even from art and literature; but it does debar him not only from manual labor but also from trade—except, oddly enough, from the highly lucrative businesses of banking and brewing. So many brewers have been ennobled of late that a cynical wit once proposed to call the House of Lords the "Beerage."

Frequenters of Satan's Employment Office

THE acceptance of the theory that a gentleman should not work—except in a few restricted callings—has condemned thousands of the British to lives of unprofitable idleness. It has deprived them of the joy of actual labor. It has driven them to seek an empty substitute in so-called sport. It has made them willing to be supported by the labor of others, dead or alive. It has reduced them to the condition of social parasites, mere cumberers of the soil, performing no function useful to society, rendering no service for their board and lodging. What is true of Great Britain is true also of all the other nations where the same feudal ideal obtains; and the members of the aristocracy in France, for example, are victims of a similar foolish and false view of life. An aristocracy comes into being only in consequence of its leadership—that is to say, as a reward for honorable service to the country; and when its members withdraw and refuse to do their share of the work of the world they are really traitors to their ancestors. We can see signs that a similar class is in progress of creation now in the United States, opposed as it is to all our traditions.

The lives of these social parasites, whether in Europe or America, are pitifully empty. They are forbidden to have any fun, since they are debarred from the only true source of pleasure. They are sentenced to noxious desuetude—most noxious to themselves, of course, but injurious also to others. They have nothing to do but to try vainly to amuse themselves. Men who go in search of pleasure never find the object of their quest; they have to come back emptyhanded, and in time their souls are likely to be as void as their hands are vacant. They are the most unfortunate of God's creatures, since they are under the curse of idleness. Even when they are well-meaning they are likely to be corrupted, "For Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do"; and it is in this class that the flagrant scandals that disfigure our newspapers most often occur.

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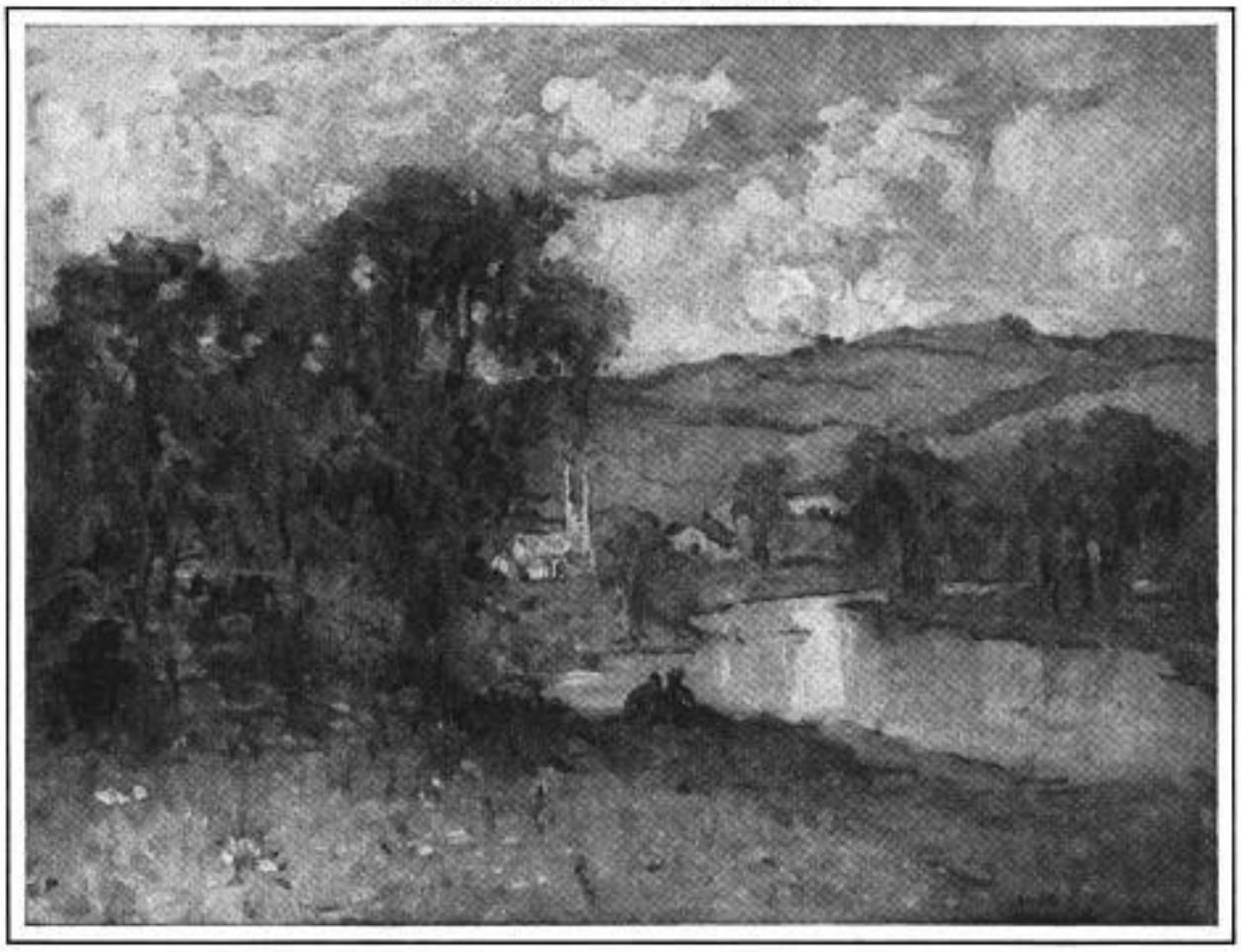
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THE LIGHTED WAY

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

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XVI

ARNOLD for a moment or two felt himself incapable of speech or movement. Fenella was hanging a dead weight upon his arm. The eyes of both of them were riveted upon the hand that stretched into the room.

"There is some one under the couch!" Fenella faltered at last.

He took a step forward.

"Wait," he begged—"or perhaps you had better go away. I will see who it is."

He moved toward the couch. She strove to hold him back.

"Arnold," she cried hoarsely, "this is no business of yours! You had better leave me! Groves is here, and the servants. Slip away now while you have the chance."

He looked at her in amazement.

"Why, Fenella," he exclaimed, "how can you suggest such a thing! Besides," he added, "Groves saw me climb in at the window. He was with me outside."

Fenella wrung her hands.

"I forgot!" she moaned. "Don't move the sofa while I am looking!"

There was a knock at the door. They both turned round. It was Groves' voice speaking. He had returned to the house and was waiting outside.

"Can I come in, madam?"

Fenella moved slowly toward the door and admitted him. Then Arnold, setting his teeth, rolled back the couch. A man was lying there stretched at full length. His face was colorless except for a great blue bruise near his temple. Arnold stared at him for a moment with horrified eyes.

"Good Lord!" he muttered.

There was a brief silence. Fenella looked at Arnold.

"You know him!"

Arnold's first attempt at speech failed. When the words came they sounded choked. There was a horrible dry feeling in his throat.

"It is the man who looked in at the window that night!" he whispered. "I saw him only a few hours ago. It is the same man!"

Fenella came slowly to his side. She leaned over his shoulder.

"Is he dead?" she asked.

Her tone was cold and unnatural. Her paroxysm of fear seemed to have passed.

"I don't know," Arnold answered. "Let Groves telephone for a doctor."

The man half turned away, yet hesitated. Fenella fell on her knees and bent over the prostrate body.

"He is not dead," she declared. "Groves, tell me exactly who is in the house."

"There is no one here at all, madam," the man answered, "except the servants, and they are all in the other wing. We have had no callers whatever this evening."

"And Mr. Weatherley?"

"Mr. Weatherley arrived home about seven o'clock," Groves replied, "dined early and went to bed immediately afterward. He complained of a headache and looked very unwell."

Fenella rose slowly to her feet. She looked from Arnold to the prostrate figure upon the carpet.

"Who has done this?" she asked, pointing downward.

"It may have been an accident," Arnold suggested.

"An accident!" she repeated. "What was he doing in my sitting room? Besides, he could not have crept underneath the couch of his own accord."

"Do you know who he is?" Arnold asked.

"Why should I know?" Fenella demanded.

Arnold hesitated before replying.

"You remember the night of my first visit here—the face at the window?"

She nodded. Arnold pointed downward to the outstretched hand.

"That is the man," he declared. "He is wearing the same ring—the red signet ring. I saw it upon his hand the night you and I were in this room alone together and he was watching the house. I saw it again through the window of the swing-doors on the hand of the man who killed Rosario. What does it mean, Fenella?"

"I do not know," she faltered.

"You must have some idea," he persisted, "as to who he is. You seemed to expect his coming that night. You would not let me give an alarm or send for the police. It was the same man who killed Rosario."

She shook her head.

"I do not believe that," she declared.

"If it was not the same man," Arnold continued, "it was at least some one who was wearing the same ring. Tell me the truth, Fenella."

She turned her head. Groves had come once more within hearing.

"I know nothing," she replied hardly. "Groves, go and knock at the door of your master's room," she added. "Ask him to put on his dressing gown and come down at once. Mr. Chetwode, come with me into the library while I telephone for the doctor."

Arnold hesitated for a moment.

"Don't you think that I had better stay by him?" he suggested.

She shook her head.

"I will not be left alone," she replied. "I told you on the way here that I was afraid. All night I knew that something would happen."

They made their way to the front of the house and into the library. Mrs. Weatherley turned up the electric lights and fetched a telephone-book. Arnold rang up the number she showed him.

"What about the police station?" he asked, turning toward her with the receiver still in his hand. "Oughtn't I to send for some one?"

"Not yet," she replied. "We are not supposed to know. The man may have come upon some business. Let us wait and see what the doctor says."

He laid down the receiver. She had thrown herself into an easy-chair and with a little impulsive gesture she held out one hand toward him.

"Poor Arnold!" she murmured. "I am afraid that this is all very bewildering to you, and your life was so peaceful until a week ago."

He held her fingers tightly. Notwithstanding the shadows under her eyes and the gleam of terror that still lingered there Fenella was beautiful.

"I don't care about that," he answered. "I don't care about anything except that I should like to understand a little more clearly what it all means. I hate mysteries. I don't see why you can't tell me. I am your friend. If it is necessary for me to say nothing I shall say nothing, but I hate the thoughts that come to me sometimes. Tell me why that man should have been haunting your house the other evening. What did he want? And to-night—what made him break into your room?"

She sighed.

"If it were only as simple as all that," she answered, "oh, I should tell you so willingly! But it is not. There is so much that I do not understand myself."

He leaned a little closer toward her. The silence of the room and the house was unbroken.

"The man will die!" he said. "Who do you believe could have struck him that blow in your room?"

"I do not know," she answered; "indeed I do not."

"You heard what Groves said," Arnold continued. "There is no one in the house except the servants."

"That man was here," she answered. "Why not others? Listen."

There was the sound of shuffling footsteps in the hall. Mrs. Weatherley held up her finger cautiously.

"Be very careful before Mr. Weatherley," she begged. "It is an ordinary burglary this—no more."

The door was opened. Mr. Weatherley, in hasty and most unbecoming dishabille, bustled in. His scanty gray hair was sticking out in patches all over his head. He seemed, as yet, scarcely awake. With one hand he clutched at the dressing gown, the girdle of which was trailing behind him.

"What is the meaning of this, Fenella?" he demanded. "Why am I fetched from my room in this manner? You, Chetwode? What are you doing here?"

"I have brought Mrs. Weatherley home, sir," Arnold answered. "We noticed a light in her room and we made a discovery there. It looks as though there has been an attempted burglary within the last hour or so."

"Which room?" Mr. Weatherley asked. "Which room? Is anything missing?"

"Nothing, fortunately," Arnold replied. "The man, by some means or other, seems to have been hurt."

"Where is he?" Mr. Weatherley demanded.

"In my boudoir," Fenella replied. "We will all go. I have telephoned for a doctor."

"A doctor? What for?" Mr. Weatherley inquired.

"The burglar, if he is a burglar," she explained gently. "Don't you understand that all we found was a man lying in the center of the room? He has had a fall of some sort."

"God bless my soul!" Mr. Weatherley said. "Well, come along, let's have a look at him."

They trooped down the passage. Groves, who was waiting for them outside, opened the door. Mr. Weatherley, who was first, looked all round the apartment.

"Where is this man?" he demanded. "Where is he?"

Arnold, who followed, was stricken speechless. Fenella gave a little cry. The couch had been wheeled back to its place. The body of the man had disappeared!

"Where is the burglar?" Mr. Weatherley repeated irritably. "Was there ever any one here? Who in the name of mischief left that window open?"

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The window through which Arnold had entered the room was now wide open. They hurried toward it. Outside all was darkness. There was no sound of footsteps, no sign of any person about. Mr. Weatherley was distinctly annoyed.

"I should have thought you would have had more sense, Chetwode," he said testily. "You found a burglar here, and instead of securing him properly you send up to me and go ringing up for doctors, and in the mean time the man calmly slips off through the window."

Arnold made no reply. Mr. Weatherley's words seemed to come from a long way off. He was looking at Fenella.

"The man was dead!" he muttered.

She, too, was white, but she shook her head.

"We thought so," she answered. "We were wrong."

Mr. Weatherley led the way to the front door.

"As the dead man seems to have cleared off," he said, "without taking very much with him, I suggest that we go to bed. Groves had better ring up the doctor and stop him if he can; if not he must explain that he was sent for in error. Good night, Chetwode!" he added pointedly.

Arnold scarcely remembered his farewells. He passed out into the street and stood for several moments upon the pavement. He looked back at the house.

"The man was dead or dying!" he muttered to himself. "What does it all mean?"

He walked slowly away. There was a policeman on the other side of the road, taxicabs and carriages coming and going. He passed the gate of Pelham Lodge and looked back toward the window of the sitting room. Within five minutes the man must have left that room by the window. That he could have left it unaided, even if alive, was impossible. Yet there was not anything in the avenue or thereabouts to denote that anything unusual had occurred. He was on the point of turning away when a sudden thought struck him. He reëntered the gate softly and walked up the drive. Arrived at within a few feet of the window he paused and turned to the right. A narrow path led him into a shrubbery. A few more yards and he reached a wire fence. Stepping across it, he found himself in the next garden. Here he paused for a moment and listened. The house before which he stood was smaller than Pelham Lodge and woefully out of repair. The grass on the lawn was long and dank—even the board containing the notice "To Let" had fallen flat and lay amidst it as in a jungle. The paths were choked with weeds, the windows were black and curtainless. He made his way to the back of the house and suddenly stopped short. This was a night of adventures indeed! On a level with the ground the windows of one of the back rooms were boarded up. Through the chinks he could distinctly see gleams of light. Standing there, holding his breath, he could even hear the murmur of voices. There were men there—several of them, to judge by the sound. He drew nearer and nearer until he found a chink through which he could see. Then for the first time he hesitated. It was not his affair, this. There were mysteries connected with Pelham Lodge and its occupants that were surely no concern of his. Why interfere? Danger might come of it—danger and other troubles. Fenella would have told him if she had wished him to know. She herself must have some idea as to the reason of this attempt upon her house. Why not slip away quietly and forget it? It was at least the most prudent course. Then, as he hesitated, the memory of Sabatini's words so recently spoken came into his mind. Almost he could see him leaning back in his chair with the faint smile upon his thin lips. "You have not the spirit for adventure!" Arnold hesitated then no longer. Choosing every footstep carefully, he crept to the window until he could press his face close to the chink through which the light gleamed out into the garden.

XVII

TO SEE into the room at all, Arnold had been compelled to step down from the grass on to a narrow, tiled path about half a yard wide, which led to the back door. Standing on this and peering through the chink in the boards, he gained at last a view of the interior of the house. From the first he had entered upon this search with a certain presentiment. He looked into the room and shivered. It was apparently the kitchen, and was unfurnished save for half a dozen rickety chairs and a deal table in the middle of the room. Upon this was stretched the motionless body of a man. There were three others in the room. One, who appeared to have some knowledge of medicine, had taken off his coat and was listening with his ear against the senseless man's heart. A brandy bottle stood upon the table. They had evidently been doing what they could to restore him to consciousness. Terrible though the sight was, Arnold found something else in that little room to kindle his emotion. Two of the men were unknown to him—dark-complexioned, ordinary people—but the third he recognized with a start. It was Isaac who stood there, a little aloof, waiting somberly for what his companion's verdict might be.

Apparently after a time they gave up all hope of the still motionless man. They talked together, glancing now and then toward his body. The window was open at the top and Arnold could sometimes hear a word. With great difficulty he gathered that they were proposing to remove him and that they were taking the back way. Presently he saw them lift the body down and wrap it in an overcoat. Then Arnold stole away across the lawn toward a gate in the wall. It was locked, but it was easy for him to climb over. He had barely done so when he saw the three men come out of the back of the house, carrying their wounded comrade. He waited till he was sure they were coming and then looked round for a hiding-place. He was now in a sort of lane, ending in a cul-de-sac at the back of Mr. Weatherley's house. There were gardens on one side, parallel with the one through which he had just passed, and opposite were stables, motor sheds and tool houses. He slipped a little way down the lane and concealed himself behind a load of wood. About forty yards away was a street for which he imagined that they would probably make. He held his breath and waited.

In a few minutes he saw the door in the wall open. One of the men slipped out and looked up and down. He apparently signaled that the coast was clear, and soon the others followed him. They came down the lane, walking very slowly—a weird and uncanny little procession. Arnold caught a glimpse of them as they passed. The two larger men were supporting their fallen companion between them, each with an arm under his armpit, so that the fact that he was really being carried was barely noticeable. Isaac came behind, his hands thrust deep into his overcoat pockets, a cloth cap drawn over his features. So they went on to the end of the lane. As soon as they had reached it Arnold followed them swiftly. When he gained the street they were about twenty yards to the right, looking round them. It was a fairly populous neighborhood, with a row of villas on the other side of the road and a few shops lower down. They stood there, having carefully chosen a place remote from the gas-lamps, until at last a taxicab came crawling by. They hailed it, and Isaac engaged the driver's attention apparently with some complicated direction, while the others lifted their burden into the taxicab. One man got in with him. Isaac and the other, with ordinary good nights, strode away. The taxicab turned round and headed westward. Arnold, with a long breath, watched them all disappear. Then he, too, turned homeward.

It was almost midnight when Arnold was shown once more into the presence of Sabatini. Sabatini, in a black velvet smoking jacket, was lying upon a sofa in his library, with a recently published edition *de luxe* of Alfred de Musset's poems upon his knee. He looked up with some surprise at Arnold's entrance.

"Why, it is my strenuous young friend again!" he declared. "Have you brought me a message from Fenella?"

Arnold shook his head.

"She does not know that I have come."

"You have brought me some news on your own account then?"

"I have brought you some news," Arnold admitted.

Sabatini looked at him critically.

"You look terrified," he remarked. "What have you been doing? Help yourself to a drink. You'll find everything on the sideboard there."

Arnold laid down his hat and mixed himself a whisky and soda. He drank it off before he spoke.

"Count Sabatini," he said, turning round, "I suppose you are used to all this excitement. A man's life or death is little to you. I have never seen a dead man before tonight. It has upset me."

"Naturally, naturally," Sabatini said tolerantly. "I remember the first man I killed—it was in a fair fight, too, but it sickened me. But what have you been doing, my young friend, to see dead men? Have you, too, been joining the army of plunderers?"

Arnold shook his head.

"I took your sister home," he announced. "We found a light in her sitting room and the door locked. I got in through the window."

"This is most interesting," Sabatini declared, carefully marking the place in his book and laying it aside. "What did you find there?"

"A dead man," Arnold answered—"a murdered man!"

"You are joking!" Sabatini protested.

"He had been struck on the forehead," Arnold continued, "and dragged half under the couch. Only his arm was visible at first. We had to move the couch to discover him."

"Do you know who he was?" Sabatini asked.

"No one had any idea," Arnold answered. "I think that I was the only one who had ever seen him before. The night I dined at Mr. Weatherley's for the first time and met you I was with Mrs. Weatherley in her room, and I saw that man steal up to the window as though he were going to break in."

"This is most interesting," Sabatini declared. "Evidently a dangerous customer. But you say that you found him dead. Who killed him?"

"There was no one there who could say," Arnold declared. "There were no servants in that part of the house, there had been no visitors, and Mr. Weatherley had been in bed since half past nine. We telephoned for a doctor and we fetched Mr. Weatherley out of bed. Then a strange thing happened. We took Mr. Weatherley to the room which we had left for less than five minutes, and there was no one there. The man had been carried away."

"Really," Sabatini protested, "your story gets more interesting every moment. Don't tell me that this is the end?"

"It is not," Arnold replied. "It seemed then as though there were nothing more to be done. Evidently he had either been only stunned and had got up and left the room by the window, or he had accomplices who had fetched him away. Mr. Weatherley was very annoyed with us and we had to make excuses to the doctor. Then I left."

"Well?" Sabatini said. "You left. You didn't come straight here?"

Arnold shook his head.

"When I got into the road I could see that there was a policeman on duty on the other side of the way, and quite a number of people moving backward and forward all the time. It seemed impossible that they could have brought him out there if he had been fetched away. Something made me remember what I had noticed on the evening I had dined there, that there was a small empty house next door. I walked back up the drive of Pelham Lodge, turned into the shrubbery, and there I found that there was an easy way into the next garden. I made my way to the back of the house. I saw lights in the kitchen. There were three of his companions there, and the dead man. They were trying to see if they could revive him. I looked through a chink in the boarded window and I saw everything."

"Trying to revive him," Sabatini remarked. "Evidently there was some doubt as to his being dead then?"

"I think they had to come to the conclusion that he was dead," Arnold replied, "for after a time they put on his overcoat and dragged him out by the back entrance, down some mews and into another street. I followed them at a distance. They hailed a taxi. One man got in with him and drove away, the others disappeared. I came here."

Sabatini reached out his hand for a cigarette.

"I have seldom," he declared, "listened to a more interesting episode. You didn't happen to hear the direction given to the driver of the taxicab?"

"I did not."

"You have no idea, I suppose," Sabatini asked with a sudden keen glance, "as to the identity of the man whom you believe to be dead?"

"None whatever," Arnold replied, "except that it was the same man who was watching the house on the night when I dined there. He told me then that he wanted Rosario. There was something evil in his face when he mentioned the name. I saw his hand grasping the window-sill. He was wearing a ring—a signet ring with a blood-red stone."

"This is most engrossing," Sabatini murmured. "A signet ring with a blood-red stone! Wasn't there a ring answering to that description upon the finger of the man who stabbed Rosario?"

"There was," Arnold answered.

Sabatini knocked the ash from his cigarette.

"The coincidence," he remarked, "if it is a coincidence, is a little extraordinary. By-the-by, though, you have as yet given me no explanation as to your visit here. Why do you connect me with this adventure of yours?"

"I do not connect you with it at all," Arnold answered, "yet, for some reason or other, I am sure that your sister knew more about this man and his presence in her sitting room than she cared to confess. When I left there everything was in confusion. I have come to tell you the final result, so far as I know it. You will tell her what you choose. What she knows I suppose you know. I don't ask for your confidence. I have had enough of these horrors. Tooley Street is bad enough, but I think I would rather sit in my office and add up figures all day long than go through another such a night."

Sabatini smiled.

"You are young as yet," he said. "Life and death seem such terrible things to you, such tragedies, such enormous happenings. In youth one loses one's sense of proportion. Life seems so vital, the universe so empty, without one's own personality. Take a pocketful of cigarettes, my dear Mr. Chetwode, and make your way homeward. We shall meet again in a day or two, I dare say, and by that time your little nightmare will not seem so terrible."

"You will let your sister know?" Arnold begged.

"She shall know all that you have told me," Sabatini promised. "I do not say that it will interest her—it may or it may not. In any case I thank you for coming."

Arnold was dismissed with a pleasant nod, and passed out into the streets, now emptying fast. He walked slowly back to his rooms. Already the sense of unwonted excitement was passing. Sabatini's strong, calm personality was like a wonderful antidote. After all it was not his affair. It was possible, indeed, that the man was an ordinary burglar. And yet, if so, what was Isaac doing with him? He glanced in front of him to where the lights of the two great hotels flared up to the sky. Somewhere

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just short of them, before the window of her room, Ruth would *be sitting* watching. He quickened his steps. Perhaps he should find her before he went to bed. Perhaps he *might* even see Isaac come in!

Big Ben was striking the half hour past midnight as Arnold stood on the top landing of the house at the corner of *Adam* Street and listened. To the right was his own bare apartment; on the left the rooms where Isaac and Ruth lived. He struck a match and looked into his own apartment. There was a note twisted up for him on his table, scribbled in pencil on a half sheet of paper. He opened it and read:

If you are not too late will you knock at the door and wish me good night? Isaac will be late. Perhaps he will not be home at all.

He stepped back and knocked softly at the opposite door. In a moment or two he heard the sound of Ruth's stick. She opened the door and came out. Her eyes shone through the darkness at him, but her face was white and strained. He shook his head.

"Ruth," he said, "you heard the time? And you promised to go to bed at ten o'clock!"

She smiled.

"Tonight I was afraid," she whispered. "I do not know what it was, but there seemed to be strange voices about everywhere. I was afraid for Isaac and afraid for you."

"My dear girl," he laughed, "what was there to fear for me? I had a very good dinner with a very charming man. Afterward we went to a music hall for a short time; I went back to his rooms, and here I am, just in time to wish you good night. What could the voices have to tell you about that?"

She shook her head.

"Sometimes," she said, "there is danger in the simplest things one does. I don't understand what it is," she went on a little wearily, "but I feel that I am losing you, that you are slipping away, and day by day Isaac gets more mysterious. When he comes home sometimes his face is like the face of a wolf. There is a new desire born in him, and I am afraid. I think that if I am left alone here many more nights like this I shall go mad. Oh, if you could hear those voices! If you could understand the fears that are nameless, how terrible they are!"

Arnold passed his arm round her.

"Come and sit with me in my room for a little time," he said. "I will carry you back presently."

"Dear Arnold!" she whispered. "For a few minutes then—not too long. Tonight I am afraid. I feel that something will happen. Tell me this?"

"What is it, dear?"

"Why should Isaac press me so hard to tell him where you were going tonight? You passed him on the stairs, didn't you?"

Arnold nodded.

"He was with another man," he said with a little shiver. "Did that man come up to his rooms?"

"They both came in together," Ruth said. "They talked in a corner for some time. The man who was with Isaac seemed terrified about something. Then Isaac asked me about you."

"What did you tell him?" Arnold asked.

"I thought it best to know nothing at all," she replied. "I simply said that you were going to have dinner with some of your new friends."

"Does he know who they are?"

Ruth nodded.

"Yes, we have spoken of that together," she admitted. "I had to tell him of your good fortune. He knows how well you have been getting on with Mr. and Mrs. Weatherley. Listen—is that some one coming?"

Within a few feet of them was Isaac. He had come up those five flights of stone steps without making a sound. Even in that first second or two of amazement Arnold noticed that he was wearing canvas shoes with rubber soles. He stood with his long fingers gripping the worn balustrade only two steps below them, and his face was like the face of some snarling animal.

"Ruth," he demanded hoarsely, "what are you doing out here at this time of night—with him?"

Ruth was the least discomposed of the three.

"Isaac," she answered, "Uncle Isaac, I was lonely—lonely and terrified. You left me so strangely and it is so silent up here. I left a little note and asked Arnold, when he came home, to bid me good night. He knocked at my door two minutes ago."

Isaac threw open the door of their apartments.

"Get in," he ordered. "I'll have an end put to it, Ruth. Look at him!" he cried mockingly, pointing to Arnold's evening clothes. "What sort of a friend is that, do you think, for us? He wears the fetters of his class. He is a hanger-on at the tables of our enemies."

"You can abuse me," Arnold replied calmly, "and I shall still believe that I am an honest man. Are you, Isaac?"

Isaac's eyes flashed venom.

"Honesty! What is honesty?" he snarled. "What is it, I ask you? Is the man honest who keeps the laws because he has no call to break them? Is that honesty? Is he a better man than the father who steals to feed his hungry children? Is the one honest and the other a thief? You smug hypocrite!"

Arnold was silent for a moment. It flashed into his mind that here, from the other side, came very nearly the same doctrine that Sabatini had preached to him.

"It is too late to argue with you, Isaac," he said pleasantly. "Besides, I think that you and I are too far apart, But you must leave me Ruth for my little friend. She would be lonely without me and I can do her no harm."

Isaac opened his lips—lips that were set in an ugly sneer; but he met the steady fire of Arnold's eyes and the words he would have spoken remained unsaid.

"Get to your room then," he ordered.

Isaac passed on as though to enter his own apartments. Then suddenly he stopped and listened. There was the sound of a footstep, a heavy, marching footstep, coming along the terrace below. With another expression now upon his face he slunk to the window and peered down. The footsteps came nearer and nearer, and Arnold could hear him breathing like a hunted animal. Then they passed and he stood up, wiping the sweat from his forehead.

"I have been hurrying," he muttered half apologetically. "We had a crowded meeting. Good night!"

XVIII

PRECISELY at half past nine the next morning Mr. Weatherley entered his office in Tooley Street. His appearance gave rise to some comment in the office.

"The governor looks quite himself again," young Tidey remarked, turning round on his stool.

Mr. Jarvis, who was collecting the letters, nodded.

"It's many months since I've heard him come in whistling," he declared.

Arnold, in the outer office, received his chief's morning salutation with some surprise. Mr. Weatherley was certainly, to all appearance, in excellent spirits.

"Glad to see your late hours don't make any difference in the morning, Chetwode," he said pleasantly. "You seem to be seeing quite a good deal of the wife, eh?"

Arnold was almost dumfounded. Any reference to the events of the preceding evening was, for the moment, beyond him. Mr. Weatherley calmly hung up his silk hat, took out the violets from the buttonhole of his overcoat and carried them to his desk.

"Come along, Jarvis," he invited as the latter entered with a rustling heap of correspondence. "We'll sort the letters as quickly as possible this morning. You come on the other side, Chetwode, and catch hold of the ones we keep to deal with together. Those Mr. Jarvis can handle I'll just initial. Let me see—you're sure those bills of lading are in order, Jarvis?"

Mr. Jarvis plunged into a few particulars, to which his chief listened with keen attention. For half an hour or so they worked without a pause. Mr. Weatherley was quite at his best. His instructions were sage, and his grasp of every detail referred to in the various letters was lucid and complete. When at last Mr. Jarvis left with his pile he did not hesitate to spread the good news. Mr. Weatherley had got over his fit of depression, whatever the

(Continued on Page 53)



"Where is the Burglar?" Mr. Weatherley Repeated Irritably. "Was There Ever Any One Here?"

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An Old Woman in the Old World

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

YOU observe the change in the title of this chapter. When Philip and Peggy started upon their wedding journey through Italy they invited me very cordially to accompany them.

"No," I said. "I shall stay here in Rome with the other relics till I recover some of the peace and composure that belong to such ruins. Then I'll sail and meet you at home by the Christmas fire in the living room."

"But you cannot go alone," objected my niece.

"Ah, yes, I can, Peggy, and with more peace and quietness than I have trotted across seas and over Europe with a militant young suffragette who taxed every bone in my body and every faculty of my mind trying to keep up with her, only to see her abandon her colors in the end for the sake of a romantic formula. I believe I've been the only really faithful woman's woman in this pilgrimage!"

She listened without compunction, smiling roguishly as if she had found something infinitely more pleasant to think about and live for than all the women in the world. A bride is a shameless creature. For the time being she relinquishes her most cherished ideals concerning society and for the reforming of the world, and concentrates her whole attention upon love and its fulfillments, which is, after all, an older duty, more honorable and necessary in society than all the systems of economics and philosophies ever conceived.

Upon this occasion she had the hardihood to present me with that voluminous package of notes she had made upon the women of the Old World "as a souvenir of our travels," she said, as finally as if she had no further interest in them.

It was in the weeks that followed their departure that I settled myself comfortably in Rome and put together and wrote the preceding chapters of this series. And now in a few days I shall sail to meet Peggy and her husband in time to fill their Christmas stockings with beads and bogus antiquities. The work for which we came is finished, although not by Peggy. And it is not so valuable as it would have been if she had kept faith and written these pages herself. But at least the reader has escaped many columns of snaggle-toothed statistics. For Peggy was at one time a firm believer in the census reports of the various countries we visited.

On the Continental Trains

AND now at the very end, with the garrulousness that may be pardoned a woman of my years, I purpose to set down a few reflections about men and women and things in general, and to exercise the right of age by giving some advice to those American readers who have had the patience to follow me thus far, and who may themselves make a journey sometime into this Old World. Of course you will not take the advice. But I have this consolation: if you do not, and are a person of decent sensibilities, you will regret that you did not. We always do.



The Husband Was Always Pacifying Her

I observed that wherever we saw American women traveling alone or together they were active and always in a good humor. But every time we came upon a husband and wife making the tour by themselves the wife was pettish, exacting and unreasonable, and the husband was always pacifying her, changing his plans to accommodate her whims. Still it is better to travel with your husband if you have got one. The number of unattached, nomadic, maverick American women to be seen gadding about Europe does not produce a happy impression. We do not see them at home, and when we do we are slow to receive them. I reckon that is why so many of them come over here, where getting acquainted is much easier. So, I say, if you have divorced your husband—and that is always the inference over here, where America is chiefly distinguished for its wealth, its lynchings and its easy divorces—and still retain the honorable title of the married woman—"Mistress"—borrow your good old grandmother's wedding ring to wear till you get back home. I was ashamed of the number of Mrs. So-and-So's we saw frisking about, with nothing on their wedding-ring fingers to correspond to the titles.

When a woman is alone she should never go into a compartment in the trains reserved for "women only." She may escape the tobacco smoke, but she is apt to encounter things still more disagreeable. In the first place, you will find that an English woman has already taken the best seat, that she has filled with her "luggage" the whole length of the rack which should be divided among three passengers, that she has stuffed her rugs and wraps round her to keep you from getting too close. And there she sits like an angry old hen trying to hatch addled eggs, glaring at you with every neck feather on end, as much as to say, "I was here first!" And when you stumble over the suitcase she keeps in the aisle she bristles up even more and pecks you with an expression that leaves you black and blue with rage. Then three or four more women get in. As soon as the train starts they loosen their belts and shamelessly pull out the tails of their shirtwaists in order to be perfectly comfortable while they nod and sleep away the journey. If there is a man in the compartment, even the poorest specimen of that great and controlling sex, the English woman will paw her face all day long to keep the cinders and dust off and her complexion looking rosy, and the other women will sit up, spruce and wide awake, even if the journey lasts till twelve o'clock at night. Always choose a compartment where men are or can come. The effect is civilizing upon women. And European men are willing to behave if you are.

Peggy and I heard much, especially from homely old maids, of the dangers from their rudeness; but we had little experience of it. Once in France, where we had some difficulty in determining which station we had to get out at for the customs, a Frenchman came out of the next compartment, volunteered the information, then sat down in front of Peggy, covering her mildly with his fine eyes.

"Young man," I said, when this stare had lasted about ten seconds, "have you told us all we need to know about getting through the next frontier?"

"*Oui, madame.*"

"Well, I am much obliged. Get up now and go back into your own compartment." He went.

And once in Germany a pale, fat young fellow came and stood in the door of our compartment, watching Peggy, who was playing Patience on a vacant seat with a deck of miniature cards. I began to fumble at my bonnet.

"What are you doing?" whispered Peggy, without looking up.

"I'm getting out my hatpins!"

"What for?"

"I am going to stick them into the eyes of this ruffian standing in the door!" The young ruffian immediately withdrew. If you speak American with sufficient force and emphasis any European will understand you and act accordingly. It has a vibrant, moral quality that I miss in other tongues. It is a decided improvement upon the British English, not perhaps in prosaic elegance, but in eloquence, in verve and in idiomatic strength.



You Will Find That an English Woman Has Already Taken the Best Seat

It is young. It has not yet been devastated by the grammarian or toned down to innocuousness by passive-participle women.

I do not think much of the American tourist conversation however. It consists usually of cheap, one-sentence postcard descriptions of museums, art galleries and ruins.

"Have you seen the Abbey?"

"Yes, isn't it grand!"

"Have you been to the Louvre yet?"

"Yes, isn't it wonderful!"

"Did you see the Velasquez painting in the old gallery at Madrid?"

"Yes, and I just love his things!" clasping the hands to give foolish emphasis to her paucity of ideas.

Still I am setting down some general rules of conversation, which will at least insure continued companionship.

How to Behave in the Galleries

FIRST, never say anything original. This is the greatest temptation Americans have to resist. The oldest one of us is younger than the youngest infant born in Great Britain, for example, and we still retain the happy, youthful freshness of observation that belongs to children. We have not developed yet the snarling, conceited culture of being universally critical. With us appreciation is as instinctive as delight in a child at some new sight. That is why Americans prefer to travel in the Old World instead of in their own much more wonderful country—everything has the novelty of immemorial age.

Be especially careful what you say about pictures. Everybody in Europe is secretly mad with us now because we can afford to buy so many of them—and they vent their spite by sneering at our ignorance in such matters. It is best not to say anything about the Old Masters. And whatever you do, do not come back with a rapt, prayer-meeting look upon your face from some gallery, and say that you spent three hours just sitting before such and such a Madonna, "drinking it in!" Only Americans do that. And they do it because they think they are imitating somebody who feels and knows. I did not see a single almond-eyed Virgin Mary picture in Europe that I could not get through staring at in ten minutes. It is my opinion that the old painters owe more to the tones of time and to our imagination than to their own genius. The only thing that engaged my attention for one whole blissful hour was the statue of David in the Borghese Palace Museum at Rome. In this figure the sculptor has memorialized forever the spiritual strength of immortal courage that is in youth. If David had not been a boy, with the clear, passionate faith of a boy in himself and his particular God, he would never have dared risk slinging that stone at Goliath. As long as men live in the world and this one statue exists, they can go back and look at it and understand the miracle of courage and faith as sculptured in that young face, in those young limbs mightily sprung to test the fidelity of God to His people, not merely to prove the skill of David's sling. But, I say, you had best not say such things about this statue in Europe. Comment rather upon the art of the sculptor who brought out every vein, every little gray hollow in the lithe body. And when you see a Louis XV sideboard worth about sixty dollars do not ask why the thing sells for a million francs. They

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cannot *tell* you, and they only think: "Oh, *Heaven*! these egregious Americans!" In fact we are egregious, *impudently* so. I saw a whole room that a rich young Texan had bought, carved weather-boarding, pictures and all.

"He said he wanted it for his bathroom!" somebody snickered.

Bless the boy! It will do very well for a bathroom, look quite as proper as some of the old Roman baths look in the museum drawing rooms of European noblemen! Now that there is no tariff to pay on things over a hundred years old that we bring home, it is only a question of time when all the oldest pictures, statues and castles in Europe will be shipped home by us. There is something ruthless in an American when it comes to an antiquity. He just cannot bear to leave one behind him in the "dust of centuries dark and deep" where it belongs. He'll be sure to buy it and exhibit it on Broadway. He is as famished for ancient draperies as a cow in a fresh green pasture is for salt.



The French Themselves Cannot Use Their Own 'Phones With Any Satisfaction

But to come back to the art of conversation, which is important unless you are willing to go through Europe like a dumb animal. Much depends upon the nationality of the person with whom you are speaking. If it is an Englishman always discuss the weather. Do not attempt anything else, because this topic is easy, and it is the only touch of Nature that makes him kin to everybody. He never gets tired of it. And the more you know about it the more he will respect you. The next day he will seek you out of his own accord to renew it, which is a sort of triumph, because as a rule an Englishman waits to be spoken to, and when you do address him he is apt to throw up his ghastly monocle and stare at you as if you were an intruding insect. But if at luncheon he remarks that he thinks there will be rain answer that you have just consulted the barometer and do not agree with him. Recall the circumstance of yesterday morning's clouds. Mention a slight variation of the temperature during the night. By this time you have his undivided attention. Keep it. Go on cataloguing the weather day by day backward. Do it passionately, as if the fate of nations lived upon the mist of last Friday morning. By this time he is thrilled to the very center of his being. He has laid down his knife and fork, turned sidewise in his chair, and is regarding you with open admiration.

English Respect for Weather-Lore

ONE evening when the weather had been the subject of long and ardent discussion at a dinner table where Peggy and I happened to be seated between two English women, I lost my patience.

"Yes," I added solemnly, "the weather today reminded me very much of the freshet you had here in August, 1769."

"I beg pardon?" said my lady Briton, regarding me seriously. Peggy kicked me softly under the table, but I was determined to risk seeing how far this mania of the English can be stretched.

"I thought everybody in England remembered how it rained torrents all day, August the twenty-third, in 1769," I answered.

My lady was silent, being too deeply impressed for words at my superior information upon a subject she had introduced herself. The remainder of the time we were in that place she sought me upon every possible occasion, introduced me to her friends, showed me particular and reverent attention.

But, as I have indicated in the first chapter of this series, it is wise to avoid the English socially as much as possible. They have been puffed up and rendered insufferable by that class of Americans whom we call Anglomaniacs, who have flattered and admired them until they have lost every modest, veracious sense of their relative importance in the order of things. Their provincialism persists, not because they do not travel but because they usually travel in the Old World, rarely in our new one. One may, of course, come upon Englishmen who have worked hard, earned their own money, bought their own titles, or received them as a reward for their achievements, who have the manners of gentlemen. But as a rule the courtesy of one of the better class is limited to his own kind. He is not a thorough gentleman, only partially gentle. For this is certain, the real gentleman and gentlewoman are not only courteous to their own kind but to the other kinds. The next foreign missionaries we send out should be well-bred American women to teach manners in England.

Above everything, avoid English slang. It is puerile, lacking in those graphic and virile qualities that characterize American idiomatic speech. When an Englishwoman says "Fancy!" she does not mean anything. It is simply a red and white wool word with which she interrupts conversation. If she ejaculates "How extraordinary!" she does not mean anything either. It is an exaggerated term by which she raises the eyebrows of her dumb mind when she does not know what she ought to say. If she exclaims that the cakes are "jolly," she means, poor thing, that they are made by an English recipe and have currants in them.

There is only one other class to shun, and you should shun them first; if you do not they will shun you. These are certain Americans from Boston, philological aristocrats with catacomb intelligences, who in the dining room of a hotel carry on snuffling, digging discussions after the poor little obscure root of an obsolescent word, while everybody else listens reverently, but no one dares interrupt the conversation unless he can show a Harvard coat-of-arms. I do not know why any American should look for antiquities in the Old World so long as these people exist, unless it is because they are bogus relics in a new and vigorous civilization. Nobody at home knows how funny, how absurdly artificial and out of drawing such people are, unless they could be seen, say, in Rome. Here they are very clannish, and spend their time studying the past that is no longer time at all. They give themselves up to the most exaggerated toadying of the old moose buck archeologist among themselves who has discovered, maybe, the doubtful heel of Achilles, by spending his life digging in decayed places. The only pleasure I had in observing them was in watching how the snorty old fellow snubbed them—snubs which they endured with grimacing delight.

The significance of the points or places or streets from which directions are given to strangers in the famous cities will not be lost upon a close observer. In New York everything you want to see is on Broadway, or so far this way or that way from Broadway. In Berlin you take your bearings from Unter den Linden, which is the great thoroughfare of that city, or else you are told that what you are looking for is so far this side or the other side of such and such a beer garden. In Paris you are always directed from the Bon Marché, or from the Galerie Lafayette, or from the Opéra House. You are supposed to know by instinct where these stores are, also where the Opéra is. In London Westminster Abbey is your pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night. You go there first, then turn to the right or to the left. Afterward you always find yourself turned completely round in Piccadilly Circus. But remember this. If an English man or woman tells you it is about five minutes' walk to the place you want to go, take a taxi-cab. He means that it is two miles and a half. This is the only kind of exaggeration of which I found the people there capable.

When all is said I have to admit this—their faults are the faults of bad manners generally. They are truthful and honest to a degree that is beautiful and inspiring. And they are undoubtedly the most sentimental people in the world. I quote this from among the advertisements on the front page of The Times.

_____ _____. In loving memory of my dear friend called away November 15th, 1910.

"Nearer to Thee, my God, nearer to Thee!"

Just below was another advertisement of a gentleman who had died in 1907! The friends did not sign their names. It was simply a triumphant announcement of the fact that Englishmen remember their dead and want the world to know it.

When you reach Paris do not be alarmed because the police send you a printed form that you must fill out. It will contain the most intimate questions, such as:

"How old are you?"

"Light or dark?"

"Blue eyes or brown?"

"Where were you born?"

"Male or female?"

"What is your occupation?"

This is a kind of Bertillon system they have for keeping up with you and finding out how many times you change your *pension*.

If you decide to keep house there never buy meat from a butcher's shop that has a gilded horse's head over the door. A great many Frenchmen are fond of horseflesh, but as a rule Americans are not. Never pass any one on the stairs. This is very rude. If you are at the bottom wait till the Frenchman comes down. If you are at the top wait till he comes up and passes you. You may use any telephone in Paris, provided you speak your own language. In that case you will be understood if the other person speaks it. But if you attempt French you will not be understood. The French themselves cannot use their own 'phones with any satisfaction. One of them told us that the government had sent committees all over the world, trying to find out what was the trouble with the telephone system in France, which was so defective. No remedy had ever been found. I laughed.

In the Land of Politeness

"BUT, monsieur, it is not the fault of the 'phones at all. No electrified wire has ever been invented with enough electric elasticity to convey your singularly emotional, your passionately dramatic language."

"I had never thought of that!" He went off with a bee in his bonnet, no doubt resolved upon devising a telephone with more temperament.

In England, Germany, France or Italy one may offer a tip to any person who serves the public, and it will be accepted. But it is not always safe to do so in Spain. They have more beggars and more self-respect there than in any other country we visited—and more courtesy. At my time of life such another trip across is not likely, but if I should ever go abroad again I shall go to Spain and stay there. It is the most interesting country in the world and has now the most gentle people in it, though much may happen after it is better advertised to tourists. There is no affectation; the life of it is really pastoral and medieval. One has the feeling of having wandered back into the age of poetry and shepherds when, in the argent twilight, one meets a girl with a herd of goats in the streets of Barcelona. She stops before the door of each customer. All the goats immediately lie down, while she goes in to get the milk measure. Then she comes out, steps among them, looks at each till she finds the one to milk for that place. She pulls the lady up by her ears, squats behind her, reaches one hand through the slender black straddling legs, and proceeds to fill her cup as nonchalantly as if you were not looking at her. And when you come home from the opera, between eleven and twelve, it gives you a queer sense of poetic security to find an old Catalan watchman, in knee-breeches, cap and red sash, standing

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He Unlocks it for You and Says: "Adios!"

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 3, 1912

Political Boomerangs

A NOTION seems to be floating round New York that the governor of New Jersey has committed some crime of so heinous a nature that right-minded persons are absolved from treating him decently. His application to the Carnegie Foundation for the teacher's pension to which his educational services might well entitle him was dug out of the files and published in an amiable but mistaken belief that it would discredit him. A little later his private letter to a former friend was given currency, with an intention of making trouble at the psychological moment between himself and Mr. Bryan. Both the application and the letter would ordinarily have been considered confidential; and this willingness to injure the governor by sneaking means indicates that in some quarters he is regarded as beyond the pale of respectability.

Governor Wilson's crime, of course, consists in advocating Insurgent or radical political policies. As there is only one important locality where such policies are considered criminal, it will not be difficult to locate the quarter whence any sneaking attack upon him comes. It is well settled in American politics that attacks upon any candidate from that quarter are much more helpful than harmful to his candidacy. We hope it is going to be well settled, also, that dirty politics will always react upon its authors.

Post-Office Finances

THE Post-Office Department spends decidedly more than any other branch of the Government. Its disbursements are not a great deal less than those of the War and Navy Departments combined; but it is self-sustaining and, as long as receipts equal expenditures, it is immaterial, from the point of view of the national budget, how large the latter may be. Everybody understands that. The line between Government expenses and Government investments, however, is not so generally acknowledged. We have been accused of inconsistency for saying at one time that greater economy should characterize Government expenditures and at another time that the Government should devote large additional sums to certain objects. Bills are now before Congress that would entail heavy disbursements for Federal aid of good roads and improved waterways. Both objects ought to be supported by the Government; but they are permanent, wealth-producing improvements and belong in a quite different category from maintaining navy yards, for example. If the nation can spend three cents in bond interest and save nine cents in haulage costs, it certainly isn't losing anything.

The Oppressed Press Agent

IN ALL newspaper offices there is an unreasonable prejudice against the press agent and a haunting fear that he will "put something over" on the paper, thereby securing gratis a very valuable amount of advertising for his employer; but newspapers do not bar out the press agent. They take a more sinister vengeance upon him by refusing to print his stuff unless it is about something silly and trivial. If his leading lady should lighten the woes of all Europe and America by inventing a self-hooking dress, the copy would go into the wastebasket. If she should swallow a pint of hair oil it would be printed on the front page with illustrations. If the directors of his railroad raise wages the press agent cannot get in a line about it. If they have a monkey at dinner he can get a whole page in the Sunday edition.

We are satisfied that if press agents were given a fair show their pale and lofty brows would be found glittering in the very first rank of national progress and enlightenment. As it is, the managing editors, figuratively speaking, keep them tied to a garbage can.

Dividends From Prisoners

WE ARE invited to subscribe to the capital stock of a manufacturing concern, the special attractions of which are thus described in the prospectus:

"The company's factories are located inside prison walls and it has at present eight hundred prisoners under contract in Maine, Illinois and Kentucky. It proposes to double its production by making additional contracts with institutions that are advantageously located. There are no strikes or labor troubles in prisons. This company pays for its labor fifty-two cents a day a man, while its competitors who employ free labor pay an average of about two dollars a day. The company is supplied, free of rent, with factory buildings, storage warehouses and grounds inside the prison walls, and with free light, heat and power. To acquire similar facilities outside would take an investment of approximately one million dollars. . . . These are ideal conditions for profitable manufacturing."

The company feels sure of paying seven per cent dividends on its preferred stock, and ten per cent on the common stock, which is given away with the preferred as a bonus; "in fact, the company expects its net earnings to be double these dividend requirements."

We agree heartily that these are ideal conditions for manufacturing; but, while the state is selling the labor of these prisoners to fortunate contractors at one-quarter what it is worth, besides furnishing free rent, light, heat and power, the prisoners' wives and children are going hungry in many cases. An arrangement whereby the value of the labor of these prisoners went to buy bread and shoes for their dependents, instead of to pay dividends, would not be so ideal from the manufacturing point of view. Still, it would have something to commend it.

Parties in Germany

TEN groups, sufficiently numerous and cohesive to be called political parties, were represented in the last Reichstag. There were, besides, seventeen members unattached to any of these groups, representing various shoots, spurs and angles of political opinion in the Fatherland. The Socialists had only fifty-four members out of a total of three hundred and ninety-seven, and at the top of their strength in the preceding Reichstag they had only eighty-one. No party has a majority. The Ministry must always depend upon a combination of three or more parties that are by no means in harmony at all points—a situation that gives a great tactical advantage to a relatively small but consistent and well-led minority group. This condition is even more marked in the British Parliament, where the seventy-six votes of the Irish Nationalists, out of a total membership of six hundred and seventy, are necessary to keep the Liberal Ministry in office.

Under our system of two great parties, political opinion that does not command an outright majority of the whole nation gets virtually no representation. It can vote in Congress, of course, but simply to be outvoted. People in the United States do not hold one of two views any more than people in Germany or the United Kingdom do; but, under the two-party system, one of two views, broadly speaking, must always prevail. Under a democratic and representative scheme a government participated in by four or ten parties will, by and large, reflect public opinion more accurately than one participated in by only two parties. In the former case any considerable minority will, in time, have its day in court.

As to Wall Street Control

THE National Monetary Commission's banking bill provides that the United States shall be divided into fifteen districts; that the banks in each district which subscribe to the plan shall elect two directors of the National Reserve Association, both directors to be residents of the district, but only one of them to be a banker, the other being chosen to represent the agricultural, industrial or commercial interests of the district; that, in addition, all the banks subscribing to the plan shall elect nine directors at large, no two of them, however, to reside in any one district. Thus, out of thirty-nine elected directors New York could not possibly have more than three, and one of the three must be a business man who is not an officer of any bank or other financial institution. The remaining directors of the National Reserve Association are to be the governor, selected by the President of the United States, two deputy governors, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Agriculture, the Secretary of Commerce and Labor and the Comptroller of the Currency—making forty-six directors in all.

The immediate management of the National Reserve Association, subject to the board of directors, will be largely in the hands of an executive committee, consisting of the governor, the two deputy governors, the Comptroller of the Currency and five others to be selected by the directors; but only one of the five can be chosen from any one district. How Wall Street can control an institution organized in this manner is not fully clear to us; but then, we are not numbered among the highly ingenious legal gentlemen who are retained by Wall Street to show it how to get what it wants.

A Thirsty Continent

THE amiable theory that drinking wine is a fine way to become temperate looks stranger than ever in view of some recent figures on the world's consumption of alcoholic beverages. If drunkenness is really very rare among the southern wine-drinking races, as compared with its shocking prevalence among us, their powers of resistance must be highly developed or else the consumption of alcohol is much more evenly distributed. Against our twenty gallons of beer for each person, for example, France is credited with thirty-nine gallons of wine and over nine gallons of beer, while her consumption of spirits is actually greater than ours by more than a third of a gallon a head. Italy uses thirty-one gallons of wine a head and rather more than half as much spirits as we do.

Like France, Germany, Austria and Hungary exceed us in consumption of spirits. On the other hand, we are only six gallons of beer a head behind Germany—but thirty-five gallons a head behind Belgium and eleven gallons behind England.

Newspaper Progress

"YET, on the whole, the newspaper has made genuine progress these eight-and-thirty years," said Henry Watterson the other day, speaking of the palmy, long-past, often-mourned days of the "great editors."

If anybody doubts it let him consult the files. The progress isn't in typesetting machines or telephones or multiplied telegraph wires. A generation ago the papers had as much "news" that anybody cared to read as they have now; but they have grown more civilized. Some of the "great editors" were great blackguards. Possibly they were not so "commercialized"; but if there is any increased domination of the counting room it is preferable, on the whole, to the old domination of political party. The latter was much more venomous. The notion that a mere citizen had any rights whatever that the press was bound to respect had hardly appeared. Malignant cruelty to the individual was commoner.

At present, we understand, some newspapers have advanced so far up the shining heights of civilization that a man may refuse to divulge news to them from motives which he deems honorable, and still not fear that they will take the first possible opportunity to overwhelm him with public ridicule or disgrace. The newspapers are better because they are kinder. We would willingly spare many "great editors" for that.

An Imaginary Fire

THE vaults of the Equitable Building, in New York, contained pieces of paper worth a billion dollars or more; and when the structure burned there was doubt as to whether the papers had been destroyed. In other vaults on the patch of land between the City Hall and the Battery are other pieces of paper, bound in account books or unbound, worth probably a dozen billion dollars. Please imagine—if you are in a genial mood—that they were all suddenly destroyed.

The actual wealth of the United States, of course, would remain exactly what it was before. The railroads, factories, mines and so on, ownership in which was represented by these bits of paper, would suffer no loss in value or earning power any more than the productivity of a farm is diminished by burning the title deed; but what a wild scurry there would be among individuals to reëstablish their ownership in the wealth! In comparison, the historic fights between Mr. Hill and Mr. Harriman to see which should own Northern Pacific, or between Mr. Ryan and Mr. Belmont for possession of the Subway, would seem like the strife of babbling infants over a rattle.

How would it ever be settled—if a few tons of paper in the form of stock certificates, bonds, notes and books of account, the whole intrinsically worth only a few thousand dollars, were suddenly destroyed? Perhaps there would be a grand court of equity, and every claimant to ownership in the country's actual wealth would be asked to show how he got it and what value he had ever given the country for it. More likely, there would be a grand scramble and the best scramblers would come out on top.

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Rudolph the Reformer

VARIOUS earnest persons have tried to create the impression that the motto by which Rudolph Blankenburg orders his personal and political affairs is: "*Thue Recht und scheue Niemand!*"—which is all well enough so far as it goes. "Do right and fear no one!" is a nice, moral, housebroken motto of large copybook prestige, and we all should live up to it—should, I say.

Nor have I any objection to assigning that neat little sentiment to Rudolph, providing there is any nutriment in it for him in any way; but the point is here: "*Thue Recht und scheue Niemand!*" may be Rudolph's afternoon-tea motto—the motto he has hung up over his fireplace in the library and mayhap engraved on his letter paper; but his genuine, hand-tooled, daily-practice motto isn't any pale pink fluff like that. His real motto is: "'*Raus mit 'em!*'" And who is there to say me nay?—said inquiry being directed specifically at B. Penrose, J. McNichol and Company.

For thirty years Rudolph Blankenburg has surged through Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, joyously hitting on the point of the jaw every political boss he has happened on, and as joyously offering the point of his own jaw for such counter as might be forthcoming. If it so was that political bosses did not appear plenteously enough to satisfy Rudolph's lust for batting them he never hesitated to go into the highways and the byways and look up a few to lambaste. He has been insatiable—that man; and from Pulaski to Perkasie, from Oswayo to Elk Lick, he has shouted, "Throw 'em out!" and has assisted in such throwing as, from time to time, the occasions and the circumstances afforded. The business of calling upon the people of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania to rise and eject the bosses has been reasonably disheartening and barren of results for a good many years. The bosses, it seemed, objected to being thrown out and made their objections stick by various little expedients of their own. However, this aversion to ejection, though it may have given other leading citizens acute attacks of that what's-the-use? feeling, never had an appreciable effect on Rudolph Blankenburg. He kept the thought, as the saying is, and crusaded right up to election day, when he voted amid his own clamor of "'*Raus mit 'em!*'" Next morning, when he scanned the returns and found the bosses were still in, he went gayly out and began all over again.

"Though it may be true the bosses have won this time," he would say, "that does not detract from the soundness of my contention that they should be dumped off the Delaware Breakwater. Hence rally, good citizens, and throw 'em out!"

Notwithstanding the stern disapproval of the bosses over such a contingency, there must inevitably come a time when the good citizens will listen and try the experiment. It has so happened elsewhere. It so happened in Philadelphia, the exact occasion being the day early in last November set aside by law for such exercises on the part of the male portion of the community who have reached the age of twenty-one, provided the male portion desires to perform. It always does happen when the voters address themselves seriously to the task.

The Thirty Years' War

RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG, after urging his fellow citizens to throw out the bosses, became the instrument by which the bosses will be thrown out, for he was elected mayor on an anti-boss platform and in an anti-boss campaign. The bosses ingeniously explain that his election was an accident, being accomplished by but a few thousand votes out of a great total cast; but accidents will happen even to the best-regulated bosses, and the general opinion is that Blankenburg's election was rather more than an accident to these explanatory gentlemen. There are some who go so far as to say it is a catastrophe; but, of course, it is too much to expect a public admission of that by the bosses themselves.

His campaign that resulted in his election as mayor was typical of dozens of other campaigns he has made in Philadelphia and in the state—not always as a candidate, but as a foe to the manners, methods and morals of the bosses. He has stood out in the open and fought bribery, graft, election frauds, ballot-box stuffing and all kinds of political trickery and dishonesty. He has always been an ardent Republican, but he has never let that fact stand in the way of his attacks on the men in his own party who controlled the machinery of that party in his city and state; in fact, his fights have been mostly within his own party and against the rulers of that party, and for the rights of the people.

He began years ago. For fifteen years between 1880 and 1895 he was chairman of the election-frauds committee of the Committee of One Hundred, organized in 1880—a body from which all the later reform committees of the city were developed. Blankenburg has fought Quay, McManes, Durham, McNichol, Vare and Penrose day in and day out, stumping the city against them and stumping the state against them. He was active in the fight against Quay in 1897 and 1898, and supported John Wanamaker for senator and later for governor.

Usually he was defeated; in fact, almost always defeated until the great upheaval in 1905 caused by the gas-lease scandal broke the ranks of the bosses for a time; but he never wavered in his fight or lost hope of success ultimately. Once, when the City Party movement was at its height, he ran for county commissioner and was elected. He served his three years and did what he could to purify things in the city. Also, he gave his salary of five thousand dollars a year to the police, firemen's and school-teachers' pension funds.

The bosses went far out of the beaten track in this latest campaign for mayor and nominated Earle, who has somewhat of a record as a reformer along certain lines. Blankenburg assailed the machine as vigorously as he had done twenty and thirty years before—and he won. The machine will get short shrift during his term of office; and that means more, perhaps, in Philadelphia than elsewhere, for the mayor's office has always been the hub of machine politics there, and the feed-bin also.

This sturdy old crusader was born in Germany in 1843. His father was pastor of a little German Reformed church in a village near Hanover. Rudolph was one of seven brothers and was prepared for the ministry. He did not preach, for his tutor came to this country in the early sixties and Blankenburg followed him, arriving in 1865.

When he was twenty-two years old he got a place with a firm of manufacturers and importers of dress goods, in Philadelphia, at six dollars a week.

He was a big, broad-shouldered, intelligent youth, and he rapidly learned the business and was as rapidly promoted. At the end of his first year he was put out on the road as a traveling salesman and in five years he was sent to Europe as buyer and salesman. He traveled all over the world, learned the business thoroughly and in 1875 set up for himself. His business grew into a great establishment and made Blankenburg a fortune. He retired from active connection with his house in 1909.

He married a Philadelphian two years after he landed in this country and was naturalized in 1875. He was a ready speaker, interested in politics; and it was not long before he began the crusade he has kept up for more than thirty years. His courage is unfaltering and his good humor boundless. He became a reformer; but he was an optimistic, good-natured, kindly, genial reformer—not a reformer with a grouch. Every reform movement in Philadelphia that had for its object the purification of the city, its release from boss rule, its progress toward clean and representative politics and government, found a supporter in Blankenburg. More than that, many of the movements originated with him, were financed by him and captained by him. He has been on the firing-line in Pennsylvania against the Quays and all the rest ever since he has had a vote—ceaselessly agitating, ceaselessly fighting, never discouraged and always sure that his end of civic regeneration and state regeneration ultimately would be obtained.

A great, broad-shouldered, bearded man, filled with love for his fellowman and with the joy of living, his activities have been remarkable in their scope. He is a part of the history of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania for the past thirty years. He has been identified with all the great charitable and other movements for the betterment of the city and its people, and for the relief of the stricken in every land. Socially he has been a prime mover in the Five o'Clock Club; and it is his boast that neither there nor at the Clover Club have they ever talked him down.

He is a born agitator, whose agitation has been directed along sane lines. Moreover, he is hearty, genial, good-humored—as pleasant and companionable a man as you know, and a whole heap of fun at a dinner. Unlike many reformers, he is sincere. Unlike many lovers of humanity, he really does want to do things for his fellowman instead of for himself. A very genuine and an exceedingly lovable person is Rudolph Blankenburg—and a big figure in Philadelphia and Pennsylvania.



An Optimistic, Good-Natured, Kindly, Genial Reformer

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Troubled Waters

CAPTAIN JOE WATERS, a Kansas attorney, tried a case at Council Grove not long ago. The captain was up against it; and he turned on the tears and let them flow unrestrained while depicting the woes of his client.

It was a great and tearful speech. In the middle of it a brother attorney who was sitting by was observed taking off his shoes.

"What are you doing that for?" asked another lawyer.

"By gum!" replied the lawyer who was removing his shoes, "I'm getting ready to wade out. It's right sloppy round here already—and Joe ain't half through!"

Skinny's Feast

ONE of the Toronto golf clubs gives a dinner each year to the caddy boys it employs. At the feast last fall one of the boys, a tough youngster, disdained to use any of the forks he found at his place, but loaded his food into himself with his knife. When the ice-cream course was reached and he still used his knife, a boy who sat opposite to him and who could stand it no longer shouted: "Gee, look at Skinny, usin' his iron all the way round!"

Reason Enough

GEORGE S. MARSHALL was elected as a reform mayor of Columbus and did a lot of reforming before he was defeated for reëlection. One of the reforms was the establishment of a garbage-disposal plant. This threw out of employment a lot of darkies who had formerly done a general scavenger business with ramshackle old wagons and ramshackler old horses.

One of these darkies, on the way to the polls to vote against the mayor, was asked why he opposed Marshall.

"W'y am I gwine t' vote agin dat man? W'y, dat low-flung rascal done took th' garbage right outen my mout'!"

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"This is what I want for my company dinner."

"AND that one is the kind for my next ladies'-luncheon. Just the thing to give an extra dainty touch!"

So it goes with a dozen such every-day home questions. You find a ready and practical answer in

Campbell's SOUPS

Their many-sided variety includes delicate amber-clear kinds; fragrant and tempting vegetable kinds; and various meat soups as full-bodied and satisfying as any you ever tasted.

Why not order half-a-dozen or more of these wholesome soups right *now?* And see how many puzzling questions they will answer for *you*.

21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus, Beef, Bouillon, Celery, Chicken, Chicken-Gumbo (Okra), Clam Bouillon, Clam Chowder, Consommé, Julienne, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Mutton Broth, Ox Tail, Pea, Pepper Pot, Printanier, Tomato, Tomato-Okra Vegetable, Vermicelli-Tomato



Look for the red-and-white label



"How tempting the savor
Of *Campbell's Soups* flavor
That steals o'er my spirit prophetic!
The fragrant attraction that stirs me
to action
So earnestly peripatetic."

MINING SECURITIES

By Roger W. Babson

ONCE upon a time a friend of mine, who is a real Arizona miner, had working for him a man named Josh. This man Josh was a prospector of the type so commonly seen in that land of sand and sage-brush. He was a tall, slim creature of the soil, with skin as tough as leather, but with a big, bounding heart. Originally Josh was a boss miner, working at a fair salary in one of the well-known mines; but as he became more prosperous he mixed with the temptations of Bisbee, Tucson and other mining centers, and unfortunately he became addicted to drink and lost his good position. The rest of his life has been similar to that of the average prospector—work for a few months was only to be followed by a drunk for a month or six weeks, and then a period of repentance and discouragement. At the end of one of these periods, however, some good friend for whom he formerly worked "grubstaked" him and gave him food to go out into the mountains and prospect.

Practically this was simply a matter of charity with the former employer, knowing as he did that in mining only one prospector in a hundred makes good. Therefore when, one day, Josh returned from one of those prospecting excursions lasting a couple of months with some samples of ore, claiming he had "almost struck it rich"—which is the common report returned by most prospectors as they come in—my friend simply took the ore and threw it into the bottom drawer of his desk, saying: "Josh, you have done first-rate; now get a good steady job and quit both your drinking and your prospecting." Josh, however, was not quieted so easily, but kept returning to the office, stating that he could purchase for only a few hundred dollars from some Indians the entire claim from which this sample came; and he urged my friend to make the purchase. The twenty-four years spent in the hills of Arizona had, however, made my friend very weary of these "rich strikes." So he refused to pay any attention to Josh's earnest pleadings and Josh went to work again on day wages.

A Surprised Mining Man

Readers may imagine my friend's surprise when, about two years later, a new company was formed by some of the best men in Boston, and capitalized for two million five hundred thousand dollars, for the purpose of developing this little piece of property which Josh urged him to purchase for a few hundred dollars. At first this stock sold for about five dollars a share; but suddenly, to my friend's still greater surprise, a great pocket of very rich ore was discovered, and in a night—so to speak—the price of the stock soared to twenty-five dollars a share, from which price it gradually climbed to nearly two hundred dollars a share. Today my friend is a comfortable miner, worth probably from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand dollars. Moreover, he is probably fully as happy and his family happier than they would have been had he followed poor Josh's pleadings; but he cannot but feel chagrined at the thought of how he continually refused to purchase for a few hundred dollars this tract of land which within a very short time increased in value to several million dollars. Moreover, this stock is today daily traded in on the Boston Stock Exchange and is even now considered one of the best copper purchases.

Now my object in telling this story is twofold. First, I wish to explain to the readers the difference between buying stocks and buying land; and, second, to show how even the very ablest engineers are fooled as to actual conditions. However, of all this I will speak later; and at this point I will say a word relative to the first feature—namely, the difference between mining stocks and mining land.

All the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST are acquainted with mining stocks—at least all are who read the Sunday papers, which seem to be the leading marketplace for these valueless promotion offerings. Those of us who do not systematically read Sunday-paper advertisements have doubtless received through the mail alluring circulars offering us some mining stock from one dollar to five dollars a share, which—according to the circular—"may soon become worth several hundred dollars a share." Of course, in reading the advertisement, the small investor entirely forgets the fact that the average stock selling at one hundred dollars a share has a par value of one hundred dollars and not one dollar, as in the case of these advertised mining stocks.

Stocks to Let Alone

It is, however, very difficult to suppress these advertisements, for they are prepared by expert advertisement writers with the advice of the ablest lawyers and with the knowledge that the advertisements will be scrutinized by Post-Office authorities. Certainly, anything that these authorities can nail will bar the advertisements from the mail. The use of the simple word "may" instead of the word "will" renders the Post-Office authorities powerless, and the advertisement still succeeds in separating the small investor from his money. I therefore urge all small investors, and large ones as well, to refuse even to read these advertisements, remembering not only that spending money for such stocks will bring loss ninety-nine times out of one hundred, but that for a man to buy such stocks is like going on a first drunk—it is not apt to be the last.

There are various reasons why I advise against the purchase of such stocks; but the most important is that, owing to the fact that there are many men on the ground fully acquainted with the property, these stocks—when there is any reasonable chance of their ever becoming of value—are taken up long before they ever reach New York, Philadelphia or Boston. The people of Arizona are not poor, and there is just as much money a head in Arizona looking for an investment as in Boston, Philadelphia, New York or Chicago. The Arizona man, however, does not make money from the purchase of stocks, but rather from the purchase of the land itself. If you or I were to buy a farm we should not capitalize it and endeavor to sell the stock; but we would simply work it as a private proposition, raising our crops, selling them, paying the expenses and retaining the profits.

If you or I should discover a small piece of land in Arizona or in any other state which we believed could produce ore and which would require only the digging of a shaft—as a mill near by often can be used for treating the ore—why should we want to capitalize it and give the public such a good thing? Why should we not develop and work it ourselves, as we would our farm? Well, this is the way the Arizona man enters mining. He stakes out a claim, agrees to spend at least one hundred dollars a year on development, and holds the title to that claim, gradually working it as you and I would work our farms. If he is a man of wealth he may have a large force of men and expensive machinery; if he is poor he will have only two or three working for him—but he will make proportionately as much. As he digs the ore out of the ground, he hauls it to a mill and sells it either before or after it has been treated.

Therefore the first point I want to make to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST readers, though rather radical, is briefly as follows: Keep out of mining ventures altogether; but if you really have the desire to "take a flyer," and will not purchase one of the high-grade stocks, then go to Arizona, buy a claim from some Indians for three or four hundred dollars, hire a man and work it! In other words, there should be no halfway about this mining business. Either have nothing to do with it at all, which is what I advise, or else simply invest in the land itself, working it and holding it for a purchaser or letting some one work it on a royalty.

Even in buying the land, one does not eliminate the possibility of loss; for, as has often been said, "almost as much money has been put into the ground as has ever been taken out of it." Among my acquaintances I know possibly twenty men who have devoted their lives to the development of mining properties, and of these twenty only two have anything left to show for their efforts. The competition for these claims is very keen; large companies, such as the Phelps-Dodge interests, the Cole-Ryan interests, and others, have engineers continually in the field, seeking new propositions. Moreover, it is necessary to spend considerable money to break out any claim before one knows whether or not he is to receive anything in payment for his labor. Therefore, even for the man who deals only in land and is located on the ground, it is a hard uphill fight amid keen competition, subject to the greatest discouragement. Of course this works two ways. In some years the engineers of the great mining and smelting interests get all the prizes, while the prospectors and independent miners get none; but in other years these great engineers themselves fall down, while the "plums" come to the small miners.

One of the largest interests, if not the largest in the world—the Phelps-Dodge—owns, and has owned ever since it was a raw prospect, a mine known as the Copper Queen. This mine was regarded by them as the one mine of the Bisbee Camp, in Cochise County, Arizona, and it turned into the coffers of the company millions of dollars annually; but the company also sends mining engineers into the far corners of the world to hunt up other mines. While such a search was going on, some plain native prospectors located claims adjoining the great Copper Queen; and, what is more, they offered to sell them to the great Phelps-Dodge interests for a trifling amount. The engineers looked at them—and "Nothing there!" was the verdict.

Early Days of Great Producers

A little later those same prospectors disposed of the claims to some people not so wise, who, in turn, sold them. A great new mining company, well known throughout the world, is the result. Already it has paid out in dividends over ten million dollars, and the property of the company is now said to be as valuable as the Copper Queen itself. Still the Phelps-Dodge people looked far afield, and other prospectors made locations adjoining another side of the great bonanza. Again the great engineers investigated the matter and shook their heads. "Nothing there!" was the reply. But another now well-known mine immediately opened up a great ore body, blocking out some fifteen million dollars' worth. One other mine which those same experts are said to have looked at and declared "worthless" is the United Verde. I am told that it was offered to the Phelps-Dodge interests for sixty thousand dollars; but the report again came back: "Nothing there!" It was offered later to Mr. W. A. Clark, of Montana, and taken. The United Verde is today recognized as one of the world's great mines and enriches him by millions yearly. The idea that the prospects of Cripple Creek would ever develop into big producers was pooh-poohed by men at the head of the profession; but Cripple Creek has poured out gold by the hundreds of millions of dollars since that day and is still turning out its golden stream.

Such mistakes, perhaps, do not happen often; but it is well to say "perhaps," for who knows what the future may unfold? Prospectors years ago passed by many a mine the earmarks of which they did not see in the light of their limited information. The world progresses. The engineer and the prospector are keeping abreast of the times, and it is only reasonable to suppose that the greatest and most valuable opportunities of all are today lying idle and undiscovered. You or I could probably have them for only the small filing fee of a few dollars if we would but hunt them up.

Is there any formula by which the average man can separate the wheat from the chaff when it comes to the selection of mining stocks? The question has been asked a thousand and one times in the past, and the answer given has been most perfunctory and unsatisfactory. So the question is yet before the public, and there

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to stay until such a formula is produced. If a broker is consulted on the subject he will be able to give you some advice, it is true; but that advice will not be first-hand and, though honest enough, must of necessity be frequently misleading.

Like every other class of stock, mining *shares* may be divided into two broad classes: investments and speculations. Whether the "man in the Street" is moved by the *spirit* of speculation or a desire to secure a safe investment, he naturally likes to know something about the mine.

The first inquiry on the subject is addressed, most likely, to a broker, who, if an investment is desired, will secure without difficulty a record of any mining company since the time it came before the public.

With the information thus secured as a starting point, the most natural question that arises is: What is a reasonable rate of interest to expect on a mining stock? The interrogation is a fair one and, whether addressed to a broker or a mine operator, calls for a straightforward answer. The broker will doubtless say that it is difficult to give figures, and will quote the following: Anaconda, which, at forty, pays five per cent a year; Calumet and Arizona, at forty-eight, paying 8.33 per cent; and Kerr Lake, which, at seven, paid twenty-eight per cent last year. These three dividend-payers are selected as being different types of mining stocks and good examples of how widely dividends vary. The broker will tell you this, or the information can be secured from a manual; but, having it, the seeker has only just started on his quest. Thus early will he part company with the broker for a while and carry on his researches independently.

If he knows a mining engineer, so much the better; but if he has none among his acquaintances he may find out the main points about the game by the exercise of his own common-sense. To begin with, he will realize that a mining proposition stands in a class by itself. Long ago Nature placed just so much ore in that particular spot known as the mine. At the time the mine commenced operations there was a certain though unknown quantity. From that day the quantity has grown less and will keep on decreasing until the original quantity of ore is exhausted and the mine closes down. The investor, therefore, will see that his interest must be large enough to provide a sinking fund—and all this must be calculated on the probable life of the mine.

The same standards by which a farming or a manufacturing investment may be judged are not applicable to a mining investment. A farmer may earn eight per cent interest on his capital and, with care, his property may increase in value. A manufacturer may earn eight per cent on his investment, and if he keeps up his machinery his business may be as valuable ten years or even twenty years hence; but a mine, after each dividend is paid, is that much nearer its end.

The Life of a Mine

Now it is well known among mining men that the average life of a gold or silver mine is under rather than over ten years. There are exceptions to this rule, of course. Great low-grade mines like the Homestake or the Treadwell, in all probability, will be producing twenty-five or thirty-five years hence; but it is to the average mine that the law of averages applies. The exceptional mines are in a class by themselves and can be judged accordingly.

Granting that the life of a certain gold or silver mine is to be ten years, then, in order to pay back principal and a reasonable rate of interest, dividends of at least sixteen per cent should be distributed. Copper-mining, of which the statistics have been most accurately kept in New York and Boston, offers many inducements to the investor; but too much care cannot be taken in the matter of selection, for copper stocks in not a few instances have been boosted out of all reason.

As with gold and silver mines, so it is with copper mines. They had so much ore to begin with, and after each dividend they are that much nearer to the day when they will close down. For such mines, provided they have a good lease on life, eight per cent, or even ten per cent, may be regarded as only moderate returns.

These are merely samples of some general principles to be considered. They may be utterly at variance with the opinions of many authorities, and attention may be drawn to the stock of such companies as the Amalgamated Copper Company, now paying in the neighborhood of three per cent on its market value; Granby, two per cent; and North Butte, four per cent. In reply to this the investigator is justified in remarking that the atmosphere of speculation has given some stocks a higher market price than their returns warrant. The man who puts up hard-earned coin on an investment is well within the bounds of reason if, when offered a stock paying only seven per cent dividends, he asks: "Has it thirty years of life ahead of it?"

For purely speculative purposes, new issues are the most likely to be in demand. New issues have frequently made fortunes for the venturesome and will always have an attraction. It will be remembered that, in the mine's early history, Calumet and Arizona sold for five dollars. Not so very long afterward, as the life of mines is reckoned, it sold for one hundred and eighty dollars. It is now fluctuating round the fifty-dollar mark. As I explained in the issue of this weekly for December 2, 1911, Calumet and Hecla sold at the start around twenty-five dollars; and it has sold as high as one thousand dollars. Then take the porphyry mines, under which heading are included Utah Copper, Miami, Ray Consolidated and Nevada Consolidated—these mines have all made money for those who bought the stocks in the early stages; but in regard to them, as they stand today, may it not be questioned whether the milk has not been extracted from the cocoanut and whether they will not be fully occupied in keeping up their present positions?

The new ones coming—what of them? Well, inquiries through the ordinary channels will decide the speculator. If the house bringing out the issue bears a good reputation on the "Street," and its previous issues have made good, then there is a strong chance in favor of the last one. If, on the contrary, the firm has brought out a number and all of them are yet in the embryo stage—or, worse still, have not made good—then the advice of an old Comstock miner, "Metalliferous Murphy" as he was known, may be followed today: "If you are a poor man have nothing to do with it—and if you be rich leave it alone!"

Opening up a New Mine

Scientific management, card systems and the like are important details in the business world; but it is impossible to eliminate the human factbr—and where the human factor is there is romance. Corporations are said to have no souls; but before corporations ran mines the human factor was an issue. Again, before fresh mines are discovered and put before the public for investment or speculation, as the case may be, the human factor—the prospector and the miner—might well be taken into consideration. They live today in the West as different from the pen-pictures made of them in fiction as it is possible to be. The mining engineer, with a technical training that puts him "in the foremost files of time," stands side by side with the prospector on the bare rocks of the desert; and for the moment they are on an equal footing.

Reader, while you are looking over these pages, a prospect is being considered. That mineral is there both engineer and contractor agree, but does it go down and will it pay? These are questions that only work can tell. Neither the one nor the other can see six inches below the surface. The mining engineer goes on his way. He deals in accomplished facts and not surmises and prospects. The prospector works the claim. A pit is sunk and the ore gives out. Another one is sunk with the same result; and then the prospector goes on his way. Time has been lost, labor lost and money lost.

Reverse the picture. The first pit had ore in it down to the bottom. A second is sunk with a similar result. Then a third or more, and a system of mineralization is uncovered. Now comes the work of sinking the shaft, and that costs money; but the mine is a winner, and the prospector carefully selects the best of his ore, sacks it and ships it to the nearest custom smelter. With the returns from his shipment he operates; and slowly—compared with what can be done with capital—he develops a mine. In time the engineer returns to examine it. The system of mineralization having been uncovered and the ore-shoots located, he is able to see beneath the surface and can work out his plans. The mine now fetches a price out of all proportion to what the prospector would have taken for it years before, when the two stood on the cropping together. Here begins the history of the mine so far as the public is concerned, and the rest is for the broker and the investor.

Of course, at the best, one may still be fooled. I know of a young man who graduated as a mining engineer from Columbia University, studied at the best institutions of Europe and then went to Arizona with probably the finest preparation that any young man ever had. In order to make doubly sure of his position, he agreed with his father to spend a whole year in looking about for prospects before investing a dollar. During the year he traveled through most of the mining camps of Arizona and Utah and sifted his prospects down to three. On the very day his first year came to an end he visited the one of these three prospects that appeared to him the most attractive.

This was much more than a prospect; in fact, a friend of mine had been extracting ore from this mine for several months and it was paying splendidly. I well remember the circumstances. One morning this young man with the finest mining training came along to my friend, making him an offer for the mine, which consisted merely of a sixty-acre claim with a shaft about a hundred or more feet deep and no machinery to speak of. After digging the ore my friend simply carted it over a rough road to the railroad.

What the Water Told

For some days before the young engineer called, my friend had been getting rather nervous from fear that he had passed through the body of ore. He was just in this uncertain mood when the young engineer called down the shaft: "Mr. ———, I am now prepared to give you what I suggested for this property. If you will take it now I am prepared to give you a draft on New York at once. Otherwise, I shall leave tonight for another camp and trade with some one else." In a moment the thought came to my friend to taste the water! If the water should be clear and sweet he would know he had passed through the body of ore; for otherwise the water would be bitter and sulphurous. Thereupon he immediately stooped down, took up a little water in the palm of his hand, tasted it, found it clear as crystal and called to the young man: "I accept your offer."

The papers were exchanged at the bank of a town near by and my friend went off to hunt for new worlds to conquer, while the young man invested thousands of dollars in extending the shaft and on further development—but he never found a dollar's worth of ore!

It will, therefore, be seen that to beat a mining game is a hard proposition. If you wish to buy stocks you have not a chance to come in until two or three previous interests have already taken their profits—and even then you have the promoters and brokers, who are well versed in every art of manipulation and exaggeration, against you; while if you go to the mining country and purchase the land outright you have the shrewdest miners trained by years of hard experience to encounter.

Therefore I believe it is not only a safer proposition, but one giving greater profit in the end, simply to confine one's purchases to the highest-grade "listed" stocks of proved value, buying them when fundamental statistics show that the country is entering a period of depression and selling them two or three years later, when fundamental statistics indicate that we are entering a period of prosperity. In this way the investor has his money always in conservative, established, dividend-paying investments, or else in cash. This gives him a sure rate of interest and, once in two or three years, a good profit in addition; but the idea of buying untried and non-dividend-paying mining stocks, with a hope that "some day" they will become of great value, appeals but little to me. Of course, as I have shown, there are cases where great profits have been made in mining; but for every one of these I can name several where fortunes have been lost.

In brief, there is no "short road to wealth" whatever; and there is but one "safe road," which is suggested in the preceding paragraph.

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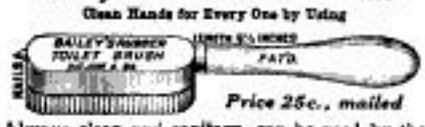
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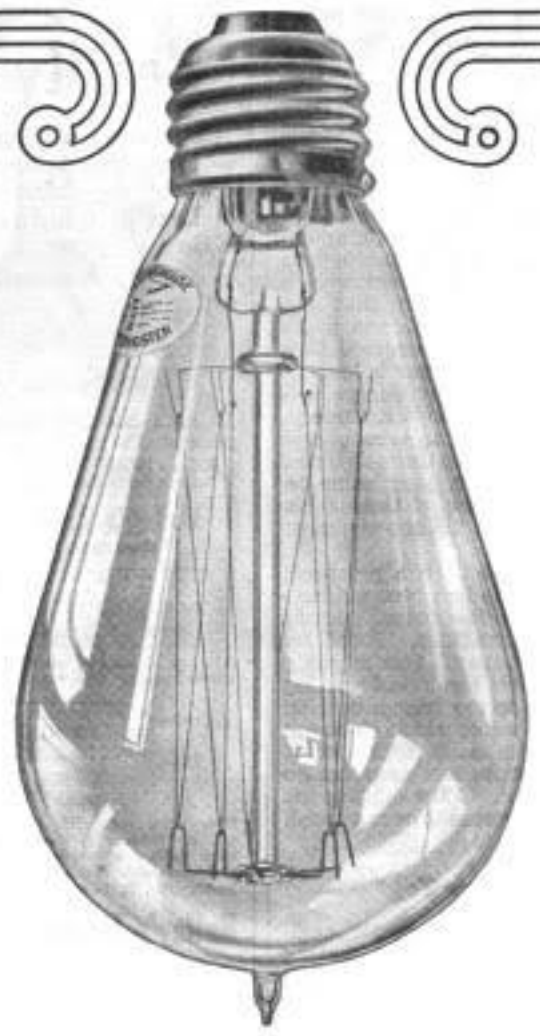
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Sense and Nonsense

Carefully Weighed

IN THE Dana days on the New York Sun a young Cornell graduate was put at work reviewing books. One of the first books handed him was a massive Life of Napoleon, by a college professor.

The Cornell man had specialized on Napoleon at his university under a great authority, and thought rather poorly of this new biographer of Napoleon—who was a professor in another university, by-the-way. He glanced casually over the illustrations and wrote his review as follows:

"Life of Napoleon, by Professor So-and-So. This work weighs nine pounds."

Mr. Dana read the review and sent for the young man.

"Did you write this review?" he growled.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you read the book?" growled Mr. Dana again, fiercer than before.

"No, sir; I weighed it."

"That'll do!" growled Mr. Dana again.

Then he sent word down to the cashier to raise the reviewer's salary.

All for the Emerald Isle

TWO ardent Irish patriots met recently in a café—so "Red" McLaughlin, the New York sporting writer, says—and fell to comparing notes, each being boastful of what he had done for Ireland.

"Well," said one, "I've suffered in prison for my principles. I went to jail oncet for six months in Mayo fer tryin' to shoot a landlord."

"I've been locked up on Ireland's account myself," said the other.

"Is that so? Whereabouts in Ireland was you locked up?" said the first skeptically.

"It wasn't in Ireland at all—it was right here in New York," said the second.

"You was locked up in New York on Ireland's account?"

"I was that."

"For the love of Hiven, what did you do?"

"I threw eggs at the Russell Brothers!"

Fully Expected

UP IN Maine, a quartet from a village church choir was asked to go to the country to sing at the funeral services over a rich farmer. After the burial the members of the quartet climbed into the carriage that had brought them and prepared to start back to town. A distant relative of the deceased hurried up to them.

"You gentlemen mustn't be aleavin'," she said.

"Why not?" asked the barytone.

"Because you're all expected for dinner over at bereft's."

Easily Satisfied

BEFORE the fire on Christmas Eve, two old maids were planning for the holiday.

"Sister Mallie," said the younger, "would a long stocking hold all you'd want for a Christmas gift?"

"No, Elvira," said the older; "but a pair of socks would."

All Sounded Alike

SAM BENNETT was acting city editor of the early edition of one of the New York evening papers which gets on the street at nine A. M. One morning, just before presstime, a bulletin came in saying Charles Schwab had just been made president of the Steel Trust, at a salary of a million dollars a year. Bennett reduced it to a paragraph, wrote a one-line head over it and stuck it on an inside page. When the regular city editor came down he almost had a fit.

"Good land, man!" he stormed. "Why didn't you smear that story all over the first page, with a big head on it? Don't you know that a young man getting a salary of a million a year makes a great big story?"

"Boss," said Sam, "after it gets above forty dollars a week it all sounds alike to me!"

That was the week Bennett's salary was raised.

A Beautiful Decline

OLLIE JAMES, the gigantic and genial Congressman and Senator-elect from Kentucky, was in conversation the other day with a Washingtonian when the latter made certain inquiries with reference to a mutual friend whom he had not seen for a number of years.

"And how does Colonel Prescott spend his declining years?" he asked.

"Beautifully, sir; beautifully!" answered James. "He has a fine farm, sir. And a string of trotters, sir. And a barrel of whisky sixteen years old—and a wife of the same age, sir!"

The Worst Confirmed

NOT long ago an elderly English actor came over here to take his first American engagement. He had never visited this country before and he had strong—not to say fixed—prejudices touching these United States, as compared with the British Isles.

The voyage across was a rough one and the visitor's disposition did not sweeten any by reason of it. On landing he started for an English boarding house uptown, where he had been told he could get English food uncontaminated by base Yankee notions. To keep down expenses, he elected to repair thither by a street car instead of using a cab.

He emerged from the pier laden with his hatbox, his umbrella, his makeup tin, his grips—two in number—his steamer rug, his tea caddy, his overcoat and his framed picture of the Death of Nelson, and climbed aboard a horse car.

Just as he got fairly upon the platform the car started and he fell through the open door into the aisle, scattering his goods and chattels in every direction. As he got upon his knees he remarked in a tone of feeling:

"There now! I knew I shouldn't like the bloody country!"

When Three Were No Crowd

ACCORDING to an English actor, this happened in a small theater in a small town in provincial England, where a troupe of barnstormers was playing to meager audiences.

The villain dragged the shrinking heroine down stage to the footlights and in her ear he hissed:

"Are we alone?"

"No, gov'nor," interrupted the lone occupant of the gallery—"not tonight you ain't; but you will be tomorrow night!"

Snow Figures

ONE night during the early part of the winter Boss Clark, the city editor of the New York Sun, called a new reporter up to his desk.

"The man who handed in the weather story forgot to get the figures on the snowfall," he said to the cub. "Go find out just how deep the snow is."

What he wanted the cub to do was to call up the Weather Bureau on the telephone; but the cub, being green, asked the office joker how to proceed. The joker handed him the office space-measuring rule which, instead of being marked with inches and feet, is spaced off into dollars and cents.

"Go over in City Hall Park, where the snow is deep and smooth, and measure it," he said.

The cub put on his overshoes and went. Presently he returned and marched to Boss Clark's desk.

"Well," said Clark, "what does the snowfall come to?"

"A dollar and thirty-four cents!" said the cub.

Lacking Modern Improvements

TIM HURST, the prize-fight referee, was formerly an umpire in the big leagues. He was behind the bat one day and the catcher took exceptions to Tim's judgment of pitched balls.

One came whizzing over that the catcher thought should have been called a strike.

"Ball!" stated Tim.

"Look here, Mr. Umpire," said the catcher, "that plate has got corners on it!"

"Yes, son," said Tim; "but it ain't got bay windows on it!"

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The Senator's Secretary

THE meeting of the Democratic National Committee in Washington demonstrated one big thing in national politics, which is that, at the time of the meeting and immediately after it, Woodrow Wilson was far in the lead for the nomination for president.

The situation when the committee adjourned and the great Jackson Day feast, with its thousands of cubic feet of hot air, had been held, was—to use a sporting term—Wilson against the field. He was in the lead over Harmon, Clark, Folk, Hearst, Underwood, Foss, Baldwin, Gaynor, Marshall and all the rest; and his chances were better for the nomination than any of these or all of them combined.

This was at the time of the committee meeting, with the convention slated for June twenty-fifth and the nominations not to be made until the twenty-sixth or twenty-seventh—or maybe a day or so later. Wilson's friends were jubilant. They had shown much strength. They threw the convention to Baltimore, where they wanted it for the double reason that Maryland has no candidate for the Democratic nomination, and Wilson, being a Southern candidate—in a way—wanted a Southern city, but not one too all-fired Southern. Moreover, Wilson, who is without much doubt about the greatest public speaker in this country, made a wonderful speech at the dinner, and so enraptured Bryan that Bryan cemented his friendship and regard by more or less openly declaring for Wilson—or, at least, by showing great partiality for him and by more or less taking himself out of the field as a possible candidate for the nomination.

Thus Wilson entered the New Year as the leader in the race, an advantage that is more apparent than real; for, with the situation Wilson against the field, Wilson immediately became the bright and shining mark for all the friends of all the other candidates to shoot at. There is no doubt that the man who beats Wilson will be the Democratic candidate for president. Hence all the sharpshooting of all the other candidates and their managers and friends will be at Wilson, for the sole actuating desire now of the other candidates is to make Wilson's nomination impossible. That is ground on which all can gather; and, once they have eliminated him, they can go at the fight of determining which one of themselves can get the nomination.

The Attacks on Wilson

So they are after Wilson hammer and tongs. They are digging up letters he wrote and microscopically examining speeches he has made to find paragraphs that can be quoted against him. They are not having much trouble either; for if there is any phase of political or economic or philosophical or other human thought on which Wilson, at some time or other, has not delivered an opinion it has escaped the notice of those who are familiar with his writings and speeches. Being largely intellect, and being in a position where it was easy to impress by stating definite opinions on definite propositions, Wilson has talked on about every known subject and has had opinions on the same. The quality of the man's mind precludes his stating anything without stating his conclusions thereon—that is, the quality of his mind before he went into politics precluded that; and the speeches and letters that are being collated and annotated and distributed are speeches and writings he made and delivered while he was a college president and before he jumped into the arena—and by said jump became a politician and began to talk politician-wise.

This, of course, is but one little phase of the fight that is being made against Wilson. It started with the printing of the fact that he applied to the Carnegie Pension Fund for a pension when he left off teaching. That was played up in the newspapers opposed to him. It may have had some effect. Politicians, who are the timidest persons on earth, thought it would ruin him; but it didn't. It was printed a short time before the Democratic committee met; and, as far as I could observe, no committeeman had left Wilson on that account. Then came the Joline letter, in which Wilson expressed the hope that some way might be devised for knocking Mr. Bryan and his kind of Democracy into a cocked hat. That was printed simultaneously with the meeting of the committee. Whereupon Mr. Bryan lauded Wilson and his speech at the dinner, and Wilson's men calmly put the convention where they wanted it to be.

The campaign has just begun. Wilson will be fired on from every angle. Every other candidate is gunning for him—guns loaded with slugs—and determined to bring him down. Plans are being rushed to solidify favorite-son movements, so Wilson can be held away from the required two-thirds on the first ballot and, if possible, kept from getting a majority; for the candidate who has a big lead on the first ballot is in a good position for the next ballot because of the natural tendency of delegates and leaders to get on the bandwagon the first time round.

How to Beat a Candidate

The bulk of the big financial interests are against Wilson and will do what they can to defeat him. Of course, if the big financial interests had any political sense they would be apparently for Wilson and that would do more to defeat him than their opposition; but the big financial interests have no political sense and never have had any. They are so obsessed with their own acuteness and power, because they can grab money, they think they can do everything else; and they confidently expected to see Wilson shrivel up and fade away as soon as he learned of their opposition. Fortunately for Wilson and for everybody else, the big financial interests and their opposition do not cut much figure in hurting a man in that part of the country situated off the Island of Manhattan.

The politicians, however, are operating by the cut-and-dried formula. The first rule in beating a candidate before a convention is to multiply candidates and thus corral votes against him that can be used for trading purposes later on. So the favorite-son movements are being stiffened and encouraged, and the search for flaws in the Wilson armor is being prosecuted industriously. They say impressively they have a letter in reserve—it may be printed before this is—written by Grover Cleveland, in which the former president says unkind things about Mr. Wilson and proves what he says. They are hinting at other bombs they intend to explode. There is no doubt that Woodrow Wilson will be a very busy man between this and the convention. They will be potting at him every minute. They are planning night and day to deadlock the convention against him. Wilson's job, though he is clearly in the lead at the time of writing, isn't a quarter over. He has before him the tremendous task of remaining in the lead, of getting safely over the obstacles that will be shoved in front of him and of taking all the hurdles successfully; and he will be variously and completely employed. They'll get him if they can—"they" meaning most of the old-line bosses, the big financial interests of New York, and a choice aggregation of understrappers who do things for the old-line bosses.

It may be the Wilson sentiment will be so strong within a month or two that the opposition will submit to the inevitable; and, then again, it may be that no such conditions will prevail. Certainly every time there is a chance to squash Wilson sentiment said sentiment will be squashed by the managers and friends of other candidates. Hence a lively and entertaining spring may be expected.

Mr. Taft and his friends continue optimistic—for purposes of publication. The real fact is that Taft has his back to the wall now and is fighting, tooth and nail. His dander is up, as we used to say, and he has passed the word to his friends to leave no stone unturned, and other stern words to that general effect—even to instructions to throw a few of the stones that may be turned if the occasion arises.

Naturally Taft is sore at Colonel Roosevelt. Naturally Colonel Roosevelt is sore at President Taft. The secret of it is a two-barreled one. The Colonel, having selected and elected Mr. Taft, had it in mind to continue somewhat in power himself by directing Taft's movements. Taft was willing enough. He avoids trouble in its early stages, and he could have plenty of fun being president and letting T. R. do some subbing; but, though the Colonel had a cinch on Taft, he had overlooked the remainder of the Taft family; and there is where the first break came. The President was willing enough and grateful enough and loyal enough to his former chief—but there were other Tafts, quite a number of them, who insisted that Taft was president, not Roosevelt; and whose insistence rather side-tracked various projects the Colonel had in mind.

Things wore along, and it is quite likely there would have been no disturbance of any consequence had it not been for that stump-speech presentment in the case of the Department of Justice against the United States Steel Corporation. It is offered in excuse of Mr. Taft and the attack in the presentment on Colonel Roosevelt that Mr. Taft did not see the presentment until after it had been made and printed. He was out West at the time and had a telegram saying the presentment had been made, but did not see the document or know of the language employed until afterward.

T. R. Watching and Waiting

Two things on which Colonel Roosevelt prides himself are his courage and his ability to take care of himself in any contingency; and to have a department of the Government he had formerly conducted come along and say, in a legal document, that he had been bamboozled and fooled and goldbricked by leading New York financiers was too, too much! Right then and there the passive boom for T. R. for president took impetus; and right then and there T. R. began his policy of saying nothing and sawing wood.

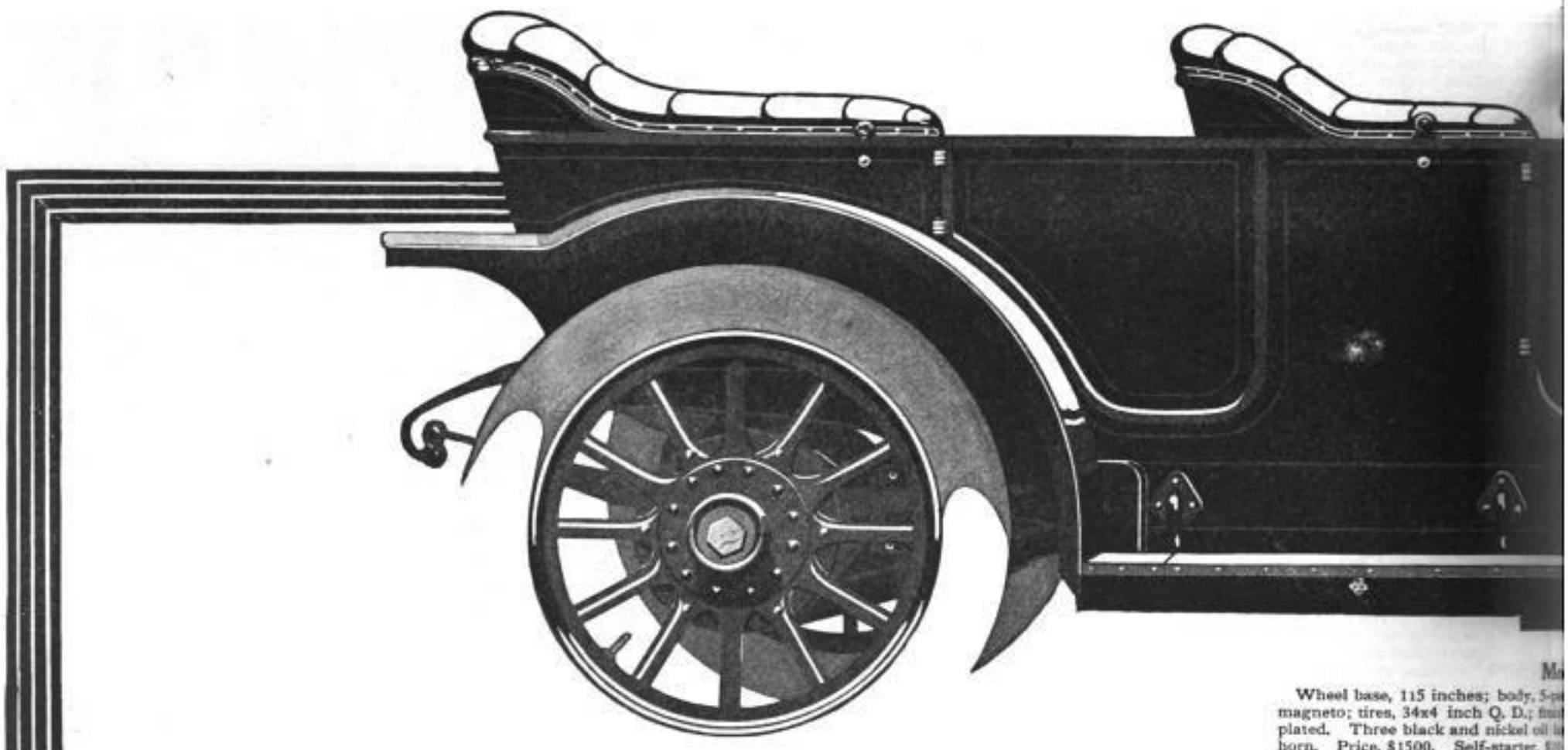
As it now stands, there are a few things reasonably clear. One is that Colonel Roosevelt, being a good politician, is keeping himself in a position where he can meet any emergency that may arise. Another is that, up to date, there is no real reason for thinking Mr. Taft will not be renominated by the Republicans. And the third is that, if the Democrats use ordinary and extremely common common-sense in their nomination and hold the Democratic House of Representatives steady, the Democratic candidate will be elected. Even if Mr. Taft should be defeated for the nomination and Mr. Roosevelt selected, those persons who are shouting that the Colonel surely will be elected are shouting without adequate information back of the noise. It is miles and miles from being a sure thing that even the supernatural Colonel could win; and that fact is nowhere better appreciated or weighed more carefully than at Oyster Bay, New York. The Colonel couldn't afford to take a beating. They put a crimp in him in the state of New York in 1910; and to be defeated for election to the presidency would be politically fatal. He would immediately become an historical instead of a live character. The Colonel's philosophy runs along the lines that La Follette, for example, could afford to take a beating while he—the Colonel—positively cannot. Hence the Colonel is watching and waiting. Besides, he says—and justly—it isn't his fight anyhow!

Meantime, with an acuteness of political needs that was marked, the Wilson people saw to it that the Baltimore people appeared with a check for one hundred thousand dollars and secured the convention. After they brought in that check on a salver, garnished neatly with certification, and the Democratic committeemen had felt it and smelled it and tasted it, there was nothing else to the struggle. The St. Louis people thought they could get the convention with less money and more oratory; but oratory is no good as collateral at the bank. And, inasmuch as the actual expenses of a national convention are about twenty thousand dollars, there will be a nice little bunch left for the financing of the early stages of the campaign.

The time has not yet arrived, dear brethren, when campaigns can be conducted without money. And suppose it is hot in Baltimore next June! It takes a heap of hot weather to make one hundred thousand dollars look undesirable, as Mr. Mack, and Mr. Sullivan, and Mr. Taggart, and Mr. Woodson and various others might say.



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The Overland plants produce 25,000 cars a year and the price of our *forty-five* horsepower touring car is only $1500.

The answer is that we, with our 25,000-car capacity, *have five times the facilities* as that of the 5000-car factory, *and our cost of producing a car is, in consequence, anywhere from 20% to 30% lower.*

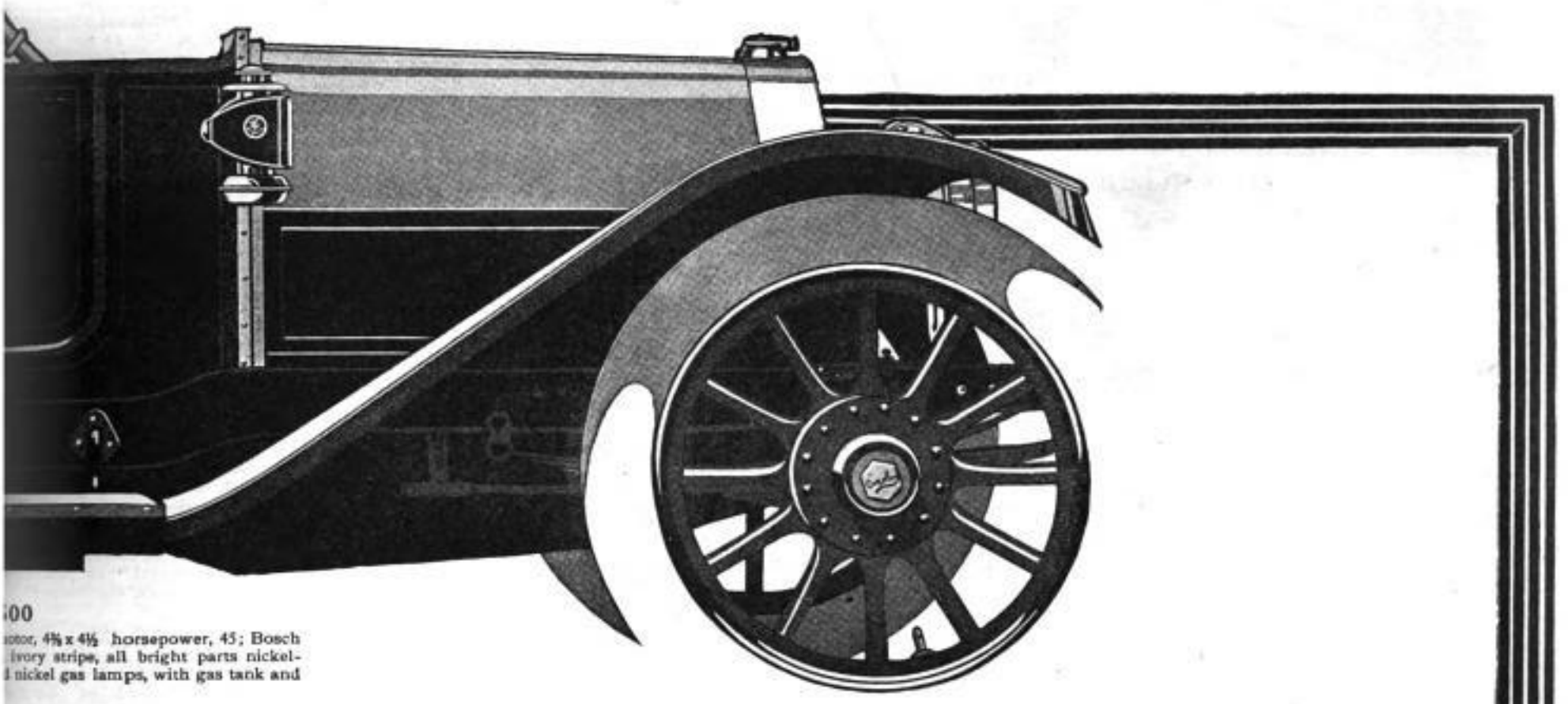
The explanation of which is, that the 5000-car factory *must* do the work by hand that we do by machinery, for they lack the automatic equipment; they *must* buy their materials in small quantities and pay the long price; they *must* buy parts from some outside source, which we manufacture—thus eliminating the middleman's profit. And no small number of them purchase their motor from some other factory, while we make our motor in our own shops; in fact every bit of every Overland chassis and every part of every Overland body is made in the Overland plants.

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expensive cars made. The gear and crank casings are made of pure aluminum. Others use cast-iron. All of the operating levers are in the center of the car. Door handles are located inside. The carburetor is the best Schebler makes—Model L. The magneto is a Bosch. The tires are big. The body is large and roomy, seating five big people with room to spare. The body design itself is gracefully proportioned. It is finished in deep Brewster green trimmed with heavy bright nickel-plate. Lamps are dead black and nickel-trimmed.

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If your dealer hasn't it we will ship a box of a dozen pints to any address for $3, express prepaid east of Omaha.

The Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N.Y.

JAN TINGLOFF

(Continued from Page 13)

mate made his way to the upper deck. He found his captain in the pilot house, studying the barometer.

"Freight all aboard, sir."

"All right," nodded the captain; "but did you hear about the storm flags being up?"

"So I heard, sir."

"M-m! Close that door. It's cold." The mate closed the door; but almost immediately the captain raised a window and gazed down the harbor. "It looks bad to me," he said after a while.

"It is a bad-looking night," assented the mate.

"A wicked night!" barked the captain; and gathering up one end of his mustache he drew it between his teeth and began to chew on it.

The mate pursed his lips. "What will I do, sir?"

The captain stopped chewing his mustache. "It all comes down to dollars and cents. Use our judgment and stay tied up to the dock here and it's go hunt another berth. Do you want to hunt another job?"

"I got a family to look after—I can't afford to."

"Nor I. We'll put out."

"In with that freight runway and plank!" the mate called out to the waiting longshoremen. "And you"—a colored steward was at his elbow—"tell 'em all aboard on the dock and all ashore on the boat that's goin' ashore."

The steward voiced the mate's instructions; the last passenger came aboard and the last friend went ashore. The gangplank was hauled in, the lines cast off and the Port Rock steamer slid out from her slip.

She was well down the harbor before Jan took a piece of paper from his pocket. "Number two hundred and seventy-six," he read. "That's it—two hundred and seventy-six." And seeking out the number he knocked on the door. It opened slightly and Jan saw peeking out at him the lips, chin and half an eye each side of the nose of a pretty and well-dressed girl. Jan looked up at the number over the door again to see if he had made a mistake. Then the door opened more widely—and it was she, smiling out at him; but she was so rosy and terribly pretty that Jan felt afraid and drew back.

"I thought maybe you would like to get out for some fresh air soon," he stammered.

"I was just trying on the new hat I bought with the money you sent up last night—and a shirtwaist and a lovely long coat. How did you get through the night?"

"Fine! I went over to the drydock and turned into a bunk on the schooner."

She made a mouth at the mirror. "That was no place to sleep. You ought to get a comfortable room at the hotel."

Jan was silent.

"Yes, you should. I'll be right out."

She came out, but with her face veiled, and clung close to him as they walked the deck. Jan sniffed the air.

"Snow, I think," he said.

"Meaning a storm? I was never in a storm. Are they terrible?"

"A storm is nothing," said Jan, "when you get used to them. But will we go in to supper?"

They went in. The boat was now outside the harbor and pitching slightly.

She did not eat much and at length laid down her knife and fork.

"Seasick?" asked Jan.

"No. I must be too frightened to be seasick."

"Frightened of what?"

"Of him." She leaned across the table. "I'm sure I saw him. Yes—spying through the window of my room just before I left it just now."

Jan tranquilly went on eating. "He can't hurt you aboard a boat."

"I don't mind that, so he won't hurt you."

Jan shook his head. "He won't, because he can't on here without getting caught."

They stepped outside at last. Cozy enough in the dining room; but outside the snow was now thick enough to show white on deck where the passengers had not tramped it down. They sought the open space in the bow—Jan to see how it looked ahead and Mrs. Goles to feel the fresh gale blowing in her face.

"It's a northeast snowstorm," said Jan, "and coming thicker. But no danger. No—no danger," he repeated quickly, with a glance at her.

"It's not danger of a storm I fear," she said simply. She was peering not ahead at the darkening, rising sea but at the form and face of every muffled-up passenger who came near them.

Not many passengers were venturing on to the open deck; and those who did were wrapped high and close, with hardly more than their eyes showing out. "If he comes on us he will come like that—coat collar to his ears and hat over his eyes," she thought as one after another so wrapped appeared and passed; and almost with the thought, catching sight of a lurking man's figure in the passageway between the paddlebox and the outside row of staterooms, she added aloud: "Let us go up on the top deck."

"It will be pretty cold and rough for you up there," suggested Jan.

"Never mind; let us go there." A man could not very well hide on the more open top deck, was what she had in mind.

They could hardly keep their feet on the top deck. An officer in passing warned them sharply to be careful. She looked after him scornfully. "As if you weren't more at home on the sea than any of them!" she said proudly to Jan.

The wind on the top deck was blowing a gale. The snow was pouring down. Another officer bumped into them. "This is no place for passengers!" he yelled. "Better go below and inside the house!" And he hurried on.

"Excited, ain't he?" said Jan. "But maybe we better go below too. But let's go round by the lee side—this way."

In passing the pilot house a window above them was thrown open and a man's face thrust through, and a man's voice said:

"We'll never make Port Rock to-night, not against this gale and snow. And no use trying to see anything ahead."

Jan peered up through the dark and the snow to see who it might be. Against the light in the pilot house he could distinguish the head and shoulders of the captain.

"Then we'd better put in somewhere for the night, hadn't we?" Jan knew that for the mate's voice.

"Put in where?"

"I don't know—Gloucester, maybe?"

"Gloucester? And how does Gloucester bear now?—tell me that. And how does any port bear now?—tell me that too. Suppose we did know, would you try to take her into Gloucester harbor on a night like this? Gloucester!"

"Sh-h! There's something," said the other voice.

The voices were hushed. Two long moans came over the sea.

"Wait for them again. And time 'em." The captain's voice that.

Mrs. Goles stepped closer to Jan. "Does it mean there's danger to the ship?" she asked in a low voice in Jan's ear.

"No, no. But listen!"

One long moan and one short moan came fitfully over the sea.

"Thatcher's Island steam whistle," said the captain's voice. "An' bearing so." So thick was the night with snow that Jan had to strain his sight to make out the mittened hand and coatsleeve stretching out through the window over his head.

Jan felt the wind whipping him on the other side, and with that there came from the pilot house: "Well, if that ain't the devil's own luck! Here's the wind makin' into the northwest and the chief whistlin' up half-steam's all he can keep on her!"

"Ain't it always something wrong! I told 'em about them boilers—that they been leakin' right along. What will we do?"

"Only one thing to do now. Run her before it. Besides, she'll be blown offshore soon now. Run her across the bay. South-southeast. She ought to fetch Provincetown."

"Yes, sir. But when we get out from under the lee of the land what'll happen?"

"I don't know; but I do know what'll happen to her bumpin' over the rocks of this shore on a night like this!"

Jan touched Mrs. Goles' arm. "We better go below now, I think. And you better go to your room and wrap up in any warm clothes you have—two pairs of

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stockings, if you have them, and things like that. To be ready for accidents, you know. And wait for me in the saloon."

"So there is danger?"

"You must not be thinking of that; but it is foolish not to be ready for accidents. And while you are dressing up I will take a look round."

"Oh, suppose he is aboard! Won't you watch out for him?"

"It's him has to watch out for me on a night like this," said Jan—"and maybe watch out for more than me."

Jan went to his room and put on his extra suit of underwear, and over his vest he drew his sweater. From his suitcase he took his mother's photograph and tucked it in his inside pocket. Then he went up again to the top deck and located a life-raft—made the rounds of the boatdeck and located the lifeboats.

It was time now to study the storm. The snow was not so thick, but the sea was making and the wind colder and stronger. A gale from the northwest it would be when they were out in the open bay; and, besides the wind getting stronger the sea would be higher. And it was as high now as was good for this old-fashioned side-wheeler with her old-time single engine.

Jan shook his head and, still shaking his head, once more made the rounds of the boatdeck. Eight boats; and each boat might hold twenty-five people—that is, if it was in a millpond. But a night like this—how many—even if the running gear were sound? "No, no," said Jan to himself, and reinspected the lone liferaft on the top deck. Two cigar-shaped steel air-cylinders with a thin connecting deck was the life-raft. Jan had seen better ones; but a raft, at least, would not capsize.

He descended to the main deck, to where, in the gangway between house and rail, he could find a little quiet and think things over. While there, amidships, a sea swept up under the paddlewheel casing. It boomed like a gun. With it went some crackling wood. Again a booming—again a crackling. The boat broached to. Sea-water was running the length of her deck.

From out of the snow and night another sea came; and this one came straight aboard, roaring as it came. Jan knew what it meant—there is always the first sea by itself. Not long now before there would be another.

And not long before there was another. And soon there would be a hundred of them, one racing after the other. And a thousand more of them—only this rust-eaten hull, with her scrollwork topsides, would not hold together long enough to see a thousand of them.

Jan tried to figure out how far they were from the Cape Cod shore. Ten, fifteen, twenty miles. Call it twenty. Jan doubted if she would live to get there, even with the gale behind her.

He walked round the house to look into the lighted saloon. She was there—the poor girl—sitting patiently by herself. Long before this the orchestra had given up playing and only a dozen passengers or so were there; but she was the only lone one—in a red plush chair under a cluster of wall-lights. Besides the passengers, there was one steward and a colored maid, both staring together through the lighted window.

Jan's feet were wet. He went down to the bar, where he called for a drink of rye whisky and a pint flask of brandy. "Of your best," he added.

Leaning against the bar he listened to the loungers there. Four of them were at a table under a window which looked out on the open deck. One was struggling in a loud voice with what should have been a funny story. His companions neglected no chance to laugh, but after each laugh they hastily sipped their drink. At intervals the wind would shriek and at each shriek they would look past each other with exaggerated calmness; but when the sea pounded the hull, and the spray splashed thickly against the window over their heads, they would look up at the window or across at the door. And when the boat would roll down and, rolling, threaten to dump them all on the floor, they would grab the table and yell "Whoa!" or "Wait a second!" with just a suggestion of hysteria in their throats; and somebody would call out, "Go on with the story, Joe!" and the story-teller would hasten to resume.

Jan turned to the bartender, who was filling the steward's hurried orders calmly if not impassively. After every heavy sea he would stop pouring or mixing to glance with unaffected interest at the beams above him or the door opening on the deck. He was an undersized man with lean, pale cheeks, a hard chin and a bright, cold eye. Once he looked fairly at Jan and Jan looked fairly at him. It was like an introduction.

"You a seagoing man?" he asked.

"I used to go to sea," admitted Jan.

"I thought so. But those there"—he lowered his voice and leaned across the bar to Jan—"they don't know whether this is a real bad gale or just the reg'lar thing. One of 'em says a while ago: 'This is the kind of weather I like!' I bet it's his first trip. But most of the passengers, the stewards tell me, are turned in, trying to forget it."

"Better for 'em," said Jan.

"Maybe so too; but what do you think of it?"

Jan shook his head. "I will be glad when morning comes."

"Same here. I've seen it as bad as this a couple of times before." He picked up Jan's bill. "But this old shoebox ain't getting any younger. Here's your brandy. It's good stuff—don't be afraid of it. Seventy-five and fifteen—ninety."

"Have a cigar," said Jan, "and finish the dollar."

"Thanks. I will. But I'll smoke it later, when it's quieter, if it's all the same to you." He rang up a dollar on the cash register and turned to a newcomer who had ranged up beside Jan.

"Brandy," said the newcomer.

As Jan thrust his flask in his inside coat pocket he flashed a sidewise glance at the man drinking. The man was buttoned up to his eyes, but Jan thought he knew the voice. Jan buttoned up his own coat, said "Good night" to the bartender and went out on deck, from where, through the window, he could view the man at the bar.

Jan saw the man empty his glass and motion for another drink. He drank that, paid and turned to go. Jan caught a front glimpse of his face. It was Goles. Jan also saw that the bartender was looking curiously after him.

Jan waited for him outside. As he came almost abreast, the ship heaved and the two men fell against each other, while a great splash of sea-water drenched them. Again a roll and jump, and Goles would have fallen had not Jan held him upright. Goles gave him no thanks, but he said huskily: "I heard one of the sailors say she's a goner." With Jan holding on to Goles, the two men were swaying and stumbling to the boat's heavy rolling and heaving.

"I don't know about that," said Jan; "but she's in a bad way. And it's going to be worse, I think."

"That's what the sailor said," muttered Goles.

"So if you want to shoot anybody you better wait till we're safe—tomorrow maybe. And your wife —— But watch out!"

The sea washed fairly over them both. With the wave went a broken rail and part of the splintered house. Following the crashing of the wood and glass came the frightened questions and the patter of excited people running out of their rooms. The story-telling group from the barroom came as one man. The glass of the window over their heads had been showered on to their table. The bartender stopped only to empty his cash-register, stuff the money in his pocket and get into a great-coat; then he came running out too. Bottles and glasses were breaking behind him as he ran.

"Come," said Jan. Goles followed. Jan went up and looked into the saloon. There she was, still waiting. "You stay here and I will bring her out," said Jan to Goles—"and don't you open your mouth when you see her."

Goles made no sign. He had then a grip of the house railing and his face was to the sea.

"Thank God for the sight of you!" she said to Jan as he came in. "Is the ship going down?"

"Not yet. But your husband is outside. He won't say anything. Don't you either. And when —— Hold hard!"

The deck bounded up under them. She gripped Jan's coat and Jan gripped a chair that was screwed to the floor; and then the deck rolled far down and Jan's chair came loose, and both were thrown across the saloon. "She is breaking up!" thought Jan. A moment later it seemed to Jan as if all the passengers in the ship had suddenly awakened and were trying to crowd into the place. A ship's officer and some stewards also came running in. The stewards

(Continued on Page 40)



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This explains why owners of good cars, capable of making twenty to fifty miles per hour with comfort to the passengers, consistently use the Warner Auto-Meter.

And why those who are satisfied with inferior speed indicators on good cars are usually found to be operating those cars in city traffic at low speeds. Or, on the other hand, that they may belong to the "jog-along" class, who derive no pleasure in traveling much faster than a horse can trot.

The headline likewise explains why Racing Cars and those entered in Glidden Tours and Reliability Runs are so generally equipped with Warner Auto-Meters. It is not merely because the entrants could *afford* the few dollars extra for the Warner—but for the more vital reason that the Warner *stays on* and *keeps indicating* at high pressure, and inferior speed indicators *do not.* At the last Elgin races several speed indicators (not Warners) were found in the tire pits after the first few laps. At Savannah a car was totally wrecked. The Warner was uninjured by the shock or strain, and went through the race on another car without adjustments of any kind. These two illustrations are representative.

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Every Warner sold is repaired and adjusted *free of charge* for a year from date of purchase—accidents and self-evide abuse excepted.

This service is performed at any one of twenty Bran Houses (see list below) so distributed that no matter whe you live there is a Warner Branch only a few hours awa The percentage of Warners requiring even slight attention less than *one out of each thousand made* during the first yea Warner is attached to a car. And only 1⅛% have requir attention after **three years** of Continuous Service.

Ask the man who owns an inferior speed indicator about *his* repairs

Total these repairs up for *one season only* and add to t original cost of the inferior indicator and it will frequen be found that the amount would have purchased a reliab trouble-proof Warner the first place, whi would have remain good as new for years.

Auto Manufacture Building for the F ture are Equippi with or Recommen ing the Warner

They recognize that satisfactory service in their c means the *perfect performance of every part.* If tires—top or speed indicator give trouble it seriously reflects on maker's knowledge of values—even though the make this car does not himself produce them.

And if an article which has given trouble and cau continued annoyance to owners one season is again t for a second, the customer logically questions the mak sincerity in claiming to give honest values in every par his car.

The wisest manufacturers in the auto field are those sighted ones who forecast complete equipment with **best** as inevitable. These have equipped with the War Auto-Meter for 1912 instead of waiting until 1913, as m have decided to do.

WARNER INSTRUMENT COMPANY, Main Offices and Factor 1250 Wheeler Aver

NOTE TO DEALERS! When suggesting a speed indicator always recommend the Quality Warner *first.* Then if you finally have to sell something inferior because of price, your customer can't blame you for his dissatisfaction—he refused the Warner against your judgment.

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The Quality Warner at three to four times the cost of other speed-indicators, visibly indicates the *Quality Policy* of these makers

We do not wish to even insinuate that these cars offer so uch extra value simply because these makers have paid m $20,000 to $50,000 extra money on their season's out- t to give you a Warner Auto-Meter. Quite the contrary. simply indicates that with these makers *Quality is of Par- ount Importance in every item*, and that the **best** every- ere is considered none too good for their trade.

Reliable Auto Dealers Push the Warner

The auto owner who has owned more than one car is rough with experimenting. He knows what it means in mfort and satisfaction to have a Warner on his car. He s found it poor economy to ignore **sterling value** for ged **bargains.**

In consequence the Auto Dealer who sells him has wn wise by experience. He finds it the best business icy to suggest the Warner to his prospective customers as perfect harmony with the car he sells. His permanence in siness depends on the **satisfaction** and the **sterling quality** of at he recommends to his trade, and the Warner gives both.

The man who wants a Warner can now have it on any car except the very lowest priced

The far-sighted automobile manufacturer who realizes t future business depends on present **values** (rather than past formances), is already equipping with the Quality Warner. Other manufacturers who are now attempting to satisfy r trade with an inferior indicator or none at all, will equip the Warner for 1913 — perhaps before the end of 1912.

You need a Warner on the car you have or are about to buy

If the car you select is not regularly equipped with the Warner — *buy* or it. It will double your pleasure in the car.

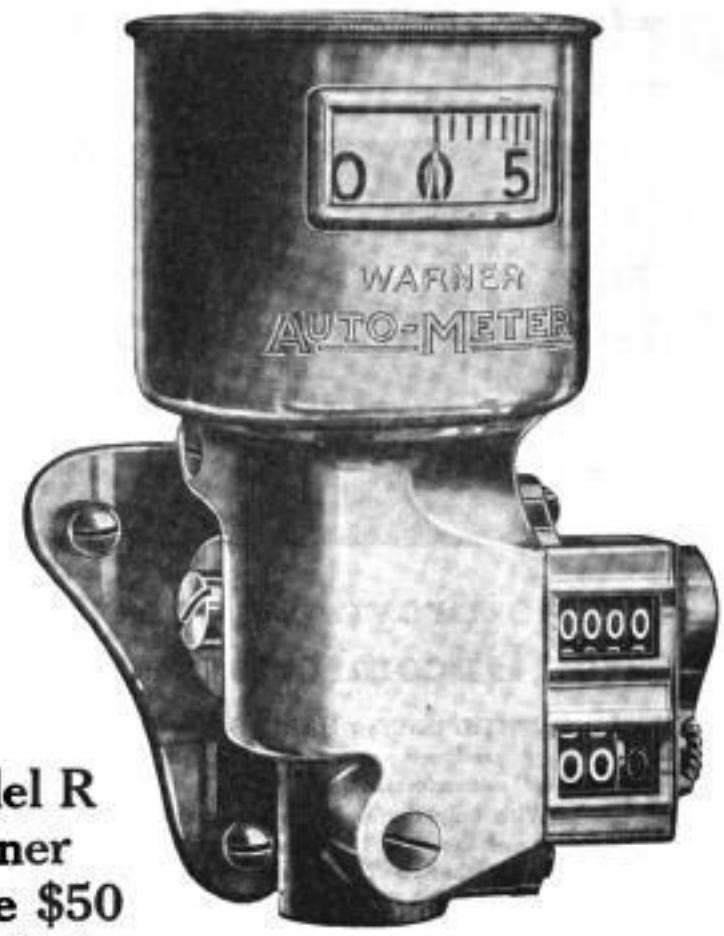
If the car you decide on has an inferior speed indicator on it — throw it and *buy* a dependable Warner. It isn't worth the wear and tear on s and patience to bother with an inferior speed indicator.

If your dealer offers to throw in an unreliable indicator to get your order, take it. Pay the difference and get the BEST — the Warner — and *KNOW* instead of having to guess.

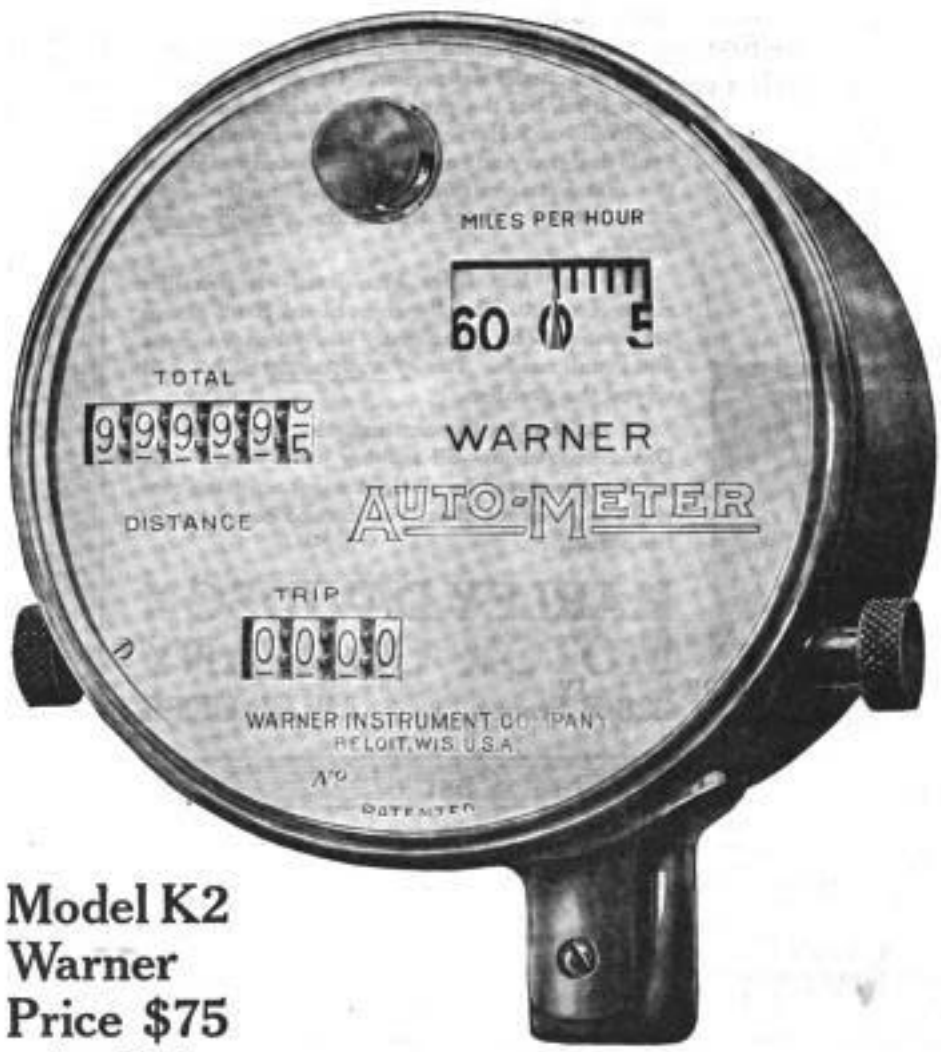
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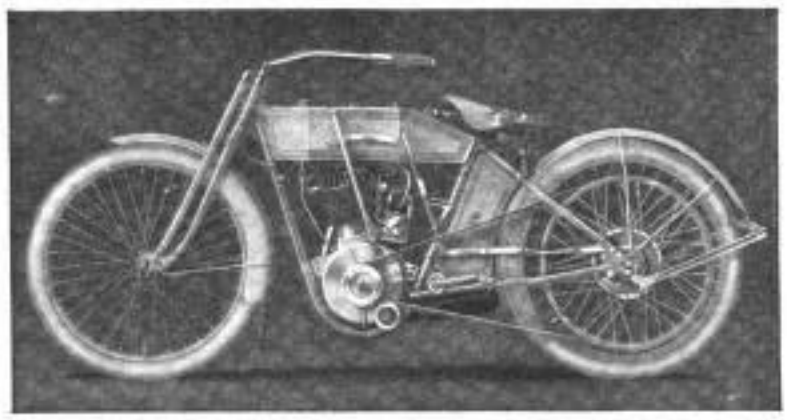
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Sectional View of Ful-Floteing Seat

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(Continued from Page 37)

had life-preservers, which they were buckling on to themselves. They remained; but the officer, after a look round, ran out again.

The boat rolled back on her keel. Jan led Mrs. Goles to the outer deck. Goles was there. "Come!" ordered Jan, and led the way to an iron ladder. The boat rolled far to one side and again far to the other. Mrs. Goles felt as if she were clinging to the tail of a kite, but still she clung to Jan; and Jan at last made the upper deck with her. He had forgotten her husband; but when he turned to look back the muffled form was there at his heels.

Jan groped his way to where the life-raft was lashed to the deck. He ordered Mrs. Goles to sit down on the raft. Goles sat down beside her. Goles seemed bereft of all volition.

"You wait here till I come back," Jan said to him and, turning to go below, bumped into another man.

"Hello! Is this you?" said the other man. "I thought I saw you come up here. 'And there's the man,' I says to myself, 'to tie to tonight!'"

Jan recognized the bartender. "You're just the man I want too," said Jan. He dove into his pocket and drew out a revolver. "Here, take this."

"A gun!"

"Yes—and loaded. Watch that man on the raft. And if he tries to hurt that woman or not let her on that raft if the boat goes down, shoot him!"

"You mean it?"

"Yes. He's bad! He's the man who was drinking in your place a few minutes ago—after me."

"Oh, him! Yes; he's bad, all right. He's been drinking raw brandy since seven o'clock. I was noticin' him."

"Don't shoot him unless you have to. And don't let him see me passing it to you. I'm going to get a few more people up to the raft."

"All right—but —— Wow! I never shot a man in my life."

Jan had hardly reached the saloon when the great crash came. He was swept away before it. Boom! it was—and again, crash! Now he heard the smothered appeals of people being swept overboard! Crackling wood was following the crash of every sea, and each sea receded only to let the next one strike even more heavily. It was now nothing but solid water that was coming aboard.

Her buoyancy had left her. Her roll had become a wallow. She was settling. "The water's in her hold!" thought Jan, and took a quick look about. All kinds and all ages—but there was one girl with an expression on her face that startled him.

Near the girl were a young man and a woman locked in each other's arms. Jan judged them to be a bridal couple. They were saying nothing—just holding each other and waiting. He hesitated an instant and then he saw a woman with a baby. She was leaning heavily against a stanchion crooning to the baby. He now saw that she was almost a middle-aged woman, a poorly dressed and toilworn woman—a Finnish woman probably. Jan's doubt was gone. He jumped to her side. "Want to save your baby?" The woman looked up at him and down at the baby. "Baby!" she said, and handed it to Jan. "Yes, save baby," she said. "Come!" said Jan, and grasped her hand. Then the lights went out.

Jan had marked the ladder in his mind, and in the dark he made his way toward it; but before he could get to it there were many adventures. He went floundering this way and that, holding the baby in one arm and dragging the mother with the other, keeping on until he bumped into a stanchion in the dark. "It's near here," he thought; and, reaching out with his feet, he found the bottom step of the ladder.

He had two decks to surmount. On the boatdeck, as he passed up, he could hear the ship's men shouting wildly and foolishly to each other. On the top deck he found the three just as he had left them. He gave the woman and baby into the care of the bartender and felt about until he found a coil of rope. He cut it loose and, carrying it back to the raft, lashed Mrs. Goles to a ring. Then, taking off his ulster, he wrapped it round the mother and baby, and lashed her. Then he lashed the bartender and Goles, and took a loose turn about a ring for himself. Then he waited.

It came soon enough. A large section of the top deck floated clear of the upper



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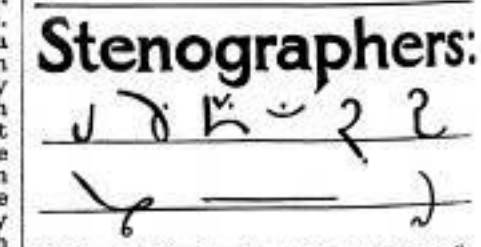
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works. Jan stayed by the floating deck until he was sure the steamer was surely sunk beneath them. Then he cut the raft clear of everything and let her drift.

The raft was swirled from wave to wave. The spray broke over them. "We'll get wet," said Jan; "but one thing—she won't capsize!"

The seas curled and boomed about them; but no solid seas rolled over them. They mounted every roaring white crest as if they were swinging from an aeroplane. The spray never failed to drench them and with every heaving sea came bits of wreckage that threatened them; but at least they were living, and not a living soul besides themselves had come away.

* * * * * * * *

The clouds raced beneath the moon; but by-and-by the clouds passed away, and the moon shone clear and cold on a terrifying sea. And so for hours—until the moon had gone and the struggling daylight revealed a surf breaking high on a sandy shore. They could not land there; so Jan took the long oar and wielded it over one end of the raft and held her parallel to the beach until he descried a point reaching out into the bay. On the other side of that point would be a lee and safety; but he said nothing of that to his companions yet.

In the middle of the raft lay Goles, huddled and silent as ever. Mrs. Goles, at the farther end of the raft, was mostly watching Jan as he heaved on the oar; but sometimes she seemed to be studying her husband. The Finn woman, nearest to Jan, was hugging her baby to her under Jan's greatcoat. She, too, when she was not watching her baby, was looking at Jan. The bartender, between Jan and Goles, was looking out for marks ashore.

The bartender was also thinking that the two other men were about the same age, and yet the man in the middle of the raft, when he let his face be seen, looked the older by ten years. All night long he had not spoken and he seldom raised his head—when he did it was to gaze at the land. He seemed to be taking but small notice of anybody. Toward the bartender who was behind him, he had not once turned his head.

Jan worked on the long oar. The point was coming nearer. "A hard drag yet; but we'll be there by sunrise!" said Jan in a low voice to the bartender; at which Goles looked round suddenly—but still had nothing to say.

At last they were under the lee of the point. The sea was beautifully smooth. Jan stopped sculling and went forward to Mrs. Goles. "The tide has her," he said. "Soon she will be in and we will all be safe!" She looked back at her husband.

The bartender stood up and shouted aloud. "Safe—hah! Say, but it's like looking at something in a moving picture." He stuck a hand into his coat pocket and pulled out Jan's revolver. He stared at it; then, with a low whistle at Goles' back, he returned it to his pocket. Only the Finn woman had seen it and she remained silent.

The bartender shoved a hand into his trousers pocket. He pulled out a handful of bills and silver. "Well, what do you know? And I came near putting that into the safe last night!" He unbuttoned his jacket and from his vest pocket he pulled out a cigar. "Well, what do you know?" He drew out a metallic matchcase. "Well, well—dry too!" He lit his cigar, took three or four puffs, contentedly sat down, and began smoothing out and counting the damp bills. "Well, well!—forty-five, fifty-five, sixty, seventy—the only time in my life I ever beat a cash register! Seventy-two—four—and on a good night there'd 'a' been three times the business—eight-four—six—eight. Eighty-eight dollars."

Goles looked over his shoulder at the bartender. He wet his lips and stood up. After a time he threw off his overcoat. "How about a drink from that flask?" he asked suddenly.

Jan, without looking round, drew the flask from his pocket and handed it to him. He had already given the two men a drink each—and the Finn woman and Mrs. Goles two swallows of it during the night; and almost half the brandy was now gone. Goles put the flask to his lips. The bartender stopped counting his silver to watch him; and, seeing it go, he called out: "Say there, Bill, just leave a taste of that, will you?" Goles drank it to the last drop. When he had finished he threw the empty flask overboard. "Well, if you ain't one fine gentleman!" uttered the bartender.

Goles paid no attention to him. "How long before we'll be ashore now?" he asked.

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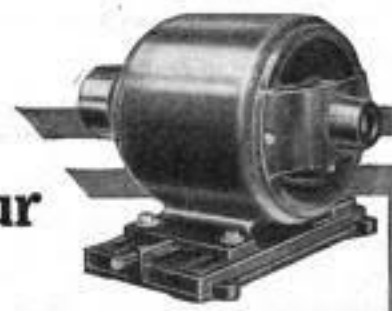


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"Only a few minutes now," said Jan. He was still standing with his back to Goles.

"A few minutes?" repeated Goles. At the words his wife looked round. Husband and wife stared at each other.

"There's the sun coming over the sandhill now," said Jan. She turned to look.

The bartender, counting and chuckling over his money, felt a hand shaking the tip of his sleeve. It was the Finn woman. She pointed a finger toward Goles. The bartender saw Goles' hand come out of his bosom with a revolver.

"So long as we're safe," said Goles slowly, "you're going to get yours—and get it now, you ——"

Jan was looking at the shore, but Mrs. Goles had turned with the first word and thrown herself toward Goles as he fired. Mrs. Goles fell before the bullet. "I was going to get her anyway," said Goles evenly, and leveled his revolver at Jan, who had jumped to save her from falling overboard and was now holding her away from Goles.

"I got you where there's no comeback!" gritted Goles, and took careful aim at Jan!—but did not fire. He felt a ring of cold metal pressed against his neck and half-turned to see what it was. "Don't shoot! Don't!" he begged.

"You ——" The word the bartender gritted out could not be heard, because he pulled the trigger as he said it.

Goles sagged down until his knees rested on the deck. Then he fell forward and over the side of the raft. There was the gentlest of splashes, a patch of red—a cluster of bubbles which burst like sighs.

"Well!" said the bartender, and held up the revolver in wonder. "I never thought I'd live to kill a man!" He looked to see how the others had taken it, but they were paying no attention to him. He saw Jan holding the baby and trying to hush its little cries for its mother, while the baby's mother was pressing the tips of her fingers gently against the upper part of the injured woman's right breast.

"You mustn't die! You mustn't die!" Jan said when the baby would let him.

"I don't want to die—not now!" she answered.

The Finn woman looked up and smiled at Jan. "Not die. No, no—not die."

The raft grounded gently on the beach. Jan took the wounded girl and set out for the top of the sandhill with her. The bartender took the baby and toiled behind with its mother.

"Say," said the bartender, "you're all right! How many more children to home?"

"Home?" She held up seven fingers. "And him," pointing to the baby.

"Great Stork! Here!" He set down the baby, drew out the bar-money and offered it to her. "When a ship goes down, I heard a sea-lawyer say once, all debts go with her. And that means all credits go too. Here—for you."

"Me? No, no. I have husband. Fine job—dollar-half day."

"Dollar an' a half! It's too much for the father of eight children for one day! But this—see. For baby. And the Lord knows a baby who came through last night and never a yip out of him, he oughter get a million. Here; put in bank—for baby."

"Ah-h! For baby. Tenk you." She beamed and took the money. "You brave man! Him"—pointing to Jan's back—"brave man too."

"Him brave—yes. But me? No, no. Me scared blue. He'd 'a' shot me next; but I beat him to it."

"Kill baby too." She kissed the baby.

. . . . . .

The sun was well up when they reached the top of the hill—a pale, frightened-looking sun, but nevertheless a sun. The bartender took off his cap and saluted it gravely. Below them lay the town.

"We'll go down there," said Jan to Mrs. Goles, "and from there, when you're well, we'll go home—to my mother. But," he added gravely, "we will go by train."

She smiled weakly at him. "I could go without a train—on my hands and knees I could crawl to the mother of you! You don't know it, but when I was growing up it was a man like you I always used to dream about. And I'm not sure I'm not dreaming now!"

"Don't worry," said the bartender. "We're awake—and alive. And you bet it's great to be alive again! Ain't it"—he turned to the Finn woman—"you mother of eight?"

The Finn woman made no answer. She was nursing her baby.

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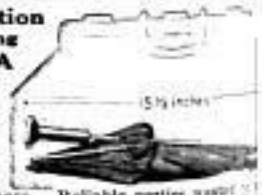
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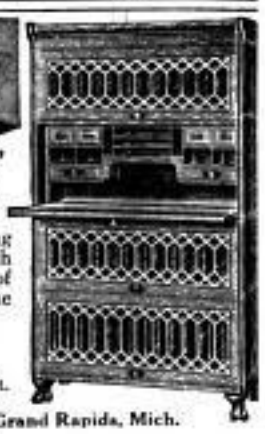


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The Thirty-Thousand-Dollar Slap

(Continued from Page 17)

"He won't do it. I've seen his picture. He is a bear of a man with gray hair, isn't he? He's got a place up the Hudson. The family is in swell. Something like that. You've gone crazy. You've got him on this letter all right, all right, but he won't stand for the thirty-thousand-dollar slap."

"I want to see," said Mary Inness almost tenderly. "I want to see whether he will or not. The world gets fooled on some of these big men. I want to slap his face. I think he'll let me do it."

"Suppose he won't," said Paymaster with his eyelids narrowing with their characteristic shrewdness. "How do we divide then? Do I get half? You said it was my wit against yours. Well, here's a good gamble, my girl. I say he won't stand for it. Suppose I win—do I get half?"

"Yes," said the stenographer with spirit. "I've got that much life in me yet."

"I'm on?" Paymaster asked. "Is that what you mean?"

She nodded.

"What time is it?" he inquired.

She looked at her watch; the hands indicated eleven-ten. Paymaster pointed to the paper on the table.

"I'll just keep this in sight," he explained. "It's a good argument against your calling for help. It keeps us all in the same boat together. When it's within my reach it's a sort of gag against screams and such."

Mary Inness did not answer. She watched her visitor from the seat on the bed as if he might at any moment make some attack upon her or attempt the end for which he had at first come. Apparently her belief that she could summon help in any one of the passing moments was sufficient to hold the situation as it was. Paymaster, for his part, had reviewed all the possible ways in which he might make some such play. None of them was acceptable.

"This is a whale of a sketch!" he said, talking aloud for his own ears. "It gives me a pain! Excuse me, Miss Inness, if I say that I've known a lot of crazy women, but one that will pay thirty thousand dollars for a slap sounds like Matteawan to me!"

"Possibly," answered the other with a sniff; "but I consider it a bargain. Of course your opinion is not exactly disinterested. If you saw your chance I think you would probably knock me on the head."

"I'm too much of a gentleman for that," said Paymaster, lying gracefully. "And I rather like you because you are nervy."

Miss Inness gave a little smile that was composed of sadness, disappointment and loneliness.

"I prefer that you make no love to me," she said. "I have taken vows duly witnessed by my typewriter and rows of lawbooks on a shelf. I have dedicated myself to the office and a furnished front parlor on Twenty-eighth Street."

"Poor little girl!" exclaimed Paymaster.

Mary, watching him from the corner of one eye, went to the window and then looked down into the street.

"You're not a very successful flirt," she said calmly. "It's all white with snow outside. I'm sorry you have no overcoat."

Paymaster winced.

"You're an old maid all right," he growled for revenge.

"That's what I was pointing out," she said. "Listen, there's a motor car now."

"They won't let this Valingworth come up, will they?" exclaimed the man fretfully, scenting an unforeseen complication. "You ain't going out that door either!"

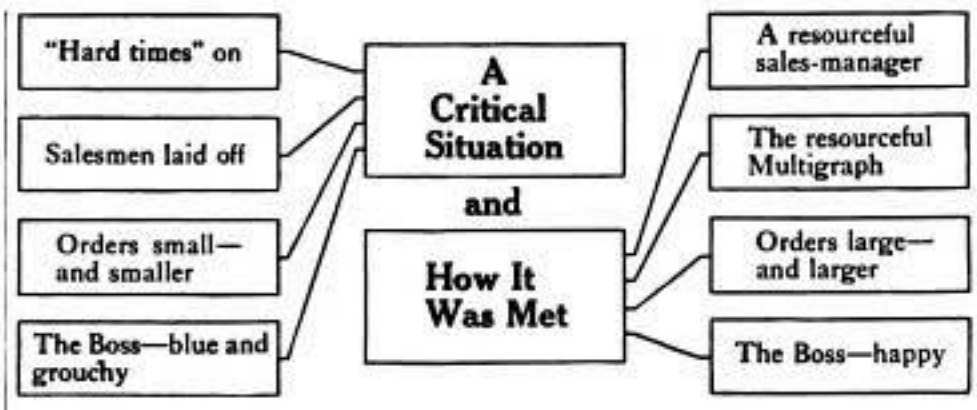
"Oh, don't worry," she said; "it's all right. I've left word to have him shown up and he's coming alone."

Paymaster lit another cigarette. Then came a tap on the door.

"Let him in," he commanded, folding his arms. He showed no sign of his fear that in some way he was about to be outwitted and trapped, except for his shifty glances at this and that exit and at the strategic positions possible in case the affair turned out to be one for fight and attempted escape.

Miss Inness, on her part, seemed outwardly as cool.

"Hide behind that wardrobe," she said to Paymaster, and a second later ushered in the newcomer respectfully as if into a meeting of directors. "How do you do, Mr. Valingworth?" she said.



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The lawyer was a heavy man. His face was powerful; some of its lines were as set as those of a bronze head. His hair was thick, iron-gray and brushed back, suggesting a restless, nervous force. Decision was in his chin, hard sense in his large, cold blue eyes. His strong hands were shut as if in anger; his thin, flexible lips moved as if holding in leash the terrors of his wrath.

"What's this all signify?" he cried. "Is it blackmail, eh? Now let me tell you that within three hours I will have you in the hands of the police!"

"Come, come, Mr. Valingworth," said Mary, moving round the table to keep out of his reach. "You are a sane man. You know very well you would not have me arrested. See! Here is a letter on this table. It goes with the contents of the bag and it would look well in a disbarment proceeding, wouldn't it? Don't try to bombard me with your rant and strike poses. I've worked for you fifteen years and have always been at a disadvantage. Now it's you who are at a disadvantage. Sit down!"

"Sit down?" gasped the great lawyer. "No, ma'am."

"You make it hard for me," Miss Inness said. "Personally I am tired of the whole thing. I can scream at any time and let the cat out of the bag. I have a mind to take my chances with you in spreading this whole affair before the authorities."

"Well—well—I ——"

"Sit down!"

Mr. Valingworth sat down.

"It was my intention to give this money to the Clinton Home for Women," said Mary. "But, of course, a woman's peculiarities will come out. I am curious."

Here she paused.

Mr. Valingworth seized this opportunity to execute a change of front.

"Why, that is all right," he said cajolingly. "Miss Inness, you and I can adjust this matter. I knew that you were not dishonest. I knew it all the time. We might come to some understanding as we ride back in my car. It's only a block or two to the garage. I'll go myself and tell my chauffeur. I will only be a minute."

"Sit down!"

"What are you curious about?" he asked after a moment, moving uneasily on his seat.

"I am curious to know whether you big men are big or only seem so," said Mary. "You have taken all the feminine out of me and so I can talk that way now. I've always served you and stood your refined brutalities because I believed I had to or else lose my job. For fifteen years you've held that unspoken threat over my head to crush my self-respect. Now I've got something to hold over your head and I want to find out whether big men, as they call themselves, are any different from us little fry."

"How's that?" asked the lawyer.

"Sit down!" Mary demanded. "Sit down and wait where you are."

She stepped into the bathroom.

"Don't get up," she cautioned. "Wait a minute. I'll find it. I'm going to show you something. I'm going to interest you, Mr. Valingworth." A second later she appeared again—the leather bag was in her hand.

"Ah!" exclaimed the lawyer involuntarily. "So it's here!"

"Yes," said the woman, "and here is the letter too—the—er—damaging letter."

He looked at it eagerly.

"Now, Mr. Valingworth—prominent attorney, owner of a summer villa and motor cars—big, strong, profane, blustering, terrible Mr. Valingworth, don't make any mistake in my meaning to carry out my little thirty-thousand-dollar drama. Here's the bag and the letter. There's only one way you can have them."

"How?" cried the other, rising.

"By letting me slap your face."

"It's absurd," roared the lawyer, growing red with his wrath. "What is it all for?"

"It means so much to me!" cried the woman. Her face was tense and white with a look of desire.

"Bah!" he roared, throwing up his arms. "You're mad! It's absurd. Give me that bag, you ——"

"Stop!" Mary cried, holding up her ten thin fingers. "Do you want me to scream?"

"But, Miss Inness ——" he began.

She smiled grimly.

"You have ten seconds," she said. "Be a man! Refuse to be bullied the way you have always bullied me. Don't sell your self-respect for thirty thousand dollars the way I have sold mine for half that price. That's my advice. But at the end of ten seconds I will scream for help unless ——"

"Unless ——?"

"Unless you put out that powerful face of yours and let me slap it."

The lawyer looked about the room.

"This is between you and me," he suggested.

"You have five seconds, Mr. Valingworth."

"It is mad."

"I hunger for it. You have two seconds."

He thrust his face forward.

He winced.

He closed his eyes.

Miss Inness uttered a little cry of joy—a forerunner of a pleased little laugh.

"That is all," she said quietly. "The drama is over. Open your eyes. I've known you all along—you and men like you. I was sure I was right. There's the money. It's yours. Go now! Don't stop to talk. Go!"

Valingworth reached for the bag and the sheet of paper, but did not raise his eyes to meet her sneering face. As he went out the door he did not look like a man of power.

Paymaster stepped down from the wardrobe. "I suppose now you are satisfied!" he said sourly.

"Yes," said Mary, "and now I am going to gather together my things and leave this hotel. What about you?"

Paymaster did not answer. He was listening to the retreating footsteps of the man with the bag, and he felt in his back pocket for the little pouch of lead shot with which men are assaulted from behind.

Miss Inness smiled at him sweetly.

"You won't forget me," she said as he walked toward the door.

"Why do you ask?" growled Paymaster.

"I didn't ask. I said you wouldn't."

Just before Paymaster slid out into the hall he received the impression that the stenographer was laughing at him.

He went quickly to his own room, pulled on his shoes, ran softly to the stairs, listened and then went down. He saw the lawyer, still holding the bag close under his arm, go out by the front door.

The office, with its tiled floor and ticking clock and sleepy clerk and empty wall chairs, was still. Paymaster crossed it without disturbing its peace and slipped out into the swirling snow.

His footsteps, following the imprints of the lawyer's progress toward the garage, made no clatter. He went one block. Then there was a turn. In the side street the shadows were heavy; even the white snow seemed dark there. He increased his pace, running softly on the balls of his feet. The man ahead did not hear any sound other than the wail of the wind, or see much besides the blinding dance of the flakes.

Paymaster, having reached the heels of his victim, swung the pouch of lead shot with precision. It settled without noise across the back of Mr. Valingworth's thick neck and delivered to the lawyer a new experience in the obliteration of sensations. The unconscious body pitched forward; the bag fell at Paymaster's feet.

There was no time to be lost.

The adventurer knew that his best chances were in leaving the city. Accordingly he rolled the limp body out of its overcoat, and, putting the stolen garment on, hid his prize beneath. Because later the police, having no other description, would pick up their clews by it, he recognized the folly of being seen in possession of the bag by any one. He caught an electric car.

"Cold night," he said to the conductor.

At the railroad station luck was still with him; an express from the north was at the moment standing under the train-shed, engine panting.

As the coach pulled out he folded the bag up in his new coat and tossed it carelessly into the rack above him.

"May have some snowplows out before morning," he suggested to the brakeman.

Half an hour later he was in the good old familiar metropolis once more. He teased his anticipation; he even stopped at an all-night lunchroom to drink coffee from a thick china mug. It was late when he crept up the stairs of his lodging house and shut his door behind him.

He opened a jackknife and slit the bag across one side.

"I always did have luck with women!" he said aloud.

He turned the thing inside out. A closely stuffed wad of blue mercerized cotton wrapped around a piece of gaspipe fell on the table. That was all. He shook the folds out of the cloth. He smiled grimly when he saw what was in his hands. It was a woman's petticoat.

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DRAMA A LEAGUE FROM BROADWAY

(Continued from Page 19)

or drama, but usually drama with a tragic motif in it; and each of them, without exception, gathers his material from the life round him. These Yiddish playwrights do not find it necessary to hunt far afield for their types and their plots and their stories. They draw them from the East Side itself, from the streets and synagogues, the homes and shops, sensing as though by intuition that perhaps nowhere else are the reeking, raw contrasts of life so abruptly and brutally defined—aspiration and desperation, bounding hope and bottomless despair, abject poverty and sudden new affluence.

The lesson which Gordin, the pathfinder, taught has been well learned by these his disciples; and yet their creative work is marked by frequent revolutionary changes matching a city where changes come faster than in any part of metropolitan America. For example, those early pioneers in the field, the strolling, starveling mummers who played in the dingy halls in the slums of Cherry Hill twenty-five years ago, played Old World pieces exclusively. Gordin, coming along a little later, brought forward the Jew's life in all its realities as he lived it in Russia or Galicia or Poland, using it often as a foil for pictures of the Jew in America, struggling with a strange and new environment. He secured his best effects by representing the inevitable clash between the old type of Jew, intent on preserving unimpaired the faith and the traditions of his fathers, and the newer, younger type, filled with a burning desire to adapt himself in all things to newer ideals and newer standards. More lately still, there has been evolved a type of play dealing with the problems which confront the Americanized Jew; and in these the portrayal of the old patriarchal system is either eliminated altogether or else pushed far into the background.

The Popularity of English Plays

Also, with the gradual upbuilding of this Yiddish drama, there has come into existence a small but fast-growing class of Intellectuals, as the Yiddish papers call them—men and women students and thinkers who clamor for the naturalistic and the realistic expression of dramatic forms as distinguished from the *Moyahas*—gallery gods would be the English equivalent—who want idealistic plays, with plenty of color and exaggeration and what is called the popular note in them. It is due in a large measure to the demands of the student body of younger people—college and high-school graduates, teachers, professional men, most of them are—that Yiddish adaptations of the plays of Sudermann and Hauptmann, Ibsen and Tolstoi, have been seen on the East Side before Broadway audiences had a chance to judge of their merits in English translations. The advanced cult also was largely responsible for the fact that certain notable Broadway successes that dealt with the big conditions of life in the country—Klein's The Lion and the Mouse, to name a notable example—have recently been acted in Yiddish for Yiddish-speaking audiences; acted remarkably well, too, by all accounts, and through the talent and intelligence of the actors made to carry their messages home to thousands who, by reason of the differences in tongue, speech and manner of life, would get to know them in no other fashion.

The appearance of a new and much-heralded star from the other side—most of them being importations in these days—or the first performance of a new drama by a playwright who has shown promise, is an event of tremendous importance to hundreds of thousands of persons; indeed, outsiders would find it hard to grasp the significance and the scope of the interest that is thereby aroused. Among the people such a thing becomes the main topic for discussion and in their papers the critics will devote columns and sometimes pages to the new play or the new player, as the case may be—analyzing, interpreting, expounding, expanding if it be a play; criticizing, comparing, even advising and admonishing, if it be a player.

Literally a wave of vivid temperamental excitement swept the whole East Side a few weeks ago when the announcement was made that Boris Thomasheffsky had engaged for his stock company Rudolph Shildkraut, heralded as the greatest Jewish

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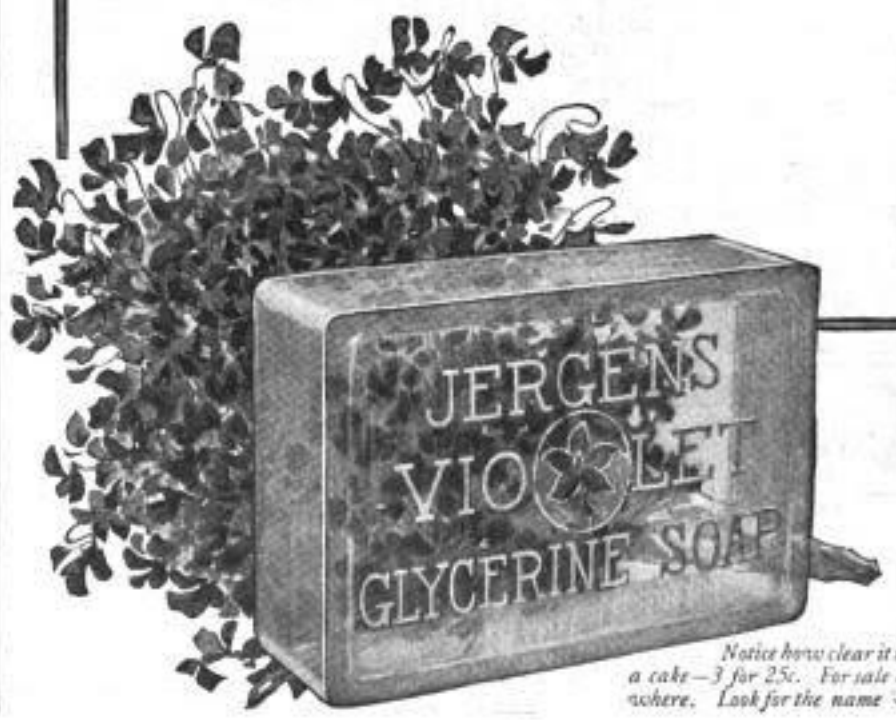
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YOU will see how crystal-clear it is—a pure, translucent green, the soft green of violet leaves. You can see your fingers through it, just as you see the violets through it, here. Then smell it. As soon as you discover its exquisitely delicate fragrance, you will want this soap.

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actor alive, and was paying Shildkraut a salary unprecedented in the record of theatrical payrolls of the East Side in order to bring him down from the German theater in Irving Place, where he played in German, to Thomasheffsky's People's Theatér, where he is now playing in Yiddish. All that the Yiddish papers have printed about this man—and they have printed solid column upon solid column—is eagerly read by Jews of all ages and conditions, and as eagerly discussed. His work is contrasted daily with the work of Jewish actors of an older school; and in the East Side coffee saloons and among the pushcarts the adherents of past favorites quarrel with those who favor the methods of the newcomer. In an only slightly less degree a similar furor was created during the fall by the coming of a new woman actress who, so her sponsors predicted, would take the place that had been held for years by an older woman, the veteran tragedy queen of the Yiddish stage. This vividness of appreciation is fostered by the Yiddish dramatic writers.

"We try to stimulate right thinking on dramatic subjects among our readers—we regard it as the highest mission we could have," said one of these critics when I talked with him at his office—"because, in educating them, we educate ourselves—and you know how greedy the Jew is for education.

"In its essentials," he said, "the Yiddish drama, next to the public schools, is the biggest force among us down here on the East Side. It has grown so fast and so rapidly that it can no longer be summed up in a word or a phrase; but if I were set to the task of trying to tell what it mainly and mostly is I should say that, like the life which it reflects, it is a thing of glaring contradictions and paradoxes. It is absolutely a thing of America, for it had its birth and its development here; yet it is rendered in a jargon, which is not, strictly speaking, a language at all, by foreign-born actors to audiences that are ninety per cent foreign-born, and it deals with our problems and our puzzles, our successes and our failures, about which the masses of our native-born fellow Americans know nothing at all."

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"Then here is another paradox: In our plays we are constantly striving for new lines of thought and new issues; but we love our old actors with an affection which you, perhaps, could not understand and which I could not express in words. Long after an actor or an actress has grown old and wrinkled, he or she, in response to an irrepressible demand, will still be playing the juvenile rôles upon which his or her reputation was originally founded. The sentiment lives after the physical powers and the physical attractions of the individual have faded almost to the vanishing point. We welcome new favorites, but we don't forget the old ones. Mogulesco is an old man now—he played Yiddish farces twenty years ago, before there was a Yiddish theater in New York; but when he plays now, as he occasionally does, thousands go to see him and to cheer for him and to laugh at him and to cry with him, for he was the greatest Yiddish comedian our stage ever produced—and still is, we think.

"Therein—in our loyalty to our actors—we differ, I think, from the rest of New York. There is another point of difference that I have noticed. When I go, as I occasionally do, out of the Ghetto and into the uptown district to see a popular play done in English, I notice in the audience few men who seem to me to be workingmen—men who toil with their hands and who presumably must make a sacrifice in other directions to be able to spend a night at a theater; but among us this is not the case. Fifty per cent at least of our audience is made up of abjectly poor working people—men and women who must stint and deny themselves, even go hungry, perhaps, to scrape together the quarter or half dollar that pays for a seat; and among this class our most capable and discerning students of the drama are to be found. Maybe this is because we have more poor people and more working people in proportion to our population than any other quarter of the city. Maybe it is because the oriental love of amusement and the craving for light and color and music is a part of the Jewish nature. And maybe it is because of the mental hunger of the Jew to know—to know—to know!"

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THE LIGHTED WAY

(Continued from Page 23)

cause of it might have been—a misunderstanding with his wife, perhaps, or a certain amount of weariness entailed by his new manner of living. At all events something *had* happened to set matters right. Mr. Jarvis was quite fluent upon the subject, and every one started his day's work with renewed energy.

Mr. Weatherley's energy did not evaporate with the departure of his confidential clerk. He motioned Arnold to a chair, and for another three-quarters of an hour he dictated replies to the letters he had sorted out for personal supervision. When at last this was done he leaned back in his seat, fetched out a box of cigars, carefully selected one and lighted it.

"Now you had better get over to your corner and grind that lot out, Chetwode," he said pleasantly. "How are you getting on with the typing, eh?"

"I am getting quicker," Arnold replied, still wondering whether the events of last week had not been a dream. "I think, with a little more practice, I shall be able to go quite fast enough."

"Just so," his employer assented. "By-the-by, is it my fancy or were you reading the newspaper when I came in? No time for newspapers, you know, after nine o'clock."

Arnold rose to his feet. This was more than he could bear!

"I am sorry if I seemed inattentive, sir," he said. "Under the circumstances I could not help dwelling a little over this paragraph. Perhaps you will look at it yourself, sir?"

He brought it over to the desk. Mr. Weatherley put on his spectacles with great care and drew the paper toward him.

"Hm!" he ejaculated. "My eyesight isn't so good as it was, Chetwode, and your beastly ha'penny papers have such small print. Read it out to me—read it out to me while I smoke."

He leaned back in his padded chair, his hands folded in front of him, his cigar in the corner of his mouth. Arnold smoothed the paper out and read:

"TERRIBLE DEATH OF AN UNKNOWN MAN

"FOUND DEAD IN A TAXICAB

"Early this morning a taxicab driver entered the police station at Finchley Road North and alleged that a passenger whom he had picked up some short time before was dead. Inspector Challis, who was on duty at the time, hastened out to the vehicle and found that the driver's statement was apparently true. The deceased was carried into the police station and a doctor was sent for. The chauffeur's statement was that about midnight he was hailed in the Grove End Road, Hampstead, by four men, one of whom, evidently the deceased, he imagined to be the worse for drink. Two of them entered the taxicab and one of the others directed him to drive to Finchley. After some distance, however, the driver happened to glance inside and saw that only one of his passengers was there. He at once stopped the vehicle, looked in at the window, and, finding that the man was unconscious, drove on to the police station.

"Later information seems to point to foul play, and there is no doubt whatever that an outrage has been committed. There was a wound upon the deceased's forehead which the doctor pronounces as the cause of death, and which had evidently been dealt within the last hour or so with some blunt instrument. The taxicab driver has been detained and a full description of the murdered man's companions has been issued to the police. It is understood that nothing was found upon the deceased likely to help toward his identification."

Arnold looked up as he finished. Mr. Weatherley was still smoking. He seemed, indeed, very little disturbed.

"A sensational story that, Chetwode," he remarked. "You're not supposing, are you, that it was the same man who broke into my house last night?"

"I know that it was, sir," Arnold replied.

"You know that it was," Mr. Weatherley repeated slowly. "Come, what do you mean by that?"

"I mean that after I left your house last night, sir," Arnold explained, "I realized the impossibility of that man having been carried down your drive and out into the road, with a policeman on duty directly opposite and a cab-stand within a few yards. I happened to remember that there was an empty house next door and it struck me that it might be worth while to examine the premises."

Mr. Weatherley withdrew the cigar from his mouth.

"You did that, eh?"

"I did," Arnold admitted. "I made my way to the back and I found a light in the room that presumably had been the kitchen. From a chink in the boarded-up window I saw several men in the room, including the man we discovered in your wife's boudoir, who had been spirited away. He was lying motionless upon the table and one of the others was apparently trying to restore him. When they found that it was useless they took him off with them by the back way into Grove Lane. I saw two of them enter a taxicab and the other two make off."

"And what did you do then?" Mr. Weatherley asked.

"I went and told Count Sabatini what I had seen," Arnold replied.

"And after that?"

"I went home."

"You told no one but Count Sabatini?" Mr. Weatherley persisted.

"No one," Arnold answered. "I bought a paper on my way to business this morning and read what I have just read to you."

"You haven't been rushing about ringing up to give information, or anything of that sort?"

"I have done nothing," Arnold asserted. "I waited to lay the matter before you."

Mr. Weatherley knocked the ash from his cigar and, discovering that it was out, carefully relit it.

"Chetwode," he said, "I have advanced you from something a little better than an office boy very rapidly, because it seemed to me that you had qualities. The time has arrived to test them. The secret of success in life is minding your own business. I am going to ask you to mind your own business in this matter."

"You mean," Arnold asked, "that you do not wish me to give any information, to say anything about last night?"

"I do not wish my name or the name of my wife or the name of my house to be associated with this affair at all," Mr. Weatherley replied. "Mrs. Weatherley would be very much upset and it is, besides, entirely unnecessary."

Arnold hesitated for a moment.

"It is a serious matter, sir, if you will permit me to say so," he said slowly. "The man was murdered—that seems to be clear—and it certainly seems that he was murdered in your house."

Mr. Weatherley shook his head.

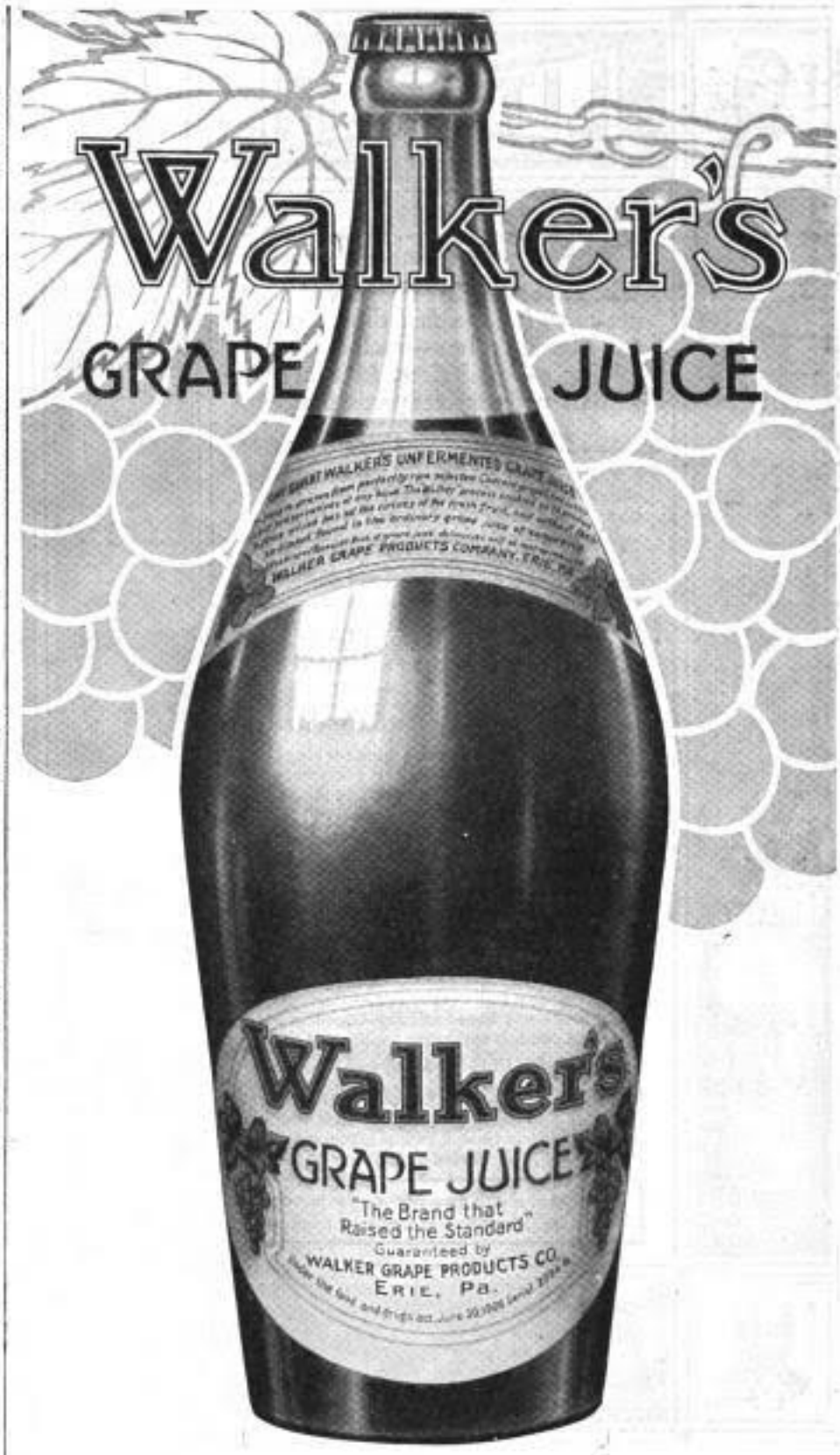
"That is not my impression," he declared. "I admit that at present the mystery is insolvable. The man was found dead in Mrs. Weatherley's boudoir, but there was no one in the house or apparently within reach who was either likely to have committed such a crime or even could possibly have done so. On the other hand, there are this man's companions, desperate fellows, no doubt, within fifty yards all the time. My own impression is that he was killed first and then placed in the spot where he was found. However that may be, I don't want my house made the rendezvous of all the interviewers and sightseers in the neighborhood. You and I will keep our counsel, Arnold Chetwode."

"Might I ask," Arnold said, "whether you knew this man—whether you had ever come into contact with him or seen him before?"

"Certainly not," Mr. Weatherley replied. "What business could I possibly have with a person of that description? He seems to have been, if not a habitual criminal himself, at least an associate of criminals, and he was without doubt a foreigner. Between you and me, Chetwode, I haven't the least doubt that the fellow was one of a gang of the worst class of burglars. Wherever he got that blow from, it was probably no more than he deserved."

"But, Mr. Weatherley," Arnold protested, "don't you think that you ought to have an investigation among your household?"

"My dear young fellow," Mr. Weatherley answered testily, "I keep no menservants at all except old Groves, who's as



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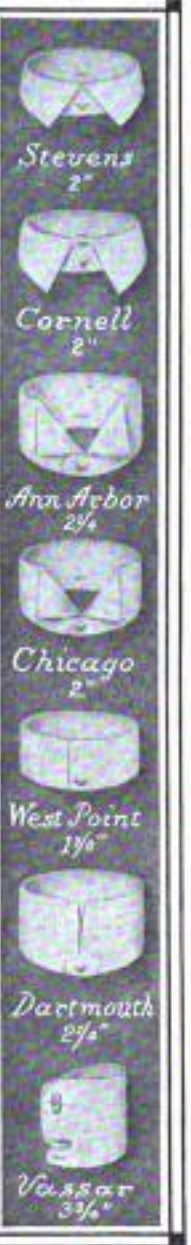
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meek-spirited as a baby, and a footman my wife has just engaged, who was out for the evening. A blow such as the paper describes was certainly never struck by a woman, and there was just as certainly no other man in my house. There is nothing to inquire about. As a matter of fact, I am not curious. The man is dead and there's an end of it."

"You will bear in mind, sir," Arnold said, "that if it comes to light afterward, as it very probably may, that the man was first discovered in Mrs. Weatherley's boudoir, the scandal and gossip will be a great deal worse than if you came forward and told the whole truth now."

"I take my risk of that," Mr. Weatherley replied coolly. "There isn't a soul except Groves who saw him, and Groves is my man. Now be so good as to get on with those letters, Chetwode, and consider the incident closed."

Arnold withdrew to his typewriter and commenced his task. The day had commenced with a new surprise to him. The nervous, shattered Mr. Weatherley of yesterday was gone. After a happening in his house that might well have had a serious effect upon him he seemed not only unmoved, but absolutely restored to cheerfulness. He was reading the paper for himself now, and the room was rapidly becoming full of tobacco smoke. Arnold spelt out his letters one by one until the last was finished. Then he took them over to his employer to sign. One by one Mr. Weatherley read them through, made an alteration here and there, then signed them with his large, sprawling hand. Just as he had finished the last the telephone by his side rang. He took the receiver and placed it to his ear. Arnold waited until he had finished. Mr. Weatherley himself said little. He seemed to be listening. Toward the end he nodded slightly.

"Yes, I quite understand," he said, "quite. That was entirely my own opinion. No case at all, you say? Good!"

He replaced the receiver and leaned back in his chair. For the first time when he spoke his voice was a little hoarse.

"Chetwode," he said, "ring up my house—16, Post-Office, Hampstead. Ask Groves to tell his mistress that I thought she might be interested to hear that Mr. Starling will be discharged this morning. The police are abandoning the case against him at present for lack of evidence."

Arnold stood for a moment quite still. Then he took up the receiver and obeyed his orders. Groves' voice was as quiet and respectful as ever. He departed with the message and Arnold rang off. Then he turned to Mr. Weatherley.

"Have you any objection to my ringing up some one else and telling him too?" he asked.

Mr. Weatherley looked at him.

"You are like all of them," he remarked. "I suppose you think he's a sort of demi-god. I never knew a young man yet that he couldn't twist round his little finger. You want to ring up Count Sabatini, I suppose?"

"I should like to," Arnold admitted.

"Very well, go on," Mr. Weatherley grumbled. "Let him know. Perhaps it will be as well."

Arnold took from his pocket the note that Sabatini had written to him and that contained his telephone number. Then he rang up. The call was answered by his valet.

"In one moment, sir," he said. "The telephone rings in his Excellency's bedchamber. He will speak to you himself."

A minute or two passed. Then the slow, musical voice of Sabatini intervened.

"Who is that speaking?"

"It is I—Arnold Chetwode," Arnold answered. "I am speaking from the office in the city. I heard some news a few minutes ago that I thought might interest you."

"Good!" Sabatini replied, stifling what seemed to be a yawn. "You have awakened me from a long sleep, so let your news be good, my young friend."

"Mr. Weatherley hears from a solicitor at Bow Street that the police have abandoned the charge against Mr. Starling," Arnold announced. "He will be set at liberty as soon as the court opens."

There was a moment's silence. It was as though the person at the other end had gone away.

"Did you hear?" Arnold asked.

"Yes, I heard," Sabatini answered. "I am very much obliged to you for ringing me up, my young friend. I quite expected to hear your news during the day. No one would really suppose that a respectable man like Starling would be guilty of such a ridiculous action. However, it is pleasant to know. I thank you. I take my coffee and rolls this morning with more appetite."

Arnold set down the telephone. Mr. Weatherley had risen to his feet and walked as far as the window. On his way back to his place he looked at the little safe that he had made over to his secretary.

"You've got my papers there all right, Chetwode?" he asked.

"Certainly, sir," Arnold answered. "I hope, however, we may never need to use them."

Mr. Weatherley smiled. He was busy choosing another cigar.

XIX

THEY sat on the edge of the wood and a west wind made music for them overhead among the fir trees. From their feet a clover-field sloped steeply to a honeysuckle-wreathed hedge. Beyond that was meadowland, riven by the curving stream that stretched like a thread of silver to the blue, hazy distance. Arnold laughed softly with the pleasure of it, but the wonder kept Ruth tongue-tied.

"I feel," she murmured, "as though I were in a theater for the first time. Everything is strange."

"It is the theater of Nature," Arnold replied. "If you close your eyes and listen you can hear the orchestra. There is a lark singing above my head and a thrush somewhere back in the wood there."

"And see, in the distance there are houses," Ruth continued softly. "Just fancy, Arnold, people if they had no work to do could live here, could live always out of sight of the hideous, smoky city, out of hearing of its thousand discords."

He smiled.

"There are a great many who feel like that," he said, his eyes fixed upon the horizon, "and then as the days go by they find that there is something missing. The city of a thousand discords generally has one clear cry, Ruth."

"For you perhaps," she answered, "because you are young and because you are ambitious. But for me who lie on my back all day long, think of the glory of this!"

Arnold sat slowly up.

"Upon my word!" he exclaimed. "Why not? Why shouldn't you stay in the country for the summer? I hate London too. There are cheap tickets and bicycles and all sorts of things. I wonder whether we couldn't manage it."

She said nothing. His thoughts were busy with the practical side of it. There was an opportunity here, too, to prepare her for what he felt sure was inevitable.

"You know, Ruth," he said, "I don't wish to say anything against Isaac and I don't want to make you uneasy, but you know as well as I do that he has a strange maggot in his brain. When I first heard him talk I thought of him as a sort of fanatic. It seems to me that he has changed. I am not sure that such changes as have taken place in him lately have not been for the worse."

"Tell me what you mean," she begged.

"I mean," he continued, "that Isaac, who perhaps in himself may be incapable of harm, might be an easy prey to those who worked upon his wild ideas. Hasn't it struck you that for the last few days ——"

She clutched at his hand and stopped him.

"Don't!" she implored. "These last few days have been horrible. Isaac has not left his room except to creep out sometimes into mine. He keeps his door locked. What he does I don't know, but if he hears a step on the stairs he slinks away and his face is like the face of a hunted wolf. Arnold, do you think that he has been getting into trouble?"

"I am afraid," Arnold said regretfully, "that it is not impossible. Tell me, Ruth, you are very fond of him, aren't you?"

"He was my mother's brother—the only relative I have in the world," she answered. "What could I do without him?"

"He doesn't seem to want you particularly, just now at any rate," Arnold said. "I don't see why we shouldn't take rooms out at one of these little villages. I could go backward and forward quite easily. You'd like it, wouldn't you, Ruth? Fancy lying in a low, comfortable chair and looking up at the blue sky and listening to the birds and the humming of bees. The hours would slip by."

"I should love it," she murmured.

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"Then why not?" he cried. "We'll stop at the next village we come to and make inquiries."

She laid her hand softly upon his.

"Arnold, dear," she begged, "it sounds very delightful, and yet can't you see it is impossible?"

He turned and looked at her—looked at her, perhaps, with new eyes. She was stretched almost at full length upon the grass, her head, which had been supported by her clasped hands, now turned toward *him*. As she lay there, with her stick out of sight, her lips a little parted, her eyes soft with the sunlight, a faint touch of color *in* her cheeks, he suddenly realized the significance of her words. Her bosom was rising and falling quickly. Her plain black dress, simply made though it was, showed no defect of figure. Her throat was soft and white. The curve of her body was even graceful. The revelation of these things came as a shock to Arnold, yet it was curious that he found a certain pleasure in it.

"I had forgotten, Ruth," he said slowly, "but does it matter? You have no one in the world but Isaac, and I have no one in the world at all. Don't you think we can afford to do what seems sensible?"

Her eyes never left his face. She made no sign either of assent or dissent.

"Arnold," she declared, "it is true that I am an orphan. I have scarcely a relative in the world. But what you say about yourself is hard to believe. I have never asked you questions because it is not my business, but there are many little things by which one tells. I think that somewhere you have belonging to you a family with a name, even if for any reason you do not choose just now to claim it."

He made no direct reply. He watched for some moments a white-sailed boat come tacking down the narrow strip of river.

"I am my own master, Ruth," he said. "I have no one else to please or to consider. I understand what you have just told me, but if I gave you my word that I would try and be to you what Isaac might have been if he had not been led away by these strange ideas, wouldn't you trust me, Ruth?"

"It isn't that!" she exclaimed. "Trust you? Why, you know that I would! It isn't that I mind for myself either what people would say—or anything, but I am thinking of your new friends, of your future. If they knew that you were living down in the country with a girl, even though she were an invalid, who was no relation at all, don't you think that it might make a difference?"

"Of course not," he replied, "and, in any case, what should I care? It would be the making of you, Ruth. You would be able to pick up your strength, so that when our money-box is full you would be able to have that operation and never dare to call yourself an invalid again."

She half closed her eyes. The spell of summer was in the air, the spell of life was stirring slowly in her frozen blood.

"Ah, Arnold," she murmured, "you must not talk like that. It makes me feel so much like yielding. Somehow the dreams out here seem even more wonderful than the visions that come floating up the river. There's more life here. Don't you feel it? Something seems to creep into your heart, into your pulses, and tell you what life is."

He made no answer. The world of the last few throbbing weeks seemed far enough away with him too. He picked a handful of clover and thrust it into the bosom of her gown. Then he rose reluctantly to his feet and held out his hands.

"I think," he said, "that the great gates of freedom must be somewhere out here, but just now one is forced to remember that we are slaves."

He drew her to her feet, placed the stick in her hand and supported her other arm. They walked for a step or two down the narrow path that led through the clover-field to the lane below. Then with a little laugh he caught her up in his arms.

"It will be quicker if I carry you, Ruth," he proposed. "The weeds twine their way all the time round your stick."

She linked her arms round his neck; her cheek touched his for a moment and he was surprised to find it as hot as fire. He stepped out bravely enough, but with every step it seemed to him that she was growing heavier. Her hands were still tightly linked round his neck, but her limbs were inert. She seemed to be falling away. He held her tighter; his breath began to grow shorter. The perfume of the clover, fragrant and delicate, grew stronger with every step he took. He felt that somehow that walk along the narrow path was carving its way into his life.

"Dear Ruth!" he whispered.

She went very pale and very soon afterward she insisted upon being set down. They walked slowly to where the Weatherley car was waiting at the corner of the lane. Ruth began to talk nervously.

"It was charming of Mrs. Weatherley," she declared, "to lend you this car. Tell me how it happened, Arnie."

"I simply told her," he replied, "that I was going to take a friend out into the country who needed a little fresh air, and she insisted upon sending this car instead of letting me hire a taxicab. It was over the telephone and I couldn't refuse. Besides, Mr. Weatherley was in the office and he insisted upon it too. They only use this one in London, and I know that they are away somewhere for the week-end."

"It has been so delightful," Ruth murmured. "Now I am going to lie back among these beautiful cushions and just watch and think."

The car glided on along the country lane, passing through leafy hamlets, across a great, breezy moorland, from the top of which they could see the Thames winding its way into Oxfordshire, a sinuous belt of silver. Then they sped down into the lower country and Arnold looked at the milestones in some surprise.

"We don't seem to be getting any nearer to London," he remarked.

"It will come soon enough," she said, with a little shiver. "It will pass, this, like everything else."

They had dropped to the level now, and suddenly without warning the car swung through a low white gate up along an avenue of shrubs. Arnold leaned forward.

"Where are you taking us?" he asked the driver. "There is some mistake."

But there was no mistake. A turn of the wheel and the car was slowing down before the front of a long, ivy-colored house, with a lawn as smooth as velvet and beyond the soft murmur of the river. Ruth clutched at his arm.

"Arnold!" she exclaimed. "What does this mean? Who lives here?"

"I have no idea," he answered, "unless ——"

The windows in front of the house were all of them open and all of them level with the drive. Through the nearest of them at that moment stepped Fenella. She stood for a moment framed in the long French window hung with clematis—a wonderful picture even for Arnold, a revelation to Ruth—in her cool muslin frock open at the throat and held together by a brooch with a great green stone. She wore no hat and her wonderful hair seemed to have caught the sunlight in its meshes. Her eyebrows were a little raised; her expression was a little supercilious, faintly inquisitive. Already she had looked past Arnold. Her eyes were fixed upon the girl by his side.

"I began to think that you were lost," she said gayly. "Won't you present me to your friend, Arnold?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)





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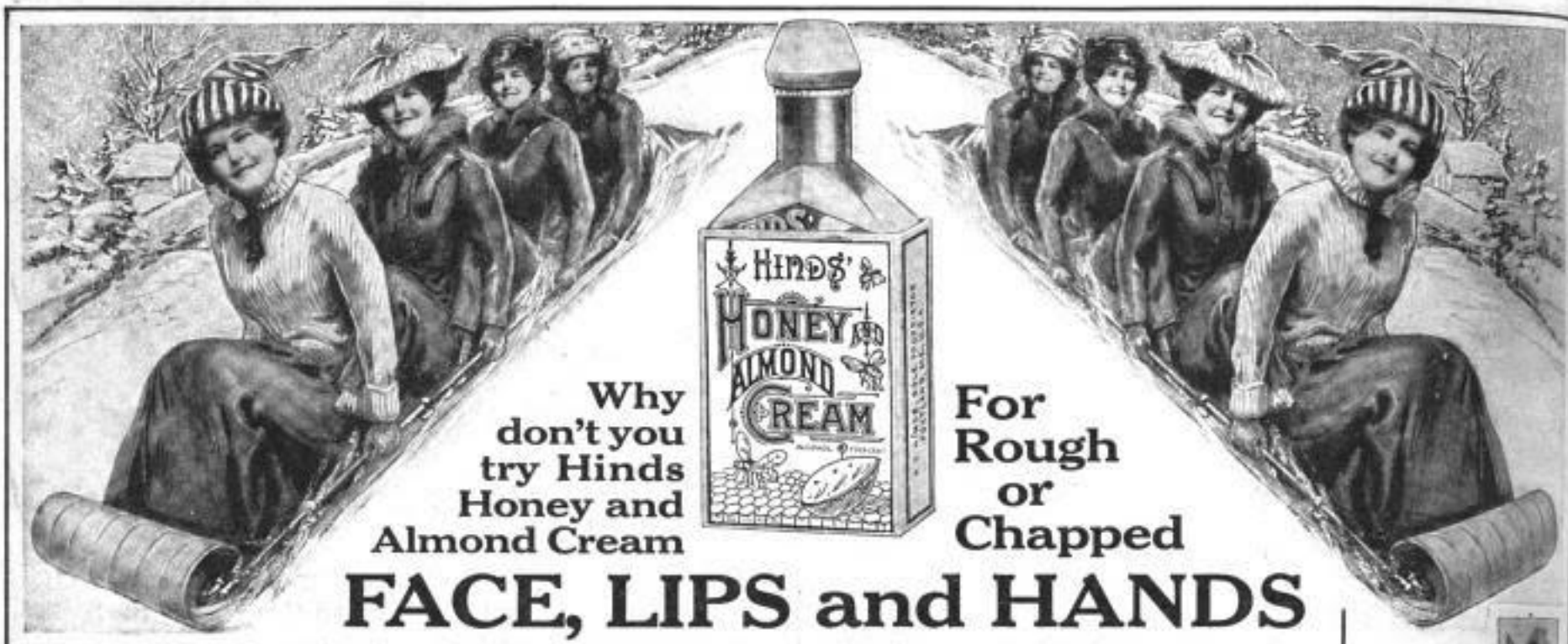
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WORK AND PLAY

(Continued from Page 20)

It is a well-known fact that in those of our state prisons where the inmates are not allowed to work they often go mad. The idle rich are in a prison to which they have condemned themselves, and the specter of insanity looms before them. It is a well-known fact, also, that the most ghastly feature of our industrial civilization is that there are periods of business depression, when hosts of men are thrown out of work—men who have been working and who want to work, but who are suddenly forced out of employment by no fault of their own. They suffer bitterly; but these sufferings cease when times get better and there is again work for all who apply; and their misfortune, hard as it may be, is only temporary. The misfortune of the idle rich is permanent. And what makes their position the more pitiable is that they do not know the cause of their own misery. They do not recognize their responsibility to the body politic. They feel no obligation to their fellowman. They believe themselves to be free to do as they please—and they think it will please them to do nothing. It was the wise Huxley who once declared that it is when a man can do as he pleases that his troubles begin.

All this is obvious enough—it has been said more than once before, even if there is advantage in saying it again; but there is another aspect of our modern organization of society which has not received all the attention it deserves. This is the compulsory idleness imposed upon a large proportion of the women of the well-to-do, not only in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe, but also here in the United States. Until comparatively recently, the wife of the head of the house had abundant duties of her own which kept her busy. The Greek spouse and the Roman matron supervised the labor of the slaves and other servants; and so did the lady of the castle in medieval times. Less than a century ago the wife of the owner of a plantation in the South was charged with a host of incessant responsibilities; and, even if she no longer had to oversee the spinning and the weaving, she had to supervise the making up of the garments for all the slaves, as well as the curing of the bacon and the ham, the grinding of the corn, the baking of the bread and even the provision of the soap—then an article of domestic manufacture.

The Lilies of the Field

Today she—and her servants also—are likely to purchase most if not all of their clothes ready made; and the soap, the ham, the bacon, the flour, the bread, and even the cake and the pies, are likely to be bought from day to day as they are needed. The era of domestic manufacture has departed forever, and most of the things which it supplied are now produced and distributed by the factory system. In many ways this is an immense advance and it has lifted the burden of excessive and unceasing labor from the backs of countless women; but it has its disadvantages also—and in well-to-do circles it is slowly depriving the wife and mother of her proper share in the family work. She is ceasing to be as useful as she was; she is ceasing to be as necessary; and she bids fair to become, in a great many cases, only an ornament.

The modern man who toils feels it to be his duty to relieve the women of his family from work as far as he can. Especially is the American husband what is known in New England as "a good provider"; in fact, the ideal husband, in the eyes of many American wives, has come to be one who supplies his wife with all the money he can make, allowing her to do with it as she sees fit. And a great many American husbands attain this ideal; they are proud of the fact that they are able to release their wives and their daughters to luxurious idleness. Of course the immense majority of American women are still fortunately engaged in the most congenial work for any woman—they are engaged in bringing up their children, a task in which they are most likely to find happiness; but there is also a large and increasing minority to whom this privilege has been denied and who find themselves with no obvious duties and with all the former household tasks reduced to a minimum by the factory system. They have abundant leisure and abundant money, thanks to the devotion of their toiling husbands; and they are therefore at a



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loss to find employment. Their condition, strange as it may seem to make the suggestion, is not altogether unlike that of those inmates of our state prisons who are not allowed to work—and who often go mad in consequence of this deprivation. These women can do as they please; and, to paraphrase Huxley, it is when a woman can do as she pleases that her troubles begin.

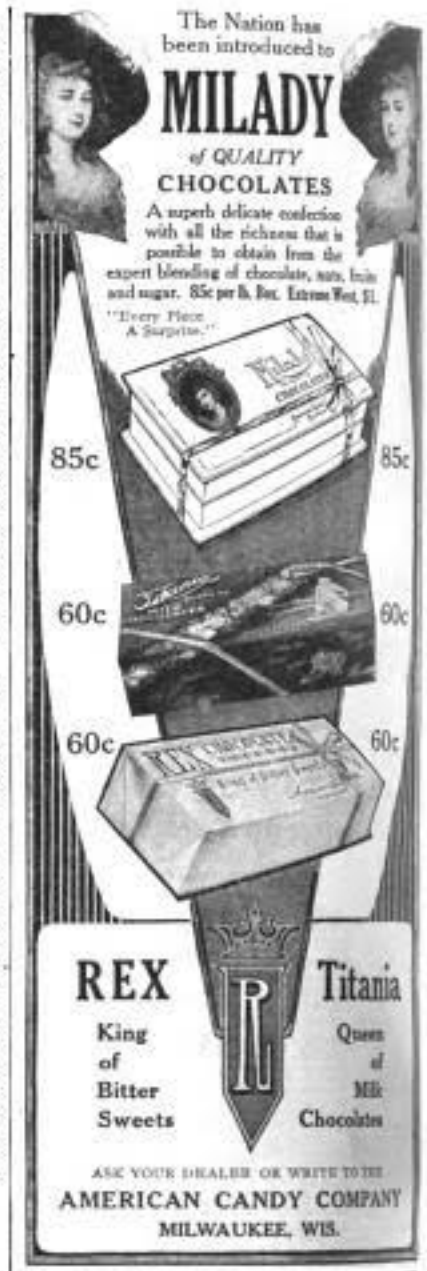
The evolution of the social organization has taken from many a woman most of those useful activities which formerly kept her busy, and she is reduced to a freedom to do nothing—to a barren idleness often accompanied by superabundant luxury. It is no wonder she feels forced to fill out the emptiness of her existence by a feverish quest of pleasure—a quest which is foredoomed to failure. She has been deprived of her right to share in the useful work of the world. Robbed of this she has nothing to take its place; and it is not surprising that so many of these women are discontented and hysteric, petty, self-pitying and selfish. Nor can we hope that this is only a temporary condition. There is no reason to suppose that the social organization will ever revert to its earlier form.

Fortunately, as so often happens in life, the evil brings its own remedy. The social organization that has condemned so many women to luxurious idleness is very complex; and it has created a host of problems to be solved only by time, by tact, by knowledge and by hard work. It is a marvelous coincidence that, at the very moment when these women find themselves deprived of the work which kept their mothers and their grandmothers happy, the boundless possibilities of work of another kind, but of an equal necessity, now open before them. These women are living on themselves, which is always unwholesome—they are in constant danger of nervous prostration; but they do not need a rest cure so much as a work cure. Some of them have sought to fill out the emptiness of their lives by self-culture, which is a good thing in itself, no doubt, though finally it is not satisfying. The only true panacea is work for others—social service.

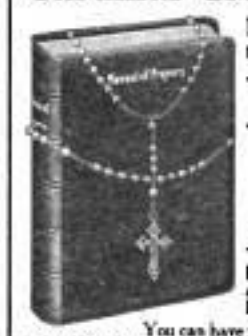
Nobody's Business

Now the social organization of today proffers an abundance of work of this sort for willing hands to do. There is no community—large or small—no metropolis and no city, no town and no village, where a woman of intelligence, of energy, of patience and, above all, of sympathy and tact, cannot find endless opportunity to do good, to do things that need to be done—things which are now nobody's business, but which a woman of this type can make her business and which a woman of this type is specially fitted to undertake. Some of these are big things, to be attempted only after long forethought and careful consideration of the ways and means. Others are little things—the little things which are often the most necessary to be done. It is given to very few women to be a Joan of Arc or a Florence Nightingale or a Jane Addams; but every woman, if she seeks diligently, can find something that needs to be done, something close at hand. Perhaps nobody else has seen the need and perhaps some other woman, keener-eyed, has already taken the first steps.

There are many things which have been undertaken by women of comparative leisure, free to employ themselves in unremunerated labor. Their efforts may not have been paid for in actual cash; but their reward is all the greater. Theirs has been a labor of love, amply remunerated by the knowledge of the good it has done for others. Work of this sort is to be found easily by any one who seeks it. It calls for sympathy and for tact—and it is not to be undertaken lightly. It demands untiring unselfishness; a willingness, first of all, to take trouble, and, secondly, to stand aside, if need be, and let others take a large share of the credit. It requires, above all, the ability to coöperate—to work with others and to enlist others in the work. Therefore it is possible only to those who have a sense of proportion and, above all, a sense of humor that will prevent their taking themselves too seriously. Social service is work, and hard work—but it is also play if it is done in the proper spirit. It is the safety valve of the women of compulsory idleness; but it will be ineffective unless they take the trouble to understand the machinery. If these women want to be saved they must work out their own salvation—like the rest of us.



Cardinal Gibbons says:



I urge upon all Catholics the use of the

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A Beautiful Gift for Easter

This book, in best Morocco binding, with gilt edges, and a beautiful rolled-gold chain Rosary. Both for $1.00.

You can have your choice of the following stone Rosaries: Amethyst, Garnet, Topaz, Canadian Crystal, Sapphire, Emerald, Opal, Jet or Pearl.

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Insure coziness, warmth, comfort. No. Evening outdoors in Winter when ... Worn by men and women ... with heavy, warm wool inside ... high. State shoe size and ... be worn over shoes or ... back if unsatisfactory.

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Buick

A Giant in Action

If there is one word that most fully expresses Buick efficiency, it is "UNITY"—all Buick parts being made at the one great Buick plant—<u>everything</u> excepting lamps, carburetors, coils and magnetos—no essential parts being entrusted to other makers.

This "one-ness" of construction insures that unison of operation which today makes the Buick such a favorite wherever the utmost in automobile service is demanded.

Every Buick Car develops horse power far in excess of its rating. The roughest going presents no difficulties to the Buick, for the Buick Motor is a veritable giant in action, fully sustained by the utmost stability of every part—transmission, frame, body, steering gear, axles, shaft, differential, brakes, springs, wheels—**everything** down to bolts, nuts and cap screws. All this enables the Buick to take "low gear" hills on high gear speed, "picking up" at every yard without the shift of a lever.

In addition to all this, the Buick Motor has been so refined that all Buick models for 1912 stand in the front rank with the most **silent-running** cars. As every car-wise man is familiar with the unequaled racing record of the Buick, it is not necessary to mention speed.

Five models, priced according to power and size—$850, $1000, $1075, $1250, $1800. One-ton Buick Truck, $1000. Catalogue showing the various models sent on request, also the name of nearest dealer.

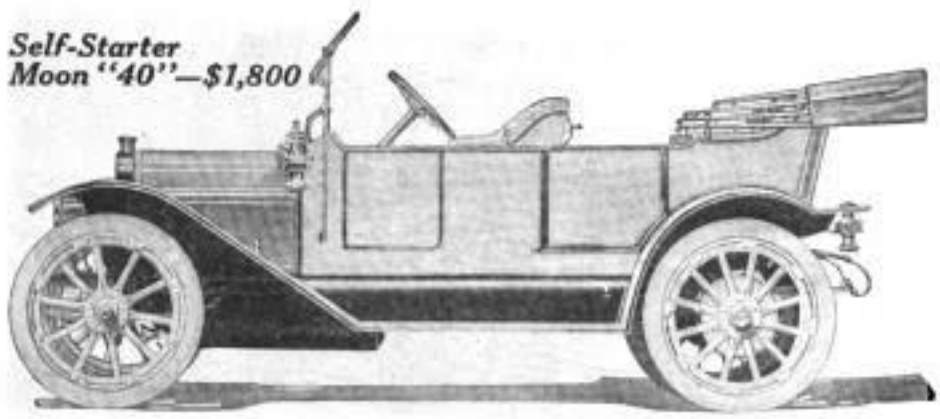
Buick Motor Company
Flint, Michigan



Model 35—Price $1000.
With Top, Glass Front,
Prest-O-Lite Tank, $1060

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Self-Starter
Moon "40"—$1,800





Look Under the Hood and Beneath the Body!

As a life-long manufacturer, I want you to look at my big Self-Starting Moon "40" as a manufacturer would look at it. Look under the hood—look the engine all over, and make up your opinion *yourself*. Compare my 45-horsepower T-head motor with the motors of any other cars, even the high-priced ones. It took me five years to develop my motor. It is a long-stroke motor—4½-inch bore, 5½-inch stroke. It goes to full 45 horsepower on the brake test, and will take the car over any kind of road, and up any kind of hill. Just take in the big 4-bolt connecting rods—fan-in-the-fly-wheel—3-bearing crankshaft—1¾-inch bearings, the largest I know of in a motor of this size.

The Moon Self-Starter is a time-tried starter. I have been using a self-starter in my factory and road experiments for three years.

I want you to notice the Moon Frame. I never heard of a Moon's sagging. Observe the generous shaft and gears of the Moon Driving System—the big 36-inch wheels—demountable and quick-detachable rims—36 x 4-inch tires, front and rear—120-inch wheel base.

Then—when you have satisfied yourself, as I have, that Moon "40" is the utmost of mechanical excellence at $1,800, the beauty of its roomy, all-metal body in nickel plate and black finish, and the completeness of equipment will appeal to you all the stronger.

Write me and I will tell you where you can see Moon "40" near you. I will also send you my 1912 catalog and the famous Moon Book of Charts.

MOON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
4412 North Main Street, St. Louis, Mo.



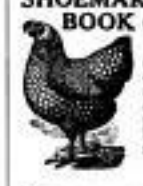
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Use MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM Toilet Powder
and insist upon your barber using it also. It is antiseptic and will assist in preventing many of the skin diseases often contracted. Sold everywhere or mailed for 25c.
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Here are shown two of the new patterns in Summer
CHENEY SILK CRAVATS
Your haberdasher probably can show you the entire line as well as a regular assortment of Cheney tubular, all-silk, pin-proof, reversible cravats.
All our Cravats are marked CHENEY SILKS in the neckband
Also ask to see the new Cheney Silk Handkerchiefs—in white, colors and border effects; absorbent.
CHENEY BROTHERS
Silk Manufacturers
4th Avenue and 18th Street, New York

NOTHING FOR SOMETHING

(Concluded from Page 15)

"Good morning," she said. "Did you come about money?"

. . . . . .

By the end of the fourth year I was desperate. Because of those four crisp ten-dollar bills—and the other money I had had to borrow to pay the interest on them—I had spent about two thousand dollars. Still I owed three hundred. For four years I had worked like a slave. I was a slave!

During all that year I was a sick man. What with the worry and not eating and sleeping, I was worn down to a skeleton. I could hardly get through my day's work; I could hardly drag myself home. I had no pleasure in my wife or my children or my friends.

One week I had to pay nineteen dollars and I had earned only fourteen. I begged an extension from Miss Blank; for, though I had twice paid up and left her, I had always returned.

"If you don't pay today," she said, "we'll send the collector Monday."

"You won't!" I cried in despair. "I'll kill myself!"

She laughed mockingly.

"They all say that," she answered. "Of course, if you do commit suicide, we'll close the office for a day and send flowers; but, whether you do or don't, our collector calls on Monday."

That night I almost threw away my life. I was insane. I wandered aimlessly. Late at night I found myself on the bridge, staring at the water. I had no fear—only a madness to be rid of the shark. I clambered out to where I could jump free—but, even as I did so, the face of my wife flashed across my mind. What would become of her? What would become of my little girl when she reached the age when a girl needs a father?

That night Anna learned all. I was in a fever when I reached home; and in bed I talked in my dreams. "Please!" I begged. "Only one week. I'll pay anything—only one week!"

My wife waked me. She was deathly pale.

"George," she said, "I have known something was wrong for a long time. Let's have a straight talk."

That night I learned to know my wife as I had not known her before. One thing the shark did for me—it taught me the bottomless depths of a woman's forgiveness and love!

. . . . . .

For a few days I felt better. My wife knew. However, together we were as helpless as I had been alone. Deeper and deeper the inturned teeth of the shark sank into my flesh.

Then, one Sunday morning about three months later, my wife came to me.

"George," she said, "I see by this piece in the paper that the Shylocks are against the law and there's a society to fight them. Why don't you see them and get their advice?"

Unshackled at Last

On Monday I went to the society and told its secretary the whole story. He made no promises. "I shall do what I can," he said.

As soon as I had unburdened my mind I felt better. Not that I had any hope, for things had been moving from bad to worse. I was desperate. I owed twenty dollars every week and I was doubling up, borrowing from one firm to pay another—borrowing to pay. I was sucked out—like an orange; and the offices—even those I had never been to before—all seemed to know it. No longer did the manager smile as she asked: "Did you come about money?"

On Saturday I had been refused loans at three offices and had failed to make payments at five. On Monday five collectors arrived; and I had nothing for them—not even an excuse. I knew that by Tuesday they would file on my wages.

On Tuesday morning I was called up to the president's office. I had never spoken to the president, though I knew the gruff, white-haired old man by sight. It was the first time in eight years that I had been called up. It was the end.

"Luce," said my employer as I stood before the long, black desk, "you've been a faithful employee for eight years; but you're a blamed fool!" I made no answer.

"We can't use fools in this office," he continued, glowering at me; "and the only reason I'm keeping you is because I am one myself. I learned yesterday for the first time that we have a rule in this office discharging men who borrow from loan sharks. Hereafter we don't discharge them, but defend their cases."

"You'll defend me?" I stammered.

"Don't make any more payments; and if any shark comes swimming along send him to our attorney. And now," he went on, "you look a little white in the gills. Take a day off with pay—and go home to your wife."

He did not let me thank him. I have passed him a dozen times in the building and have wanted to tell him how grateful I am; but he does not seem to remember me.

That five minutes' talk ended it. The collectors were sent to the lawyer of my employer—and they never came twice. The loan sharks did not dare sue. They came to my house and spread evil reports about me to my wife and the neighbors—going even to the minister; but they could not do anything, because they were outside the law and had already been paid ten times over. One day I passed Miss Blank on the street, and she gave me a black look and called after me a name that I shall not repeat.

How Employers Can Help

That was a year ago. Since then I have become a well man. I have had my wages raised. We have moved into a better house—twenty dollars a month. I have paid off my debts and have three hundred dollars in the bank. My wife is happy. My children look respectable. I have hopes and ambitions. I am no longer a slave.

Thank God, it's over!

. . . . . .

It is over for me, but is it for you? No salaried man can be sure that he will never have to borrow from a loan shark. You cannot go into any big office without seeing men who are secretly borrowing to pay—borrowing to pay. You cannot enter a street car without meeting some man who is planning to escape. As I skulked through the streets like a hunted criminal, not daring to look people in the face, so men are skulking through the streets today. As I thought of suicide—of the knife, the pistol, the glass of poison—so men are longing for death today. There are honest girls ready to sell their bodies to meet their notes—ready to go to the brothel to escape the shark! May God have mercy on all these!

It is over for me; but the game goes on as before. What has become of that giant of a man who came staggering out of the inner office, wailing like a child? What became of the young fellow, the indorser of a note, who stole to pay and served his time in jail? What becomes of the wretched men and women, old or young, foolish or unfortunate, who spend their Saturdays week after week making the rounds of the loan sharks? What becomes of the men discharged for debt and blacklisted ever afterward?

What can be done to save these others who travel the road I traveled? It seems to me that every city should have its society to fight loan sharks. If business men would not advertise in newspapers that carried loan-shark advertisements; if they would defend and not discharge employees who borrowed; if they would advise men as I was advised—much of the evil could be remedied.

More must be done however. There should be companies in every city where men could borrow—at two or three per cent a month—on their household furniture. In every big business there should be a coöperative loan society where men who save might invest their money and men who had to borrow—and were honest and decent—could get money at a fair rate. So long as there is no other place to go, a man will go to the shark in his day of trouble.

It is over for me; and yet, night after night, I wake up staring, babbling, begging for a week—for one week only! In my dreams I see the faces of all those women managers.

Occasionally I run across the newspaper that prints the advertisements, and when my eye falls upon its columns I shiver. And sometimes on the street I see men pale, haggard, with death in their faces, and I wonder if they, too, are in the jaws of the shark—if they, too, have wandered into the offices where a quiet girl asks you:

"Did you come about money?"

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Have you seen the Blouse that can't lose its drawstring?

LOOK for the LOOP

K&E IDEA BLOUSE

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CAN'T slip away in the hem. Can't come untied. No loose ends to dangle. No knots for the boy to tie and untie. Mothers and boys both think the K•E Blouse with the patent LOOP is the greatest thing ever. These blouses are a real economy, too. Lock-stitching throughout, finished seams, hand-turned collars and cuffs, guaranteed fast colors. *They wear better even than the home-made kind.*

Blouses for school and dress. Each in a separate parchment envelope.

Write for Booklet and mention name of best dealer in your town.

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K•E ROMPERS wear like leather, but are soft and comfortable on little bodies. Best materials, cut and stitched by experts. Look for the label.

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Is for man to walk on the earth and not on hard surfaces. *Bailey's* way beats *Nature's* way by making *all* surfaces easy and safe for the wearer of

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Thousands of wearers have proved this *scientific* construction to be *superior* to *all* others. *Insist on having them and enjoy life.* Dealers, write for prices.

All dealers, 50c applied. Mailed 35c. Send diagram of the heel of your boot.

To *you* we will mail a pair on receipt of 35 cents and dealers' names in your town.

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This high-grade hot-water incubator, direct from factory to user, no middle profits, under binding guarantee and long-term trial. Has three thicknesses of walls, covered with asbestos and heavy galvanized iron, metal legs, copper hot-water tank, self-regulator, high nursery, safety lamp, thermometer. Safest made. So simple a child can operate. Never bitter at any price. 17 years' experience. Big catalog free.

50 EGG ONLY $10.

Users, $2.50up. Mankato Incubator Co., Box 944, Mankato, Minn.

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Use our metallic letters for office windows, store fronts, and signs. Any one can put them on. Nice, pleasant business. Big profits. Write today for free sample and full particulars.

ALLIC SIGN LETTER CO., 433 North Clark Street, Chicago

THE LAYMAN AND THE LAW

(Continued from Page 7)

The purchaser should never rely upon such security. The person from whom he buys the land may be insolvent in ten years, and then his warranty in the deed will be of no benefit. The one who purchases may have lived on the land for fifty years—and yet it may happen that he holds only under a life estate. There may be infant heirs whose right to proceed against the land will not accrue for fifteen or twenty years; there may be obscure defects in previous deeds or wills, or the like, which would invalidate the title of the present owner; and if one should purchase from him one might lose the land in a suit brought by collateral heirs, or some other purchaser or claimant.

There are so many jeopardies connected with land titles that a purchaser cannot be too strongly urged to take every precaution to see that the title to the land which he purchases is clear and unquestioned. The litigation which arises from the carelessness of persons in this respect crowds the court dockets.

There is another thing that requires a word here—namely, the common impression that one may safely purchase lands at a judicial sale—that is, in a suit and under the direction of the court. This is not an unreasonable opinion, since men would naturally believe that the court would not order a public sale of lands to which the title was not valid. The fact is, however, that such suits are often not ones in which the question of title arises; and the court is merely selling the right of the litigant, whatever it may be, to the lands, and the purchaser is purchasing that right at his peril.

Laws That Affect Land

These things are true in certain jurisdictions; and consequently the same rule applies to these purchases as to all other purchases of lands, that one should never acquire them without first knowing that the title which he purchases is valid. Here again he should not take the common rumor or the opinion of the officer making the sale, or the advice of his neighbors.

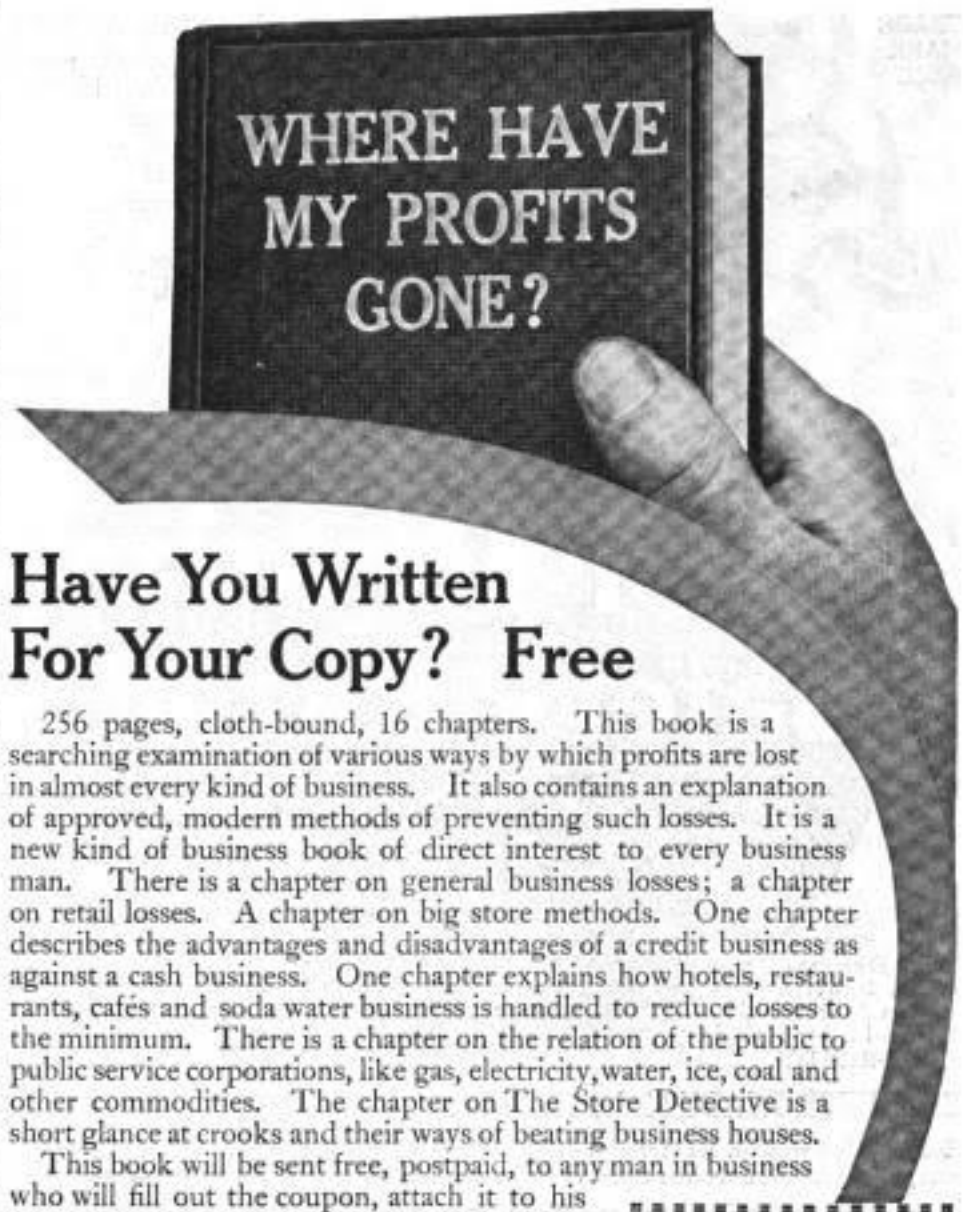
It is important to remember, along the line of these suggestions, that there are contracts, agreements, and the like, which cannot be enforced in the courts unless they are in writing. These agreements were first embraced in what is called the Statute of Frauds, passed in the reign of Charles II, the contents of which have been enacted generally, in some words, in nearly all of the United States.

Thus, usually all contracts for the sale of lands must be in writing or some memorandum thereof, and signed by the person to be charged or his agent; contracts not to be performed within a year; promises to answer for the debt default or miscarriage of another; certain promises of executors and administrators; agreements in consideration of marriage; and so forth. All of these cannot be gone into here in detail; but to rely upon any of these agreements, unless some memorandum is kept of it in writing, according to the provision of the law of the state in which the transaction arises, or in which the contract is to be performed, is to rely upon something you cannot enforce. The agreement may be made in good faith; and, though the parties may believe it to be valid, it is, in fact, voidable.

It is therefore evident that, if we are to arrive at that chief end which Confucius suggested, the cheapest and wisest way to accomplish that result is to set out right in the beginning in all matters that may result in litigation. The safe thing to do when there is any doubt about the matter is to consult a competent attorney in advance.

Partnerships are a source of more danger than men usually suspect. In some states it is no crime for a partner to appropriate partnership funds. A rogue in such jurisdictions may draw out a partnership account in bank, put it in his pocket and snap his fingers at the criminal law. Men often rely upon the restraining effect of the criminal law only to discover that it is by no means the broad, protecting shield they believed it to be.

Again, in some jurisdictions a partner may become personally liable to the limit of his whole personal estate for partnership debts, and he may easily be ruined by a



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1912



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Herald Square, New York

careless or unscrupulous partner. It is a relation that one should form only with the greatest care and only with persons of known and tested integrity. There is much more safety in corporations, for there one is only responsible, as a rule, for the amount of stock for which he subscribes, except in the case of bank stock, when the liability is usually double that of the subscription.

With a corporation, however, the average man who is not a moving factor in it ought to be very careful how he takes a place on its board of directors, because, by his negligence in such a position, he may very seriously involve himself, even to the extent of criminal liability. This is especially true of directorships in banks. Unless one intends to give his time and attention to it, and determines to know exactly all that is going on, he should never take a place on a board of directors. The laws are now very strict. Make it a rule never to go on the board of directors of a corporation unless you have enough financial interest in it to watch every transaction as closely as if it were your own private business.

Men living in little communities and in the country are often named as executors and guardians, and not infrequently they involve themselves in litigation and loss through their ignorance of what the law requires of them. The fact is that the law is very exacting with respect to executors and guardians, and no one ought ever to undertake to act in these capacities except upon the advice of some attorney upon whom he can rely. In dealing with the funds of estates or as guardian one should never make any move with respect to them without first having a definite order of the court to do so. It is not safe to do the thing first and then to apply to the court to confirm it—that is, to take the chance of meeting the loss yourself. The law requires certain settlements, as a rule, at certain designated intervals, and these should be made exactly and as the law directs.

Fight When Right

The administration of the law and, for that matter, the whole structure of civilization itself rest on the fact that men are naturally honest, and that they are disposed to rely on the honesty of one another. Certain precautions, however, are not only wise in themselves but prevent annoyance and litigation. In such matters as proofs of loss in life and fire insurance, or railroad or express freights, or the like, one should promptly comply with the conditions required in the printed policies, receipts, bills-of-lading, or the like. Usually there is no particular difficulty in doing this; and it not only puts one in the position of having done exactly what the law might require one to do but it also enables the insurance company, or the railroad or express company, to act promptly and with a degree of certainty in paying what is due, or in finding or returning the lost articles. It is carelessness that fills the court with cases.

It may be useful to bear in mind that one is not compelled always to go to law to settle a controversy. The courts recognize the right of adjustment by arbitration, and the findings of arbitrators often can be entered upon the records of the court with the same validity as the finding of a jury. This is often the cheapest and the most expeditious way of settling disputes; but it is of no use to undertake to adjust a matter by arbitration unless the intention of both parties is to abide by that arbitration.

It is not possible always to avoid litigation. The most honorable man may be sued at law or charged with a crime. It is the right and duty of such a person vigorously to defend himself. He ought not to take such attacks, as the English say, "lying down," merely because he is innocent of the crime or in the right in a suit at law.

Civilization, after all, depends more than one may imagine upon maintaining what has been so aptly called "the fighting edge." The upright and the just should strike back hard and quickly—they should make the rogue respect and fear them; and when they are assailed they should respond with such virility that they will be remembered. When you are thus charged with a crime, or sued at law, do not consider yourself in disgrace. Go at once to some competent attorney, prepare your case for trial according to his directions, and give the person who assails you good reason to remember you.

In doing that you are supporting law, order and justice, and you are making for the peace and dignity of your neighborhood.

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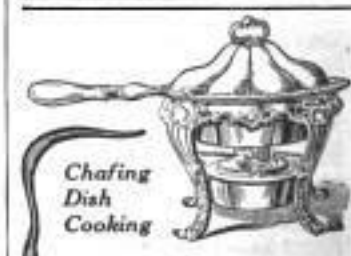


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A Message to the 300,000 Traveling Men of America

SOME fine day, Mr. Traveling Man, you'll wake up and find out what a punch you have. You don't begin to realize what a real power you are. There are three hundred thousand of you, and you spend about ten dollars a day each in expenses. That is three million dollars a day, and that alone should give you tremendous weight.

But that is not where your real power lies. You are one of the biggest, active, progressive forces in American life. You have the promotive spirit. Every one of you is boosting something. You fairly radiate the spirit of enterprise. I am a cigar manufacturer and I don't know what I wouldn't give to have you men, as a class, talking for and pushing my cigars.

Why, Men, anything that has you Traveling Men back of it is bound to win. You could swing a national election if you were united.

Yet, while you are doing big things in a big way and carrying the spirit of progress far and wide, you are imposed upon in a good many ways. Each one of you gives up enough, in tips alone, to support a family. I'll bet you scatter $300,000 a day in tips. Of course,



The "expectant hand" is everywhere in some hotels. A traveling man's tips would support a family.

some of these tips you give willingly, but isn't it a fact that you are practically held up for money by porters, bell boys and waiters, in Pullman cars and hotels, from one end of the country to the other?

Where Do the Tips Go?

Ninety per cent of the hotels of this country are supported by the Traveling Men, yet many of them are not content to charge you a fair price, but your tips are depended on to pay most of the wages of the help. This tipping evil has grown to an enormous extent, and I am glad to know that some of the Traveling Men's Associations have now a movement on foot to check it. I hope they will be able to do it, and I am mighty sure they will if you three hundred thousand men get together and exercise your enormous power.

There is another unreasonable condition you have to put up with. That is, the methods of cigar stands in many hotels where you go. It is only fair to the proprietors of these stands to say that they usually have to pay enormous rents and they can't get it back with the ordinary profit on a cigar. To make a bigger profit they frequently sell private brand cigars instead of the well-known brand which you would prefer.

Of course, every dealer has a right to conduct his business as he likes. But it would be better business for him to sell good cigars at a fair price, because he would sell more.

Take my cigar, the Rigoletto, for instance. I sell the Rigoletto cigar to dealers at a price which permits it to be sold, everywhere, at a fair profit. I have had lots of dealers ask me to put up this cigar under another name so that they could sell it at fifteen or twenty cents. I refuse to do this.

The Rigoletto has one price and one quality. I put into it the costliest tobacco and the best workmanship that can be had. It is a wonderful cigar. It sells rapidly and makes big business for every dealer who handles it.

Since I began to advertise the Rigoletto in this weekly last fall, I have had thousands of letters from Traveling Men all over the country asking me to send them quantities of this cigar. That is why I am addressing this to you Traveling Men. I want you to be able to get the Rigoletto wherever you want it. I want you all to try it, because I know that when you have smoked it and find out what a good cigar it is, you will recommend it to your friends and carry the news of it far and wide. In other words, I know that when you have tried the Rigoletto it will get the benefit of the great promotive, progressive influence which you Traveling Men carry. I want you to be able to buy the Rigoletto cigar at every hotel cigar stand, in dining cars and in every good cigar store from Eastport to San Diego.

Duck the Unknown Brands

It is already sold very widely, but, frankly, some dealers would rather handle an unknown brand on which you couldn't possibly guess the profit, and, when you can't guess the profit, you bet your boots you can't guess whether the cigar is worth what you pay for it or only half as much.

Ask for the Rigoletto at the next hotel stand you pass or the next corner cigar store. If you can't find it, send me a dollar and I'll send you ten cigars prepaid so you can know exactly how it smokes. This is only a get-acquainted offer. I'm not doing a mail order business, and I cannot supply you direct from the factory regularly. But I want you to try this cigar and I know you will then ask for it at cigar stands and stores.

You'll do this because you will know the Rigoletto. You will know it is always the one price—always full value and always a



This is the answer. Ask for the Rigoletto.



Some cigar stands prefer to sell private brands on which you can't guess the profit

rattling good smoke for yourself or to give away to your friends.

In other words, Mr. Traveling Man, I am going to do what I can to standardize the cigar business, and I want you to help me. This is the first definite plan to make one high-quality cigar, in four popular shapes, standard at 10 cents throughout the United States, but I am going to do it. I am going to clear up some of the dark and devious ways of the cigar business and put it on a fair and square money's-worth-for-money, know-what-you-are-getting basis.

I am going to tell you in these pages some things about cigar making and cigar selling that you never dreamed of. I am going to tell you things that lots of cigar dealers don't know. Look out for my advertisements in future issues of this weekly. They will make interesting reading.

Use the Power You Have

I am depending upon you three hundred thousand Traveling Men to put in a few licks to help me. Buying the Rigoletto and asking for it, and telling your friends to buy it, you are going to help my business. But I want you to know that you are also going to help yourself a whole lot. Your influence counts with these hotels and cigar stands. It is your money that keeps them going and if you ask for a cigar and ask for it as if you meant to have it, that cigar dealer is going to put that cigar in, even if he does not make quite so big a profit on it.

I tell you, Men, this is a big question. Like the tipping graft, it is not a question of spending a little extra money here and there, but it is the principle of getting your money's worth for what you pay. It is the principle of putting the details of traveling on a sound basis. Your expenses may be paid by the firm directly, but you pay them indirectly because your income depends on keeping down your expenses to a reasonable basis.

You owe it to yourself to help settle these questions. You can't do it alone by a little good-natured growling. You have to take a stand.

E. A. Kline

President
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After The Winter, Your Skin Needs Refreshing.

Examine your skin closely

See if the pores have become large and clogged; if it has lost its smoothness; if it has grown colorless.

The constant strain imposed upon the skin during the winter months when we eat heavy foods and take almost no exercise, makes it unable to withstand such trying conditions. Each spring it needs *refreshing*.

To refresh your skin

Woodbury's Facial Soap re-supplies what is exhausted from the skin by these conditions. If used regularly, Woodbury's arouses your skin, keeps it active, makes it glow with health.

Get a cake today. Notice its stimulating tonic effect the first time you use it. This is a promise of what its *steady use* will do. Woodbury's costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their *first cake*.

Write today for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Facial Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder. For 50c, a copy of the Woodbury Book on the care of the skin and scalp and samples of the Woodbury preparations. The Andrew Jergens Co., 2603 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.



Woodbury's Facial Soap

For Sale by Dealers Everywhere

AN OLD WOMAN IN THE OLD WORLD

(Concluded from Page 35)

beside your door with a long spear shining in the lamplight. He unlocks it for you and says: "Adios!"—God go with you!—as you ascend, looking back to see him still smiling and his spear still glistening. Of course one is safer in a well-policed American city, but I doubt if one ever feels so delightfully safe.

Looking back over our long pilgrimage, I do not know yet what to say in conclusion about the women in the Old World, what to prophesy. One thing is certain, the new women are facing a crisis everywhere of which they do not seem to be sufficiently aware.

The suffragists are still somewhat in the air as to their ideals and the methods for accomplishing what they want. As we go along we face life, not a new or old theory of it, but life, and we must act accordingly, which is much more difficult than merely thinking out a solution or organizing a procession in the interest of this new suffrage. And just here the women come face to face with an obstacle that they overlook. Men like one woman at a time, not ten thousand with a brass band leading them.

I am far from wishing to stir up any neurasthenic apocryphal sect, but I have always thought it a matter for regret that Our Lord did not call at least one woman to be His disciple. In these days we should have been profoundly interested, say, in the Gospel according to Martha. And I doubt if women would have had then so many prejudices to combat as Paul put in against them. Paul was a good man and did the best he could, better than any man could who is not divinely inspired. But though there is no limit to divine inspiration, my observation is that there are amazing limits to a man's capacity for acting up to it. Paul acted up to all the times would stand in that day. But we have come somehow upon very different times in this century. The oriental estimate of women is no longer large enough, or at least they do not think it is.

Of one thing we may be reasonably sure—the women will get suffrage in that nation where the men make the least love to them. This indicates England, of course. Women always see themselves the way they look in men's eyes. So long as that image indicates adoration and tender flattery, they are contented. But when it becomes an exact, realistic, less and less complimentary negative they find the discontent to rise and to rebel against the conditions no longer to be endured. In those countries where there are the greatest number of advanced women in proportion to the whole sex, you will also find the men most indifferent, least faithful to feminine charms, the greatest number of bachelors who are only casual lovers. The men in Spain, for example, do not make good husbands, but they do become husbands, most of them. And they are the most fascinating lovers in the world. They have a practiced and highly developed gift for framing those humble, adoring speeches so dear to the hearts of us all, and so long as Spanish women are the objects of this passionate eloquence they will never "advance." They will endure frightful privations, sorrows, infidelities, for the sake of the hope they have of men simply as their lovers. In Italy the same conditions hold fast. Here I am reliably informed that platonic friendships actually exist between men and women for a lifetime; that signora may be an honorable married woman and still have an affinity. I set that down here for what it is worth. It seems to me not only reasonable, but natural, that a middle-aged woman would prefer an eloquent, faithful soul like this to a lover. But somehow I could never make up my mind that a man of any age would become this kind of a sublimated being. It may be that Italian men are different. They do not look it; but I am willing to give them the benefit of the doubt.

The point is, if they really exist there they will retard the movement for woman suffrage longer than all the other traditions put together. A woman will always sacrifice her own rights and the rights of her unborn granddaughters to pose as the ideal of a devoted man.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth and last of a series of articles by Corra Harris.

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THE CHECKERBOARD TABLE

(Continued from Page 6)

inches behind her. Here they were tacked to the floor. As a final measure of security a spool of silk thread was wound in numberless coils round the psychic and the chair, in such fashion that a movement on her part would have snapped the frail cord.

"The table was moved beyond the psychic's reach but directly in front of her. In its center was placed the tin megaphone which the psychic herself provided, but which, subjected to the closest scrutiny, revealed nothing out of the ordinary. A tag with the price, seventy-nine cents, was glued inside, and to err on the side of safety this was carefully scraped off. At the psychic's direction we also placed in the center of the table the photograph of a gentleman, some years deceased, from whom the psychic hoped to receive a message.

"The table was the Checkerboard one used in the previous sittings. This table, as mentioned in the accounts of the earlier phenomena, had been made some years before by the psychic's control, Adolph Degelman, and presented to the writer's father. This opens an interesting field of speculation. Do our spirits return to hover over and round that which interested us most on the earth plane? Does the spirit of the great artist linger lovingly over his masterpiece? Does the little girl's spirit still live in her sampler or her doll?"

[This is a very uncomfortable theory. I have slept for years under a quilt made by my grand-aunt Mary Hill. Would the man who loved pigs during earth life have to pass his spirit life in a pig-pen?—L. M.]

"The circle was arranged as on the previous evening. The writer held the right hand of the psychic as it was fastened against her breast. The writer's other hand was placed lightly on the table. On the left side of the psychic Mr. Sands occupied the same position. Next to him on his left was Miss Lizzie Maitland with both hands on the table. Beyond Miss Maitland was placed Hannah Thompson, an old and trusted servant, thoroughly reliable and without imagination. Hannah's left hand touched the writer's right.

"By the time everything was in order the psychic was in an unspiritual frame of mind. Possibly owing to this the first two hours were without result. The psychic groaned and twisted and complained bitterly of her wrists and ankles. Hannah Thompson grew impatient after the first hour and only with the greatest difficulty was induced to keep her place. At five minutes after ten the psychic declared that Adolph was in the room, but she was unable to locate him. Shortly after that she reported the floor throbbing under her feet, a phenomenon not observed by the rest of the party. At ten-thirty she went into a trance state, muttering 'Adolph' at intervals, but not replying to questions. At eleven o'clock the real phenomena began to occur."

V

I PREFER to describe what occurred myself. Tish and I differ on one or two points. For instance, Tish still maintains that the megaphone was floating above the surface of the table when the voices began. I am positive it was not. The room was dark, but the megaphone lay exactly between me and the gray rectangle of the window. I do not believe it lifted an inch.

Aggie had been in her trance for half an hour, during which she had sneezed twice but had only roused enough to ask Tish to wipe her eyes for her, when suddenly the table began to tremble. "Ah," said Charlie Sands, "is that you, Adolph?"

The trembling ceased immediately, but from back of Aggie's chair in the cabinet came a sort of scratching noise.

"Are you there, Tom?" asked Aggie in a trembling whisper. Tom was Mr. Wiggins. There was no answer and the scratching stopped at once. I could feel Charlie Sands straighten up next to me.

"Is somebody here?" he asked.

And a muffled voice that we had never heard before said "Yes."

"Is it Tom?" asked Charlie, who hadn't any idea who Tom was.

"No," whispered throatily from the megaphone or just beside it.

"Who is here?"

"Ida."

"What Ida?"

"Ida Forsyth."

"Do you mean she is in this room?"

"No."

Aggie leaned forward and glared through the darkness at Charlie Sands.

"If this séance is to go on," she said disagreeably, "you will let me do the questioning or I'll get up and leave."

"Good heavens," he objected, "why do you talk and spoil it all? Besides, if you're the medium you'll have to go back into your trance. You can't be the whole show."

"Are you there, Tom?" said Aggie defiantly.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run!

said the muffled voice. And then it laughed, an awful, choking, muffled ha-ha that was worse to hear than a yell. Every hair on me stood straight up.

"Now listen," said Charlie Sands soberly. "We want to help Ida. Do you understand? We will help her. We won't let anything happen to her."

"That's what they all say," said the voice.

"What made Ida leave home?" asked Charlie Sands.

"Peaches!"

The peaches seemed to be a sort of joke, for it laughed again.

The idea of carrying a sense of humor to the great beyond hadn't occurred to me before, but if we do take it along it will make Heaven more endurable.

"Do you really mean peaches?"

"No. It was some sort of poison."

"Who gave it to her?"

"She didn't take it. That's one on you!"

"Who tried to give it to her?"

"Now you're talking!" said the voice. "Martin St. John."

I gasped and Charlie Sands clutched my hand.

"Why?"

"Money, of course."

"Who sent Mrs. St. John the special-delivery letter?"

The answer came at once, "I did." But Charlie Sands said it was probably meant for "Ida."

"Ida was living then?" he asked.

"She still lives."

"You're doing that yourself, Charlie Sands!" Tish said suddenly.

"By all I hold sacred," he replied excitedly, "I couldn't do it if I wanted to! Adolph, was the letter the cause of Mrs. St. John shooting herself?"

There was no answer to this, but a sort of sob seemed to come out of the megaphone.

"Can't you bring Thomas Wiggins, Adolph," asked Aggie plaintively from her side of the table. "You'd recognize him by the picture on the table."

"Wiggins!" said the voice. "What a name! Wiggins! Wiggins! Wiggins!" And went off into peals of muffled laughter. The laughter seemed to get farther and farther away and then died in a sort of gasp.

For ten minutes Charlie Sands asked question after question, but the horn lay perfectly still and nothing happened.

He was angry. He said that Aggie had broken up the current, or whatever it was, just as he was getting what he wanted. Aggie was fearfully offended, of course, and wanted to be cut loose and put to bed. But Tish said it was still early and perhaps at midnight we should get something more; that the other world seemed to get busy at midnight.

Hannah had been twisting and wriggling, and now she declared she was cold and her tooth was killing her. So we let her go to bed. Charlie Sands tried to coax her to stay, but she was downright nasty about it and finally we had to let her go. She stumbled out of the room and down the hall as if she'd been asleep and we heard her door slam behind her.

Charlie Sands wanted to go too, but Tish insisted that we try again. Nothing happened for almost an hour. We'd agreed that we would not speak at all for sixty minutes, and that no matter what occurred we would not break the circuit.

What followed I quote from Tish's report:

"Hannah Thompson having left the circle there was some doubt as to what we could accomplish with a smaller battery.

"Just before the clocks struck twelve the psychic, Miss Pilkington, complained in a low whisper of cold air blowing from

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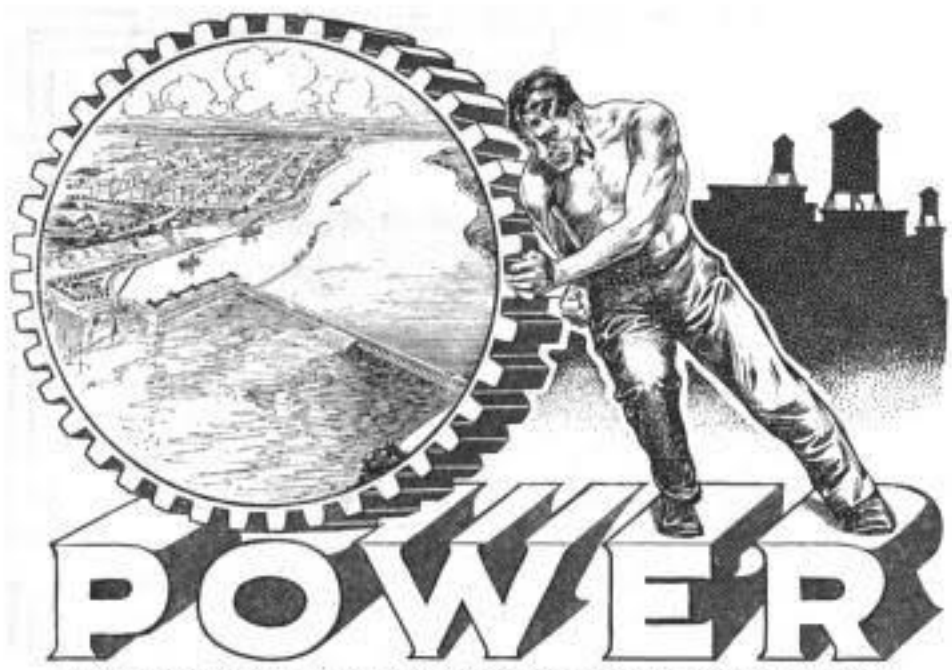
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the cabinet. Almost immediately after, as the town clock announced midnight, the portière of the cabinet blew directly over the psychic's head, enveloping her completely. The chair overturned with a crash, throwing the bell and other articles to the floor, and a huge, luminous figure, indeterminate in line, emerged from immediately behind the psychic, crossed the room uncertainly and noiselessly and vanished in the darkness of the hallway, leaving behind it an unmistakable odor of tuberoses—that most funereal of flowers. I mention the odor because in the celebrated Myra Jones materializations the fragrance of heliotrope was invariably present.

"Mr. Sands left the table immediately, against the advice of the writer, and hurried into the hallway. He found nothing, however, and returned to the circle much bewildered. Ten minutes later, nothing new having developed and the psychic sneezing continuously from excitement and fright, the sitting was declared at an end and the lights were turned on.

"The connecting door was closed as before and from beyond we could hear a child crying. The rolling-pin, bell and clothespins lay on the floor beside the chair, which had been overturned and pushed to the left. The psychic was found as she had been left, her arms securely fastened and the silk threads unbroken. One of the tapes behind her chair had been torn from its fastening, however, the end being frayed as if from a powerful jerk. The tack remained in position.

"Mr. Sands insisted on making a search of the apartment, but found nothing. The megaphone remained in its original position and bore no traces of its remarkable experience. The photograph of Mr. Wiggins, however, was found on the floor under the chair originally occupied by Hannah Thompson.

"The writer has reported the phenomena exactly as they occurred. They are not unique, but they present two unusual features—the rapid development of Miss Pilkington as a psychic and the occurrence of materialization—for so we must regard the last phase—while the medium was not in trance, after only three sittings, and not only without the volition of the psychic but absolutely against her desire."

VI

CHARLIE SANDS slept on the sofa in Tish's parlor that night, and when we wakened he had gone without waiting for breakfast. Perhaps under the circumstances it was as well, for Tish, going to the kitchen for her morning cup of hot water and a dash of salt, found nobody there and Hannah's room empty.

On the dining-room table, however, we found a note written on coarse yellow paper.

"Dear Miss Carberry," it said, "I have been called away by urgent business, but I expect to return in time to prepare the dinner. Hannah."

"'Urgent business,'" sniffed Tish. "'Prepare the dinner!' Look at that writing! Hannah Thompson never wrote that!"

"Who did?" asked Aggie, who had come out in her kimono to ask me to make her a cup of tea.

"After what happened in this apartment last night I give it up." Tish went into the kitchen and rattled at the stove, and when she came back it was clear she had made up her mind to something.

"I've got something to say to you, Agatha, and you might as well hear it now," she said. "You're in with a bad crowd. I know it isn't your fault, but it's true. I'm not going to have any more murderers round here, and you can tell Adolph that for me. I don't know that I blame Hannah for leaving."

Aggie put down her teacup and stared at her. "Good heavens!" she said. "The Checkerboard Table isn't mine, is it?"

"It was a perfectly respectable table up to three days ago," Tish commented viciously, slamming the plates on to the table. "I've been a good friend to you, Aggie, for thirty years or more. But when it comes to having a disembodied spirit turned loose in my apartment, driving away my servant and perhaps hiding in a cupboard where it can come out at midnight and rattle its bones at me, I don't like it."

"How can a disembodied spirit rattle its bones?" I asked facetiously. I thought we needed humor that morning. But they paid no attention to me.

Aggie was wiping her eyes.

"You got me into it, Tish," she sniffled. "And as for H-Hannah, she says she'll be back."

"Back!" repeated Tish furiously. "I don't want the hussy back. Who do you suppose wrote that note?"

We both stared at her. There was something in her voice.

"Ch-Charlie Sands?" Aggie ventured.

"Humph!" said Tish in disgust. "Can you see Charlie Sands eloping with Hannah Thompson? I tell you I lay that communication to the same evil spirit that has taken control of you, Aggie—to Adolph!"

Aggie turned perfectly white.

"Adolph!" she said, stunned. "Then where is Hannah?"

"How do I know?" Tish shrugged her shoulders. "In some cemetery probably. She's been man-crazy for ten years. Where did Adolph go last night after he materialized?"

"They don't generally go anywhere, do they?" I asked uneasily. "They—they dissolve, don't they?"

"He went to Hannah's room," Tish affirmed and shut her jaws with a snap. "Do you recall that the minx refused to open her door after Charlie Sands had searched every other corner?"

"She was in bed," I protested. "Goodness knows, Tish, after keeping her up half of the night and with a toothache, too, she ought to be allowed the privacy of her own room."

Tish snapped her fingers at me and at that moment we both noticed Aggie. She had two red spots in her cheeks and her eyes seemed to have sunk into her head.

"I don't think it was Adolph!" she said, leaning forward and looking at us with a sort of haggard desperation. "It—it wasn't a man!"

"Humph!" sniffed Tish. "It was fully six feet high; if ever I saw a murderous figure it was that one."

And then Aggie suddenly burst into hysterical weeping and had to be taken back and put to bed. I have never seen her in such a state. She kept muttering between sobs something about having felt queer ever since the portières had gone over her head and about a strange sensation of emptiness in her left side. We were badly frightened. Tish made a plaster of mustard and held it to her side, and I put cold cloths to the back of her neck and a hot iron to her feet.

She stopped sobbing finally, and lay in a sort of stupor for ten minutes or so, when she suddenly plucked off the plaster and flung it to the floor. "I am going to die," she wailed. "They always die! I've been reading about it since dawn. When you separate the astral from its human habitat, and it doesn't come back, you die! Oh, Tish, Tish!"

Well, it was a terrible situation if she was right; and both of us had seen a figure materialize from just behind her, and it had not come back. We sat there perfectly helpless—Aggie without her astral body and none of us with the least idea of how to recover it for her. And if you know Aggie, and how helpless and impractical she is, you will realize how forlorn her astral must be, floating round through space and knocking at one human body after another and not finding its proper home.

We gave her some blackberry cordial and put her on the couch in Tish's room by the fire. She said that, except for the emptiness in her left side round her heart, she didn't feel ill, but that she realized that she was close to the other world. We gave her Mr. Wiggins' picture to hold, and left her with her hands crossed on her breast over it. Then we went out and closed the door, and stared at each other hopelessly in the hall.

Well, we straightened up the apartment, although we had no heart for the work, and Tish cut up a chicken for broth for Aggie. But both of us felt the absurdity of nursing the shell when the spirit was wandering round somewhere in outer darkness.

Just before noon Tish found the Theosophical Society in the telephone book, and got the secretary on the wire. She explained that, during certain experiments—she had to concede they were rash in view of our inexperience—a refined and cultured woman of middle life had lost her astral body, and was there anything he could advise us over the phone to do to recover it.

The young man at the other end of the wire seemed to be puzzled, Tish said, and she had to repeat it all over again, word for word. He seemed so interested that Tish was quite hopeful; but after all, it seems

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that Tish had the wrong number and that the young man was merely amusing himself *with* our predicament, for when Tish asked him the usual procedure in such cases, he said to say "Eenie, meenie, minie, *mo*" *three* times at midnight, and then advertise in the "lost" column of any good newspaper.

At noon the doorbell rang, and I opened the door. Before me stood a nice-looking young man, very bald, but pleasant.

"Miss Carberry?" he asked.

"She's busy. I'll take any message," I said.

"I'm from the Chronicle," he said. "Do you mind if I ask you a few questions?"

"It depends on the questions."

"Oh, the questions are all right. It is true, I suppose, that Miss Ida Forsyth has spent the last two days here?"

"What?"

"Miss Forsyth," he explained patiently; "Miss Carberry is a relative, is she not? The early edition of the Star says that Miss Forsyth has been with Miss Carberry, ill."

Well, I took him back to Tish in the dining room, and we read the Star, which he had with him, and learned that Miss Forsyth had had an attack of temporary loss of memory, had wandered to Tish's apartment, Tish being an old friend of her mother's, that we had nursed her back to health and reason, and that she had now gone back, fully recovered, to help take care of her sister!

My name was there in cold type and so was Aggie's. It was astounding. We got rid of the reporter finally, and Tish sat down on the hatrack in the hall and read the article aloud to me slowly. Miss Forsyth said she was glad to be back, that we'd been most kind to her and that there was no mystery about her disappearance. That we had been so busy nursing her that we had not even seen the newspapers.

I do not know just when the idea came to us or which got it first. But if Aggie was right, and she had freed her astral body, only to lose it, was it not at least possible that the poor thing, finding itself homeless, had taken on the form of the missing girl—perhaps, indeed, had found her dead body and clothed itself with it?

I broke into a cold sweat.

As Tish said later, we deserved it all for playing with forces we knew nothing of. She said the most terrible thing to her was to think of the astral of a spinster of fifty suddenly turned loose in a young and beautiful body, a body that did not hang up its curves at night or go over its chin with tweezers every Sunday morning. If this were the case, Aggie's astral was lost to her for good. We both felt it.

At three o'clock Aggie smelled the chicken broth and came back to the kitchen where Tish and I were sitting in stricken silence. She said the feeling of something missing was stronger than ever. We coaxed her to have the broth and she took it, but her air of hopeless detachment never left her. Tish said it was heartbreaking, and it was.

Then at five o'clock Hannah Thompson came back!

She walked into the kitchen defiantly and asked Tish if she should go, or if she should take off her things and get the dinner. Tish looked at her severely.

"Can you give me your word as an honest woman that you have not done anything today that you are ashamed of?" she asked.

But Hannah only stared at her. Then, without any warning, she burst into tears and went into her room and slammed the door.

Aggie took the broth and four toasted crackers and went back to her couch, and soon Tish and I followed her. Aggie said she had read somewhere of a man whose astral body had been released during a séance, and by somebody jumping up, as Charlie Sands had done, the frail bond had been snapped and the astral left wandering. And that night the man's wife dreamed that she saw the poor lost astral body trying to get over a fence to escape the attacks of a savage bulldog.

When she wakened her husband was dead beside her, and there were marks of teeth on his legs!

VII

THE early part of the evening passed somehow. Hannah cooked and served dinner sulkily, and refused to answer any questions as to where she had been during the day. Aggie ate a pork chop and a sweet potato at dinner, and seemed to feel more resigned although not cheerful.

We put her to bed after dinner, and she asked us to place Tom's picture under her pillow, which we did; and Tish dropped a tear on Mr. Wiggins' nose so that to this minute he has a Cyrano de Bergerac appearance, only a little to one side.

At seven-thirty Hannah answered the bell, and said that the druggist from next door wanted to speak to Tish in the parlor, and looking rather startled Tish went to see him. I followed.

He was a tall, cadaverous-looking man, with a sandy beard cut to a point, and he had a package under his arm. Tish said afterward that the moment she saw the package she grew dizzy.

"Good evening, Miss Carberry," said the druggist.

Tish bowed.

He took the package from under his arm and fingered it nervously.

"I—I want to ask you to say nothing of this to Mrs. Schmidt," he said, swallowing hard. "Fortunately I discovered it myself in my closet. Mrs.—er—Mrs. Schmidt is of a nervous temperament."

He held out the package to Tish and she eyed it sternly.

"I'm nervous myself," she said coldly. "Perhaps you'd better open it."

He hesitated, then he drew a long breath and snapped the string with a lean forefinger. The paper fell open, disclosing something white. Tish gasped as Mr. Schmidt solemnly shook out the folds, held it out and stared at it accusingly. It was one of Tish's nightgowns, with her full name on it in ink.

Mr. Schmidt eyed us both somberly.

"If Mrs. Schmidt had found it," he said, "it would have been horrible, ladies, horrible!"

"Good Heavens!" Tish said, and snatched the thing from him. "You don't suppose I took it in there and hung it up myself, do you?"

But Mr. Schmidt was fumbling in his overcoat pocket. In a moment he brought forth something and held it out to us, with his face slightly averted. It was a shell hairpin.

"Mrs. Schmidt found this," he said painfully. "She—she uses wire ones. The unfortunate thing is that she—er—left the city a day or two before I could follow, and she—she is of a nervous temperament."

Tish opened her mouth but no words came.

"I—I hope, if she inquires, Miss Carberry, that you will say positively, no matter what the facts are, that you were not in my—our—apartments during her absence."

He got out his handkerchief and mopped his forehead. Then he turned to the door and opened it.

"I guess I'd better explain that that wasn't the right mattress for that bed. The other is away being renovated. If I'd known beforehand you'd have been more comfortable."

With that he went slowly out and we heard him tiptoeing down the hall past his own door. Tish and I were left with the nightgown between us; and with rage and humiliation Tish broke down, and I saw her cry for the first time since we helped Aggie lay Mr. Wiggins away—twenty-five years before.

As she said when she got her breath, to have lived a perfectly virtuous life for fifty years and then to have the corner druggist, who was privately known to serve whisky in soda water with as little compunction as he did castor oil—to have this man return to her an intimate piece of wearing apparel and accuse her of hanging it in his closet and compromising him. It was too much!

"But how did it get there?" I asked. "It's the one I made you for visiting day in the hospital the time you broke your arm."

Tish looked at me hopelessly.

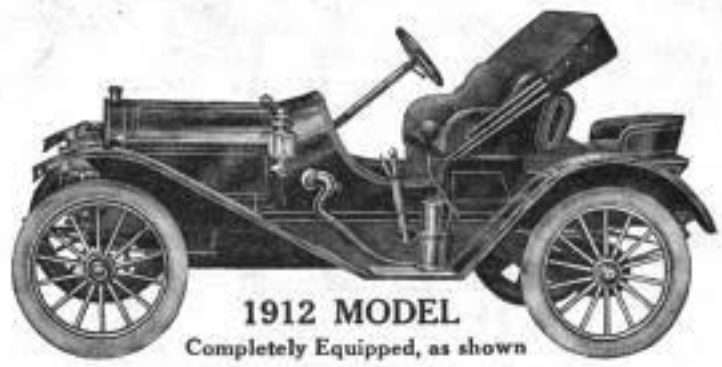
"Lizzie," she said solemnly, "I haven't a word against Aggie; she's a perfectly good woman; but there isn't any question in my mind but that Adolph Degelman is making this place a rendezvous. And I won't have it. Either Aggie gives up Adolph or—I give up Aggie."

We went into Tish's room and she put the nightgown in a drawer and locked it; but before she did she cut the laundry mark off. She said, with truth, that she had no certainty that the thing would not go wandering again, and she would run no further risk of being compromised.

At ten o'clock, when we were ready for bed, Charlie Sands came. He had a basket

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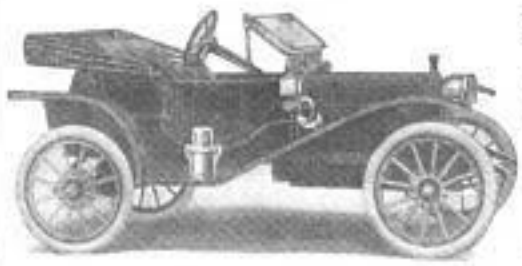
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over his arm and he led the way to the parlor, turned on the lights, and pulling out the Checkerboard Table placed his basket on it.

"Where's the psychic?" he asked.

"In bed, poor soul," said Tish. "She's had a horrible experience. The—the thing that she materialized last night did not come back, Charlie."

"What's that?" he said, pausing in the act of taking the paper off the basket.

So then we told him about Aggie's astral body, and he sat looking at us in astonishment. We told him about the "gone" feeling in her side and about the man and the bulldog, and he seemed to get more puzzled all the time.

"When was all this?" he asked finally.

"When a thing materialized behind poor Aggie, threw the portière over her head and vanished into nothing in the hall," Tish explained. "It's perfectly true, although the man at the Theosophical Society thought I was joking."

"The Theosophical Society!" said Charlie Sands, and then he fell into a chair and began to emit one wild whoop after another, beating time with his legs on the floor. "Oh, suffering cats, the Theosophical Society!"

Well—not to keep the reader in suspense any longer—it was not Aggie's astral body at all. It was Miss Ida Forsyth, who was hiding in the druggist's apartment during his absence. It seems that he'd been on a visit with his wife and baby, and his wife's sister's children developed whooping cough, so they had to come home a week sooner than they expected. Which accounts for her appearing as she did.

We wakened Aggie and told her the good news, and she felt better at once. She asked if there was any baked custard left from dinner, and we got it for her, and she ate it in the parlor, clothed in a blanket, while Charlie Sands told his story.

"First of all," he said, "yours truly is some nifty detective. Clews! I've got 'em by the basketful."

"Why do you want clews?" asked Aggie from the custard.

But, instead of answering, he opened the basket and laid out on the table the stiffened body of a blue Persian cat. Beside it he put some pieces of broken glass, a half-burned letter, a photograph of a very pretty girl, a partly decayed peach and a leaf from a small notebook.

"Now, then," he said, "we'll call these exhibits A, B, C, and so forth. We'll start with the glass.

"Exhibit A—pieces of glass from a broken water-pitcher, *hoffentlich* still containing some crystals of cyanide of potassium."

"Cyanide!" said Aggie triumphantly. "S-I-A-N, of course."

"That's not the way to spell it," snapped Tish, and Aggie looked crestfallen.

"Exhibit B," said Charlie Sands, "one of a number of peaches placed in close proximity to the said pitcher of poison, to cover the peach odor, and both placed beside Miss Forsyth's bed by an unscrupulous brother-in-law."

"To kill her?" asked Aggie breathless.

"Well, I dare say he had thought of that," said Charlie Sands, "only she had a good combination of nose and brains. She sniffed the pitcher and then flung it out of the window.

"Exhibit C—one dead Persian cat, result of said flinging of pitcher and contents out of the window. The cat's name was Omar."

Aggie could no longer be restrained.

"Adolph told you all that before," she exulted, "and you wouldn't believe him. 'Omar,' 'cyanide,' 'peaches' and 'pain'—we got them all."

"Exactly," said Charlie Sands. "Good old sleuth!" He patted the Checkerboard Table, and positively the thing seemed to wriggle with pride under his hand.

"Exhibit D," he said, holding up the half-burned letter, "a little *billet-doux* to Mrs. St. John, acquainting her with the fact that in order to get Miss Forsyth's money her husband had tried to murder her sister by poisoning her. An injudicious epistle, written in the heat of rage, on receipt of which Mrs. St. John tried to shoot herself. The letter is signed 'Hannah Thompson.'"

We were all three on our feet in a moment, but he held up his hand for silence.

"Exhibit E—a photograph of Miss Forsyth—another peach!" He put it in his pocket after a lingering look at it.

"Exhibit F—leaf of my notebook in which I find the following entry: 'Barnes, night man on Leslie Street beat, saw woman in motor coat climb steps to Aunt Letitia's porch at four A. M. Tuesday morning. She sat on porch for half an hour, then was admitted by somebody from within. Thought at the time by Officer Barnes to have been my aunt Letitia.'"

We were speechless.

He waved his hand at the various exhibits; then he turned to us with his winning smile.

"Exhibit G is in bed by this time, I suppose. I refer to Hannah, the medium."

"Hannah!" said Aggie, sitting up suddenly. "Do you mean to insinuate ——"

But Tish had risen solemnly and was staring at him.

"Then it was Miss Forsyth who hung my nightgown in Mr. Schmidt's cupboard!" she said. "The—the minx!"

Well, of course you know the story—how Charlie Sands, who says he'd suspected from the start, followed the figure that materialized behind Aggie and saw it slip into Hannah's room; how he'd waited until dawn and surprised Hannah trying to smuggle out a young woman, presumably the figure, and had recognized Miss Forsyth. How the two broke down and told the story of Mr. St. John's villainy, and that the girl was going to try to get off by a ship that sailed that day.

But Charlie Sands persuaded her to go back to Melrose instead, with Hannah and himself, and to face St. John. So they had gone, and although Charlie Sands had enough evidence in the basket to send the man to prison for life they had let him get away, on his wife's account. And with that Miss Forsyth goes out of the story, although not out of our lives, for Charlie Sands is going to marry her.

Tish is quite anxious for the match, being of the opinion that the newspaper life is full of temptations. Aggie demurred, objecting that Tish's nephew would be brother-in-law to a man who was a murderer at heart. But Tish gave her one withering look.

"That's better than being controlled by a murderer," she snapped. And that takes me back to Adolph.

We do not believe in Charlie Sands' theory that Hannah is a true psychic, that she went into a trance at each of the two sittings and replied to questions while in that condition, the first night moving the table, the second night speaking.

He points out that the table only told us what Hannah already knew, and we are obliged to admit that one thing supports this theory. Hannah spells cyanide, S-I-A-N-I-D-E.

Charlie Sands explains the Omar incident in the same way, insisting that Miss Forsyth had seen the cat near the pool of poisoned water on the cement walk beneath her window, and had confided her anxiety to Hannah.

He quotes, in support of his theory, that Hannah was in a sound sleep at the end of each sitting and was difficult to rouse, and also that our "trumpet" voices might easily have been Hannah speaking through her bandage.

But people will go a long way to support their theories, and so we absolutely discredit his statement that as nothing was happening during the early part of the first séance at which he was present, he had himself manipulated the Checkerboard Table with his fingertips, causing it to perform various movements, and that until the question "Have you found out where Miss Forsyth is?" the phenomena were of his own creating.

But, on the other hand, what about the throbbing of the table that Aggie felt the first night when Hannah was not present? What about the tingling and pulling in her arms? What about the strange circumstance of her asking Adolph in her sleep to help her move the table, and our hearing a sound from the parlor as if it had been stealthily moved?

True, it may have been Hannah, but was it?

One sad fact remains out of our chaos of theories—Adolph has gone. No doubt his sensitive soul rebelled at the gibes of Charlie Sands, who persists to this moment in flippantly addressing the table as "Old Sleuth."

Adolph has gone, and without bringing Aggie any message from Mr. Wiggins. We meet sometimes at Tish's and sit round the Checkerboard Table. Sometimes it creaks a little and lately we have thought it vibrated at times. But Adolph, poor, sensitive, discredited spirit, has not come back.

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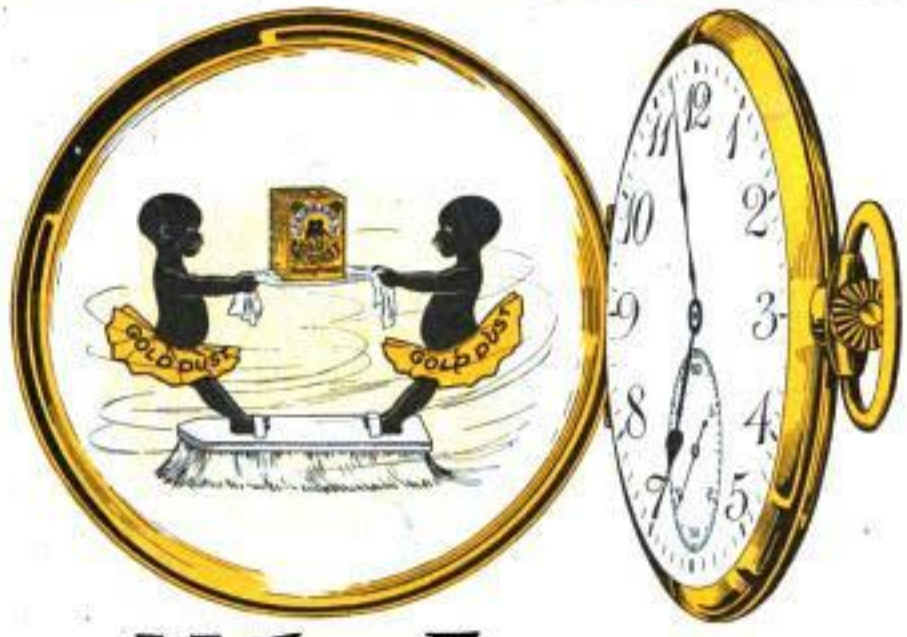
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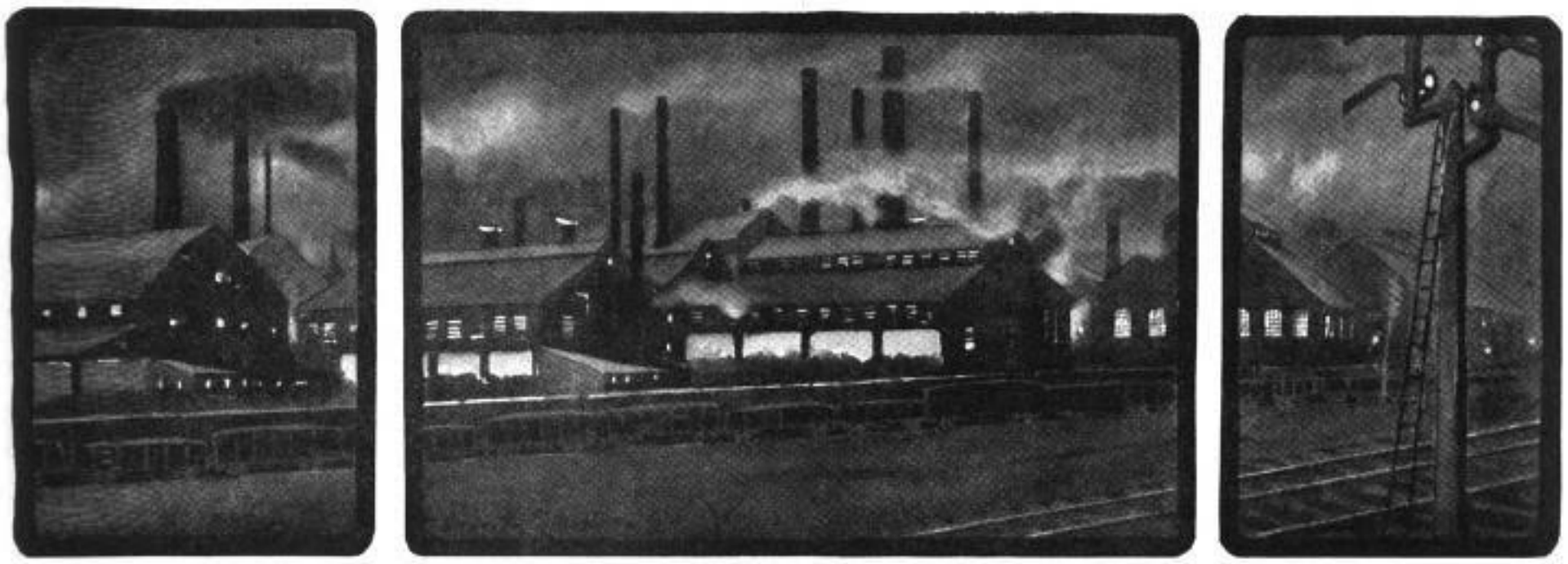
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Congress in the Twilight Zone

A GREAT ADO ABOUT TRUSTS—AND LITTLE DOING



By Henry Beach Needham

A BANKER of New York and a senator of the United States were discussing the public welfare. Quite naturally, perhaps, the banker's thoughts were centered in the problems affecting Big Business; while the senator, a Democrat, was seeking light on the action that Congress, in its wisdom, ought to take in regard to trust legislation. The banker was not groping in darkness.

"The first thing Congress should do," declared the banker with thorough assurance, "is to repeal the Sherman Law."

"Without arguing that point," said the senator good-naturedly, "I must tell you that there is not the slightest possibility of the repeal of the anti-trust law."

"That's it—that's just it—that's Congress all over!" exclaimed the banker; "cowardice! cowardice!"

"Hold on a minute," urged the senator, deftly pulling a high card from his sleeve, unnoticed by the banker. "Didn't you give out an interview in the New York press recently that comprised your solution of the trust problem?"

"Yes; I gave such an interview."

"As I recall it," said the senator, "you did not publicly advocate the repeal of the Sherman Law."

"Of course I didn't!" said the banker. "That wouldn't have been prudent."

The legislator is *cowardly*, whereas the man concerned with Big Business is *prudent*. Perhaps it's only a difference in terms. But at this writing the trust question is overburdened with terms, surcharged with "views," dissolved in "solutions," vexed with remedies—practical, legal, economic and quack—and about as clear as mud. It's no wonder that in every discussion of the troublesome problem there is invariably some mention of the "Twilight Zone."

The Twilight Zone! No one, not even the Supreme Court, has surveyed and staked out this territory of doubt, this region of legal miasma, this psychological *Hinterland*.

A twilight conscience lighted thro' a chink.

It must be a spooky spot, where captains of industry tread softly—if one may judge from their testimony—where corporation counsel guess rather than advise their clients, and where the Government Trustbuster, certainly prior to the year of dissolution nineteen hundred and ten, was wont to wield his big stick with nerveless uncertainty. But if the term "Twilight Zone" refers merely to an area abounding in fog then its capital has been moved from New York to Washington. "Groping" fittingly describes the attitude of Congress toward the trust question at the present time, and for the term I am indebted to the men who make our laws. The Goddess Uncertainty not only rules trade today but governs a large majority of our legislative agents.

"I am giving careful study to the great question"; or, "My ideas have not become crystallized so far"; or, "We must wait for the courts to work out this serious problem"; or, "The courts have failed to give the people adequate relief, therefore Congress must act—but act after due deliberation"—these are samples of the opinions expressed—"not for publication"—by senators and representatives. Constitutionally, Congress should look to the President for leadership. But, in the first place, Congress is divided against itself, with a Democratic House and an Insurgent-Standpat Republican Senate; and, in the second place, there appears to be in the Chief Executive's mind a Twilight Zone. Going back no farther than the first of the President's popgun messages to the second session of the Sixty-second Congress we find these two warring observations: "It [the Sherman Law] is not intended . . . to prevent the accumulation of large capital in business enterprises. . . . Mere size is no sin against the law." "When men attempt to amass such stupendous capital as will enable them to suppress competition, control prices and establish a monopoly they know the purpose of their acts."

Consistency is the argument of unprogressive minds. It should never be demanded in a public career if one looks for a growing man. But it might reasonably be expected in a single presidential utterance. From many of the statements contained in the President's message on trusts one might logically conclude that the Sherman Law ought to be repealed. Mr. Taft's conclusion is to the contrary. But he seems to believe, now, that it was a bad law until the Supreme Court interpreted it and thereby cleared the way for untrammeled competition. Notwithstanding, he also believes in supplemental legislation—sees in it "decided advantages"—legislation that will define what acts are lawful and what acts criminal under the conclusive rulings of the Supreme Court. Finally, he inclines to the belief that the courts should be relieved of the burden of regulating business, and that the executive branch of the Government should supervise and control through the medium of voluntary Federal incorporation.

A wide-awake theatrical press agent could glean from the President's message a variety of opinions calculated to bolster up any and every side of the trust question. That is why, perhaps, this many-sided document does not carry more weight with Congress. In the Senate the President's recommendations are practically ignored. By praising the Tobacco Trust decree as the "best ever" Mr. Taft seriously weakened any influence he might possibly have exerted. In the House the message is condemned by the Democrats, who are opposed to an extension of the Federal power. Standpat Republican congressmen called it an "admirable state paper"—and then willingly saw it pigeonholed because, as one leader expressed it, "Taft's Federal incorporation is deader'n a doornail." Obviously, therefore, leadership in trust legislation is not to come from the Titular Recommender.

For three weeks I followed the hearings before the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate. Every monopolistic enterprise, from the Bathtub Trust to the Money Trust, came in for a lashing. Kings of finance, talking much about the common good, and college professors, preaching efficiency in "big units," coincided in their recommendations to the committee. Senators interrogated, and from the form of their questions one could approximate the drift of the legislative mind. Up to the adjournment of Congress for the holidays this inquiry had resulted in 1430 pages of testimony. Averaging 530 words to the page, the grand total would amount to 757,900 words.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

In this wilderness of type one is particularly struck with the propensity of practical men to theorize—notably, George W. Perkins, formerly of the House of Morgan. Mr. Perkins is regarded as a practical business man of very wide experience, because of

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his prominent part in the formation of the Steel, Harvester and International Shipping combinations. But in his testimony the former Morgan partner appears as the theorist. Either he lacked the facility to draw on his own experiences for pertinent illustrations, or he felt constrained to clothe in mystery the trust formations in which he had been a masterbuilder.

"I have spent most of my life in what you might call corporation work," Mr. Perkins told the committee, "such as insurance companies, with the steel company and the harvester company and others like that. . . . While I was a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan and Company it was all in connection with corporation problems. Therefore I have had an exceptional opportunity to look into them and become acquainted with such problems; and they took me all over the world and I saw not only our problems but the other problems. And I gradually came to believe they are going to be the problems of our time and our country, and that they can be solved only by men who have had practical experience with them. As I was not especially ambitious to become—I am speaking quite frankly now—to become an enormously wealthy man, I thought I would be more interested in trying to lend a hand to the solution of some of these problems than to go on just simply from the standpoint of making money the rest of my life."

As Mr. Perkins made this statement with apparent sincerity it "listened well," and promised valuable assistance in the solution of the trust problem. And Mr. Perkins was not backward with his solution. He advised Congress to create "a business court or controlling commission, composed largely of experienced business men," with power to license corporations doing an interstate or international business. This license, he recommended, should "depend on the ability of the corporation to comply with conditions laid down by Congress . . . and with such regulations as may be prescribed by the commission itself." He insisted that a corporation so licensed should "secure the approval of said commission of all its affairs, from its *capitalization* to its *business practices*." He was prepared to "make the violation of such rules and regulations punishable by the *imprisonment of individuals*." The italics are the writer's.

Still he listened well. But on cross-examination Mr. Perkins proved a disappointment as a problem solver. The interrogatories of senators were largely devoted to the subject of overcapitalization; this was entirely warranted, inasmuch as Mr. Perkins had proposed to give his industrial commission power to pass on the corporations' capitalization. When the question of watered stock was raised Mr. Perkins lost his frankness. He began to hedge. Asked if the Steel Corporation, when launched, was not overcapitalized, he replied:

"My judgment is that it was not too much, in view of all that has been worked out. . . . It will always remain an interesting question of discussion as to whether the price that was paid for the companies that entered into that Steel Corporation was too much or too little."

How Mr. Perkins Hedged

MR. PERKINS preferred that it "remain an interesting question of discussion!" But the business of the committee was not to embalm in the record interesting questions of discussion. There followed then this colloquy:

SENATOR POMERENE: Assume that we had this industrial commission or court that you speak of, and you were one of the judges sitting on that court, and an application had been made to you by the promoters of the United States Steel Company for a license to do business. Do you think that, in view of the method in which these plants were taken in, a license should have been issued to them to organize that large concern?

MR. PERKINS: That exactly covers one of my points about a court. I think that if at that time we had had such a court the situation that existed could not have existed.

SENATOR POMERENE: But assuming that it did exist just as it did?

MR. PERKINS: I beg your pardon, sir; it could not have existed.

SENATOR POMERENE: That still does not answer my question. Were you sitting as a judge on that court, would you have issued a license to that combination?

MR. PERKINS: That is a question that it is impossible for me to answer unless I could have all the collateral evidence pertaining to the question before me and act on it.

SENATOR POMERENE: I ask you because I regard you as one of the greatest experts we have on that question.

MR. PERKINS: Thank you. But I think one of the hardest things to do is to put your mind back even in the frame it was a moment ago.

Mr. Perkins declined to answer—that's the point. He boasted of his wide experience; put himself forward as a practical business expert; and then refused to answer a vital question relating to a combination of which no one man knows more than he. The effect was to discredit utterly his testimony. In future when George W. Perkins essays to solve the trust problem he should be written down as a Pecksniffian theorist.

Louis D. Brandeis, the Boston lawyer, may be regarded by some practical business men as a theorist. He followed Mr. Perkins as a witness before the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate. For three days he held the attention of the committee. In all that time, unlike Mr. Perkins, he discarded theory and pounded away at the facts—incontrovertible facts. Incidentally, he demolished the theories of Mr. Perkins. For one thing—and this is of great importance in considering the trust problem—Mr. Brandeis demonstrated that efficiency does not necessarily go with corporate bigness; indeed there is a point in business expansion where efficiency breaks down.

"Success or failure of an enterprise," said Mr. Brandeis, "depends usually upon one man, upon the quality of one man's judgment and, above all things, his capacity to see what is needed and his capacity to direct others. Now, while organization has made it possible for the individual man to accomplish infinitely more than he could before, aided as he is by new methods of communication, by the stenographer, the telephone and system, still there is a limit to what one man can do well; for judgment must be exercised, and in order that judgment may be exercised wisely it must be exercised on facts and on a comprehension of the significance of the relevant facts. . . . When, therefore, you increase your business to a very great extent and the multitude of problems increase with its growth, you will find, in the first place, that the man at the head has a diminishing knowledge of the facts and, in the second place, a diminishing opportunity of exercising a careful judgment upon them. Furthermore—and this is one of the most important grounds of the inefficiency of large institutions—there develops a *centrifugal force greater than the centripetal force*. Demoralization sets in; a condition of lessened efficiency presents itself. These manifestations are found in most huge businesses—in the huge railroad systems as well as in the huge industrial concerns. These are disadvantages that attend bigness."

The Falling Off of Trust Business

MR. BRANDEIS proceeded to prove his case by concrete illustrations. First, the trusts that could not secure a domination of the industry—trusts that lacked the ability to control prices—have failed, like the Whisky, Cordage and Malting combinations; or have shown no marked success, like the Print Papers Trust (the International Paper Company), the Writing-Paper Trust (the American Writing-Paper Company), the Upper Leather Trust (the American Hide and Leather Company), the Union Bag Trust and the Sole Leather Trust. "You will find daily evidence of their lack of success," said Mr. Brandeis, "in market quotations of the common stock where they are quoted at all, and the common stock of some has even fallen below the horizon of a quotation."

Second, the trusts that have been markedly successful, like Standard Oil, the Shoe Machinery Trust and the Tobacco Trust, have succeeded through their monopolistic position. "To this monopolistic power in the main," he argued, "and not to efficiency in management, are their great profits to be ascribed.

"Leaving the realm of industry for that of transportation, compare the failure of Mr. J. P. Morgan's creation—the International Mercantile Marine—and the astonishing success of the Pullman Car Company. The trans-Atlantic steamship trade was open to competition, and could not, in spite of its price agreements, fix rates at an elevation sufficient to be remunerative. The Pullman Company, possessing an absolute monopoly, has made profits so large as to be deemed unconscionable."

Third, take the combinations that have not controlled the market alone, but that have exerted control through price agreements or understandings—as the Sugar Trust and the Steel Trust. According to Mr. Brandeis, those trusts have paid large dividends because they were able to fix remunerative prices for their products, but neither has been able to hold its own against its competitors. "At the time of the Knight case," he said, "a little less than twenty years ago, the Sugar Trust had practically the whole business of the country—I think the Supreme Court report shows something like ninety-five per cent. The company's report to the stockholders of 1910, as I recall it, shows that the company now controls only forty-two per cent of the production of the country. . . . Profits were maintained, not only through price agreements, but through methods that were vulgarly criminal—through false weighing; through stealing of city water; through extensive railroad rebating.

"In the Steel Trust you have a similar manifestation of ebbing prestige. In spite of the control of raw material, the control of transportation, the control of certain trade through its railroad associations, the control of other trade through its money power—and the addition of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company—in spite of all this the Steel Trust has been a steady loser in percentage of the iron and steel business of this country. And not only has it been a steady loser in the percentage of business in this country, but despite its ability to largely maintain prices, notably of steel rails, throughout that period, the later years show a diminishing return upon the capital invested as compared with the earlier years of the trust.

"What does that indicate? Does it not indicate a lessened efficiency, either actually or relatively, to other businesses?"

Mr. Brandeis then pointed out that efficiency is manifested with respect to quality, and he took up the manufacture of steel rails and fence wire. He called attention to the marked increase, during the life of the Steel Trust, of derailments due to defective rails. As reported by the Interstate Commerce Commission, in 1902 there were seventy-two derailments due to broken rails; in 1911 there were 249; and although a greater test has been put to rails in recent years with the increase in size of locomotives and weight of cars, as Mr. Brandeis says, "This great and powerful Steel Trust, with its huge earnings, the huge resources which enable it to develop the art in which it was engaged, has failed to meet the needs of commerce, the needs of transportation in this respect"—to safeguard the community against railroad accidents, loss of human life. A somewhat similar condition exists in respect to fence wire. The farmers of America found that their fence wire lasted very much less time than it used to do. So numerous were the complaints that the Department of Agriculture made an investigation and found the complaints to be well founded.

"Another test of efficiency to which the United States Steel Corporation has been subjected," said Mr. Brandeis, "and which it has failed to meet, is this—it has shown itself unable to maintain its prestige in the world's competition." In the ten years of the Steel Corporation's life our foreign steel and iron tonnage increased from 1,154,000 to 1,533,000 tons; Germany's tonnage increased from 838,000 to 4,868,000; and the United Kingdom's tonnage increased from 3,213,000 to 4,594,000 tons. The figures show that, coincident with the existence of the Steel Trust, we have been losing our prestige in the world's steel market. Germany has been running away from us. During the last four years, notwithstanding the fact that Germany and England were acquiring most of the increasing world's trade, the plants of the United States Steel Corporation have been utilized to an extent varying from fifty-five to seventy-five per cent of their capacity only; for much of the time the trust has had thirty-three and one-third per cent of unused capacity.

The Enormous Profits of Promotion

MR. PERKINS emphasized the supposed benefits that "combination" enables a business to confer upon workingmen. He stated that the Steel Corporation had distributed among its employees, during the last ten years, twelve million dollars. Commenting upon this testimony, Mr. Brandeis said:

"Twelve million dollars in ten years is one million two hundred thousand dollars a year. Judge Gary tells us that the number of employees in the Steel Corporation is about two hundred thousand. If that be the number of the employees, and had been the number during this whole period, that profit share would amount to six dollars a year or to fifty cents a month for each employee, if divided equally among all the employees.

"In connection with the alleged fairness of that course consider these facts, found upon an official investigation by the Commissioner of Corporations. He found that the profits—the clear profits—of the syndicate that undertook the promotion of the United States Steel Corporation were sixty-two million five hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Perkins' firm, J. P. Morgan and Company, received, not for their participation in the syndicate, but as managers, and purely as managers of the syndicate, a commission of twenty per cent, or twelve million five hundred thousand dollars, for a few months' work. As members of the syndicate they received another very large amount, variously estimated from seven million dollars to thirteen million dollars. Is that Mr. Perkins' idea of justice to be attained through these great corporations by applying profit sharing?"

Mr. Brandeis demonstrated that the Steel Trust's so-called "profit sharing" isn't profit sharing at all, and he cited a number of Massachusetts companies to illustrate real profit sharing between employer and workman. He presented figures of wages in the steel industry and showed that they have been relatively lower since the trust was formed. Then he took up the hours of labor in the steel industry.

"What are the conditions?" he asked. "Approximately one-fourth of the ninety thousand workers reported on by the Commissioner of Labor are employed eighty-four hours a week—twelve hours a day for seven days a week. And, what is worse even—if anything worse is conceivable—note that in making the shift at the end of a week or two weeks, men work not twelve but eighteen and at times twenty-four hours on a stretch. Approximately one-third of all the employees reported on had a regular working week of more than seventy-two hours, which practically

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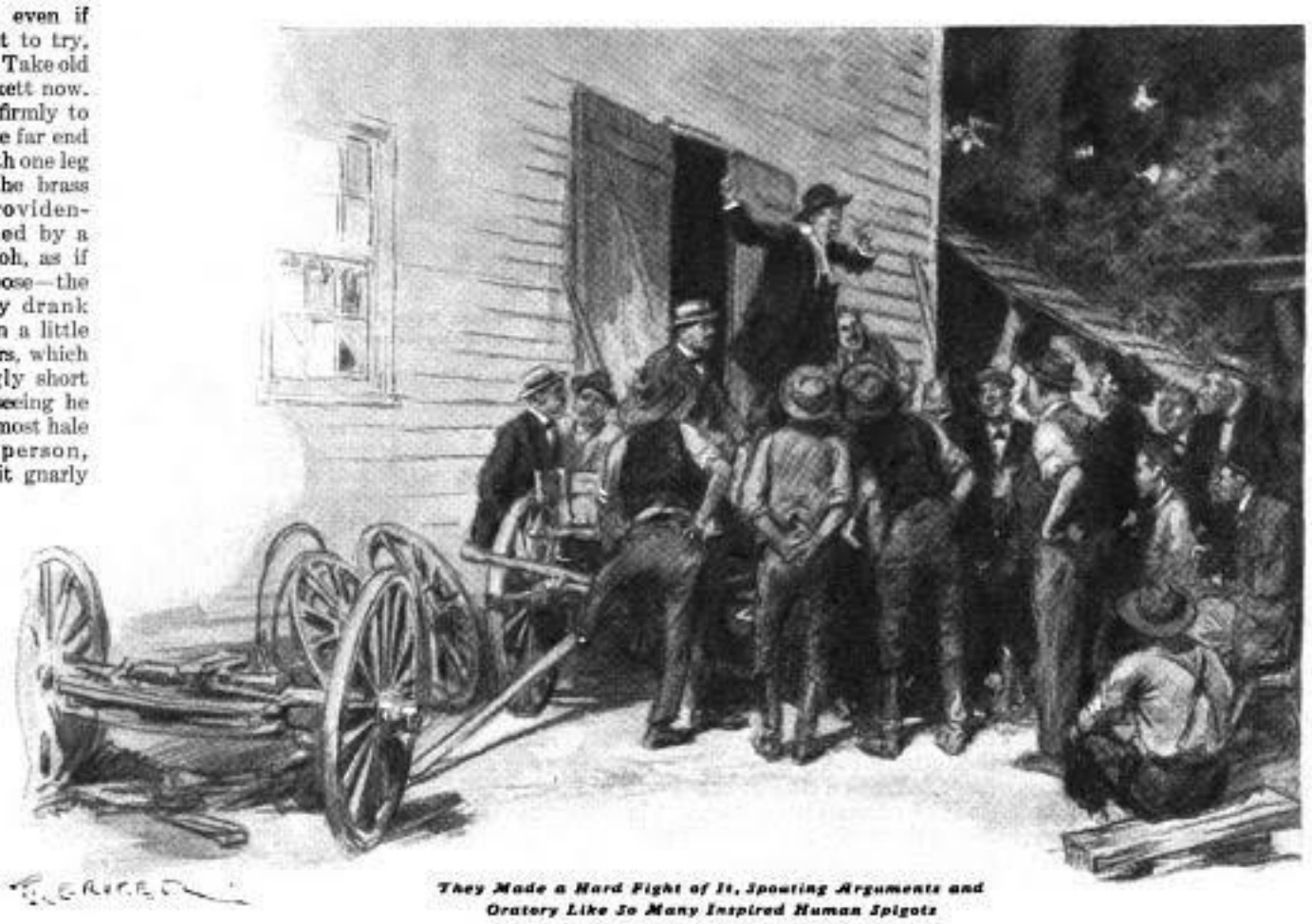
THE MOB FROM MASSAC

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

YOU might call it a tragedy—this thing that came to pass down in our country here a few years back. For that was exactly what it was—a tragedy, and in its way a big one. Yet at the time nobody thought of calling it by any name at all. It was just one of those shifts that are inevitably bound to occur in the local politics of a county or a district; and when it did come, and was through and over with, most people accepted it as a matter of course.

There were some, however, it left jarred and dazed and bewildered—yes, and helpless too; men too old to readjust their altered fortunes to their altered conditions even if they had the spirit to try, which they hadn't. Take old Major J. Q. A. Pickett now. Attaching himself firmly to a certain spot at the far end of Sherrill's bar, with one leg hooked up over the brass bar-rail—a leg providentially foreshortened by a Minie ball at Shiloh, as if for that very purpose—the major expeditiously drank himself to death in a little less than four years, which was an exceedingly short time for the job, seeing he had always been a most hale and hearty old person, though grown a bit gnarly and skewed with the coming on of age. The major had been county clerk ever since Reconstruction; he was a gentleman and a scholar and could quote Latin and Sir Walter Scott's poetry by the running yard. Toward the last he quoted them with hiccups and a stutter.



They Made a Hard Fight of It, Spouting Arguments and Oratory Like So Many Inspired Human Spigots

Also there was Captain Andy J. Redcliffe, who was sheriff three terms handrunning and, before that, chief of police. Going out of office he went into the livery-stable business; but he didn't seem to make much headway against the Farrell Brothers, who owned the other livery stable and were younger men and spry and alert to get trade. He spent a few months sitting at the front door of his yawning, half-empty stables, nursing a grudge against nearly everything and plaintively garrulous on the subject of the proverbial ingratitude of republics in general and this republic in particular; and presently he sickened of one of those mysterious diseases that seem to attack elderly men of a full habit of life and to rob them of their health without denuding them of their flesh. His fat sagged on his bones in unwholesome, bloated folds and he wallowed unsteadily when he walked. One morning one of his stable hands found him dead in his tiny office, and the Gideon K. Irons Camp turned out and gave him a comrade's funeral, with full military honors.

Also there were two or three others, including ex-County Treasurer Whitford, who shot himself through the head when a busy and conscientious successor found in his accounts a seeming shortage of four hundred and eighty dollars, which afterward turned out to be more a mistake in bookkeeping than anything else. Yet these men—all of them—might have seen what was coming had they watched. The storm that wrecked them was a long time making up—four years before it threatened them.

There had grown up a younger generation of men who complained—and perhaps they had reason for the complaint—that they did nearly all the work of organizing and campaigning and furnished most of the votes to carry the elections, while a close combine of aging, fussy, autocratic old men held all the good county offices and fatted themselves on the spoils of county politics. These mutterings of discontent found shape in a sort of semi-organized revolt against the county ring, as the young fellows took to calling it, and for the county primary they made up a strong ticket among themselves—a ticket that included two smart young lawyers who could talk on their feet, and a popular young farmer for sheriff, and a live young harnessmaker as a representative of union labor, which was beginning to be a recognized force in the community with the coming of the two big tanneries. They made a hard fight of it, too, campaigning at every fork in the big road and every country store and blacksmithshop, and spouting arguments and oratory like so many inspired human spigots. Their elderly opponents took things easier. They rode about in top buggies and democrat wagons from barbecue to rally and from rally to schoolhouse meeting, steadfastly refusing the challenges of the younger men for a series of joint debates and contenting themselves with talking over old days with fading, grizzled men of their own generation. These elders, in turn, talked with their sons and sons-in-law and their nephews and neighbors; and so, when the primaries came, the young men's ticket stood beaten—but not by any big margin. It was close enough to be very close.

"Well, they've licked us this time!" said young Dabney Prentiss, who afterward went to Congress from the district and made a brilliant record there. Dabney Prentiss had been the younger element's candidate for circuit-court judge against old Judge Billy Priest, the incumbent. "They've licked us and the Lord only knows how they did it. Here we thought we had 'em outorganized, outgeneraled and outnumbered. All they did was to go out in the back districts and beat the bushes, and out crawled a lot of old men that everybody else thought were dead twenty years ago. I think they must hide under logs in the woods and only come out to vote. But, fellows"—he was addressing some of his companions in disappointment—"But, fellows, we can afford to wait and they can't. The day is going to come when it'll take something more than shaking an empty gray sleeve or waving a crippled old leg to carry an election in this county. Young men keep growing up all the time, but all that old men can do is to die off. Four years from now we'll win sure!"

The four years went by, creakingly slow of passage to some and rolling fast to others; and in the summer of the fourth year another campaign started up and grew hot and hotter to match the weather, which was blazing hot. The August drought came, an arid and a blistering visitation. Except at dusk and at dawn the birds quit singing and hung about in the thick treetops, silent and nervous, with their bills agape and their throat feathers panting up and down. The roasting ears burned to death on the stalk and the wide fodder blades slowly cooked from sappy greenness to a brittle dead brown. The clods in the cornrows were dry as powder and gave no nourishment for growing, ripening things. The dust powdered the blackberry vines until they lost their original color altogether, and at the roadside the medicinal mullein drooped its wilted long leaves, like lolling tongues that were all furred and roiled, as though the mullein were suffering from the very fevers that its steeped juices are presumed to cure. At night the moon shone full and red, with two rings round it; and the two rings always used to mean water in our country—two rings for drinking water at the hotel, and for rain-water two rings round the moon—but week after week no rain fell and the face of the earth just seemed to dry up and blow away. Yet the campaign neither lost its edge nor abated any of its fervor by reason of the weather. Politics was the chief diversion and the main excitement in our county in those days—and still is.

One morning near the end of the month a dust-covered man on a sorely spent horse galloped in from Massac Creek, down in the far edge of the county; and when he had changed horses at Farrell Brothers' and had started back again there went with him the sheriff, both of his deputies and two of the town policemen, the sheriff taking with him in his buckboard a pair of preternaturally grave dogs of a reddish-brown aspect, with long, drooping ears, and long, sad, stupid faces and eyes like the chief mourners' at a funeral. They were bloodhounds, imported at some cost from a kennel in Tennessee and reputed to be marvelously wise in the tracking down of criminals. By the time the posse was a mile away and headed for Massac a story had spread through the town that made men grit their teeth and sent certain armed and mounted volunteers hurrying out to join the manhunt.

Late that same afternoon a team of blown horses, wet as though they had wallowed in the river and drawing a top buggy, panted up to the squat little red-brick jail, which stood on the county square alongside the old wooden white courthouse, and halted there. Two men—a constable and a deputy sheriff—sat back under the overhanging top of the buggy, and between them something small was crushed, huddled down on the seat and almost hidden by their broad figures. They were both yellowed with the dust of a hard drive. It lay on their shoulders like powdered sulphur and was gummed to their eyelashes, so that when they batted their eyelids to clear their sight it gave them a grotesque, clownish look. They climbed laboriously out and stretched their limbs.

The constable hurried stiffly up the short gravel path to the jail and rapped on the door and called out something. The deputy sheriff reached in under the buggy top and hauled out a little negro, skinny and slight and seemingly not over eighteen years old. He hauled him out as though he was handling a sack of grits, and the negro came out like a sack of grits and fell upon his face on the pavement, almost between the buggy wheels. His wrists were held together by a pair of iron handcuffs heavy enough to fetter a bear, and for further precaution his legs had been hobbled with a plowline, and his arms were tied back with another length of the plowline that passed through his elbows and was knotted behind. The deputy stooped, took a grip on the rope across the prisoner's back and heaved him up to his feet. He was ragged, barefooted and bareheaded and his face was covered with a streaky clayish-yellow caking, where the sweat had run down and wetted the dust layers. Through this muddy mask his pop-eyes stared with a dulled animal terror.

Thus yanked upright the little negro swayed on his feet, shrinking up his shoulders and lurching in his tethers. Then his glazed stare fell on the barred windows and the hooded door of the jail, and he realized where he had been brought and hurried toward it as toward a welcome haven,

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stretching his legs as far as the ropes sawing on his naked ankles would let him. Willing as he was, however, he collapsed altogether as he reached the door and lay on his face kinking and twisting up in his bonds like a stricken thing. The deputy and the constable dragged him up roughly, one lifting him by his arm bindings and the other by the ropes on his legs, and they pitched him in flat on the floor of the little jail office. He wriggled himself under a table and lay there sniffling out his fear and relief. His tongue hung out of his mouth like the tongue of a tied calf, and he panted with choky, slobbering sounds.

The deputy sheriff and the constable left him lying and went to a water bucket in the corner and drank down brimming dippers, turn and turn about, as though their thirsts were unslakable. It was Dink Bynum, the deputy jailer, who had admitted them and in the absence of his superior he was in charge solely. He waited until the two had lowered the water line in the cedar bucket by a matter of inches.

"Purty quick work, boys," he said professionally, "if this is the right nigger."

"I guess there ain't much doubt about him bein' the right one," said the constable, whose name was Quarles. "Is there, Gus?" he added.

"No doubt at all in my mind," said the deputy. He wiped his mouth on his sleeve, which smeared the dust across his face in a sort of pattern.

"How'd you fellers come to git him?" asked Bynum.

"Well," said the deputy, "we got out to the Hampton place about noon I reckon it was. Every man along the creek and every boy that was big enough to tote a gun was out scourin' the woods and there wasn't nobody round the place exceptin' a passel of the womenfolks. Just over the fence where the nigger was s posed to have crossed we found his old felt hat layin' right where he'd run out from under it and we let the dogs smell of it, and inside of five minutes they'd picked up a trail and was openin' out on it. It was monstrous hot going through them thick bottoms afoot, and me and Quarles here outrun the sheriff and the others. Four miles back of Florence Station, and not more'n a mile from the river, we found this nigger treed up a hackberry with the dogs baying under him. I figure he'd been hidin' out in the woods all night and was makin' for the river, aimin' to cross, when the dogs fetched up behind him and made him take to a tree."

"Did you carry him back for the girl to see?"

"No," said the deputy sheriff. "Me and Quarles we talked it over after we'd got him down and had him roped up. In the first place she wasn't in no condition to take a look at him, and besides we knowed that them Massac people jest natchelly wouldn't listen to nothin' oncet they laid eyes on him. They'd 'a' tore him apart bodily."

The bound figure on the floor began moaning in a steady, dead monotone, with his lips against the planking.

"So, bein' as me and Quarles wanted the credit for bringin' him in, not to mention the reward," went on the deputy, without a glance at the moaning negro, "we decided not to take no chances. I kept him out of sight until Quarles could go over to the river and borrow a rig, and we driv in with him by the lower road, acrost the iron bridge, without goin' anywhere near Massac."

"What does the nigger say for himself?" asked Bynum, greedy for all the details.

"Huh!" said the deputy. "He's been too scared to say much of anything. Says he'd tramped up here from below the state line and was makin' for Ballard County, lookin' for a job of work. He's a strange nigger all right. And he as good as admits he was right near the Hampton place yistiddy evenin' at milkin' time, when the girl was laywaid, and says he only run because the dogs took out after him and scared him. But here he is. We've done our duty and delivered him, and now if the boys out yonder on Massac want to come in and take him out that's their lookout and yourn, Dink."

"I reckon you ain't made no mistake," said Bynum. Cursing softly under his breath he walked over and spurned the prisoner with his heavy foot. The negro writhed under the pressure like a crushed worm. The under jailer looked down at him with a curious tautening of his heavy features.

"The papers call 'em burly black brutes," he said, "and I never seen one of 'em yit that was more'n twenty year old or run over a hundred and thirty pound." He raised his voice: "Jim—oh, Jim!"

An inner door of sheet-iron opened with a suspicious instantaneousness, and in the opening appeared a black jail trusty, a confirmed chicken thief. He ducked his head in turn toward each of the white men, carefully keeping his uneasy gaze away from the poor negro lying between the table legs in the corner.



The Sheriff Taking With Him a Pair of Preternaturally Grave Dogs

"Yes, suh, boss—right here, suh," said the trusty.

"Here, Jim"—the deputy jailer was opening his pocket-knife and passing it over—"take and cut them ropes off that nigger's arms and laigs."

With a ludicrous alacrity the trusty obeyed.

"Now pull him up on his feet!" commanded Bynum. "I guess we might as well leave them cuffs on him—eh?" he said to the deputy sheriff. The deputy nodded. Bynum took down from a peg over the jailer's desk a ring bearing many jingling keys of handwrought iron. "Bring him in here, Jim," he bade the trusty.

He stepped through the inner door and the negro Jim followed him, steering the manacled little negro. Quarles, the constable, and the deputy sheriff tagged behind to see their catch properly caged. They went along a short corridor, filled with a stifling, baked heat and heavy with the smell of penned-up creatures. There were faces at the barred doors of the cells that lined one side of this corridor—all black or yellow faces except one white one; and from these cells came no sound at all as the three white men and the two negroes passed. Only the lone white prisoner spoke out.

"Who is he, Dink?" he called eagerly. "What's he done?"

"Shut up!" ordered his keeper briefly, and that was the only answer he made. At the far end of the passage Bynum turned a key in a creaky lock and threw back the barred door of an inner cell, sheathed with iron and lacking a window. The trusty shoved in the little handcuffed negro who groveled on the wooden floor upon all fours. Bynum locked the door and the three white men tramped back through the silent corridor, followed by the sets of white eyes that stared out unwinkingly at them through the iron-latticed grills.

It was significant that from the time of the arrival at the jail not one of the whites had laid his hands actually upon the prisoner.

"Well, boys," said Bynum to the others by way of a farewell, "there he is and there he'll stay—unless them Massac Creek folks come and git him. You've done your sworn duty and I've done mine. I locked him up and I won't be responsible for what happens now. I know this much—I ain't goin' to git myself crippled up savin' that nigger. If a mob wants to come let 'em come on!"

No mob came from Massac that night or the next night either; and on the second day there was a big basket picnic and rally under a brush arbor at the Shady Grove schoolhouse—the biggest meeting of the whole campaign it was to be, with speaking, and the silver cornet band out from town to make music, and the oldest living Democrat in the county sitting on the platform, and all that. Braving the piled-on layers of heat that rode the parched country like witch-hags half the town went to Shady Grove. Nearly everybody went that could travel. All the morning wagons and buggies were clattering out of town, headed toward the west. And in the cooking dead calm of the midafternoon the mob from Massac came.

They came by roundabout ways, avoiding those main traveled roads over which the crowds were gathering in toward the common focus of the Shady Grove schoolhouse; and coming so, on horseback by twos and threes, and leaving their horses in a thicket half a mile out, they were able to reach the edge of the town unnoticed and unsuspected. The rest, their leader figured, would be easy. A mistake in judgment by the town fathers in an earlier day had put the public square near the northern boundary, and the town, instead of growing up to it, grew away from it in the opposite direction, so that the square stood well beyond the thickly settled district.

All things had worked out well for their purpose. The sheriff and the jailer, both candidates for renomination, were at Shady Grove, and the sheriff had all his deputies with him, electioneering for their own jobs and his. Legal Row, the little street of lawyers' offices back of the square, might have been a byroad in old Pompeii for all the life that showed along its short and simmering length. No idlers lay under the water maples and the red oaks in the square. The jail baked in the sunlight, silent as a brick tomb, which indeed it somewhat resembled; and on the wide portico of the courthouse a loafer dog of remote hound antecedents alternately napped and roused to snap at the buzzing flies. The door of the clerk's office stood agape and through the opening came musty, snuffy smells of old leather and dry-rotted deeds. The wide hallway that ran from end to end of the old building was empty and echoed like a cave to the frequent thump of the loafer dog's leg joints upon the planking.

Indeed, the whole place had but a single occupant. In his office back of the circuit-court room Judge Priest was asleep, tilted back in a swivel chair, with his short, plump legs propped on a table and his pudgy hands locked across his stomach, which gently rose and fell with his breathing. His straw hat was on the table, and in a corner leaned his inevitable traveling companion in summer weather—a vast and cavernous umbrella of a pattern that is probably obsolete now, an unkempt old drab slattern of an umbrella with a cracked wooden handle and a crippled rib that dangled away from its fellows as though shamed by its afflicted state. The campaigning had been hard on the old judge. The Monday before, at a rally at Temple's Mills, he had fainted, and this day he hadn't felt equal to going to Shady Grove. Instead he had come to his office after dinner to write some letters and had fallen asleep. He slept on for an hour, a picture of pink and cherubic old age, with little beadings of sweat popping out thickly on his high bald head and a gentle little snoring sound, of first a drone and then a whistle, pouring steadily from his pursed lips.

Outside a dry-fly rasped the brooding silence up and down with its fret-saw refrain. In the open spaces the little heat waves danced like so many stress marks, accenting the warmth and giving emphasis to it; and far down the street, which ran past the courthouse and the jail and melted into a country road so imperceptibly that none knew exactly where the street left off and the road began, there appeared a straggling, irregular company of men marching, their shapes more than half hid in a dust column of their own raising. The Massac men were coming.

I believe there is a popular conception to the effect that an oncoming mob invariably utters a certain indescribable,



"Judge Priest, Please, Suh, Wuke Up—the Mobbers is Comin'!"

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sinister, muttering sound that is peculiar to mobs. For all I know that may be true of some mobs, but certain it was that this mob gave vent to no such sounds. The mob came on steadily, making no more noise than any similar group of seventy-five or eighty men tramping over a dusty road might be expected to make.

For the most part they were silent and barren of speech. One youngish man kept repeating to himself a set phrase as he marched along. This phrase never varied in word or expression. It was: "Goin' to git that nigger! Goin' to git that nigger!"—that was all—said over and over again in a dull, steady monotone. By its constant reiteration he was working himself up, just as a rat-terrier may be worked up by constant hissed references to purely imaginary rats.

Their number was obscured by the dust their feet lifted. It was as if each man at every step crushed with his toe a puffball that discharged its powdery particles upward into his face. Some of them carried arms openly—shotguns and rifles. The others showed no weapons, but had them. It seemed that every fourth man, nearly, had coiled upon his arm or swung over his shoulder a rope taken from a plow or a well-bucket. They had enough rope to hang ten men or a dozen—yes, with stinting, to hang twenty. One man labored under the weight of a three-gallon can of coal-oil, so heavy that he had to shift it frequently from one tired arm to the other. In that weather the added burden made the sour sweat run down in streaks, furrowing the grime on his face. The Massac Creek blacksmith had a sledge-hammer over his shoulder and was in the front rank. Not one was masked or carried his face averted. Nearly all were grown men and not one was under twenty. A certain definite purpose showed in their guit. It showed, also, in the way they closed up and became a more compact formation as they came within sight of the trees fringing the square.

Down through the drowsing town edge they stepped, giving alarm only to the chickens that scratched languidly where scrub-oaks cast a skimpy shade across the road; but as they reached the town line they passed a clutter of negro cabins clustering about a little doggery. A negro woman stepped to a door and saw them. Distractedly, fluttering like a hen, she ran into the bare, grassless yard, setting up a hysterical outcry. A negro man came quickly from the cabin, clapped his hand over her mouth and dragged her back inside, slamming the door to behind him with a kick of his bare foot. Unseen hands shut the other cabin doors and the woman's half-smothered cries came dimly through the clapboarded wall; but a slim black darky darted southward from the doggery, worming his way under a broken, snaggled fence and keeping the straggling line of houses and stables between him and the marchers. This fleeing figure was Jeff, Judge Priest's negro bodyservant, who had a most amazing faculty for always being wherever things happened.

Jeff was lithe and slim and he could run fast. He ran fast now, snatching off his hat and carrying it in his hand—the surest of all signs that a negro is traveling at his top gait. A good eighth of a mile in advance of the mob, he shot in at the back door of the courthouse and flung himself into his employer's room.

"Jedge! Jedge!" he panted tensely. "Jedge Priest, please, suh, wake up—the mobbers is comin'!"

Judge Priest came out of his nap with a jerk that uprighted him in his chair.

"What's that, boy?"

"The w'ite folks is comin' after that there little nigger over in the jail. I outrun 'em to git heah and tell you, suh."

"Ah-hah!" said Judge Priest, which was what Judge Priest generally said first of all when something struck him forcibly. He reared himself up briskly and reached for his hat and umbrella.

"Which way are they comin' from?" he asked as he made for the hall and the front door.

"Comin' down the planin'-mill road into Jefferson Street," explained Jeff, gasping out the words.

As the old judge, with Jeff in his shadow, emerged from the shadows of the tall hallway into the blinding glare of the portico they met Dink Bynum, the deputy jailer, just diving in. Dink was shirtsleeved. His face was curiously checkered with red-and-white blotches. He cast a backward glance, bumped into the judge's greater bulk and caromed off, snatching at the air to recover himself.

"Are you desertin' your post, Dink?" demanded the judge.

"Jedge, there wasn't no manner of use in my stayin'," babbled Bynum. "I'm all alone and there's a whole big crowd of 'em comin' yonder. They'll git that nigger anyhow—and he deserves it!" he burst out.

"Dink Bynum, where are the keys to that jail?" said Judge Priest, speaking unusually fast for him, who usually drawled his words with a high singsong.

"I clean forgot 'em!" he quavered. "I left 'em hangin' in the jail office."

"And also I note you left the outside door of the jail standin' wide open," said the judge, glancing to the left. "Where's your pistol?"

"In my pocket—in my pocket, here."

"Git it out!"

"Jedge Priest, I wouldn't dare make no resistance single-handed—I got a family—I ——" faltered the unhappy deputy jailer.

The moving dustcloud, with legs and arms showing through its swirling front, was no more than a hundred yards away. You could make out details—hot, red, resolute faces; the glint of the sun on a gunbarrel; the polished nose of the blacksmith's sledge; the round curve of a greasy oilcan.

"Dink Bynum," said Judge Priest, "git that gun out and give it to me—quick!"

"Jedge, listen to reason!" begged Bynum. "You're a candidate yourse'f. Sentiment is aginst that nigger—strong. You'll hurt your own chances if you interfere."

The judge didn't answer. His eyes were on the dust-cloud and his hand was extended. His pudgy fingers closed round the heavy handful of blued steel that Dink Bynum passed over and he shoved it out of sight. Laboring heavily down the steps he opened his umbrella and put it over his shoulder, and as he waddled down the short gravel path his shadow had the grotesque semblance of a big crawling land terrapin following him. One look Judge Priest sent over his shoulder. Dink Bynum and Jeff had both vanished. Except for the men from Massac there was no living being to be seen.

They didn't see him, either, until they were right upon him. He came out across the narrow sidewalk of the square and halted directly in their path, with his right hand raised and his umbrella tilted far back, so that its shade cut across the top of his straw hat, making a distinct line.

"Boys," he said familiarly, almost paternally—"Boys, I want to have a word with you."

Most of the Massac men knew him—some of them knew him very well. They had served on juries under him; he had eaten Sunday dinners under their rooftrees. They stopped, the rear rows crowding up closer until they were a solid mass facing him. Beyond him they could see the outer door of the jail gaping hospitably and the sight gave an edge to their purpose that was like the gnawing of physical hunger. Above all things they wished to hurry forward the thing they had in their minds to do.

"Boys," said the judge, "most of you are friends of mine—and I want to tell you something. You mustn't do the thing you're purposin' to do—you mustn't do it!"

A snorted outburst, as of incredulity, came from the sweating clump of countrymen confronting him.

"The hell we mustn't!" drawled one of them derisively, and a snicker started.

The snicker grew to a laugh—a laugh with a thread of grim menace in it, and a tinge of mounting man-hysteria. Even to these men, whose eyes were used to resting on ungainly and awkward old men, the figure of Judge Priest, standing in their way alone, had a special emphasis. The judge's broad stomach stuck far out in front and was balanced by the rearward bulge of his umbrella. His white chin-beard was streaked with tobacco stains. The legs of his white linen trousers were caught up on his shins and bagged dropsically at the knees. The righthand pocket of his black alpaca coat was stretched away down by some heavy unseen weight.

None of the men in the front rank joined in the snickering, however, they only looked at the judge with a sort of respectful obstinacy. There was nothing said for maybe twenty seconds.

"Jedge Priest," said a spokesman, a tall, spare, bony man with a sandy drooping mustache and a nose that beaked over like a butcher-bird's bill—"Jedge Priest, we've come after a nigger boy that's locked up in that jail yonder and we're goin' to have him! Speaking personally, most of us here know you and we all like you, suh; but I'll have to ask you to stand aside and let us go ahead about our business."

"Gentlemen," said Judge Priest, without altering his tone, "the law of this state provides a proper ——"

"The law provides—eh?" mimicked the man who had laughed first. "The law provides, does it?"

"—— provides a fittin' and an orderly way of attendin' to these matters," went on the judge. "In the absence of the other sworn officials of this county I represent in my own humble person the majesty of the law, and I say to you ——"

"Jedge Priest," cut in the beaky-nosed man, "you are an old man and you stand mighty high in this community—none higher. We don't none of us want to do nothin' or say nothin' to you that mout be regretted afterward; but we air goin' to have that nigger out of that jail and stretch his neck for him. He's one nigger that's lived too long already. You'd better step back!" he went on. "You're just wastin' your time and ourn."

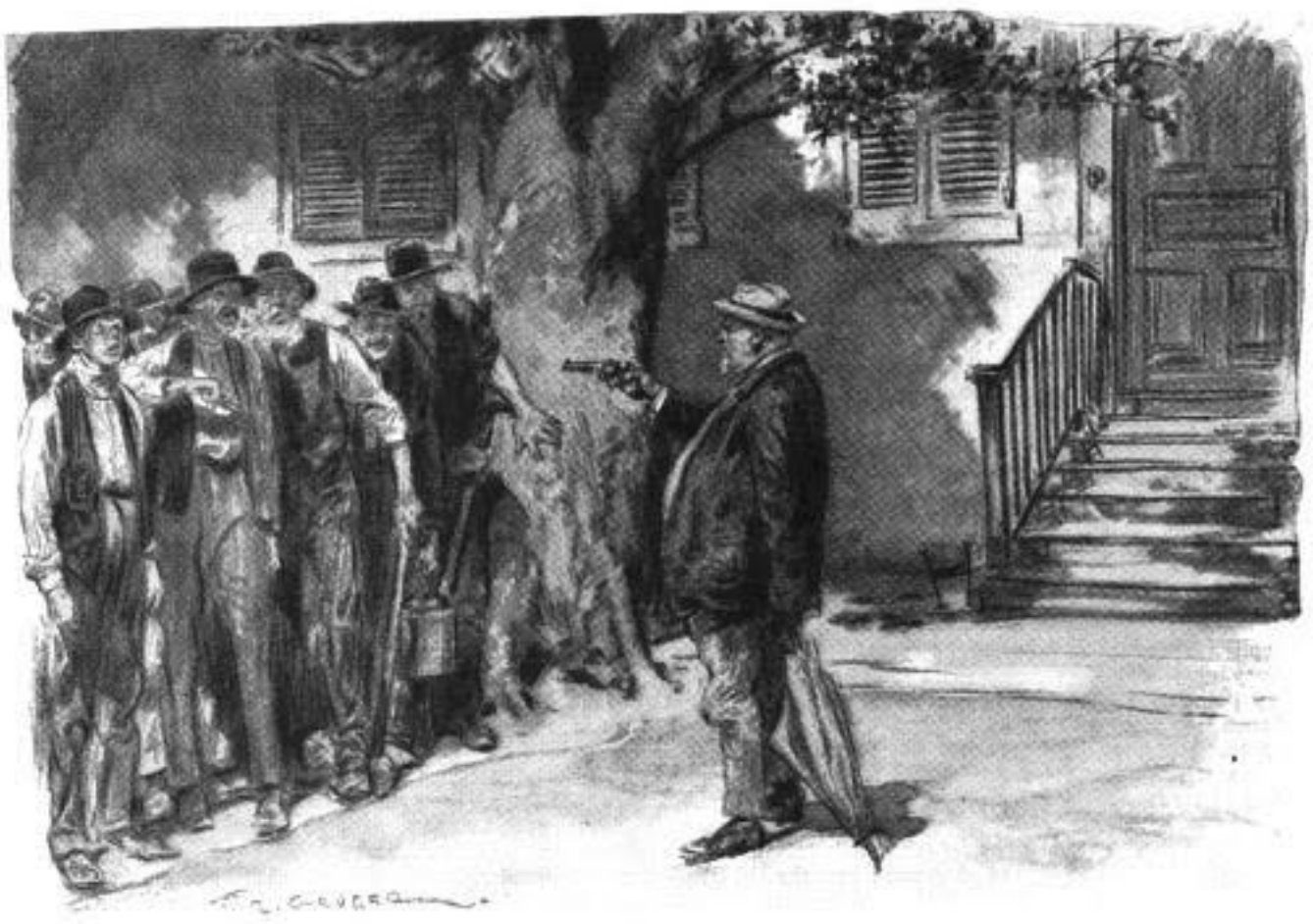
A growling assent to this sentiment ran through the mob. It was a growl that carried a snarl. There was a surging forward movement from the rear and a restless rustle of limbs.

"Wait a minute, boys!" said the leader. "Wait a minute. There's no hurry—we'll git him! Jedge Priest," he went on, changing his tone to one of regardful admonition, "you've got a race on for reëlection and you'll need every vote you kin git. I hope you ain't goin' to do nothin' that'll maybe hurt your chances among us Massac Creekers."

"That's the second time that's been throwed up to me inside of five minutes," said Judge Priest. "My chances for election have nothin' to do with the matter now in hand—remember that!"

"All right—all right!" assented the other. "Then I'll tell you somethin' else. Us men have come in broad daylight,

(Continued on Page 33)



"I Will Now Kill the First Man Who Puts His Foot Across That Line!"

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THE SECRETS OF A RAILROAD EXECUTIVE'S RISE

By Edward Mott Woolley

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

TWENTY years ago I was a brakeman on a railroad running into Jersey City. I braked for several years on freights and finally was advanced to the passenger service, if advancement I may call it, for I received no increased pay. Further advancement, however, was so slow in coming that I almost despaired; more than once I came near quitting my job to hunt up something that would give me a better show in life. I liked railroading, but to ride up and down the line daily for five long years at fifty dollars a month or thereabout was not in keeping with the ambitions of a chap in his twenties. Besides, I had married and established a home at a division headquarters about a hundred and fifty miles from New York, and I didn't see how my increasing necessities could be met on such a meager salary. It was up to me to strike a lead somehow."

The man who uttered these words is a high railroad executive today, which is evidence enough that he did make a strike. After he made his first strike and got the hang of the thing, he went up very fast. Just how he did it he never told—until he told it for the present article. He would not have told it even then except for a casual remark he let slip to the effect that success in life, after all, is only the working out of a definite philosophy.

A very busy man is this executive, with weighty responsibilities that mean life or death to millions of passengers, perhaps, every year. He smiled his dissent when it was first suggested to him that he outline this magic philosophy. No; he regretted that he lacked the time. The traffic of a great railroad system was pivoted upon his office. Besides, his philosophy was action; success with him had been the acting of it.

The Chesterfield of the System

THIS was all the better. For the benefit of the multitudes of men who lack any philosophy of success, would he not reveal in narrative form the inner secrets of his rise?

There was an appeal in this. Most railroad executives are broad-gauge men. Show them a way to help their fellows and they want to do it. So, in the midst of duties that took his mind sometimes a thousand miles across the country, he unfolded his philosophy. There was not much of the abstract about it; every graphic incident was crowded with action and every point rang true to life. The hundreds of thousands of men who will read it must benefit, whatever their occupation.

"It was up to me to make a strike," he repeated. "Either I must quit railroading or secure a promotion.



"I Watched for Opportunities on the Train to Bestow Little Attentions on Passengers"

I thought the proposition over very carefully and my wife and I talked about it earnestly. She suggested that I go to the superintendent and explain that I had worked for years in a humble capacity and deserved something better—really needed it. I could tell him all the things I had done for the railroad and, by thus showing what a good man I was, force myself on the superintendent's attention.

"This seemed, at first, a fine idea. I would do the thing before I made my next run, I declared. So my wife laid out a white shirt and my reserve uniform, and off I started. In less than an hour I was back home.

"'Well?' asked Mary anxiously, as she met me on the steps.

"'I only got as far as the door of the superintendent's office,' I returned. 'You see, Mary, I—I sort of lost my nerve while I was waiting outside on the bench. I—I was trying to think up the speech I was to make to him; and somehow I couldn't frame it up to suit me. I—well, to tell the truth, Mary, I got up and ran away.'

"I saw the tears of disappointment and vexation spring to my wife's eyes. Upstairs in our cottage the baby was crying. I glanced about ruefully upon our meager little home. Everything spoke of our need of money.

"'Oh, John!' the poor girl cried—'Oh, John! I really thought you had more nerve!'

"'Well,' said I, sinking into a chair with a sigh. 'I'm not so sure that it's nerve I lack. Maybe it's something else. You suggested that I tell the superintendent all the things I had done for the railroad. Now that's just where all the trouble lay. When I came to framing up my speech I couldn't think of anything I'd done—not one solitary thing, Mary, beyond the things I was forced to do.'

"'But John,' she protested—'But John, you know you've always been faithful! How can you say such things about yourself?'

"'A dog can be faithful,' said I. 'Now I tell you, Mary, I've got a hunch that I've gone about this thing from a wrong philosophy. Before I hit the old man for a better job, I'm going to do something that he can see for himself!'

"Mary went upstairs to quiet the baby and I fell to thinking.

"I kept on thinking that day while I was out on my run. My train was a fast one; at some of the stations we stopped to discharge passengers from a distance, but not to take anybody on. At these stops we almost always had a lot of trouble with people who mistook our train for the local following it. To prevent their getting on, we had to use the whole train crew to bar the steps. Our conductor was a grouchy old chap—a good railroader, but a poor man to handle people diplomatically. Many a time I had seen him confront anxious travelers at these discharge stops and, without explaining, merely grunt: 'Nothin' doin'!' Sometimes he had to fight with them almost to keep them off the train.

"Well, I had fallen pretty much into the same habit myself—so had the rest of the crew; but now, on this particular day, a new light came over me. I wanted to do something for the railroad out of the ordinary, so it occurred to me to begin with politeness.

"'This is the special limited, madam; it is not allowed to take passengers from this station. Will you please wait for the local? It'll be along pretty soon.' This, or something like it, was the way I commenced to act upon my new philosophy.

"About a week later the superintendent was on the train. As he walked up and down the platform at one of these troublesome stops, I saw him glance at me sharply as I explained, with rather extraordinary elaborateness, that local tickets were not good on the special limited. I knew well enough that my bearing and politeness were unusual on our line. At that time the officials of the road had given the finer points of personal contact little thought.

"During the following month I broadened my scheme; I watched for opportunities on the train to bestow little attentions on passengers. I looked after the ventilators more carefully, opened and shut windows, carried baggage for women and old persons; and quite a good many times I had occasion to refuse tips. I was after bigger game. My philosophy was to serve the company;



"'Before I Hit the Old Man for a Better Job, I'm Going to Do Something That He Can See for Himself!'"

and if incidentally I served the company's patrons I was not the sort to take money for it like a servant. This view of the thing never seemed to occur to my associates on the railroad, and I was subjected to much good-natured raillery—and some that was not good-natured—because of my altered demeanor. Mary and I talked it over, and we kept our counsel.

"'It's like this, Mary,' I said, one night at supper: 'If only I can make myself stand out conspicuously in the eyes of the officials something is bound to come of it. In the past I've been only one bean among a bushel. Now I'm a different sort of bean, you see. I'm getting away from the common lot.'"

How the New Philosophy Won

"'YES,' my wife agreed, as she helped me to another dish of prunes. I remember we were long on prunes those days. 'Yes; and I think, John, that since you're making yourself agreeably conspicuous, you'd better wear your reserve uniform after this and get another for emergencies. It won't pay to look shabby.'

"So I spruced up and, altogether, became quite a Chesterfield.

"Among other things I did under my new philosophy was to announce the stations so that every passenger in the car could hear. Instead of standing on the platform and yelling to no purpose, I walked the length of the car, calling the stations repeatedly. One day, after I had done this, an old gentleman summoned me. 'You are the first brakeman I ever knew who called the stations properly,' he said. 'It is evident to me that you have the right sort of intelligence and energy. I'd like to have your name.'

"I gave it to him, and afterward I learned that he was one of the directors in the company. It was only a week later that a special messenger came to my house one night with orders to take out number six, at eleven-fifty-five, as conductor. A proud moment it was for me when I gave the signal and swung myself aboard.

"Well, I was happy enough for a time, but Mary said to me one day:

"'John, you mustn't stop where you are. Now that you've learned how to get a better job, why not try for trainmaster? Don't become a mere bean among the bushel again; you're smart enough to be president of the railroad some day—you know you are.'

"'I've been thinking about that too,' said I—'there are beans among conductors as well as among brakemen. I think I'll have to turn myself into a radish, so they'll pick me out and put me in the radish class.'

"So I set about giving myself a distinction as conductor. Mary and I often planned it out and reduced our philosophy to actual fact. 'John,' she said, 'you must get the reputation of being the very best and most agreeable conductor on the line. Aren't there lots of times when you can help the passengers plan out their connections and routes, and things of that sort? Can't you help them about deciding on hotels? And say, John, couldn't you do something to make traveling pleasanter for folks who don't ride in Pullmans? When I've been on the cars myself I've often longed for a pillow to put against the back of the seat and a place to wash my hands—and things of that sort.'

"It was not always easy to keep up my Chesterfield atmosphere; but, with my wife's encouragement, I did it.

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I got the reputation of being the most popular conductor on the road, and it wasn't long before I could see that the higher officials had me singled out. They talked to me when they traveled over the line and I knew they were pleased with me.

"The trainmaster, too, classified me as belonging to a species out of the common run of conductors; but even he did not know that I was really a sort of actor—that, had *I followed* my own inclinations, I should have remained a bean instead of becoming a radish. To be a radish, in other words, required a distinct, conscious effort, steadily maintained. This, I take it, is what some men in trade call a business policy. It is what every man must have if he makes the most of success.

"One day, when the general manager was on my train, I suggested to him the ideas my wife had originated—washbowls and pillows. He laughed at first, but the next time I saw him he said he had laid the matter before the president, who was much interested in building up our passenger traffic.

"It was not a great while before some of our coaches on the long runs were equipped with these conveniences. One day I observed a woman passenger tying a newspaper about her hat before she put it on the rack—and another idea came to me. When the general manager went over the line on my train next time I suggested furnishing large paper bags for protecting women's hats. This was a clever thought, he agreed; it was one of those little conceits the president was looking for in his efforts to make our road distinctive. The plan was adopted, and I know it brought many hundreds of dollars in traffic to our company within a year. I talked with group after group of women on my trains who told me they had selected our route because the cinders on the other lines were so harmful to their hats.

"Another time I noticed a passenger tugging at one of our awkward wooden window-blinds, and I suggested to the president himself, who came over the line next day in his private car, that we substitute the sliding-curtain. This was done as fast as possible.

"In these days I grew into the acquaintance of those above me and had the satisfaction of knowing that I was contributing in a material way to the success of our railroad. Not all my suggestions were adopted, but I had gained the reputation of being a man with ideas worth cultivating."

The Stepping-Stone

"I WAS not surprised, then, when I succeeded to the position of trainmaster, the former incumbent having been made division superintendent.

"'Now, John,' said my wife that very night, 'you've got among the radishes at last, but you mustn't stay there. You've got to change yourself into a—well, a cabbage.'

"'Not quite so fast, Mary,' I answered; 'I fancy I'll have to be a turnip first.'

"The problem now seemed harder than ever. What could I do as trainmaster to make myself stand out above all the trainmasters on our road? Yet, if I meant to go about deliberately to lay my wires for another promotion I must draw the attention of the management in some consistent but nonspectacular way. I must steadily hammer home the fact that I was delivering every day a stock of ideas that benefited the road and made me more valuable.

"I looked about on my fellow trainmasters and analyzed them. They were good, capable fellows; but, as I came to know them—personally in some cases and through their work—I could not discover in one of them any evidence of the philosophy along which I myself was working. Not one among them seemed to stand out conspicuously as a high-grade man. I tried to imagine myself in the position of the general manager, surveying these men in a quest for executive ability. Which one would be most likely as a candidate? Mary and I discussed the problem, and she closed the subject by saying: 'John, they're all radishes and all just alike; you really must be a turnip.'

"I thought about the problem all day and night. It was a great game I was playing. I had won so far and I meant to go on winning. We had moved out of our tiny cottage now and had an eight-room house. Things were coming my way, including a bank account.

"'Mary,' I said one evening, 'I've got a splendid idea for a new signal code, and if it weren't for butting in on that cranky engineer of signals I'd propose it to the company; but that chap is sore at me already for being too busy, as he says.'

"'What department is he in?' asked Mary.

"'He's under the chief engineer of maintenance-of-way,' I explained. 'I don't like to antagonize those fellows, but ——'

"'Go straight to the chief engineer of his department!' interrupted my wife. 'It's just the chance you've been looking for.'

"So I went—and the ultimate result was a radical change in some of our signaling methods; but by doing so I aroused the jealousy of more than one man and made some enemies who afterward influenced my life very much—for my own betterment.

"Well, that signal idea was only the beginning. I evolved a lot of ideas on railroading and I set to work to study everything that would help me. We were doing a good many things in those days rather crudely. If you will look back you will see what vast strides the railroads have made in every branch of the business. Did you ever stop to consider that somebody thought out, with infinite study and slow evolution, every one of the improvements? Yet I can turn back in memory to my associates of that period and call off man after man who never contributed anything worth mentioning to the march of progress. And among those men were none who ever got very high up.

"One day during that period I heard a young locomotive engineer boast that he often ran past signals when he was sure they were only matters of form. This set me thinking, and I proposed to the division superintendent that he make a quiet test to discover what engineers were in the habit of doing this. Observers were stationed where they could keep a systematic watch during a certain night; the result was astonishing and alarming. The discipline was immediately drawn very tight.

"On another occasion I worked out a plan by which a change in our time-schedule enabled us to obviate chronic congestion on a certain division. On this division it was not uncommon to hold freight trains on sidings for six or eight hours at a stretch. This was not my business, strictly speaking; but I was working on the theory that anything was my business when it benefited the road. I was always looking for these neglected problems. No matter what your calling, you will always find plenty of them. Why, I can go into almost any business establishment you may designate this moment and find, within half an hour, just this sort of material to work on. Why don't men see their opportunities? My own success has come from analyzing opportunity.

"Once, when I had occasion to spend half a day at a town on our line, I found myself analyzing the layout of a new station, work on which was just beginning. I could see very plainly that the depot was to be built on the wrong side of the right-of-way. As soon as I had a chance to see our architect—who was on the staff of the chief engineer—I mentioned the matter to him. He became very angry and told me bluntly to mind my own affairs.

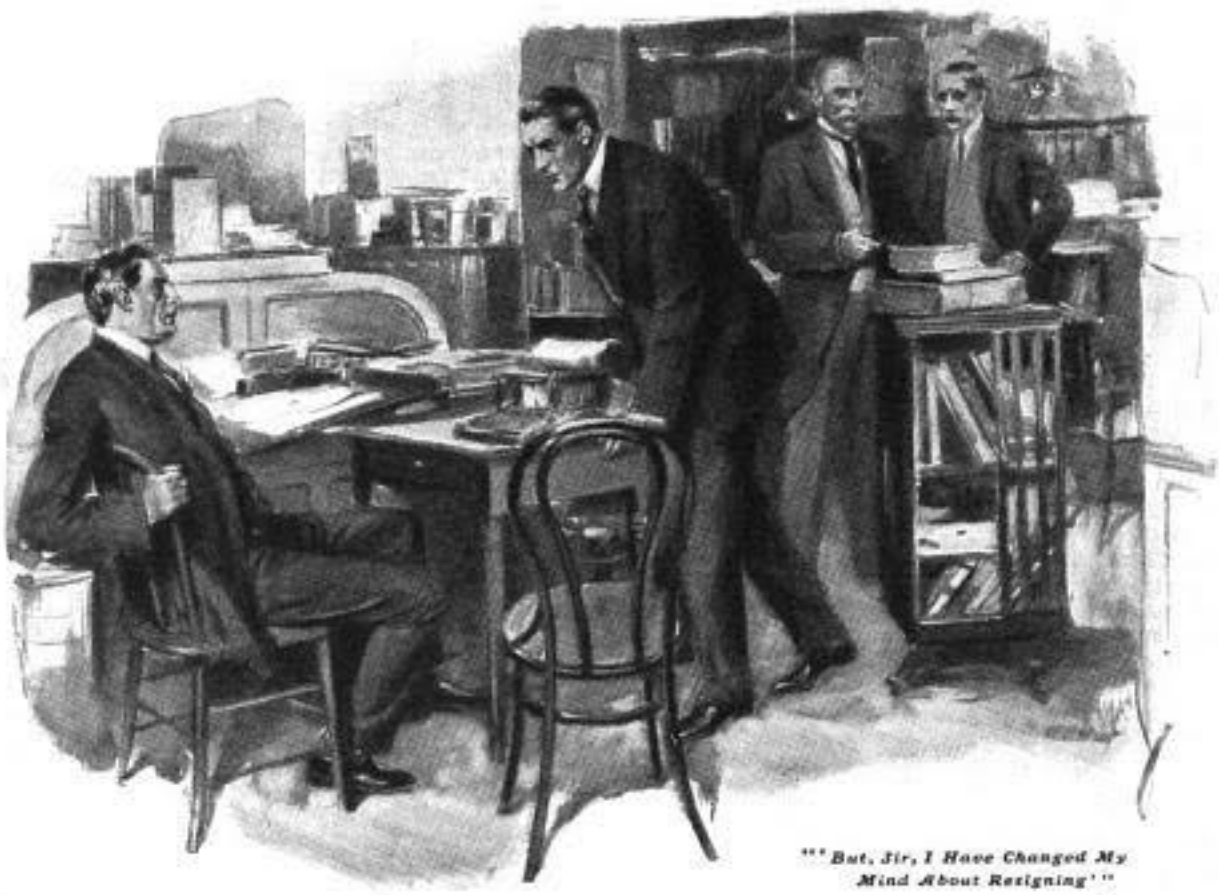
"I related the incident to my wife that night. 'Well,' she said, with genuine logic, 'if it really weren't your affair you could afford to drop it; but, since you expressed your opinion purely for the good of the railroad, I think you'd better take the matter higher up.'

"I had opportunity to do so within a day or two when I met the chief engineer out on the road. He listened to my suggestion and, after some consideration on the part of those at the very top, the station was built on the other side. The wisdom of this has been demonstrated ever since, for the strategic site of the new depot enabled our road to get many passengers who were brought to this town by the trains of another railroad and had the choice of two lines to a common terminal.

"Of course this wasn't any of my business either. The architect became another one of the little army of enemies I was making. He was a narrow man and I didn't worry much over him.

"I had a similar experience with the engineer of tests when I suggested the necessity of doing something differently. I felt certain that disaster would result unless the method of testing were changed; and, instead of crawling into my shell after being rebuffed, I saw the general superintendent of motive power. The engineer of tests was furious, but —— Well, I was making myself a turnip, and I didn't care. In the midst of considerable friction I was steadily forcing home a lot of ideas that earned the company money—and, I believed, saved lives. I knew, too, that the company had me singled out as a man out of the ordinary.

"I had been thinking about all this for quite a while when I said to Mary one day: 'Of course I run some risk of crowding myself in too fast, but I don't think there's a great deal of danger so long as I show that I'm vitally interested in the road—that I'm not a mere crank. And I'll tell you, Mary, just as soon as I feel that the men over me no longer want ideas which I know to be sound to the core I'll quit my job and look for one on some other railroad. I've heard of instances of that sort and I don't mean to be held down by enemies and jealousies.'"



"'But, Sir, I Have Changed My Mind About Resigning'"

Petty Jealousies

"I WAS promoted sooner than I expected to the position of division superintendent. It was now up to me, as my wife put it, to get out of the turnip class and parade myself as a cabbage in the turnip patch. I wasn't long in doing this, for I had seen very clearly the chief faults in the organization under me. This was especially true of the station-masters, station-agents, baggage-agents, train-dispatchers, operators, levermen and other minor but really important cogs in our operating machine. A good deal of attention had been given to larger matters and not enough to lesser ones. I have always gone on the theory that the little things make the big betterments.

"There were a good many divisions on our road, and I got very well acquainted with all the division superintendents. Here, too, was a lamentable sameness. Of course, when there is no particular choice, chance usually must determine the selection of a man for advancement. Each one of these division superintendents wanted to be advanced, and pulled his wires accordingly. Not one of them, however, pulled the wires as I was doing. The more common way was to work along the lines of personal friendship. My way was to deliver more goods to the company than any of my associates.

"But pretty soon I began to see that I was really running into the danger of which I had spoken to my wife—I was crowding the thing rather hard. In reorganizing the staff under me and tightening the lines all through, I was doing many things that lacked precedent. From long practice in the art of analysis I had come, almost unconsciously, to be original.

"Our road at that time, for instance, placed the levermen and tower-repairmen directly under the supervision of the master mechanic of the division. I removed these workers from the master mechanic's direct command and placed them under the chief operator. I created a new position—that of general foreman of locomotives—and

(Concluded on Page 34)

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THE HEART EXCHANGE

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY C. EVERETT JOHNSON



"Yes, I'm Back Again—and Back to Stay! Now Suppose We Proceed to Get Busy and Get Out a Newspaper"

THERE was a crisis imminent in the affairs of E. Wicks, city editor of the Herald. To Wicks, life was one long succession of reverses and disappointments, and one might very naturally suppose that he would have become used to the ups and downs of life by this time and developed into a philosopher; but Wicks was not built on that plan. He was an orderly creature of habit, who struggled with the problems of daily life as if they were deadly and implacable enemies that must be overcome at any cost. Hence, anything that added to the ordinary burden of his lot in life always threw him into a rage; and if there was one thing more than all others that particularly incensed him it was the sight of a young man loitering round the entrance to the local room about midnight. The sight of such a young man always predicated a crisis in Mr. Wicks' affairs. If it wasn't a good sob sister it was the society editor, and if it wasn't the society editor it was almost certain to be the private-exchange operator. Generally it was the private exchange; and it always meant matrimony and the consequent heartbreaking job of rounding up a girl with brains to fill the niche left vacant by the depredations of the young man who loitered round the entrance to the local room about midnight.

As has already been stated, a crisis was imminent. Mr. Wicks, glancing up from a sheet of copy, was fully convinced of the fact. For several weeks he had noticed a strange young man hanging round the foot of the stairs leading up to the local room and had congratulated himself that his bailiwick was not threatened. He thought it must be one of the stenographers in the business office—one that worked late. Now, however, he was both enraged and amazed to observe that the young man, grown tired of waiting in the cold at the foot of the stairs, had had the effrontery to climb the stairs and take up his vigil just inside the door of the local room, where there was a stove going. He had the old, telltale, sheepish look of a lover in his mild eyes—a look that Mr. Wicks hated—and since he paid not the slightest heed to Madame Teazle—the society editor—Wicks was convinced that he must have designs on Miss Lily Grabsky, the private exchange. Miss Grabsky occupied a dark dungeon or box stall just off the local room, which very probably accounted for the young man "crushing in" where he apparently had no legitimate business.

"If I don't put the rollers under this swain," soliloquized Mr. Wicks, "he'll get his courage in hand, invade the telephone room and drape his limp person over the switchboard; and then I never shall get a number. I'll just see if he's after the Grabsky girl, and if he is I'll give her the distress signal and have her shoo him away. I can't stand for this."

Saying which, Mr. Wicks marched up to the strange young man and in harsh tones desired to know his pleasure.

"I'm waiting to escort Miss Grabsky home," replied the youth, and blushed.

"Huh!" grunted Mr. Wicks, and went back to his desk.

So it was true! His peace of mind was threatened again as it had been so often threatened before. He knew not the hour or the minute when Miss Grabsky would give him notice; and if he knew Miss Grabsky at all he knew she was the kind of girl who works right up to payday and fails to report for duty next afternoon. Wicks sighed, for Miss Grabsky was the third private exchange in seven months; and—well, if you've ever worked round a newspaper shop with a big story breaking and a limited force to handle it you will realize the importance of a private-exchange operator with brains.

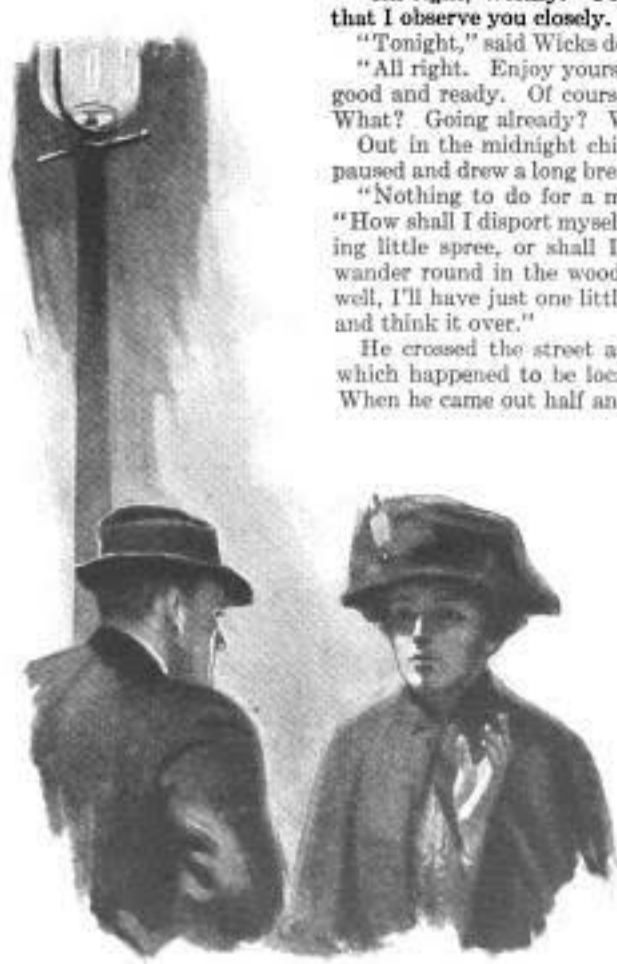
"Doggone it!" snapped Wicks peevishly. "The minute I get 'em broken in they run off and get married. If this thing keeps up I'll go crazy."

Poor Wicks! He was a little man, pasty of complexion, keen of eye and savage of mouth. Round this feature there lurked always a bitter, sneering expression, as if the daily grind had seared his harried soul until it had shriveled and dried forever the founts of tears and smiles. He was just a newspaper man, who had seen all that was crooked and sordid in life, and little that was manly and brave and decent. He was a great city editor, only the pity of it was that he had ideals and clung to them. He had a notion that he could run a clean, honest newspaper if he had the money and the courage to try—and Wicks had never been given an opportunity to try. This, together with his dislike of adjectives and a horror of rule-of-thumb writing, made him a marked man. Nobody loved him and he loved nobody. Moreover, he didn't care. Being by nature outspoken, and endowed with the courage of a bulldog, he seemed to glory in his reputation as a slavedriver. A man had to be twenty-four carat to hold a job under Wicks.

Wicks was thirty-eight years old and a womanhater. He had never married and never expected to. He had his work to do, and experience had proved to him that women were wholly brainless and not dependable. Wicks hated brainless people. And as for marriage! Huh! Not for E. Wicks. He had all he could attend to, keeping his paper from being scooped. Wicks admitted there were a few fine women on earth, but he wouldn't have married the finest of the lot. In the final analysis they were all alike when a man stayed out late—and Wicks was a newspaper man and could never by any possibility be anything else. He had dreamed of bigger work once, but the grind had soured his soul and ——

Well, I hate to say so, but once in a while, when the strain commenced to tell heavily on him, Wicks was wont to put a man in his place and go out and get very, very "full." On such occasions he generally acquired a black eye or a skinned nose—Wicks was vicious in his cups; and the shame of his return always kept him good for months thereafter. Wicks could never quite understand himself in this respect. He had never been able to advance any legitimate reason why he acquired the blues and a jag coincidently, unless it was that he was conscious of the fact that he was growing old and nobody cared. He knew he wasn't fond of liquor. His life merely demanded a leaven. He simply had to do something different occasionally or go mad with the pent-up cussedness within him.

For nearly a week now Mr. Wicks had been feeling the downhill pull. He hadn't had a vacation in five years and he hadn't had any excitement out of the ordinary in eight months. He was unpopular; so he had money in the bank, with a week's pay in his pocket—while here was another crisis at hand. Really, mused Wicks, it wasn't fair that he should have the job of breaking in a new telephone operator. It was monstrous to reflect that, in his present state of nervous tension, he should be called upon to wait on the line for ages, while cities were sacked, lightweight championships decided and tariff schedules revised. No, by Jupiter, it wasn't right! When E. Wicks took down his 'phone and told Miss Lily Grabsky to get the mayor of San Francisco on the line he didn't want to be informed, at the end of ten minutes, that the mayor was at a banquet. He wanted the hotel where that banquet was being served; he wanted Miss Lily Grabsky to order the hotel management to send a page to the mayor with the request that he come to the 'phone and speak with the city editor of the Herald; he wanted the mayor and he recked not how or where the mayor was to be found. He wanted him and he hadn't the time to waste telling Lily Grabsky how to go about the job. The fact of the matter is that Wicks required something more than an exchange operator. He required a female detective. He said, or rather growled, "Get me So-and-So"; and if So-and-So wasn't forthcoming Mr. Wicks would rend his hair and gnash his teeth and kick over the wastebasket.



"'I Bind Myself Not to Get Married and Quit Until a Period of Two Years From Date Shall Have Elapsed'"

For perhaps fifteen minutes Wicks ruthlessly slaughtered the pearls of thought handed in by the waterfront reporter, while he meditated subconsciously upon the benefits to be derived from a month's vacation. Presently he arrived at a decision. He bounded up, trotted into the telephone exchange room and confronted Miss Grabsky.

"Say, look here, Grabby, my dear," he began, "what d'ye think we're running here? A heart exchange? There's a soulful youth waiting outside to escort you home and I want to know your intentions. What are you up to, Grabby? Are you going to marry him?"

There was a challenge—a do-it-if-you-dare sort of echo in Wicks' tones as he volleyed his questions. Miss Lily Grabsky blushed prettily and hung her head. Wicks gazed at her sternly.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Grabby—getting married the minute you really begin to be worth twelve dollars a week! There's all my drilling gone to waste for the third time within a year. Remember, Grabby, marriage is a lottery. You want to be careful. How long have you known this young fellow? Are you certain he's the pure quill? He doesn't appear to have much gimp and ——"

"Mr. Wicks," snapped Miss Grabsky, "I was paid today; so I guess I'll quit tonight. I know my own business, I think."

"Ah-h-h-h!" snarled Wicks, disgusted beyond measure. Five minutes later he pulled on his cuffs, climbed into his coat and walked into the office of the managing editor.

"I'm worn to a frazzle," announced Mr. Wicks. "I'm all in! I see big black spots when I read copy and I'm as jumpy as a kangaroo. I've got to have a month off."

The managing editor knew Wicks of old. He, better than Wicks, knew just how far you can drive a willing horse; and quickly he made up his mind that a two-weeks fling would do Wicks a world of good. The fall election was coming on, with all its resultant excitement and extra work, and it would be well to have the outburst over with now. So he said:

"All right, Wicksy. You do look a trifle peaked, now that I observe you closely. When do you want to leave?"

"Tonight," said Wicks desperately.

"All right. Enjoy yourself and come back when you're good and ready. Of course your salary goes on as usual. What? Going already? Well—goodby, Wicksy."

Out in the midnight chill of the deserted street Wicks paused and drew a long breath.

"Nothing to do for a month," he murmured happily. "How shall I disport myself? Shall I indulge in a disgusting little spree, or shall I go out into the country and wander round in the woods and hayfields? Or shall I—well, I'll have just one little snorter and then I'll go home and think it over."

He crossed the street and entered the nearest saloon, which happened to be located on the corner of an alley. When he came out half an hour later he had forgotten his troubles, having effectually drowned them in not less than six Scotch highballs. This was well inside the dangermark for Mr. Wicks; nevertheless, it was sufficient to drive from his mouth the hard, sneering, bitter expression that always lurked there and to cause him to feel at peace with the world again. The fact that Mr. Wicks only stayed in the saloon half an hour and was now on his way to his rooms at the Press Club, like any respectable citizen, will be proof positive to the reader that Wicks still retained his self-respect. On the morrow he might lose it; but tonight ——

A woman came out of the shadows of the alley and

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approached Mr. Wicks. In a vague, indefinite way he realized that she intended to accost him; and though ordinarily—being a womanhater—he would have avoided her, still the fact that it was now one-thirty o'clock A. M.—an hour when all good women are safe within the protecting walls of their homes—and the further fact that Mr. Wicks' courage was just a trifle strengthened by the highballs hereinbefore mentioned, impelled him to pause until she had finished speaking, when he resolved to give her a grilling on the impropriety of her existence.

The girl stood in front of Mr. Wicks and lifted her eyes rather tragically to meet his stony glance. She parted her lips to speak, but seemed to change her mind. Her chin quivered and even under the flickering gaslight Mr. Wicks distinctly saw her blush.

He looked at her with new interest. A woman of the night who could blush—hum! That was—different. Mr. Wicks made swift appraisal of her eyes and found them large and brown and sweetly tender. She wore a jaunty little black hat—faded and rusty enough, but still jaunty. Her little nose was gloriously uptilted. A novelist would have called that nose retroussé. "Pug" was what Mr. Wicks labeled it. Her mouth was well formed, firm and full, denoting character; but her lips were very white. Mr. Wicks resented this. The lips should have been red—not that he cared a whoop personally, but then, from the purely abstract standpoint of artistic effect—well, it was easy to see that this business was a new "stunt" with her. Mr. Wicks resolved on a little lecture.

"Look here, my girl," he began in his terse, clean-cut, city-editor accent, "this is a new game for you and I'd advise you to give it up"—here Mr. Wicks paused for one awful frightened second: he had made a discovery—"and quit going hungry just because you can't bring yourself to the point of asking a gentleman for a small loan. It's no disgrace, I assure you. I've been in the same boat myself. How long since you've had anything to eat?"

Two big tears glistened in the girl's eyes, and Mr. Wicks was seized with sudden panic.

"Three days," she faltered. "I've been ill—in the City and County Hospital; I couldn't get any employment; and my money—I had a little, and I—I ——"

"Suffering saints," gasped Mr. Wicks, and backed up against a lamp-post.

"I'm not a—bad woman," protested the waif, for in very truth she was more of a little girl than a young woman. "I saw you when you went into the saloon—and I—thought you looked—kind. It—it seemed to me that you'd—understand ——"

"By all means," said Mr. Wicks weakly—"by all means. I'm a most understanding person, I am. You pay me a very delicate compliment, for you're the first soul on earth that ever thought I looked kind. I'm not kind. I'm a dog. I'm a slavedriver. I'd can my own mother if she fell down on the job. I'd—my dear young lady, can you plug in halfway decent on a six-trunkline private exchange at twelve dollars a week? Grabby—that's our private exchange now—has quit. Going to get married. And she's left me in the lurch ——"

The light of hope long deferred gave way to the tears in the girl's eyes. She started to speak; but Wicks had seen that sudden birth of new life, and with his natural perversity he cut in:

"All right, young lady. The job's yours on one condition. You are to hold up your right hand and repeat after me the following oath. Hold up your right hand."

"Won't the left do just as well?" the girl inquired, smiling bravely.

"Certainly, if you have a preference," said Mr. Wicks. "Now repeat after me: 'I do solemnly swear that in accepting this private-exchange-operator job I bind myself, of my own free will, not to get married and quit until a period of two years from date shall have elapsed.' Do you so promise? Answer—'I will.'"

"I will," murmured the girl, repeating the ridiculous oath word for word.

"Fine!" said Mr. Wicks. "The job is now yours. Even if you are green you can learn—and I won't be there to teach you, so I won't have to suffer at any rate."

He pulled a card from his pocket, scratched a few hurried lines on it and thrust it into the girl's hand.

"You report at the Herald office at five o'clock tomorrow afternoon. I'll 'phone them you're coming. You do the night shift, which belongs to me. I have the say-so when it comes to hiring the girl on the night shift. I'm the fellow that uses you most and I must have a live operator. Meantime, you're hungry. Here's the price, hungry girl, and see that you make good by the time I get back from my vacation. I won't stand for any foolishness. 'Make good or get out!' is my motto."

He thrust two twenty-dollar goldpieces toward her. She drew a slim hand from under her old opera cloak—her left hand, Wicks noticed—and with her eyes fixed upon Wicks' face, for all the world as if he were the very latest arrival from Heaven, she accepted the money, without noticing that it was not silver, but gold, that he gave her.

"But—but I want to pay you back some day," faltered the girl confusedly. "And you're going away. Tell me where you're going and I'll send it to you ——"

"I don't know where I'm going," snapped Wicks enigmatically; "but I'm going somewhere to buy a thousand drinks with a thousand devils in every drink. And I'll stay pickled for a month!"

And with this remarkable statement Mr. Wicks picked himself together, so to speak, and fled into the night without further ado. An hour later, far from sober, he leaned over the bar of the Press Club and sadly declaimed:

The sky is an inkpot upside down;
The world is a wobbling tomb;
The earth is one huge sarcophagus ——

The downhill pull had arrived at last! Toward morning they put Mr. Wicks to bed upstairs. He was weeping about something and kept repeating that it was a shame!

. . . . . .

Nobody had anything to say to Mr. Wicks when he appeared on the job one afternoon, just three weeks after he had left it. He looked over his assignment book, swore a little, declared that somebody had stolen his shears and offered to fire the man in whose possession he found them. Then he said his pastepot smelled abominably and ordered the office boy to clean it out; after which he started very patiently to clip "bulldog" from the Eastern exchanges. That was all. In an hour he was the same old Wicks, the slavedriver, harsh but just, and pulling in more news over the 'phone on certain stories than the reporters had been able to get in a personal interview.

That night, when Wicks put on his cuffs and coat and started home, he had a haunting impression that something had been overlooked. He paused at the top of the stairs and scratched his head, perplexed. He wondered what it was. For once in his life the night had gone by with wonderful smoothness. News had been plentiful and sensational and easy to get—ah, that was it! The exchange operator! The gimlet voice of Miss Lily Grabsky had been eliminated from his life and the new girl appeared to be a crackerjack. Whereupon Mr. Wicks suddenly recalled his early morning adventure with the hungry girl, and a consuming curiosity impelled him to learn whether or not she had called and secured the job.

"I wonder if that little girl was giving me the bunk that night!" he mused. "I had a few under my belt and maybe I looked easy. I'll just look into the telephone room and see if that's my little night bird on duty. I might as well introduce myself to the new girl, whoever she is, and let her know that I'm the regular old Bluebeard of this newspaper shop. I wonder what she looks like. Bet a dollar she buys her hair by the pound."

Reflecting thus, Mr. Wicks walked into the telephone room. Before the switchboard sat the hungry girl, plugging in—with her left hand.

"Hello!" said Mr. Wicks in what was for him a wonderfully cheerful tone of voice. "I'm back on the job again—a week ahead of time and sober as a Supreme Court Justice. I'm Wicks—the city editor, you know. I'm the boy that's kept you jumping all night. You will recall that I sent you over here for this job. Glad to see you making good."

"My name is Annie Coyle, Mr. Wicks," said the new operator. "I'm not going to bother you with expressions of thanks for what you did for me. I wouldn't know how to go about it to convince you that I'm sincerely grateful; so you'll just have to take it for granted."

She smiled upon him—a dazzling smile; but it was lost on Wicks, who was looking at her lips and reflecting upon her exact ratio of mentality. The lips were red now, he noticed, and unconsciously he gave a grunt of approval. At least the young lady was eating regularly. He was glad of that. "What a most remarkable young woman!" mused Wicks. "I do believe she has brains, and—Jumped-up Jehoshaphat!—her hair's her own!"

"You're a corking good operator," he told her in the same emotionless voice in which he would have told a reporter that he had dug up a good story. Wicks never praised anybody. He merely made a statement of fact.

"I used the forty dollars you gave me," the girl continued. "I'll pay it back some day."

"Oh, take your sweet time about that," replied Wicks carelessly. "Got a good boarding house?"

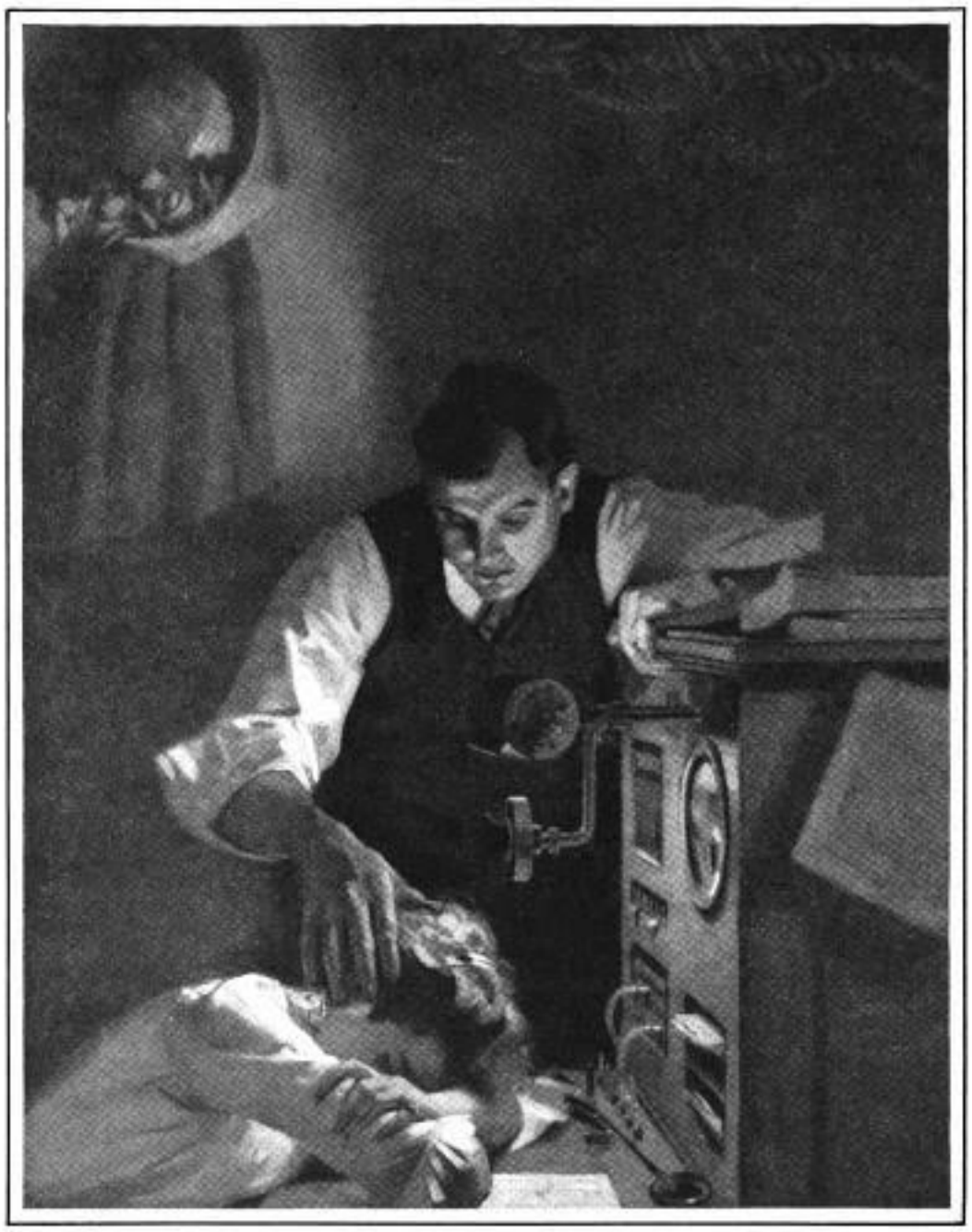
"I have a room and do my own cooking," replied Annie Coyle. "I'm doing very nicely, thank you, Mr. Wicks. I can pay you a dollar a week until I ——"

"You're left-handed," charged Mr. Wicks, interrupting.

The girl's face crimsoned. She turned in her swivel chair and thrust out her right arm. Wicks, horrified, saw that the hand was missing.

"I used to be a good stenographer and typewriter," she said with just the suspicion of a tremor in her low, sweet voice, "until I got mixed up in a street-car wreck; and then ——" She shrugged her shoulders bravely. "I can manage the board with one hand, even in a rush. You didn't have any long wait tonight, did you, Mr. Wicks?"

(Continued on Page 24)



"You Tell Your Uncle Wicks Who Did it, and if it Was Anybody But the Chief Himself I'll Have His Scalp Served With Onions"

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THE GALLERY GODS

HOW TO LOOK AN OLD MASTER IN THE EYE

By Edward W. Gregory

ONE day Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, late director of the Metropolitan Museum, New York, sat at lunch in the grillroom of the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, with one of the most famous art connoisseurs in Europe and the writer.

"If a man brings me a picture," said the critic, "for my opinion on it, and I feel any doubt about it whatever, I always damn it—I feel it's better damned than deified."

"But, of course, you would have a reason for doing so?"

"Not at all. I may be able to find no fault with the painting. Even to myself I might be unable to give a reason for my judgment; but if, at the first glance, I do not recognize it as a genuine article I pronounce against it."

"But, after consideration ——"

"I never consider. I never allow second thoughts. It's like this: If the waiter here put on the table doubtful fish, would you eat it?"

"No; but I should have a reason. It wouldn't smell right."

"Exactly. That's my point. You wouldn't say you'd think about it and see it again in a day or two. You'd tell the waiter to remove it, and be quick about it too."

"But you can't tell a good picture by smelling it!"

"Yes, I can; but I don't use my nose. I use my judgment, which is perhaps not so plain as the nose on my face; but I know it exists, for I've used it pretty well for the past thirty years, and it's been moderately reliable, on the whole."

Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, himself a great expert, seemed to think there was something in all this.

No Proof for Beauty

NOW this story puts in a nutshell and explains the whole craft of the connoisseur of pictures. It is utterly impossible to demonstrate the worth of a work of art. It is not a matter for demonstration, but perception—totally different things. Perception enables you to see one sheep in a field, but to tell how many there are in a flock you must demonstrate by counting. Demonstration, however, will stimulate perception, for after much experience you may be able to judge pretty accurately at a glance how many sheep there are in a flock. Even then, to make sure, you must count. John Ruskin explained in volumes the artistic merits of the pictures of J. M. W. Turner. He told us in brilliant word painting what he saw in Turner's brush painting; but he never succeeded in demonstrating beyond fear of contradiction that what he saw was actually true, as Newton proved the truth of his theory of gravitation. If you read John Ruskin's works, however, you are more likely to perceive the beauty of Turner's works than if you never glanced through the pages of the great writer, for Ruskin lends you his eyes in his books. If, after all, you can see nothing in Turner it is your perception that is at fault. Yet it was Ruskin who described Whistler as a coxcomb flinging a pot of paint in the face of the public! Subsequently the public forgot the pot of paint and saw only the picture. So, in this instance at any rate, there may have been wanting something in the perception even of the critic.

Some little time ago the picture by Rembrandt called The Mill hung for many weeks in the National Gallery, London. The experts agreed that it was a great work of art. One hundred thousand pounds was the price, and it was for sale. The British public was to have the refusal. Thousands went to the gallery, but they were not particularly enthusiastic. They would not subscribe to beat



The Smile That Took Leonardo da Vinci Four Years to Paint. Would Any Man be Tempted by a Face Like This Today?

the American who finally brought the picture to the United States. The critics flooded the press with their tremendous statement that it was the greatest landscape on earth; but they could not actually demonstrate that it was so. The public dutifully went to look at the picture and didn't think so. Perhaps the public was wrong. It is just possible it was right, for critics do not possess the monopoly of perception. If you buy a horse and pronounce him a good one, and some one doubts what you say, it is easy enough to trot him out or put him at a fence. You can prove his worth; but you can't make a picture show paces, though you may place it at the bar of public opinion.

Last summer a man went to an exhibition of watercolor paintings in London. He had made money, had built a house and wanted pictures. He would trust no dealers, no experts—only his own eyes. In this he was right. In this he was unconsciously a genuine patron of the arts; for the right spirit in which to buy a picture is first to desire it solely because you like it. If your tastes are not those of others you are surely more of a real lover of art than he who buys only what experts tell him to buy. In this instance, however, the man's point of view had become biased by commerce. He had made money by the process of addition. Arithmetic was at the bottom of his philosophy of life. He had found out the great and abiding principle that two and two make four. He knew it was so. He could prove it. His experience abundantly supported him. So he went into the gallery armed with his checkbook, the visible sign of prosperity and the power to purchase. Without much delay, he pointed out to the secretary the pictures he liked and was told the prices. So far so good; but here he went astray, for, pulling out a pocket rule, he demonstrated to his own satisfaction that the prices were all wrong.

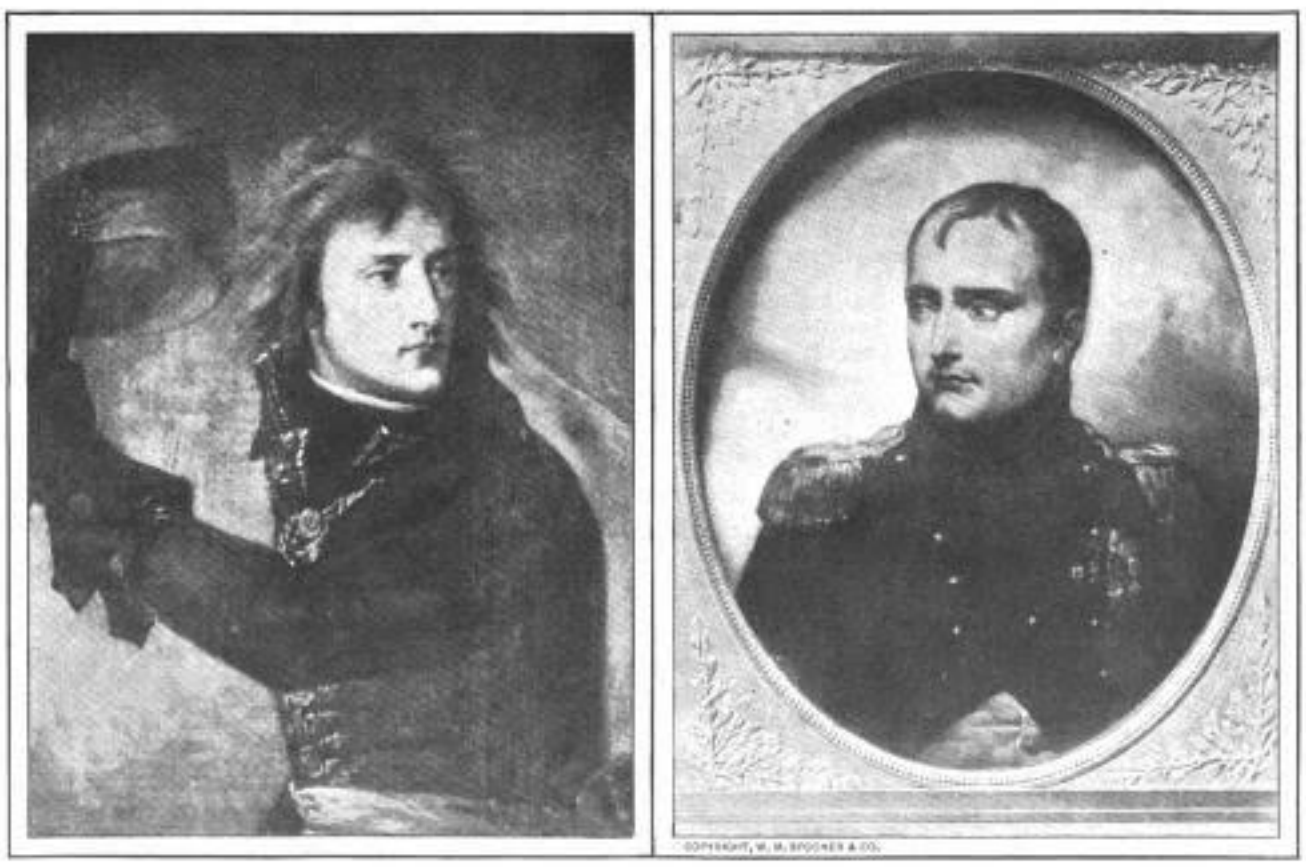
Art by the Square Foot

"HERE," he said, "you ask me fifty pounds for a picture ten inches by eight, and I can have this one, measuring twenty by fourteen, for twenty-five pounds; and there's another over there I like which is thirty by twenty, and you're only asking sixteen pounds-ten for it. How do you explain it?"

And the secretary explained, so that eventually the rich man became a purchaser; but he did not understand. He only believed, as a judge of mankind, that the secretary was an honest man. This story is true and the rich man is not to be laughed at. For in buying pictures he went on the same principle that he had found by experience to be the best in his life of commerce—that of buying according to measurement or bulk. Yet, in the end, he bought on an assumption he could not possibly measure—namely, that the seller was an honest man.

Another wealthy man went to Paris to buy pictures. He also had no experience but that of business. He had heard of the Old Masters and he went through the Louvre with care, examining the works of Rubens, Velasquez, Leonardo, Raphael, Correggio and all the rest of them. Then he went to dealers in the antique, finally deciding not to buy. Prices—which were high enough—did not frighten him, and he did not trouble himself at all about size; but what he kicked at was the fact, as it presented itself to him, that all old pictures were more or less brown—and he did not like brown pictures. However, why should he be laughed at? He preferred bright green, and there is nothing fundamentally wrong with bright green. In the end, he bought many modern French landscapes. They looked to him more like what he had seen of the country from the train. In a word, they appealed to him.

He had sufficient perception to see their realistic portrayal of Nature; but he had not the deeper perception which would have caused him to love the landscapes of Claude or revel in the quiet gray monotones of Corot. On the other hand, no power on earth can actually prove, beyond all shadow of doubt, that the pictures of Claude and Corot are better than the best of modern French landscapes. Authority—which has unlimited power in these matters—can only say that they are better. Authority can fill reams



Which of Napoleon's Portraits Most Resembles Him?

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of paper in defense of its opinion and probably influence and educate perception. It can do no more.

Within the last year or two there have been exhibitions in Paris and London of the works of painters who are known as the Post-Impressionists. Now, without going deeply into a dissertation on their methods or analyzing their views, it may be said at once that ninety-nine out of every hundred people who have seen their works pronounce them to be, in a word, impossible; but the ninety-nine may possibly be wrong. They may not have sufficiently acute perceptions to enable them to see the merit in these works.

The Statuette That Aroused Ridicule

HERE is an instance of what I mean: An exhibition of Post-Impressionist painters was held in the Grafton Gallery, London; and being a very new thing it attracted great crowds. Among others was a man who had considerable knowledge of art and was a great collector. I saw him stand before a statuette in bronze of the figure of a woman. He gazed for a while; then, containing himself no longer, he burst into roars of laughter, stuffed his handkerchief into his mouth and rushed from the gallery to tell his friends he had seen the most absurd, ridiculous, childish, idiotic statuette of a woman he had ever seen in his life.

Now the figure was obviously what any one but a Post-Impressionist would call out of proportion. The legs were too short, the breast flat and the whole torso disagreeably lumpy and corpulent. The arms were thin and emaciated-looking, and the hands big and offensively masculine. In life no woman could stand as this woman was perched. Her feet were turned in to deformity—in itself almost unthinkable in sculpture—and she appeared to be leaning or pushing herself against nothing in particular. She seemed about to topple over. Obviously, however, if you will think a moment, all these criticisms are but a variation of those of the man who brought a pocket rule to measure pictures. It may be that the artist had finer perceptions than the man who bolted from the gallery in volleys of laughter. It may have been that the sculptor had a good reason for making such short legs. Perhaps—who knows?—he was desirous of raising merriment in the minds of the spectators, in which case he was certainly successful; for no one looked at the figure without a smile.

In the same exhibition was a picture that drew forth the criticism—this time delivered pointblank at the artist—that, "after all, trees never look like that."

"But they are not intended to be trees," objected the painter.

"Then what on earth are they intended to be?"

"I really don't know, myself," replied the author of the picture.

This is not an overdrawn incident. Post-Impressionists appear to deny the right of any one to object to their works on the ground that the details cannot be identified with the commonly accepted aspects of natural forms.

"I have never seen a man's nose look like a doorknocker before!"—"Wherever in Nature did any one see a sky-blue horse?"—"How is it that woman's eyes look like two dice when you have thrown a five and a three?" were some of the remarks heard in the gallery—all very natural, very sensible; but like the contentions of the man with the pocket rule, if less violent than Ruskin's phrase concerning the pot of paint, which might have destroyed Whistler.

One day I was in the studio of the late George Frederick Watts, the painter who has probably received more individual honor in England than any other native artist of the last fifty years. Many of his works, the property of the British nation, are hung in one great room at the Tate Gallery, in London. "Size," he said to me, "is a quality by itself. Actual bulk must be reckoned with in a work of art. It has its value. For instance"—pointing to a reduced facsimile of the Venus of Milo—"that figure as it stands is exactly like the Greek original in every particular but that of size. It can never, however, give me the same emotions as the original, simply and solely because it is not big enough."

On the other hand, there are artists who will say that size has nothing whatever to do with a work of art—did not the secretary of the watercolor exhibition argue so?—and that what really matters is proportion. The latest phase of fine art, however, would appear to deny to a great extent even proportion; so that, if any reliable system for the guidance of the lay public is ever to be made known, it would almost seem that science will have to dig deeper than ever she has yet done into the mysteries of art and produce an entirely new pocket rule—something by which the mystified seeker after truth may at least measure with more or less accuracy the bewildering and rapidly changing manifestations of the art of our time.

Within the last year a very eminent statesman had his portrait painted to be hung in a well-known political club. At the unveiling a speech was made by a man who had traveled a great deal in Italy. He referred to the scores of pictures in the famous galleries, of men whose names were not even known today. It seemed to him a deprivation that the tourist should be without means of identification when looking at a portrait. He approached works of art and inspected them not as pictures but as records. He could not appreciate art without a label. He never looked at a picture of a man without asking the question, "What was his name?" It did not matter if the man had been dead three hundred years and was a nobody even in his lifetime. He still wanted to know his name. No matter how fine the painting might be, it dropped immediately in his estimation if no one could tell him who it was.

"I have seen," he said, "in hundreds of cases, under an old Italian picture merely the words, 'Portrait of a Gentleman.' Let us congratulate ourselves"—waving his hand gracefully toward the portrait of the statesman—"that under this picture, at any rate, no such label can ever be put." Rather a maladroit remark; but indulgent listeners—among whom was the politician himself—rightly concluded that the speaker wished thus picturesquely to illustrate the everlasting fame and name of the subject of the portrait. To the art critic the awkward phrase suggested something more. It exemplified the invariable attitude of mind of the public toward portraits. Every one regards a portrait as the reflection of a personality. Nearly all of us want to know, first, who the subject is supposed to be. Only artists criticise the picture first as a work of art. The rest look upon it as a likeness; and the more like it is to the sitter the better it appears to them.

Now this is a fundamental essential of all portraits: The closer they resemble the subjects, the better they are—as portraits; but the older they become the less possibility there is of determining likeness. Who is to judge which of the many portraits of Napoleon Bonaparte is most like him? Who can say whether the existing busts of the Roman Emperors resemble the royal sitters? No one. So that if the picture of a man survives many centuries it does so rather by its virtue as a work of art or as a mere document, not necessarily on account of its fidelity to the appearance of the original subject. The portraits by Velasquez are a case in point. Philip of Spain may have looked as the great Spaniard painted him—we do not know. We cannot demonstrate it; but we can perceive that the portraits by Velasquez are fine pictures.

Two men were going through a picture gallery. One called out the numbers he saw on the frames, the other kept his eyes on the catalogue he held in his hand and read aloud the titles. They went all the way through from 1 to 485 without a mistake and then searched for a Study of an Oyster, which had come too late for classification and had been so entered. It is a moral certainty that neither of those men clearly saw a single picture. All they did was to check the accuracy of the compiler of the catalogue. There are five senses—seeing, hearing, tasting, feeling and smelling. You don't need to hear, taste, feel or smell a picture; but you must see it. This being so, to trouble about what the man enters in the catalogue and what number he puts on the frame is clearly superfluous. Don't use your sense of hearing by listening to him. Just look at the picture yourself; and if it does not speak to you through your eyes you may be sure you have no use for it. That's not to say it's a poor picture, for it's quite conceivable you may be a poor judge.

Books have been written about how to look at pictures. The subject is scarcely worth discussion, for it does not matter in the least how you look at pictures; but it does matter how the picture looks at you. If I tell you that I shut one eye, screw up the other, and hang my head on one side, using my thumb and finger as an eyeglass, to be able to see the effect of Millet's Angelus at five yards, it is no proof that this is the proper way to behave—only that this is how I behave. You may prefer to regard the picture with both eyes open in the same way that you look at a friend; and if you do so you will find that Millet's Angelus will look at you in a friendly way, as it has looked out from its frame upon every human being who has seen it from the time it was first painted until now.



Half a Dozen Photographs Will Tell the Artist of Today More About How a Pretty Woman Smiles Than Leonardo Learned From La Gioconda in a Twelvemonth

The Relation of Eyes to Art

I HAVE heard a group of Anglo-American tourists in Antwerp Cathedral hold an animated argument about the right place to stand in order to see Rubens' Descent from the Cross properly. There is no right place. If there were it would have been chalked out on the flagged pavement long ago. Besides, if a man with long sight can see it from one point, is the shortsighted man to come back home from his tour with the melancholy reflection that he has never seen the picture at all because he had to go five yards nearer in order to distinguish red from blue? When you go to a concert do you worry about the correct way to listen? Assuredly not! All you care about is to get into such a position that you can hear.

Centuries ago a man made the first gun. It was a great achievement. Nobody had ever seen a gun before. The maker was proud of it and put in a lot of time ornamenting it and cleaning it up afterward with a bit of leather. We make guns today—better guns than his. They will shoot straighter and carry farther; but the only gun we should care to have in a museum is that first gun, made by the man who had never seen one before, because it exhibits in every part the struggle of inventive genius to overcome

(Continued on Page 49)

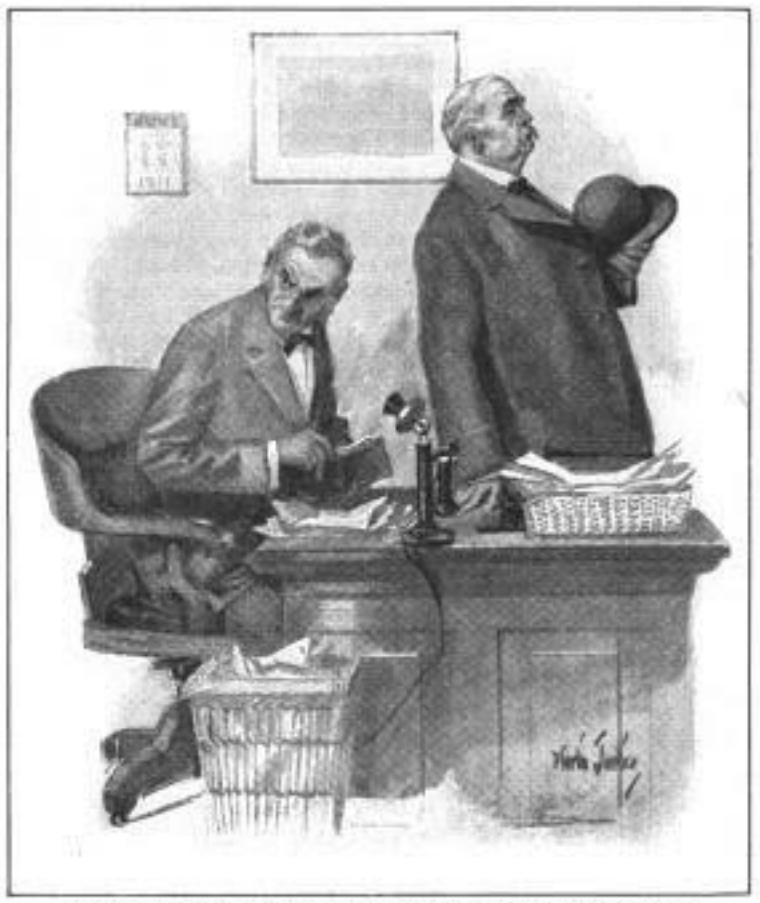
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EASY MONEY

By Campbell MacCulloch

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

A Tale of High Art and Wall Street



"I'll Say This for Peter: He's Right Quick to Take a Hint"

MONEY," observed Mr. Jeremiah Simpson sententiously, "in addition to bein' th' root of most divorce cases, is a luxury that mighty few folks is eddicated up to, and still fewer has got any license to flirt with."

Seated in the broad window of a Riverside Drive apartment, Mr. Simpson was gazing at the slate-gray outlines of a Chinese warship that had just anchored in the Hudson River. His cherubic countenance, with its chief feature seeming to be an escarpment of several chins retreating by a sort of *diminuendo* effect into a wide-mouthed collar that openly yawned pleasantly to receive them, expressed a cheerful content with life; a pair of twinkling blue eyes belied the sixty-odd years their owner admitted when pressed, and a pair of large, black-rimmed spectacles slightly tinted with yellow merely accented the Pickwickian effect of the owner.

Mr. Simpson was not alone, for opposite him, reclining on his shoulderblades and the back of his neck in an easy-chair, sat his partner, Mr. James Forsythe Kingsley. This young man was the scion of an excellent New England family, but had long since eschewed the paths of rectitude after his university had turned him loose with some education and more debts. He had joined a group of carnival workers as a stall when affairs went ill with him, and had found the devious ways of graft so much to his liking that he had continued therein. Some few years before, he had attached himself to the fortunes of Mr. Simpson, who, having waxed old in the profession of deceit, and being too well known to the police of innumerable cities by alias and thumbprint, felt that a residence in the background of affairs was desirable. Mr. Kingsley was known to a large circle of acquaintances as Larry Winterloth. Inspector Laughlin, of the metropolitan police, had watched him skating close to the edge of the penal code and regretted exceedingly that he had never come ashore. Some day the good inspector hoped to catch his young friend with the goods, a wish he had openly expressed in his intended patient's hearing.

Now Mr. Kingsley removed his feet from the window-sill and regarded his old friend.

"Ya-as," he observed languidly; "and we've been doing what we could to decrease the temptation by taking it away from them."

Mr. Simpson was evidently merely pursuing a reflection to its lair, for he did not regard the interruption.

"Hell hath no fury like a wise guy that's bin trimmed good and plenty," quoth he, nodding his head at the Chinese ensign that unfurled its great dragon to the breeze at that moment. "Also, Larry, he knows enough to keep his trap shut, which is worth a lot to missionary folks like you an' me. Again, my boy, keep it in your mind that the same wise yap falls easier than most folks. *In hoc signo vinces!* says one of them foreign sharps, which, accordin' to my dope, means that when you're in bad it's a sucker play to sign vouchers agin the bankroll; but there's lots of guys you couldn't never teach that to, no matter how hard you was to try."

Mr. Kingsley sat up on the end of his spine and regarded his elderly *confrère* with interest.

"I've not abided in your refreshing company during these years for nothing," he remarked. "What's doing? What peculiarly pert plan has my ancient friend jolted forth from his cerebrum? Shoot your wad."

Mr. Simpson turned a mildly reproving eye upon his young friend.

"Some of these days, Larry, you're a-goin' to meet up with a man's-size idea right on the public street, an' th' shock is goin' to be so rough that they'll dump you in an ambulance. Your nervous system ain't up to intellectual jolts like these." And he gazed riverward again, shaking his hoary head as if he feared the worst.

There was silence for a time, and then Mr. Simpson went on with his extraordinary reflections:

"Is th' Chinks more artistic than th' Guineas, or does it just happen that we ain't broke to their style? If the Chinks was livin' just over th' Canadian border, would chop-suey make a bigger hit than spaghetti as a pillow-stuffin', or would we soak up more preserved ginger than olive oil—eh?"

Jimmie Kingsley bent a searching look of anxiety on the old gentleman.

"You sound to me like a man that's been smoking a page out of a puzzle-book," he said. "What brand of conversation is that, and why? Do I have to know the answers to all these nut-farm conundrums?"

Mr. Simpson sighed wearily.

"Oh, forget it!" he said. "All I was gettin' at was whether art was really long, or only long green, an' why art an' money is mostly distant acquaintances instead of twins. If th' first why not interdooce 'em?"

Kingsley began to look alarmed and got up to stand near the other's chair.

"I'll swear you were all right when I peeked at you half an hour ago!" he muttered. "You look just the same, but you've surely got me going with such rummy talk." He came round to the front of his friend's chair and looked again. "I'll be telephoning for a taxi and having myself examined by a good alienist soon." He paused and addressed the clock. "I suppose I'll have to humor him. Come, Rollo, tell Percy what you did with the gingersnaps. Did 'oo feed 'em to the cuckoo clock?" He wagged a finger at Mr. Simpson and that gentleman flushed slowly red.

"You go to blazes!" he snapped. "Here I'm tryin' to cook up a little game to cop th' kale, an' you rave round as nutty as a rube that's bin stung with th' shells. I'm for art—A, double R, T. Art's my front name an' Cush is th' second; an I certainly don't want to be called Arthur either."

Mr. Kingsley stared and slowly shook his head.

"Art, eh?" he commented. "Art!—and you wouldn't know a Sistine Madonna or a Venus de Milo if they waltzed in front of you and did a fire dance."

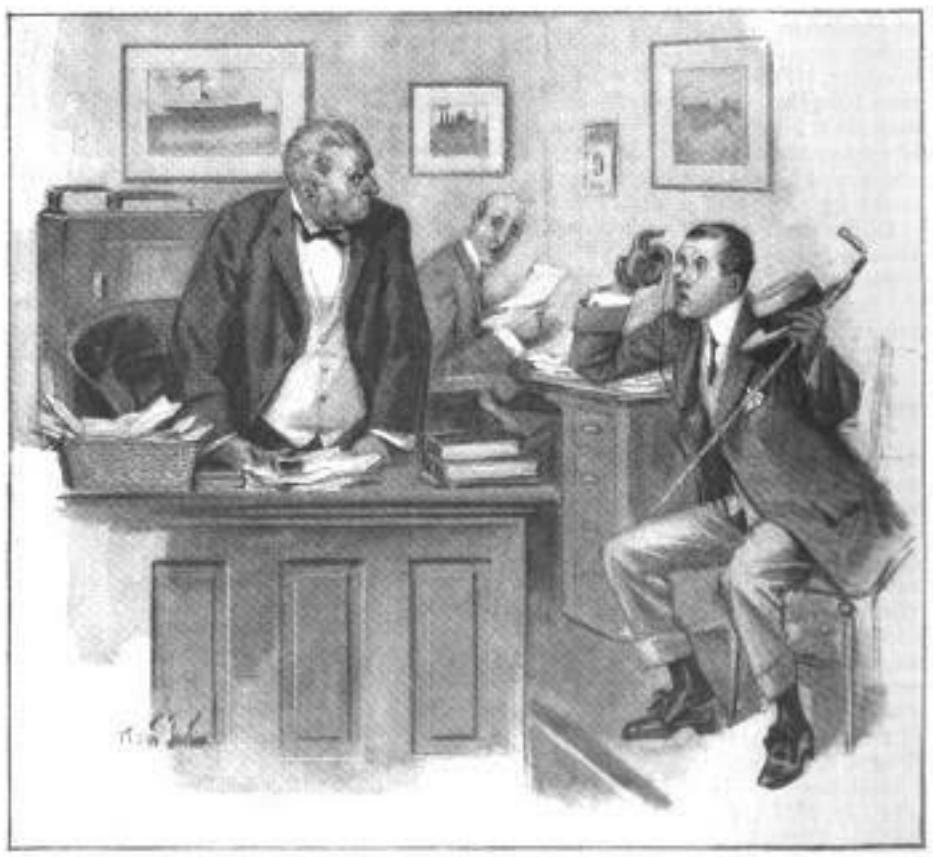
Mr. Simpson snorted angrily.

"Mebbe not, son," he growled; "but I know enough to play it on the double O. I'm not so fussy about art as some I know; but I've got a live hunch that I can tag her and make her come across with th' doubloons—an' that's more'n some guys can do that knows her well enough to call her 'Babe.' You listen to me, my lad, an' you'll hear somethin' that'll make you take notice."

The young man's manner changed instantly, for he recognized the signs that preceded one of Mr. Simpson's famous coups for the replenishing of the exchequer and the removal of cash from the custody of those who did not know enough to care for it. In the years they had spent together the aged minister of guile had planned many a financial feat, yet never once had the shadow of the law actually fallen across their line of retreat; never once had their numerous operations left more than a faint trace for the hounds of the law to follow more than a block or two; never once had the plans that emanated from Simpson's fertile old brain failed to score heavily. Though the police had many times intuitively guessed at their connection with an affair, proof had always been entirely lacking—and even suspicion had generally failed to point her finger at the pair.

Kingsley could have made a name for himself as a character actor, while Simpson, too old to learn new ways in the direction of honest endeavor, had long been a player of many parts, as must every man who essays the paths of guile. Simpson lay like a humorous and somewhat kindly spider at the center of his web, and moved men and things according to his plan. Kingsley, with no particular initiative ability, was yet the active partner because of his appearance and breeding and his capacity for carrying out orders. Together they made a combination responsible for many an unsolved entry on the blotter at police headquarters.

"There is no guy that falls so easy an' so soft as an American millionaire, Larry," observed Mr. Simpson. "You an' me has proved that a couple of times. It's funny too; because you take a man that's begun life on a dump-pile as chief engineer of a wheelbarrow or nurse to a steam shovel—who's put in twelve hours a day callousin' his hands an' rough-neckin' his soul earnin' twenty-two-fifty a week—an' when he gets a piece of burlap tied round a bundle of dollars, th' custom-house can hardly keep track of th' junk he brings over. He's out for art an' he plays no favorites. A castle or a club—it's all th' same to him. Some gink tells him he's a natural art critic; that th' same talent he used to cheat th' government can be used to pick pictures; that the ability to cast rotten armor-plate gives him a license to back his choice on old armor—an' get stung. Honest, Larry, some of those European sharks ought to get pinched for what they do to our plutocratic pets. One of these moneyed bugs builds hisself a house that he has to hire strong men to live in, an' he fills it with art in gobs, chunks, by th' yard, full o' wormholes an' musty odors, made in Elizabeth Street, with th'



"They Brought You Up Awfully Badly, Didn't They? My Word, Yes!"

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rust hardly set yet. I never doped it out just why, unless they're all achin' to show other folks that their early days wasn't confined to pickin' coal off th' tracks or wipin' a bar."

Jimmie Kingsley laughed heartily.

"You're just crazy about the American rich man, I don't think!" he chuckled.

"I'm crazy about his tainted money," retorted the old man. "Anyway, any sucker that butts into a game he don't know deserves to get his. Ever hear of Peter K. Harding, Larry?"

"Steel, banks, Wall Street, cottage at Newport, young daughter fishing three seasons for a title and nothing doing? They say he wrote all the bunco games there ever were; invented the financial hat trick, the blind pool and three orphan asylums and so forth. What about him?"

"I hereby unanimously select Peter K. to head a little private charity list you an' me is gettin' up. Mr. Peter Harding will kindly come across with the check."

The young man fell into a chair with a gasp.

"Suffering snakes!" he cried. "You must be getting flittermice in your campanile! You couldn't get him to buy a gold eagle at nine-ninety-eight! He'd take your collar off and steal your socks while you were trying to sell him a seed catalogue!"

Mr. Simpson did not bat an eyelid. He merely shuffled one section of chin inside the collar and his eyes snapped twice as brightly.

"You heard me!" he announced. "Peter K.'s due to be the goat. He'll feed his spinach to us on a gold plate—an' come pretty near beggin' us to take it too. It wouldn't surprise me if he didn't get real peeved if we wouldn't hook his money. Crazy! Yes, I am—just like a fox." He paused to light a long cigar.

"How's your English dialect, Larry?" he went on. "Ain't forgot that there Piccadilly accent, have you? No. Well, better practice up a spell. An' say, Larry—see that white yacht lyin' over there behind that Chink cruiser? That's yours, son. I give it to you. A present from papa. Take it an' be happy; but don't go too far out of sight of land. It makes father nervous—an' th' water's real damp."

He chuckled softly to himself and regarded Kingsley with a twinkling eye. The latter stared at him.

"Get out!" he exclaimed. "That's Lord Markdale's yacht! He crossed the ocean on her himself."

"Right, fair youth," replied the old man. "And maybe he'll go back on her—who knows? All of which has nothin' to do with us. Ever see him?"

"Who? Lord Markdale?"

"The same."

"No."

"Then take a peek," said Simpson, tossing over the folded paper he had been reading. "That's a pretty good cut of him, I'd say; an' you're enough like him to be his brother, Larry. Hear me? You might be his brother."

"Me?" queried Kingsley.

"You, my lad. Come on over here an' I'll put you wise to somethin'. In th' first place, said noble gent ain't in this neck of th' woods, accordin' to th' scandal sheet there. He's out after 'big game,' as they call it—which don't mean faro, nor yet roulette. Peter K.'s daughter has had her eye on our noble pal, but papa ain't made up his mind to put up th' price yet. The sob-squad sister what writes the society gush for this scandal sheet says that Peter K. has no real compunction against owning a son-in-law with a ruined castle and an ancestry that hikes back to Adam; but that daughter has not yet managed to get a rope over his dukelet's front feet. The chances are that he'll listen to reason in the end. Anyway, Peter is likely to want to do a favor for his prospective-maybe-perhaps-if-he-don't-get-away relative, and at the same time do a neat stroke of business in adding to his collection."

"Then you mean ——" began Mr. Kingsley.

"I sure do; an' now you listen to me." Whereupon Mr. Simpson began to talk and kept it up for the best part of an hour. He laid his plan carefully, tested it for heat, cold and position, administered the acid, explained, ordered and instructed, and finally regarded the admiring features of his young friend with some pardonable pride.

"That sounds pretty good—eh?" he inquired blandly.

"A wonder!" fervently admitted Jimmie. "A sure wonder ——" He paused while Simpson regarded him closely. "Well—but what?" Simpson inquired.

Jimmie displayed an embarrassment entirely out of keeping with his usual manner.

"There's Laughlin ——" he began; but Simpson rose from his chair and shook his finger sternly in the young man's face.

"Now, you stop right there!" he commanded. "That's the only yellow streak you've got, Larry, an' it's as wide as a door. Laughlin, eh? An' it's that thick-neck cop that's on your mind? That flat-hoofed dub couldn't catch up with my gait if you hooked an express train on to him. Some o' these days I'm goin' to send Laughlin a postcard tellin' him that we'll be round at headquarters at noon sharp th' next day to pinch th' clock out of th' main corridor—an' we'll go do it! It'll be a cinch, for he'll have th' whole force up in th' Bronx guardin' a movin'-picture factory from bein' burgled by a burlesque troupe that day. That's about his limit. Don't you bother about Laughlin. He couldn't catch a horsecar on th' Belt Line!"



"My Word, You are a Nailer. Big Man in One Thing, Big Man in All—Eh?"

Mr. Simpson expressed such disgust at the very idea of Inspector Laughlin ever exhibiting an atom of perception that in sheer self-defense Jimmie changed the subject.

"Just go over the last part again, will you?" he asked. "I'm to send a card in, and ——"

"Now wait," begged Mr. Simpson. "Don't you get too slippy about this. There's anything up to a couple of hundred thousand lyin' waitin' to be picked up. We won't pull it off till we get it right. Now we'll take up the main points again. Listen!"

When he had finished the rehearsal he shook his head sadly.

"Now there ain't no 'buts' in this, Larry. I'll be th' goat myself; an' all you've got to do is th' parlor, receive-th'-guests business. You're th' front. By th' Lord Harry, but I wish I had your eddication an' my brain! I'd make Andy Carnegie look like a piker two-dollarin' hisself into a financial decline at th' track. I'd make him feel that his library stunts was about equal to givin' out dime novels at a messenger boys' picnic. However, it ain't your fault that these things don't come to you. I'll just have to go on layin' th' pipe, an' you'll do th' couplin' of it up to th' tank, which in this case is Peter K. Harding, Esquire, New York, Newport, Lakewood and Comeonville. Hustle out now an' telephone Bantry that he'd better get up here an' see me about th' time Mr. Edison turns on th' street lamps. Then you see Schmidt."

Mr. Kingsley telephoned as he had been bid, and then took his hat, stick and gloves from the hall. He was particularly careful about his personal appearance, and with some excuse, for he looked to the manner born, which was one of the reasons Simpson clung so closely to him. Coming back into the room for his handkerchief, he found Simpson writing laboriously upon the back of an envelope.

"You might send this telegram while you're out," he suggested, passing it over. "It's to Matt Bleekman, up at Rye Beach. You remember Matt? He helped us with that Benziry Brothers' bond deal. Matt's playin' gentleman now with a good-sized schooner yacht up on the Sound. I want him to lend us a fast power launch he's got. Savvy? All right, son. Beat it!"

Outside Mr. Kingsley strolled easily along until a passing taxi overtook him, which, hailing, he entered and went off downtown to an address at Third Street and Greenwich. It need hardly be remarked that he knew no one there, but merely had a dislike to letting the chauffeur know where he really was going. When he had paid the man and the cab had disappeared he walked along Third Street toward Broadway until he came to a small and dingy cigar store, into which he dodged. Passing quickly through into the back part of it, he waited until the proprietor came to him.

"Schmidt," was all he said, and the man nodded.

"He'll be back in a minute. Went out for a scuttle of suds."

Almost as he spoke an obviously German personage who just as obviously had only a hearsay acquaintance with barbers and baths, entered with a tin can.

"Hello, Schmidt!" said Kingsley. "How are the Old Masters coming along?"

"Rodden, danks," replied the Teuton.

"Would you like to put a couple across on the plutocratic debasers of the poor?" asked Jimmie easily. "Like to saw off a pair of punks on some wealthy wizard—eh? Just as soon pluck a few piasters from the gizzard of capital, old top?"

The man's heavy eyes glittered malevolently.

"I would sog gapidal efery time der chance offers!" he growled. "Some of dese days dere shall be a revolu ——"

"Yes, I know," said Jimmie lightly; "but we haven't time to run over to Cooper Union just now, so the rest of that speech will have to wait. We want to talk about Old Masters—Velasquez, Tintoretto, Titian, Correggio, and what not—our old friend Bill Rembrandt, Muggsy Van Dyck and ——"

"Blease!" interrupted Schmidt—"Rembrandt's name was not Pill ——"

"Have it your own way," said Jimmie airily. "They're your friends, not mine. We'd like to get a couple of early Kiplings, and ——"

The German rose and sawed the air savagely with his arm preparatory to speech; but Jimmie went on again:

"Well, then, we'll waive the Kiplings. Now what can you do for us? By the piper, but I believe you take your blessed faking seriously! Well, more power to you. An honest faker, good folks, by my halidom—a right righteous knave! Never mind, let's get down to business. We need about four pretty good pieces of junk—and don't forget the wormholes, Schmidt. We need the wormholes in our business to give an appearance of verisimilitude to the affair. In two words, our sucker won't bite on anything that isn't wormeaten. Once they handed him a cape that no self-respecting moth would touch, and he handed it back to its rightful owner because he thought it was a queer one."

Schmidt smiled crookedly.

"I haf a freunt vot is der best vormhole-maker in dis country. All der finest vormholing dot you fint is hiss. Two dimes haf dey sent him vork from Venice to vormhole. All vill be right. Vere is der bictures to go?"

"North River. I'll let you know the exact location later. Same price, eh? Don't be greedy now, Paul Rubens."

The other stared, speechless for the moment. Then he burst forth:

"Greety! Gott in Himmel! Olt Masters at elefen tollars per each—und he says 'greety'! Vot sacrilege!"

Kingsley laughed and left the old man shaking his head to and fro like an angry lion and muttering to himself. He walked quietly to Broadway and up that thoroughfare until he came to the intersection of Fifth Avenue, along which he proceeded until he came to the shop of an English tailor. For two hours he amused himself by selecting weird combinations of cloth and cut—garments to proclaim his nationality. When he returned to the apartment he found Simpson studying the Chinese cruiser through a pair of prism glasses.

"Funny!" the old man commented as Kingsley entered the room. "I've been watchin' all afternoon, an' them Chinks ain't hung out a line of wash or beat a gong. I don't understand it at all. Begins to look as if some of these here bird's-nest-soup-rat-pie yarns we bin gettin'

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WHY WE LEFT THE FARM

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



She Didn't Propose to Work Herself to Death for a Lot of Hired Hands, Even if I Did!

A WELL-TO-DO young farmer of the Middle West, astride a good horse, paced springily out of the barnyard into the wood pasture early one morning in corn-planting time. He had just eaten the kind of a breakfast money cannot buy for the city dweller: strawberries—the pick of the patch, almost as large as after-dinner coffee-cups—with the dew on them, served with the richest and sweetest of cream; country-cured ham—as unlike the city product as a nutmeat is unlike its husk; new-laid eggs; toast, and sweet, golden butter just from the churn; hot, sparkling coffee, with more real cream; finishing up with crisp waffles and clover honey from his own hives.

Horse and master were alike feeling their oats as they drew in great lungfuls of the pure, fragrant air. The wood pasture was velvet-swarded; its trees were very beautiful in their tender new green.

A clear brook sparkled its way in and out among the gentle slopes, and sleek, sleepy cattle were peacefully grazing beside it.

The farmer felt a good deal of pleasure in the ownership of these things. His straightened shoulders and high-held head were the outward signs of an inward I-am-monarch-of-all-I-survey consciousness. Perhaps a thought of how far the grazing cattle would go toward paying for the new "eighty" entered into his satisfaction, but not necessarily. There is more poetry than is suspected by any but his intimates in the make-up of the average farmer, and he loves the beautiful in Nature without dreaming of talking about it, any more than he would publicly express his love for wife and babies.

A brisk trot brought the young farmer to the far gate, opening into the first plowed field. A wiry old plowman, with four big mules and a plow, was turning over the chocolate loam in long, moist waves. As he perceived his employer at the gate he slouched yet farther forward and cracked his long whip over the mules, who sprang onward against the pressing collars with a quickened step. The farmer paused only long enough to measure with his eye the amount of work done and to be sure all was well. Perhaps there was a simple question or suggestion, then he passed on his rounds.

As he trotted along the hedgerows, the violets and spring-beauties smiled up at him; the lark and the dove, the robin and the blackbird, sang to him; while the consciousness of soft young things growing was like a living presence about him.

The Most Independent Man on Earth

WHEATFIELDS covered with a six-inch pile of green rolled away on one hand; clover and timothy hayfields, whose augmented growth since yesterday he could almost recognize at a glance, were on the other. In some fields the tender young corn was just starting through the soil, marking the brown earth off into regular squares, green-starred at every corner. The clicking of the corn-planter near added a rhythm to the soft, still noises of spring.

He passed through field after field, overseeing the work done in each, keeping a master's eye on details and seeing that everything was in good working order all over the place.

Should plowshares become dulled or small accidents occur, he himself, as being most easily spared, would be likely to make the trip to the village blacksmith shop. There he would converse with friends and neighbors who had come to the village on similar errands, and get and read his mail. A day rarely passed without giving him this opportunity for recreation.

However, except in the village and at mealtime, he was in the saddle all day; and when night came he told his wife he was dead tired and dropped into a dreamless sleep almost as soon as his head touched the pillow.

Such sleep was not the least of his blessings. It is only induced by healthful exercise in the bright sunshine and pure air, taken without undue haste or sense of worry. No wonder he awoke cheerful and optimistic, satisfied that the "farmer is the most independent man on earth." The thought of another day's work before him was altogether pleasant, for he loved the farm and farming.

His wife rose at four o'clock that morning as usual, hurriedly dressed, quickly built the kitchen fire and had breakfast on the table when the hands returned from feeding their teams and milking. Remember the menu and you will understand that she worked with rapidity.

Breakfast over and the milk strained and put away, ice-box overhauled and the soiled dishes stacked on the kitchen table ready for washing, she hastened to feed and water the chickens and look after the setting hens and incubator. This done, she gathered fruit and vegetables for dinner. She hurried through this task with never a glance at the tempting spring landscape. This was not because she was unappreciative of its beauty, but because her whole mind was centered on finishing this task before the baby should awake and become alarmed at her absence. As she neared the house and heard the expected wail, she quickened her pace into as much of a run as the brimming buckets in her hands would allow. Setting down her pails in the kitchen, she rushed up the stairs and snatched the crying infant from his cozy nest, kissing him, petting him and talking foolishness to the accompaniment of his delighted gurgles all the way down the steps. Such delights, however, must be short-lived. Hastily—always hastily—she bathed, dressed and fed him and put him down to play; then took up the rounds with a glance at the clock that sent her racing through bedmaking, sweeping, dusting, setting to rights—and then back to the hot kitchen. For the kitchen was hot even thus early in the season. There is no such thing as gas in most farming districts, and gasoline stoves are not to be thought of in the preparation of a full meal for hungry farmhands. That would be as absurd as using a sewing-machine oilcan to oil an automobile.

By this time the dirty dishes were even more unpleasant to handle than dirty dishes usually are. If you think they should have been washed immediately after breakfast my advice to you would be not to criticise the routine followed by a farmer's wife unless you know what you are talking about. If she were not an expert of the highest efficiency at her own particular business she could never do the amount of work that she does.

However, she had no time to reflect on any little added unpleasantness in dishwashing. On with the work! In and out of the hot suds and rinsing-pan she put those dishes—no sink to lighten the labor—dried them, put them away, mopped and tidied the kitchen, unendingly drew water and emptied water, cleansed the vegetables, dressed chickens, made hot bread—no handy bakery here—prepared dessert and coffee, and had another delicious meal smoking on the table by twelve o'clock, when her husband and the men trooped hungrily in from the fields.

After dinner she washed the dishes, tended to the baby and put him to bed for his afternoon nap, did such odd jobs as churning, cutting out of the kettle one hundred pounds or so of soap and carrying it to the drying room, picked and canned or preserved the strawberries that had ripened since yesterday, and in the driblet of time remaining between this work and the getting of supper she sped the sewing machine to its wildest limit in an effort to make, for herself and baby, garments that she would never have time to make unless she used such minutes as these, squeezed out of her busy days.

She prepared a hot supper. Men who work in the open must have three hot meals a day—they will all tell you so if you ask them.

If it had been washday or ironing day, or if her baby had been sick or cross, the extra work these circumstances entailed would have been performed by some means. She would have carried the fretting child about in her arms as she worked, and perhaps gone to bed later than usual.

At night when she lay down to rest every muscle and every nerve was throbbing with fatigue, and her harried spirit was in no condition to drop into healthful repose. She was awakened half a dozen times during the night by the fretting of her child and had to soothe it to sleep again before her own slumbers could be renewed. Next morning her broken sleep and the sense of hurry that pursued her even in her dreams left her feeling almost as tired as when she went to bed.

After ten or fifteen years of the above program, when the number of babies had multiplied and she realized that she was as complete a slave as ever wore an iron collar, she loathed the farm and all it stood for to her.

. . . . . .

There seems to be quite a shaking of heads among men deeply interested in the welfare of our land about so many well-to-do farmers moving to town and leaving the highly important business of agriculture to incompetent and land-robbing tenants.

The real reason for this exodus ought to furnish these unselfish patriots food for thought and start them on a campaign for the amelioration of the condition of wealthy farmers' wives. I am quite convinced that in almost every case where such a farmer moves to town the wife is really the cause of his going. A woman of any intelligence will not remain on a big farm today under such conditions as exist on most of them if she has influence enough over her husband to drag him away by either fair means or foul. And her innermost reasons are always the same reasons, no matter what line of argument she uses to convince him—whether it is that the children must be better educated or given better social advantages, or that she fears his health can no longer stand the strain of farm labor.

. . . . . .

Fifteen years ago Louis and I were married. He was a capable farmer, as was his father before him, and well-to-do—rich his neighbors called him, because to most farmers in that day a sum of money that needed five figures for its expression meant riches.

What Farmers Sacrifice for Cash

I HAD never lived on the farm, but had both visited and taught in the country. Of course it had not escaped my observation that farmers' wives worked too hard and had too little recreation; in fact I had never known one whose life was not a ceaseless round of work. And the paradoxical thing about it was that the higher up in the financial scale their husbands were, the harder these women worked. The comparatively poor had no hired hands to feed, did not keep so elaborate a table, had fewer chickens, put up little meat and therefore escaped soapmaking, had much less milk and fruit to care for, and, in fact, lived very much as women in the same station live in town. The rich men's wives were the overworked drudges.

It did not occur to me that I could be pushed, driven, dragged or otherwise coerced into doing like these women. Therefore, though I knew Louis' family quite well, I was sure that I should never grow to look like his hardworking mother who was old and wrinkled, or his homely sisters who lacked the grace and daintiness that I meant to keep.

His hale and hearty father was a humorous old despot. He had long ago retired from active work, given to his

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grown children a large part of his lands, rented out most of the remainder and spent his abundant leisure in reading, joking his wife, keeping an eye open for *any* unnecessary expense in the housekeeping, and poking about the farm. Every day he could be seen slowly sauntering about the old orchard or along the hedgerows, ostensibly looking for guinea or turkey nests or stray pigs—in reality, enjoying the beauty and sweetness of all outdoors as everybody who lives in the country should do. I never knew his wife to step out of the yard unless on some pressing errand, *and I am* sure she never saw, with the inward eye at least, any of the beautiful things that were spread so lavishly before her in every direction. To her husband it was a matter of course that she should be so; he would as soon have expected to see her suddenly get up and dance a hornpipe unannounced as to see her take a walk for the sake of walking and enjoying the scenery. His was a keen and active mind, and he had early emancipated himself from the drudgery of the farm. That his wife needed any emancipation I am sure never occurred to him to the day of his death. And yet he would have indignantly denied, and in very forceful language, that he was other than a good husband. He was a good provider—of food, be it understood; not of nice clothes or furniture or conveniences or any of the pleasant things a normal woman always longs for. I have never known one of these "good providers" who was not also a "hearty eater."

A Matrimonial Venture

HE WAS fond of remarking in his wife's presence that he had given away and rented out his land so he could help his wife with the housework—she had so much to do! This observation never failed to elicit from her a snort of rage which delighted his soul.

He really did wash the dishes sometimes, spattering dishwater impartially over floor, walls and table, and leaving the cooking vessels in such an unspeakable condition of greasiness that he was never allowed to do it except under vigorous protest.

I have seen him mind the baby when its mother was especially busy, at which times it was hard to tell which most rasped the nerves of the distracted woman—the baby's shrieks or his stertorous singing, a duet in which each tried to outdo the other. He would sit with half-closed eyes, the baby's head as likely as not resting on a suspender buckle as it howled, he singing with all his might, but paying no more attention to the baby's comfort than if it had been a feather pillow. When at last the distracted mother snatched the infant from him the look of mild surprise which he cast upon her was belied by the twinkle in his very blue eyes. That her answering look was peculiarly bitter seemed to me at one time a little funny—she was so obviously without a sense of humor; but I have lived to suspect that the sense of humor possessed by many husbands is likely to kill that same sense in the women who have to live with them and endure their humorous remarks and actions.

When Louis and I became engaged there was a good deal of the usual misgiving indulged in on each side of the house.

"Eleanor a farmer's wife! What a joke! She will have to wear her wedding clothes ten years and then make them over for the children," said my flippant young sister.

Or my equally flippant young brother would ask me if I expected to keep a hen to lay eggs for us, and whether I knew which breeds of cows gave sweet milk and which gave buttermilk! And would I carry the butter to town, wearing a slat sunbonnet, as Mrs. So-and-So did? Whereupon he would imitate me doing it, with a comicality that swept the rest of the family with gusts of laughter, even though my gentle mother always looked at me in a troubled way.

"Are you quite sure of yourself, Eleanor?" she asked me timidly one day, for the subject of love and marriage was a very sacred one to her and not to be meddled with, even by a parent.

"Quite sure, mother dear," I replied, with a brave smile and a kiss; and she never hinted further that she had misgivings.

Louis was hearing from his family after this wise:



"If You Did Not Want to Work You Should Not Have Married a Farmer!"

"Eleanor is a nice girl—a very nice girl—but a farmer's wife! She can play the piano, but can she cook? She can entertain you with her conversation, but who will sew on your buttons? You admire her fine clothes now, but how will you like them when you have to foot the bills?"

We cared as little what any of them said as any other young people do under similar circumstances. Life with each other could mean nothing but happiness. We would meet and conquer all its difficulties together. How fortunate it is that young people always look at the glaring sun of reality through the smoked glass of imagination!

We were married early in the year in my city home and springtime found us settled in the new cottage on Louis' farm, everything therein inexpensive, but dainty, tasteful and fresh. There were no conveniences such as the simplest city cottage contains. All water was drawn from a well in the yard; there was no sink in my kitchen—and, of course, no bathroom or furnace, no built-in china-closets, linen-presses or bookshelves; but at that time not half a dozen country houses in our whole county had any of these things, though many of the farms were worth one hundred dollars an acre, and a farm of less than three hundred and twenty acres was scarcely looked upon as a large one.

I did not know much about housework when I married, but I had the true home-loving instinct, a habit of orderliness and abundant energy. Given these, a woman of ordinary intelligence learns what must be learned about housework quickly. I think I must have been born a good cook, descended as I am from generations of Southern women famous for their hospitality; for my cooking was a source of wonder to all of Louis' relatives.

"The best cook in the family!" they declared.

In fact, my entire management was a surprise to them and a source of pride to Louis. That I could maintain my personal daintiness while working in the kitchen was also a matter of frequent remark among them.

I did all my own work, and I worked as hard as any woman ought to have to work; for, aside from the fact that I had no conveniences to lighten my labor, I was learning as I went and often took a dozen steps where one would have answered.

When I displayed my household linen, prepared by my own hands before my marriage, to Louis' mother, she took one of the hemstitched monogrammed sheets in her hands and said scornfully:

"What do you think these will look like after the hired hands have slept on them a while?"

"We will not have the men in the house," I answered quietly. "There are two tenant houses on the farm and it is much better to let them live outside our home."

She smiled pityingly.

"That will do for a year or two; but you will see that Louis will want them in the house after a while. He can get 'em out earlier when they are right in the house and it saves some on their wages."

I put the things away, carefully concealing my resentment and disbelief.

There was nothing in that first summer's experience to make me think she was right. Louis was very tactful and considerate. He had been ready to make many allowances for my ignorance of farm ways—even to endure some positive discomforts; and he watched my progress in housewifely arts with quiet pleasure in the fact that I seemed to be justifying his choice. From the very beginning his home was quite comfortable and he was well fed. He had early provided me with a horse and buggy of my own, and I visited my friends occasionally, drove to church or town when I wanted to do so, and lived a sane, comfortable life.

Face to Face With the Servant Question

TRUE, I worked hard according to the standards of city women; but my work did not take all my time and the beautiful country life compensated me even for the hampering conditions under which I labored. I had always loved the country. Now I never missed strolling out in the late afternoons to the woods and hedgerows. Often Louis went with me and we always came back laden with wild flowers for our rooms. I never failed to return rested, no matter how tired I had been upon starting out. By the evening lamp I read aloud to Louis or played for him, and we were as foolishly happy as young married couples much in love with each other usually are.

I was not bothered with the hands, or with milking, or with the heavy gardening—as was my husband's mother. I did not yet have many chickens or much fruit on the farm. I kept myself and my house immaculate, and pridefully felt that I had solved the farm-life problem easily and well. It makes me smile a little to remember that I thought then that my work would be easier after a while when Louis was able to put modern conveniences in the house. I even thought, if he became very prosperous, that I would find a nice maid to do the hardest work.

I was to face the servant question in the country much sooner than I anticipated. Winter came and my usual good health had quite deserted me. In my buggy Louis and I scoured the surrounding country and neighboring towns for twenty miles in every direction in search of a woman to do housework on the farm. The few unemployed ones "would not work on a farm for anything!" They said the work was too hard and it was too lonesome. Nothing we could promise helped. They one and all refused



"You Have Already Done Enough Work Today to Exhaust a Stevedore. And Your Husband is a ——"

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even to consider any proposition we could make. At last we found a timid, ignorant creature, inhumanly treated at home by a cruel stepmother, to whom any condition would be welcome in preference. Her ignorance was abysmal, and the things I had to ignore that she could not or would not learn to do right sometimes rent my heart. My pretty china was smashed; silver spoons were found in the ashes, burned and ruined, and my best napkins were occasionally taken for dishrags when nothing else conveniently offered. I could not discharge her, for I was absolutely unable to work and I knew I could find no one to take her place.

Louis made light of my household tragedies, telling me that Dora was doing the very things he expected me to do when we first started to keep house; and, since he had made up his mind to see those things done, they were not troubling him in the least! When I became really distressed he sympathized with and comforted me as well as he could.

The remembrance of the kindness and patience with which he met every discomfort then was the greatest help to me through the hard years that followed. For I could always realize that the real Louis was a good, kind man, and that only the hard requirements of farm life made him seem different.

A year from the day we moved into our new home our first baby was born. The roads, always in a fearful state at that season of the year, were then quite impassable. We had to send for an ignorant, stupid quack, whose sole recommendation was that he lived five miles nearer than a good doctor. I passed through two days of torment such as I hope even lost souls are not called upon to bear.

Though far more dead than alive when my baby was placed in my arms, I still had consciousness enough left to feel that I could yet "bear all things, endure all things" for this, my own child. Louis voiced the same feeling in his own way a day or two afterward when he said playfully to the baby:

"Well, young lady, this old farm has got to get up and hustle after this to provide for your future."

I did not regain my usual buoyant health that summer. Before baby was two months old my cook had left me. She said she was sick; but the fact was she had learned enough from me to seek a place in town, which she promptly did. We were too busy to hunt for another, feeling—as we did—that the search would be long, if not altogether fruitless.

Had we lived near town, I could have sent out the washing and the sewing and had a woman in once a week to help me clean. As it was, the nearest laundry was twelve miles away, and no woman within five miles of us was poor enough to do other people's work.

When Family Privacy is Impossible

MY HUSBAND had thrown himself into the farming with great vigor; and a sense of fairness, if nothing else, would have spurred me to keep even pace with him and do my part. So I made a study of systematizing my work; I made every movement count, as far as possible, toward some definite end.

My first care was baby. Nothing ever prevented me from keeping her immaculately clean, healthy and happy. That I did not have leisure to enjoy her loveliness, and watch her little mind and body develop hour by hour, grieved me; but I told myself that this was the common lot of mothers. That some who did have the leisure chose to spend it in social dissipations instead was to me unthinkable.

Besides doing the housework as I did the summer before, I was also trying to raise chickens enough for our own use. A man born and bred on the farm would as soon think of buying champagne for his table as chickens, though nobody likes to eat them better than he. Louis had bought me an incubator and a brooder, and I was highly successful with them. They took up more of my time than the old setting hens, but were less unpleasant to handle.

The young fruitvines we had planted the last year were now bearing. Abundant strawberries, raspberries and blackberries were to be picked. What we could not eat I must can or preserve. When I say I canned or preserved fruit I am dealing in terms of gallons and bushels—not the tiny glasses or pint jars town women mean when they talk of canning. Moreover, it was all done over a hot wood range; and the carrying of the wood and water necessary was not the least part of the work. Though Louis usually filled the wood-box and the water-bucket before leaving the house, they both seemed to be empty always.

"If the house were to catch fire this bucket would be the first thing to burn," he would sometimes good-naturedly grumble as he picked up the empty pail and started for the well.

Some of the men in the community were not so considerate of their wives. I had one neighbor—a second wife—whose husband, an ex-legislator called "highly educated" because he was a university man, was reputed to be worth seventy thousand dollars. Their cookstove was so old and dilapidated that three of its four legs were gone and had been replaced by bricks, and it leaked ashes at every pore. He would never have her wood cut and she was too proud to cut it herself. I have been in her kitchen when she had one end of an old tree-branch stuck in the stove for fuel, the rest of the branch projecting halfway across the room and supported by two chairs. As the end in the stove burned off, the remainder was gradually fed into the fire until the supporting chairs could be safely removed. Then another branch was brought into requisition. Poor woman! She is now dead, like her predecessor; and their well-preserved husband is industriously seeking a third wife.

I went absolutely nowhere that summer. The spring was late, and during the first rush of plowing my buggy horse was impressed—and somehow it was never convenient to restore her to me. On Sunday Louis professed to be too tired to go to church and I did not insist on going. Secretly I preferred to spend this precious leisure in the intimate companionship of my baby or in reading when she was asleep. Louis spent the day in riding over the farm and planning the week's work. We had to give up reading together in the evening as my work was never done before bedtime. My work-hardened hands refused to do my bidding at the piano, so I scarcely ever attempted to play. I passionately loved music, and to have to give it up was one of my most disheartening experiences. Of course we never had time for the pleasant walks in the woods and along the hedgerows now. We had a large, shady yard, and for her health's sake I kept baby out-of-doors most of the time; but neither of us ever got outside of the yard.

That winter Louis bought the adjoining one hundred and sixty acres that he had often spoken of needing. The next spring, when hiring the new hands, he said to me:

"Eleanor, can't we let two of the men eat in the house for the next three months? They can sleep over the toolshed and you will not be bothered with them except at mealtime. I can get all the men out earlier if part of them are right here with me." At my dismayed look, he continued: "You know we have got to work harder to pay for that land."

So we took to getting up at four o'clock and there were four extra men to feed instead of two. They brought mud and bad odors into the house; they only half washed their faces and hands and wiped the rest of the dirt on the kitchen towels, so I was obliged to change them after every meal. They ate in a slovenly manner, so my table no longer presented its usual attractive appearance. What little conversation they held was about crops and crop conditions. Our dining room had become only a part of the farm workshop.

I had begun to suggest modern improvements for the house immediately after starting housekeeping and mentioned them again and again as the work grew heavier, but was always told to "wait until we get out of debt." Now it is a fact that hardly any of the big farmers are ever out of debt. When they nearly approach that happy state there is always a new piece of land to buy or new improvements in farm buildings or equipment to make. Rarely indeed is a sum large enough to provide bath, kitchen sink, furnace and lights forthcoming for the home. The farmhouse is really the most important workshop on the place and invariably the poorest provided with labor-saving machinery—this in spite of the fact that the women of the family must do the work in the house, while that elsewhere is done by hired laborers.



"I Shall Leave the Farm; With Louis if I Can, Without Him if I Must"

I began to look pretty bad. Aside from the fact that I no longer had the time to dress as carefully as before, to arrange my hair becomingly or fix the little accessories that add so much to a woman's appearance, I was so tired all the time that I looked positively ill. Louis felt called upon to remonstrate.

"You work too hard by trying to keep things so clean. Let things go more. Eat off an oilcloth. Let the men eat their dessert on their plates. That is better than they are used to."

That we should have to eat off the oilcloth, and mix our pudding with the meat and vegetables on our own plates, did not seem to occur to him to be an objection to the plan.

We had an unusually good crop that year. We nearly paid for the one hundred and sixty acres in the fall, and Louis promptly bought eighty more, three miles from home. He also went to market and bought feeders—cattle to fatten on the abundant corn we had raised that summer. This necessitated keeping hands in the house all winter, as feeding requires great care—else much money may be lost. Of course the men could not sleep over the toolhouse in winter; so I had to prepare two extra bedrooms for them. After the democratic manner of farmers, they sat in our living room when not at work. The farm had now invaded the whole house. We had not so much privacy in our family life as boarding-house keepers.

All this time I hired help in the house whenever I could get anybody, which was not often. Nor did they stay with me long when I did get them. "The work is too hard" was their invariable excuse. In vain I pointed out to them that they did not do nearly so much as I was compelled to do when I had no help, for I was never idle even when they were with me. One of them remarked witheringly that that was no skin off of her nose. She didn't propose to work herself to death for a lot of hired hands, even if I did!

The Tragedy of a Kitchen Sink

LOUIS was not the least bit stingy about paying house-servants. He always wanted me to have them if they could be gotten without losing time from the farm work. Since the first summer of our marriage he had never done any of the laborious work. Superintending the farm took all his time. All manual labor was delegated to the men employed for that purpose. This was right and proper. The point is, conditions on the farm were such that he could get workers and I couldn't.

I had gradually gotten into the ways of other country people; and a glance at conditions on the farm will show that these ways are almost a necessity. Fruit and vegetables have to be raised in abundance to supply the farm table if these things are ever to appear there fresh, and it would be wanton mismanagement to throw away the surplus and buy inferior canned stuff for winter. You have to kill your own hogs to have hams, bacon and lard of the best quality. After the nightmare of hog-killing time is safely over, the unused fat must be made into soap or utterly wasted. Turkeys, chickens and eggs must be supplied for the table. It is very little more trouble to provide enough to make a big showing in paying the grocery bill. Milk and butter are used abundantly for the home. Skimmed milk is absolutely essential to the well-being of the young pigs. Who would think of feeding the cream to them, also, instead of making it into golden butter for the market-basket?

In fact, the greater part of my neighbor women paid all grocery bills with these things; and some of them even had enough left to buy some longed-for piece of furniture occasionally.

It was about this time that I began to feel the strain of farm life in my spirit. Heretofore, though I usually went to bed so tired that every bone and muscle in me ached, my discomfort was almost wholly physical. I adored my husband and my baby. We had good health and no worries for our financial future. My husband's ambition was so great that he had swept me along with him in his plans and I uncomplainingly accepted my part in them. I can truthfully say I never shirked either what he expected of me or what I expected of myself. In this way I carried a bigger burden than I should if I had abandoned myself to either his ideas or my own. He would have been comparatively satisfied with a disordered home, a slovenly looking wife and a dirty baby, so long as the hands were well fed at the proper time. I must do menial service for his laborers because he expected it of me; but I must keep myself, my child and my house neat and clean because I expected that of myself. I dared not relax my efforts here. I had long ago dropped every diversion I had ever had. Now, when he, already owning more than five hundred acres of land, promptly bought eighty more without providing me even a kitchen sink, my spirit broke a little.

(Continued on Page 28)

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THE LIGHTED WAY

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

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XX

ARNOLD sprang to his feet. It was significant that, after his first surprise, he spoke to Fenella with his head half turned toward his companion and an encouraging smile upon his lips. "I had no idea that we were coming here," he said. "We should not have thought of intruding. It was your chauffeur who would not even allow us to ask a question."

"He obeyed my orders," Fenella replied. "I meant it for a little surprise for you. I thought that it would be pleasant, after your drive, to have you call here and rest for a short time. You must present me to your friend."

Arnold murmured a word of introduction. Ruth moved a little in her seat. She lifted herself with her left hand, leaning upon her stick. Fenella's expression changed as though by magic. Her cool, good-humored but almost impertinent scrutiny suddenly vanished. She moved to the side of the motor car and held out both her hands.

"I am so glad to see you here," she declared. "I hope that you will like some tea after your long ride. Perhaps you would prefer Mr. Chetwode to help you out?"

"You are very kind," Ruth murmured. "I am sorry to be such a trouble to everybody."

Arnold lifted her bodily out of the car and placed her on the edge of the lawn. Fenella, a long parasol in her hand, was looking pleasantly down at her guest.

"You will find it quite picturesque here, I think," she said. "It is not really the river itself that comes to the end of the lawn, but a little stream. It is so pretty, though, and so quiet. I thought you would like to have tea down there. But, my poor child," she exclaimed, "your hair is full of dust! You must come to my room. It is on the ground floor here. Mr. Chetwode and I together can help you so far."

They turned back toward the house and passed into the cool white hall, the air of which was fragrant with the perfume of geraniums and clematis. On the threshold of Fenella's room they were alone for a moment. Fenella was summoning her maid. Ruth clung nervously to Arnold. The room into which they looked was like a fairy chamber, full of laces and perfume and fine linen.

"Arnold," she whispered, "you are sure that you did not know about coming here?"

"I swear that I had no idea," he answered. "I should not have thought of bringing you without telling you first."

Then Fenella returned and he was banished into the garden. At the end of the lawn he found Mr. Weatherley half asleep in a wicker chair. The latter was apparently maintaining his good spirits.

"Glad to see you, Chetwode," he said. "Sort of plot of my wife's, I think. Your young lady friend in the house?"

"Mrs. Weatherley was kind enough to take her to her room," Arnold replied. "We have had a most delightful ride and I suppose it was dusty, although we never noticed it."

Mr. Weatherley relit his cigar, which had gone out while he dozed.

"Thought we'd like a little country air ourselves for the week-end," he remarked. "Will you smoke?"

Arnold shook his head.

"Not just now, thank you, sir. Is that the river through the trees there?"

Mr. Weatherley nodded.

"It's about a hundred yards down the stream," he replied. "Bourne End is the nearest station. The cottage belongs to my brother-in-law—Sabatini. I believe he's coming down later on. Any news at the office yesterday morning?"

"There was nothing whatever requiring your attention, sir," Arnold said. "There are a few letters that we have kept over for tomorrow, but nothing of importance."

Mr. Weatherley pursed his lips and nodded. He asked a further question or two concerning the business and then turned his head at the sound of approaching footsteps. Ruth, looking very pale and fragile, was leaning on the arm of a man-servant. Fenella walked on the other side, her lace parasol drooping over her shoulder, her head turned toward Ruth, whose shyness she was doing her best to melt. Mr. Weatherley rose hastily from his chair.

"God bless my soul!" he declared. "I didn't know—you didn't tell me ——"

"Miss Lalonde has been a great sufferer," Arnold said. "She has been obliged to spend a good deal of her time lying down. For that reason today has been such a pleasure to her."

He hurried forward and took the butler's place. Together they installed her in the most comfortable chair. Mr. Weatherley came over and shook hands with her.

"Pretty place, this, Miss Lalonde, isn't it?" he remarked. "It's a real nice change for business men like Mr. Chetwode and myself to get down here for a little quiet."



"I Looked in the Glass and Even My Vanity Was Satisfied"

"It is wonderfully beautiful," she answered. "It is so long since I was out of London that perhaps I appreciate it more even than either of you."

"What part of London do you live in?" Fenella asked.

"My uncle and I have rooms in the same house with Mr. Chetwode," she replied. "It is in Adam Street, off the Strand."

"Not much air there this hot weather, I don't suppose," Mr. Weatherley remarked.

"We are on the top floor," she replied, "and it is the end house nearest to the river. Still one feels the change here."

Tea was brought out by the butler, who was assisted by a trim parlormaid. Fenella presided. The note of domesticity that her action involved seemed to Arnold, for some reason or other, quaintly incongruous. Arnold waited upon them and Fenella talked all the time to the pale, silent girl at her side. Gradually Ruth overcame her shyness; it was impossible not to feel grateful to this beautiful, gracious woman who tried so hard to make her feel at her ease. The time slipped by pleasantly enough. Then Fenella rose to her feet.

"You must carry Miss Lalonde and her chair down to the very edge of the lawn where she can see the river," she told Arnold. "Afterward I am going to take you to see my little rose-garden. I say mine, but it is really my brother's, only it was my idea when he first took the place. Mr. Weatherley is going down to the boat-builder's to see some motor launches—horrible things they are, but necessary if we stay here for the summer. Would you like some books or magazines, Miss Lalonde, or do you think you would care to come with us if we helped you very carefully?"

Ruth shook her head.

"I should like to sit quite close to the river," she said shyly, "just where you said, and close my eyes. You don't know how beautiful it is to get the roar of London out of one's ears and to be able to hear nothing except these soft summer sounds. It is like a wonderful rest."

They arranged her comfortably. Mr. Weatherley returned to the house. Fenella led Arnold through a little iron gate to a queer miniature garden, a lawn brilliant with flower-beds ending in a pergola of roses. They passed underneath it and all around them the soft, drooping blossoms filled the whole air with fragrance. At the end were the river and a wooden seat. She motioned to him to sit by her side.

"You are not angry with me?" she asked a little timidly.

"Angry? Why should I be?" Arnold answered. "The afternoon has been delightful. I can't tell you how grateful I feel."

"All the same," she said, "I think you know that I laid a plot to bring you here because I was curious about this companion of yours, for whose sake you refused my invitation. However, you see I am penitent. Poor girl, how can one help feeling sorry for her! You forgive me?"

"I forgive you," he answered.

She closed her parasol and leaned back in her corner of the seat. She seemed to be studying his expression.

"There is something different about you this afternoon," she said. "I miss a look from your face, something in your tone when you are talking to me."

Arnold shook his head.

"I am not conscious of any difference."

Fenella laughed softly, but she seemed even then a little annoyed.

"You are not appreciating me," she declared. "Do you know that here, in the wilderness, I have put on a Paris muslin gown, my best white shoes and white silk stockings—of which you can see at least two inches," she added, glancing downward. "I have risked my complexion by wearing no hat, so that you can see my hair really at its best. I looked in the glass before you came and even my vanity was satisfied. Now I bring you away with me and find you a seat in a bower of roses, and you look up into that elm tree as though you were more anxious to find out where the thrush was singing than to look at me."

Chetwode laughed. Through the raillery of her words he could detect a certain half-girlish earnestness that seemed to him delightful.

"Try to remember," he said, "how wonderful a place like this must seem to any one like myself who has spent day after day for many months in Tooley Street. I have been sitting up on the hills listening to the wind in the trees. You can't imagine the difference when you've been used to hearing nothing but the rumble of drays on their way to Bermondsey."

She looked up at him.

"You know," she declared, "you are rather a mysterious person. I cannot make up my mind that you are forced to live the life you do."

"You do not suppose," he replied, "that any sane person would choose it? It is well enough now, thanks to you," he added, dropping his voice a little. "A week ago I was earning twenty-eight shillings a week, checking invoices and copying letters—an errand boy's work; pure, unadulterated drudgery—working in a wretched atmosphere, without much hope of advancement or anything else."

"But even then you leave part of my question unanswered," she insisted. "You were not born to this sort of thing?"

"I was not," he admitted; "but what does it matter?"

"You don't care to tell me your history?" she asked lazily. "Sometimes I am curious about it."

"If I refuse," he answered, "it may give you a false impression. I shall tell you a little if I may. A few sentences will be enough."

"I should really like to hear," she told him.

"Very well then," he replied. "My father was a clergyman; his family was good. He and I lived almost alone. He had an income and his stipend, but he was ambitious for me. By some means or other, while I was away, he was led to invest all his money with one of these wretched bucketshop companies. A telegram fetched me home unexpectedly just as I was entering for my degree. I found my father seriously ill and almost broken-hearted. I stayed with him and in a fortnight he died. There was just enough—barely enough—to pay what he owed, and nothing left of his small fortune. His brother, my uncle, came down to the funeral, and I regret to say that even then I quarreled with him. He made use of language concerning my father and his folly that I could not tolerate. My father was very simple and very credulous and very honorable. He was just the sort of man who becomes the

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prey of these wretched circular-mongering sharks. What he did, he did for my sake. My uncle spoke of him with contempt, spoke as though he were charged with the care of me through my father's foolishness. I am afraid I made no allowance for my uncle's peculiar temperament. The moment the funeral was over I turned him out of the house. I have no other relatives. I came to London sooner than remain down in the country and be found a position out of charity, which is, I suppose, what would have happened. I took a room and looked for work. Naturally I was glad to get anything. I used to make about forty calls a day on chance. I called at your husband's office in Tooley Street and accepted a situation."

Fenella nodded.

"I thought it was something like that," she remarked. "Supposing I had not happened to discover you, I wonder how long you would have gone on."

"Not much longer," he admitted. "To tell you the truth, I should have enlisted but for that poor little girl whom I brought down with me this afternoon."

His tone had softened. There was the slightest trace of a frown upon her face as she looked along the riverside.

"But tell me," she asked, "what is your connection with her?"

"One of sympathy and friendliness only," he answered. "I never saw her till I took the cheapest room I could find at the top of a gaunt house near the Strand. The rest of the top floor is occupied by this girl and her uncle. He is a Socialist agitator engaged on one of the trades-union papers—a nervous, unbalanced creature on fire with strange ideas—the worst companion in the world for any one. Sometimes he is away for days together. Sometimes when he is at home he talks like a prophet, half mad, half inspired, as though he were tugging at the pillars that support the world. The girl and he are alone as I am alone, and there is something that brings people very close together when they are in that state. I found her fallen upon the landing one day and unable to reach her rooms, and I carried her in and talked. Since then she looks for me every evening and we spend some time together."

"Is she educated?"

"Excellently," he answered. "She was brought up in a convent after her parents' death. She has read a marvelous collection of books and she is very quick-witted and appreciative."

"But you," she said, "are no longer a waif. These things are passing for you. You cannot carry with you to the new world the things that belong to the old."

"No prosperity should ever come to me," he declared firmly, "in which that child would not share to some extent. With the first two hundred pounds I possess—if ever I do possess such a sum," he added with a little laugh—"I am going to send her to Vienna, to the great hospital there."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Two hundred pounds is not a large sum," she remarked. "Would you like me to lend it to you?"

Arnold shook his head.

"She would not hear of it," he said. "In her way she is very proud."

"It may come of its own accord," she whispered softly. "You may even have an opportunity of earning it."

"I am doing well enough just now," he remarked, "thanks to Mr. Weatherley, but sums of money like that do not fall from the clouds."

They were both silent. Fenella seemed to be listening to the murmur of the stream. Arnold's head was lifted to the elm tree, from somewhere among whose leafy recesses a bird was singing.

"One never knows," she said softly. "You yourself have seen and heard of strange things happening within the last few days."

He came back to earth with a little start.

"It is true," he confessed.

"There is life still," she continued, "throbbing sometimes in the dull places, adventures that need only the strong arm and the man's courage. One might come to you, and adventures do not go unrewarded."

"You talk like your brother," he remarked.

"Why not?" she replied. "Andrea and I have much in common. Do you know that sometimes you provoke me?"

"I?"

She nodded.

"You have so much the air of a conqueror," she said. "You look as though you had courage and determination. One could see that by your mouth. And yet you are so much like the men of your nation, so stolid, so certain to move along the narrow lines that convention has drawn for you. Oh, if I could," she went on, leaning toward him and looking intently into his face, "I would borrow the magic from somewhere and mix a little in your wine so that you should drink and feel the desire for new things; so that the world of Tooley Street should seem to you as though it belonged to a place inhabited only by inferior beings; so that you should feel new blood in your veins, hot blood crying for adventures, a new heart beating to a new music! I should like, if I could, Mr. Arnold, to bring those things into your life."

He turned and looked at her. Her face was within a few inches of his. She was in earnest. The gleam in her eyes was half provocative, half a challenge. Arnold rose uneasily to his feet.

"I must go back," he said a little thickly. "I forgot that Ruth is so shy. She will be frightened alone."

He walked away down the pergola without even waiting for her. It was very rude, but she only leaned back in her chair and laughed. In a way, it was a triumph!

XXI

RUTH was still alone and her welcome was almost pathetic. She stretched out her arms—long, thin arms they seemed in the tight sleeves of her worn gown. She had discarded her carefully mended gloves, and her hands were bare.

"Arnold," she murmured, "how long you have been away!"

He threw himself on the grass by her side.

"Silly girl!" he answered. "Don't tell me that you are not enjoying it?"

"It is all wonderful," she whispered; "but can't you see that I am out of place? When could we go, Arnie?"

"Are you so anxious to get away?" he asked lazily.

"In a way, I should be content to stay here forever," she answered. "If you and I only could be here—why, Arnold, it is like Heaven! Just close your eyes as I have been doing—like that. Now listen. There isn't any undernote, none of that ceaseless, awful monotony of sound that seems like the falling of weary men's feet upon the eternal pavement. Listen—there is a bird singing somewhere in that tree, and the water goes lapping and lapping and lapping as though it had something pleasant to say, but was too lazy to say it. And every now and then if you listen very intently you can hear laughing voices through the trees there from the river, laughter from people who are happy, who are sailing on somewhere to find their city of pleasure. And the perfumes, Arnold! I don't know what the rose-garden is like, but even from here I can smell it. It is wonderful."

"Yet you ask me when we are going," he reminded her.

She shivered for a moment.

"It is not my world," she declared. "I am squeezed for a moment into a little corner of it, but it is not mine and I have nothing to do with it. She is so beautiful, that woman, and so gracious. She talks to me out of pity, but when I first came she looked at me and there was a challenge in her eyes. What did it mean, Arnold? Is she fond of you? Is she going to be fond of you?"

He laughed a little impatiently.

"My dear Ruth," he said, "she is my employer's wife. She has been kind to me, I think, because she is naturally kind, and because lately she has not found among her friends many people of her own age. Beyond that there is nothing, there is never likely to be anything. She mixes in a world where she can have all the admiration she desires, and all the friends."

"Yet she looks at you," Ruth persisted in a troubled tone, "as though she had some claim; as though I, even poor I, were an interloper for the tiny share I might have of your thoughts or sympathy. I do not understand it."

He touched her hand lightly with his.

"You are too sensitive, dear," he said, "and a little too imaginative. You must remember that she is half a foreigner. Her moods change every moment and her expression with them. She was curious to see you. I have tried to explain to her what friends we are. I am sure that her interest is a friendly one."

A motor horn immediately behind startled them both. They turned their heads. A very handsome car, driven by a man in white livery, had swept up the little drive and had come to a standstill in front of the hall door. From the side nearest to them Count Sabatini descended and stood for a moment looking round him. The car moved on toward the stables. Sabatini came slowly across the lawn.

"Who is it?" she whispered. "How handsome he is!"

"He is Mrs. Weatherley's brother—Count Sabatini," Arnold replied.

Sabatini came very slowly and, recognizing Arnold, waved his gray Homburg hat with a graceful salute. He was wearing cool summer clothes of light gray with a black tie. Even after his ride from London he looked immaculate and spotless. He greeted Arnold kindly and without any appearance of surprise.

"I heard that you were to be here," he said. "My sister told me of her little plot. I hope that you approve of my bungalow?"

"I think that it is wonderful," Arnold answered. "I have never seen anything of the river before—this part of it, at any rate."

Sabatini turned slightly toward Ruth, as though expecting an introduction. His lips were half parted; he had the air of one about to make a remark. Then suddenly a curious change seemed to come over his manner. His natural ease seemed to have entirely departed. He stood stiff and rigid, and there was something forbidding in his face as he looked down at the girl, who had glanced timidly toward him. A word—it was inaudible, but it sounded like part of a woman's name—escaped him. He had the appearance, during those few seconds, of a man who looks through the present into a past world. It was all over even before they could appreciate the situation. With a little smile he had leaned down toward Ruth.

"You will do me the honor," he murmured, "of presenting me to your companion?"

Arnold spoke a word or two of introduction. Sabatini pulled up a chair and sat down at once by the girl's side. He had seen the stick and seemed to have taken in the whole situation in a moment.

"Please be very good-natured," he begged, turning to Arnold, "and go and find my sister. She will like to know that I am here. I am going to talk to Miss Lalonde for a time if she will let me. You don't mind my being personal?" he went on, his voice soft with sympathy. "I had a very dear cousin once who was unable to walk for many years, and since then it has always interested me to find any one suffering in the same way."

There was a simple directness about his speech that seemed to open the subject so naturally that Ruth found herself talking without effort of her accident and the trouble it had brought. They drifted so easily into conversation that Arnold left them almost at once. He had only a little distance to go before he found Fenella returning. She was carrying a great handful of roses that she had just gathered, and to his relief there was no expression of displeasure in her face. Perhaps, though, he reflected with a sinking heart, she had understood!

"Your brother has just arrived," he announced. "I think that he motored down from London. He wished me to let you know that he is here."

"Where is he?" she asked.

"He is on the lawn, talking to Miss Lalonde," Arnold replied.

"I will go to them presently," she said. "In the meantime you are to make yourself useful, if you please," she added, holding out the roses. "Take these into the house, will you, and give them to one of the women."

He took them from her.

"With pleasure! And then if you will excuse us——"

"I excuse no word that is spoken concerning your departure," she declared. "Tonight I give a little fête. We change our dinner into what you call supper and we will have the dining table moved out under the trees there. You and your little friend must stop, and afterward my brother will take you back to London in his car or I will send you up in my own."

"You are too kind," Arnold answered. "I'm afraid——"

"You are to be afraid of nothing," she interrupted mockingly. "Is that not just what I have been preaching to you? You have too many fears for your height, my friend."

"We will put it another way then. I was thinking of Miss Lalonde. She is not strong, and I think it is time we were leaving. If you could send us as far as the railway station——"

"There are no trains that leave here," she asserted; "at least I never heard of them. I shall go and talk to her myself. We shall see. No, on second thought, she is too interested. You and I will walk to the house together. That is one thing," she continued, "that I envy my brother, that makes me admire him so much. I think he is the most charmingly sympathetic person I ever met. Illness of any sort, or sickness, seems to make a woman of him. I never knew a child or a woman whose interest or sympathy he could not win quickly."

"It is a wonderful thing to say of any man, that," Arnold remarked.

"Wonderful?" she repeated. "Why, yes! So far as regards children at any rate. You know they say—one of the writers in my mother's country said—that men are attracted by beauty, children by goodness and women by evil. It is of some such saying that you are thinking. Now I shall leave these flowers in the hall and ring the bell. Tell me, would you like me to show you my books?"

She laid her fingers upon the white door of her little drawing room and looked at him.

"If you do not mind," he replied firmly, "I should like to hear what Ruth says about going."

This time Fenella frowned. She stood looking at him for a moment. Arnold's face was square and determined, but there were still things there that she appreciated.

"You are very formal today," she declared. "You give too many of your thoughts to your little friend. I do not think that you are treating me kindly. I should like to sit with you in my room and talk to you of my books. Look, is it not pretty?"

She threw open the door. It was a tiny little apartment in which all the appointments and the walls were white, except for here and there a little French gilded furniture of the best period. A great bowl of scarlet geraniums stood in one corner. Though the windows were open the blinds were drawn, so that it was almost like twilight.

"You won't come for five minutes?" she begged.

"Yes!" he answered almost savagely; "come in and shut the door. I want to talk to you—not about your books.

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Yes, let us sit down—where you will. That couch is big enough for both of us."

The sudden change in Arnold's manner was puzzling.

"What is it you want?" he asked. "Do you want to make me believe impossible things? You look at me from the corners of your eyes and you laugh. Do you want to make use of me in any way? You're not a flirt. You are a wife and a good wife. What is it you want?" He leaned toward her. "Do you want me to kiss you? I should like to do it. Only afterward ——"

"Afterward what?"

"I would do what I should have done if your husband hadn't taken me into his office—I would enlist," he said. "I mayn't be particularly ambitious, but I've no idea of hanging about, a penniless adventurer, dancing at a woman's heels. Be honest with me. At heart I do believe in you, Fenella. What is it you want?"

She leaned back on the couch and laughed. It was no longer the subtle, provoking laugh of the woman of the world. She laughed frankly and easily, with all the lack of restraint to which her twenty-four years entitled her.

"My dear boy," she declared, "you have conquered. I give in. You have seen through me. I am a fraud. I have been trying the old tricks upon you because I am very much a woman, because I want you to be my slave and to do the things I want you to do and live in the world I want you to live in, and I was jealous of this companion for whose sake you would not accept my invitation. Now I am sane again. I see that you are not to be treated like other and more foolish young men. My brother wants you. He wants you for a companion; he wants you to help him in many ways. He has been used to rely upon me in such cases. I have my orders to place you there"—she pointed to her feet. "Alas that I have failed!" she added, laughing once more. "But, Mr. Arnold, we shall be friends?"

"Willingly," he answered with an immense sense of relief. "I have spoken to you in a moment of sanity, but—well, you are the most compellingly beautiful person I ever saw, and compellingly beautiful women have never made a habit of being kind to me, so please ——"

"Don't do it any more," she interrupted. "Is that it?"

"As you like."

"Now I am going to put a piece of scarlet geranium in your buttonhole, and I am going to take you out into the garden and hand you over to my brother and tell him that my task is done, that you are my slave, and that he has only to speak and you will go out into the world with a revolver in one hand and a sword in the other, and wear any uniform or fight in any cause he chooses. Come!"

"It's a fact," Arnold said, as they left the room, "that I don't know of any man that I admire as much as I do your brother, but I am almost as afraid of him as I am of you."

"One who talks of fear so glibly," she answered, "seldom knows anything about it."

"There are as many different sorts of fear as there are different sorts of courage," he remarked.

"How we are improving!" she murmured. "We shall begin moralizing soon. Presently I really think we shall compare notes about the books we have read and the theaters we have been to, and before we are gray-headed I think one of us will allude to the weather. Now isn't my brother a wonderful man? Look at that flush upon Miss Lalonde's cheeks. Aren't you jealous?"

"Miserably!"

Sabatini rose to his feet and greeted his sister after his own fashion, holding both her hands and kissing her on both cheeks.

"If only," he sighed, "our family had possessed morals equal to their looks, what a race we should have been! But, my dear sister—a question of taste only—you should leave Paris gowns at home when you come to my bungalow."

"You men never altogether understand," she replied. "Nothing requires a little artificial aid so much as Nature. It is the piquancy of the contrast, you see. That is why the decorations of Watteau are the most wonderful in the world. He knew how to combine the purely, exquisitely artificial with the entirely simple. Now to break the news to Miss Lalonde!"

Ruth turned a smiling face toward her.

"It is to say that our fête day is at an end," she said, looking for her stick.

"Fête days do not end at six o'clock in the afternoon," Fenella replied. "I want you to be very kind and give us all a great deal of pleasure. We want to make a little party—you and Mr. Chetwode, my brother, myself and Mr. Weatherley—and dine under that cedar tree just as we are. We are going to call it supper. Then afterward you will have a ride back to London in the cool. Either my brother will take you or we will send a car from here."

"It is a charming idea," Sabatini said. "Miss Lalonde, you will not be unkind?"

She hesitated only for a moment. They saw her glance at her frock, the little feminine struggle, and the woman's conquest.

"If you really mean it," she said, "why, of course, I should love it. It is no good my pretending that if I had known I should have been better prepared," she continued, "because it really wouldn't have made any difference. If you don't mind ——"

"Then it is settled!" Sabatini exclaimed. "My young friend Arnold is now going to take me out upon the river. I trust myself without a tremor to those shoulders."

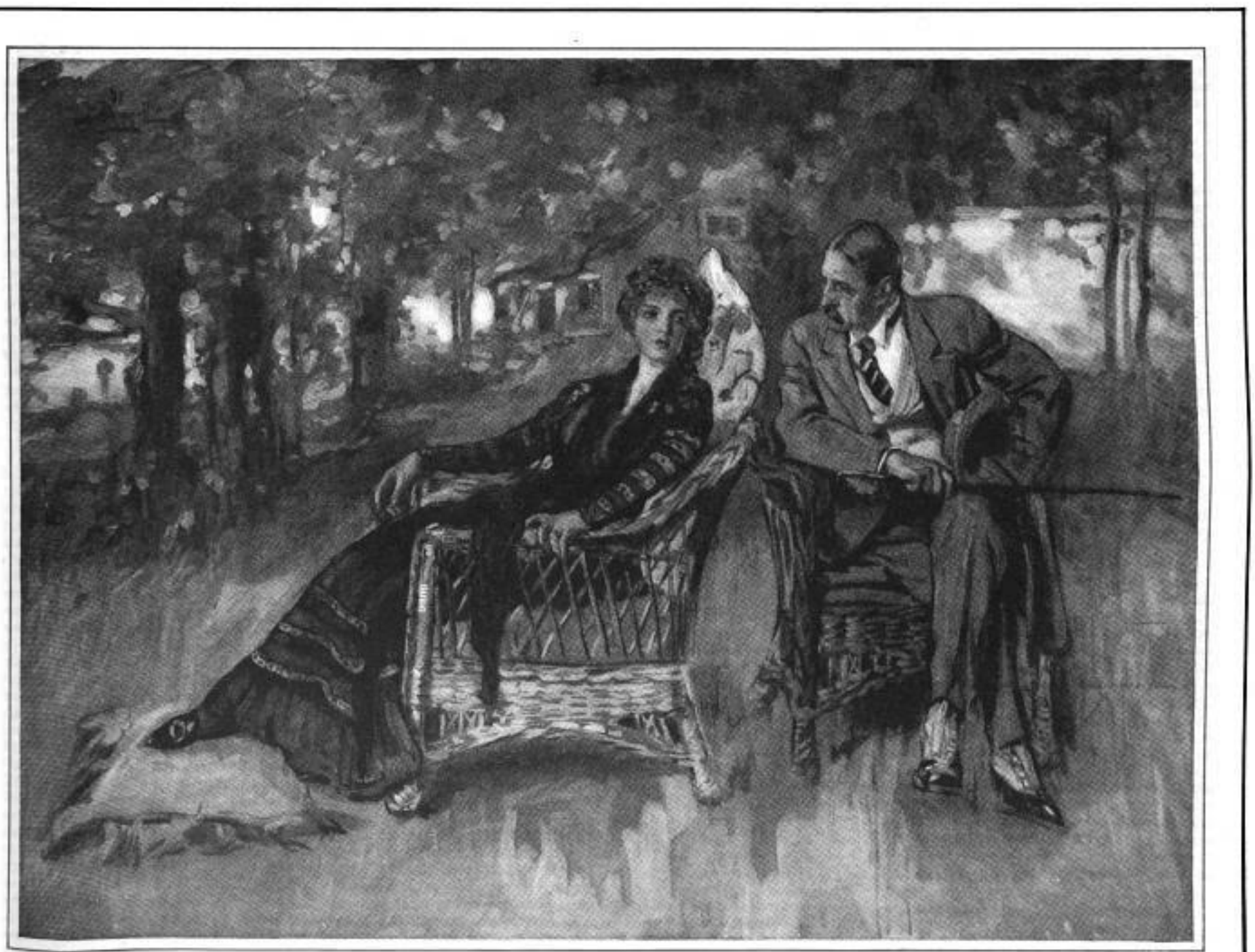
Arnold rose to his feet with alacrity.

"You get into the boathouse down that path," Sabatini continued. "There is a comfortable punt in which I think I could rest delightfully, or if you prefer to scull I should be less comfortable, but resigned."

"It shall be the punt," Arnold decided, with a glance at the river. "Won't any one else come with us?"

Fenella shook her head.

(Continued on Page 40)



"I Had a Very Dear Cousin Once Who Was Unable to Walk for Many Years"

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 10, 1912

The Case of Morse

NEARLY five hundred thousand persons are now locked up in penal institutions of the United States on sentences ranging from one day to life. If each of them possessed money, influence and an energetic publicity bureau, so that his case was sympathetically exploited in the newspapers and pressed upon the pardoning powers, probably our prison population would be reduced by fifty per cent.

It is sad that an elderly, ailing man, who has already undergone bitter humiliation and who has but a short time to live, should be in prison. It is sad that his innocent family should suffer with and for him. But we suppose nobody ever regarded prisons as institutions calculated to promote joy. The same kind of sorrow emanates unceasingly from every one of them.

We don't know that punishment tends to prevent crime, and we don't think anybody else knows; but society must do something to express its disapproval of crime, and punishing the criminal is the universal method. Scarcely any statutory crime is more injurious to society than bank-wrecking—no other crime brings more suffering to innocent people. Pardoning Morse, the bank-wrecker, was a humane act; but he was able to get the pardon not because he had not been a great criminal, or because he was sick, or because he had an innocent family—but because his crime was of the genteel sort and he had influence. If he had blown open a post-office safe and abstracted the registered mail he wouldn't have been pardoned.

Sham Profit-Sharing

IN THE census year 1909 over six and a half million wage-earners were employed in manufacturing, and their average wage was five hundred and eighteen dollars a year. Take the total value of manufactured products, deduct the cost of raw materials used, the wages and salaries paid, the miscellaneous expenses, such as power, light, and so on; then deduct eight per cent of the capital invested and distribute all the surplus as increased wages or as profit-sharing among the wage-earners. The average wage would still be but a trifle over fifty dollars a month.

There is very little genuine profit-sharing with wage-earners in the United States or anywhere else. What is called by that name is often nothing more than an opportunity to invest in the stock of the company. In other cases it means only a modest distribution of profits above a certain amount, that really adds but little to the average income of the employees in the establishment.

However, no possible scheme of profit-sharing at present is sufficient to usher in immediately that Golden Age for labor which some enthusiasts imagine. The manufactures themselves must yield more. Goods must be made and distributed at lower cost before even a runabout is within the reasonable expectation of the average wage-earner.

Far-Fetched Fears

SENATORIAL objection to the arbitration treaties rests upon the following assumptions: That Great Britain or France, having solemnly ratified these compacts of peace and good will with us, will demand that we submit to arbitration three things which the whole world knows we do not consider arbitrable—these things being the Monroe Doctrine, our immigration laws, and assumption by the Federal Government of debts contracted by the Southern states during secession; and that, Great Britain or France having made these unconscionable demands, two out of the three eminent citizens of the United States whom the President appoints as our members of the joint high commission will decide against their own country and in favor of the unconscionable English or French claims.

Great Britain or France might as well object that, having entered into these treaties, the United States will demand that these countries submit their tariff laws to arbitration and that two out of three of their joint high commissioners will side with the United States in making that claim. No such objection was raised by those countries, because they were not looking for far-fetched, hypothetic and practically unimaginable cases of bad will on our part and of idiocy or treachery on the part of their own high commissioners. What they were looking for was a good opportunity of furthering the world's peace.

Gambling in Foodstuffs

THE usual bill has been introduced in Congress to prevent gambling in foodstuffs. It is a very drastic measure on its face, prohibiting the transmission or handling in any way of any message by mail or wire that refers to a speculative transaction in grain or provisions. If it were enacted and enforced a man who wished to take a flyer in May wheat would have to do business with his broker exclusively by word of mouth, pay over the margin in banknotes and receive his profits in currency—if by any possibility he had a profit to receive.

Undoubtedly the bill will not be passed. Undoubtedly it would never be enforced if it were passed. A great many bills to prevent or restrict gambling in foodstuffs and stocks have been framed, but it is exceedingly doubtful whether any of them will work.

New York's experience shows how gambling in stocks can be reduced to comparatively harmless proportions. Probably the same method could be applied to board-of-trade gambling—we mean it could be taxed out of existence. New York levies a very small tax on every transfer of stock—enough to raise a little revenue for the state, but not enough to shut out the great bulk of Stock Exchange transactions which amount simply to bets on the market. No doubt a transfer tax, high enough to accomplish that purpose but not so high as to impose any material handicap upon legitimate investment, could easily be devised. A very small transfer tax on grain would discourage the rank and file of operators who play for a rise or fall of a cent a bushel, without seriously handicapping the legitimate grain trade.

Nothing Venture, Nothing Gain

THE choicest British securities were cheaper last year than ever before in this generation. Government bonds sold below seventy-seven cents on the dollar. The Irish Land Loan fell to a discount of twenty-two per cent. India, London County Council and Transvaal bonds, all bearing three per cent interest, declined.

This was not due to any scarcity of investible capital, for England absorbed during the year nine hundred million dollars of publicly issued securities, excluding all mere refunding issues. Only one-sixth of this amount, however, went into securities issued in the United Kingdom. Over one-sixth went to Canada. Three hundred million dollars went into issues by governments or corporations in British colonies and dependencies. Five hundred million dollars went to foreign, non-British soil—issues by corporations in the United States alone taking a hundred million dollars.

In four years the publicly issued securities brought out and subscribed for in England have amounted to four billion dollars; but much the greater part of this sum has gone abroad. The reason, of course, is that the foreign securities on the whole pay better interest. In the last quarter-century England has lost a huge sum in poor foreign investments; but she still prefers to take some risk and get some interest, rather than invest at three per cent and be perfectly safe. England is, of course, the greatest investing country in the world. On the whole, she finds it profitable to venture with a chance of gaining.

Modern Methods in Washington

A YEAR ago last June, Congress appropriated a hundred thousand dollars for a commission to study the subject of efficiency in Government departments. By simply pointing out that some departments were spending several hundred thousand dollars a year for hand copying which could be done at one-fourth the cost by modern office devices, this commission saved more than the total sum appropriated to maintain it.

The commission found that in one department the cost of handling incoming mail was under six dollars a thousand pieces; in another department it was over eighty dollars a thousand pieces. These are the averages for the departments; but individual bureaus in the departments show a still greater variation in the cost of doing nearly the same kind of work in nearly the same volume.

The Government spends approximately a billion dollars a year and employs over four hundred thousand persons. In a private enterprise of anything like the same magnitude there is coördinated management. If a new device or method is tried in one office and works well its use is immediately required in all other offices doing the same sort of work; so the whole concern gets the benefit of any improvement that is invented or introduced anywhere along the line. In the Government there has never been anything even approaching this coördination. A bureau in the north wing of a building may be doing a given piece of work by improved methods at a cost of six dollars a unit, while a bureau in the south wing continues to do the same work by antiquated methods at a cost of sixty dollars a unit. It has never been anybody's business to find out what any other department or even any other bureau is doing. Nobody had any money to spend for that purpose.

Now genuine economy always costs something. It is something to be bought and paid for—whether in the Government or in a private concern. The Government has been buying a little of this commodity and finding it a highly profitable purchase.

Government Telegraphs

GOVERNMENT ownership of any public utility is, of course, purely a matter of expediency. Will the public get better service or a lower price? Will labor get better wages?

Twenty years ago the latter question would commonly have been answered in the affirmative. It was held that if the Government should take over the railroad and telegraph lines more men would be employed and higher wages paid than under private ownership, because the Government is always bidding for votes. More recent experience, both here and abroad, makes this theory decidedly less plausible. Our Government certainly is not a prodigal employer. Its largest employment of labor is in the Navy and Post-Office Departments, consisting of navy-yard mechanics, postal clerks, letter carriers, railway-mail clerks and rural-free-delivery carriers. Complaints of long hours and meager pay are frequently heard in those quarters. Abroad, both in France and Italy, the government has taken against strikers who were government employees far more drastic action than would have been used against strikers in private employment. If our Government owned the telegraph lines and the employees struck they would probably find themselves immediately confronted with bayonets. We do not think that labor, by and large, is any better off under government ownership than in private employment.

The question of rates and service to the public remains. Certain utilities, such as the express business, no doubt could be more advantageously operated by the Government than by private owners. In every case it is simply a question of expediency, to be studied on its merits. Government ownership in itself is neither a panacea nor a deadly upas tree. It is merely one method of performing a given piece of work, which may be advisable in some cases and not advisable in others.

The Competitive Doctor

EMINENT members of the medical profession sympathize with the theory which Robert Herrick eloquently supports in his latest novel, The Healer—namely, that the practice of medicine should be a function of the state or of endowed institutions; so that no doctor would need to depend for his livelihood upon private fees—and an opulent old gentleman whose only real ailment was a bad temper would no longer monopolize the services of two skilled practitioners while twenty indigent persons who actually needed medical attention went without it.

The theory cannot be universally popular in the profession, however, for it would leave a goodly number of physicians and surgeons without an occupation. Here is a city with not less than half a dozen medical schools, each more or less actively competing with the others for students. The best of them is not too good—the worst just manages to keep its head above the waterline of a complaisant state law which is laxly enforced. They are poorly equipped and have second or third rate faculties; but they are able to compete, after a fashion, and they turn out their quotas of graduates, duly authorized to compete to the best of their ability. Even in the matter of life and death we still think very highly, on the whole, of competition.

Probably the motive of social service, as contrasted with that of private gain, already obtains more largely in medicine and surgery than in any other profession; and the great triumphs of the profession in recent years usually have been achieved in pursuit of service rather than in pursuit of gain.

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Saxophony and Success

UPON an occasion, some fleeting years ago, the late Daniel Webster made a speech at Rochester, New York. History does not record what the late Daniel had in mind originally to elucidate to the assembled multitude; but history does record that he devoted his brief oratory to an eloquent if somewhat inspissate discourse on the glories of the Falls of the Genesee then, as now, falling not far from the point of utterance which, if my reading serves me right, was a balcony in Reynolds Arcade.

The late Daniel, having been exhilarated by a view of the falls—and by a few other things—cast to the winds whatever of philosophy he had previously determined to impart to his avid hearers and concerned himself with the falls, telling his audience redundantly, but none the less effectively, that the glory that was Greece had no Falls of the Genesee, or eke the grandeur that was Rome. Hence, he concluded that Rochester, New York, had an edge on both Greece and Rome.

And, as time goes by, we are constantly discovering other things we proudly possess that neither Greece nor Rome had, nor any settlement of ancient days. We are a superior people—unique, one might say, when it comes to having things no nation, past or present, can put down in a recapitulation of advantages and increments. As proof, I could cite a hundred instances—nay, a thousand; but I shall content myself with one glittering citation—and I make this boldly and without fear of successful contradiction.

'Tis here: Since time began we have had lawmakers. The entire endeavor of one branch of every community has been to make laws to hamper the freedom of the remaining branches; but show me—and I hurl defiance to all the world—show me the nation that has or had a lawmaker who plays or played a saxophone in the band! Show me! Ransack history and scan the commentaries of the present day. I challenge all and sundry. There is none such—none such—save one! We've got one—one!—grand, melodious and expert. I refer, it is almost unnecessary to state, to the Honorable Carl Carey Anderson, representative in Congress, from Fostoria, Ohio, who confers this distinction on the United States of America.

Do you see it now? Imperial Rome, in her most imperious days, never had a lawmaker who played a saxophone; nor did glorious Greece or dusky Egypt, or any other nation, people, civilization, or cycle whatsoever. He stands alone—Carl Carey Anderson, saxophone soloist in the Fostoria Silver Cornet Band; a distinction, I should say, that merits and shall receive adequate celebration.

You remember the saxophone, of course—the convoluted, not to say anfractuous, instrument that the man on the extreme left of the lineup of the Musical Mokes uses for comedy effects. After the mokes have done Il Trovatore, the man with the saxophone invariably relieves the situation by saying: "I will now give you an imitation of a cow!"—which he does via the saxophone. Also, the saxophone is of great utility in supplying a background for the flautist—musical-critic slang for flute-player—in Titl's Serenade. So you can see it is a great instrument—the saxophone. And—just think—we have a member of Congress who plays one in the band!

Would Like to be a Giraffe

NOR is that his only achievement. Carl Carey Anderson does not depend on one accomplishment to justify his eminence in the councils of the nation. He was at one time the most successful salesman of union underwear in the country, and he has a record as a joiner that makes Representative Ezekiel Candler, of Mississippi, with his string of affiliations, look like a hermit with no social aspirations. Carl Carey Anderson is a member, as he points out in his autobiography, of the Odd Fellows, the Mystic Shrine, the Maccabees, Knights of Pythias, Modern Woodmen, Home Guards, Musicians' Union, and a delegate to the Fostoria Trades and Labor Council. In addition, he belongs to the Elks, the Moose, the Owls and the Eagles, and intends to join the Rabbits, the Bullfrogs, the Giraffes and the Hummingbirds as soon as those fraternities shall be organized.

Anderson's genius with the saxophone was first recognized, congressionally, in the Sixty-first, which was the Congress before the present one. He had been mayor of Fostoria for two terms, during which time he continued his efforts in the underwear line—which efforts, by-the-way, brought him recognition in the trade as the king of union-underwear dispensers. The Sixty-first Congress was a Republican institution, captained by one Uncle Joseph Cannon, since retired from the quarterdeck; and Anderson is a Democrat. Nevertheless, the man who can play the saxophone, and who can sell more union underwear than any other protagonist of that pleasing cult, charmed the majority with his music and his conversation to such an appreciable extent that he secured for his district as many pensions and increases of pensions as any other member of Congress—which is going some; and also he grabbed off three public buildings, while other less musical statesmen had to be content with two—and some received none.

The secret of continued political success in this great country of ours lies in getting things for the folks back home—in extracting from the Treasury money that shall be expended in the district. Young Mr. Anderson knew this; and, knowing, he counted that day lost that did not allow him to export a little small change from the big building at Fifteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue to the Thirteenth Ohio District. When it so happened that there was no small change, or large, to be had Anderson devoted his efforts to seeing to it that each voter in his district had garden seeds and copies of the horse book and other truck dear to the heart of the rural constituent.

Also, he wrote letters. Any voter in his district who did not hear, along affectionate "My dear Bill" lines, from Anderson at least once a month had a legitimate kick coming. The ordinary representative keeps one or two stenographers and typewriters busy; but the representative who plays the saxophone uses twelve—and then has to work nights to let all on his list hear from him. The result was a perfectly natural triumph of mail over matter, for the voters of his district turned in when it came time to send men to the present Congress and reëlected Carl Carey Anderson by a plurality of almost fifteen thousand, which is the greatest plurality ever given to a Democratic representative in Ohio, they say.

Carl Carey has a little precept that directs his movements, and that precept is as follows: "Be courteous and friendly with every one—but not modest. Modesty won't get any one anywhere!" And isn't that the truth? This world is stuffed with shrinking violets who might have grown to sunflowers but for their innate modesty. What this country needs is men who are not afraid to proclaim to the public their virtues of mind and character. There is too little of this projection of self into the arena. Our politics is speckled with men who are so diffident and verecund they never say a word about themselves or their achievements. Mr. Anderson is striving to bring about a change in this feature of our politics. "Modesty," as he well says, "won't get any one anywhere!"

Anderson, as he tells us in his biography, began life as a newsboy and bootblack, which occupations he followed from the age of seven or eight to ten or twelve. By the time he was sixteen he had earned and saved enough money to buy his mother a house. He worked in the railroad yard in Fremont, Ohio, when he was fifteen, and stayed in various railroad capacities until he began selling union underwear. That was the time he moved to Fostoria. As he well says, "Fostoria began to move ahead as soon as I went there, and it's been a good town ever since!"—which is a very good illustration of Mr. Anderson's idea of the futility of modesty in dealing with these larger problems.

He was mayor of Fostoria twice, in which capacity he acted as police magistrate. He refused to fine the drunks—or, when he did fine one, he sent the amount of the fine home to the drunkard's family.

"Pooh!" said a leading attorney of Fostoria. "A police court with Mayor Anderson on the bench is a farce comedy!"

"Better," retorted the mayor, with that readiness that characterizes all his utterances—"far better a farce comedy in the police court than a tragedy in a poor man's home!"

Which line of conversation and action and various other side and similar lines explain why the Thirteenth Ohio District is distinguished above all other districts in all other states by being so ably represented by a saxophonist; and also it helps a lot in ferreting out the reasons for that fifteen-thousand plurality.



PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING

Twelve Overworked Stenographers Write His Letters

Poor Teamwork

RECENTLY there was a little dinner in New York, given by the friends of Oscar S. Straus, the diplomatist, who was Secretary of Commerce and Labor for a time under President Roosevelt. Not many were present and all made speeches. When it came Colonel Roosevelt's turn he said:

"Mr. Straus was Secretary of the great Department of Commerce and Labor. I put him at the head of that department because I wanted the very best man in the country for the place. When I selected him I did not consider his race or his religion. I did not care whether he was French or German or a Jew, or what his politics was—or anything like that. I selected him because I thought he would make a great secretary, and was not influenced by any consideration of race or religion, or any political expedient. And he justified my choice."

Whereupon there were great cheers. The next speaker was Jacob H. Schiff, the financier. Mr. Schiff is quite deaf. He rose and said:

"I am glad to have had something to do with the selection of Mr. Straus as Secretary of Commerce and Labor. When Mr. Roosevelt was president he sent for me and told me he desired to name the most prominent and most able Hebrew citizen of New York for Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and asked me to help him select the man ——"

And Mr. Schiff does not know yet why he was interrupted with roars of laughter, in which the Colonel joined.

The Message to Nelson

THOMAS W. JOHNSTON, Junior, of the Kansas City Star, arrived safely at his hotel in Munich and desired to cable that fact to Baron Nelson, the owner of the Star, in Kansas City. So he wrote this cablegram: "Nelson, Kansas City. Safe; well. Johnston." Then he handed it in at the telegraph bureau in the hotel.

Half an hour later Johnston came downstairs and found a group of hotel employees surrounding the gold-laced head porter, who held the cablegram in his hand.

"What's the matter?" asked Johnston.

The head porter answered with much dignity:

"This telegram; yes; I understand not; yes; there is no state; yes; what state? yes; I know my America; yes; what state? yes; it must be so."

"Oh, that's all right," said Johnston. "Send it along. There's only one Kansas City. Kansas City, you know—just like New York and New Orleans."

There was another long and solemn discussion in German. Finally the telegraph operator seized the message and a look of great wisdom spread over his face.

"Ach!" he said. "I, the operator, now comprehend."

It was necessary for the operator to telephone the cablegram to the central office. He did so while Johnston listened, like this: "A cablegram; yes; I will read: 'Nelson, Kansas City—New York—New Orleans ——'"

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Growing Little Folks

Require certain food elements for the best development of body and brain.

Sometimes these are lacking in every-day food, and many a child is thin and pale instead of plump and rosy.

Such children show quick improvement when given the right kind of food.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

is especially helpful to growing children because it contains the needed elements, such as Phosphate of Potash—the vital tissue salt of brain and nerve matter—frequently lacking in the ordinary diet.

A regular morning dish of Grape-Nuts and cream is an ideal breakfast for growing little folks, supplying the right food elements in the right way.

Children like the sweet, nutty taste of Grape-Nuts food and thrive upon it.

"There's a Reason"

Read the "Road to Wellville" in packages of Grape-Nuts.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

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Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

THE HEART EXCHANGE

(Continued from Page 11)

Wicks put out his hand and let it rest for a moment on her bright brown head.

"You poor little orphaned kid, you!" he said, and there was a world of sympathy and tenderness in his voice and in his gimlet eyes. "Never you mind, Annie—you mustn't mind my calling you by your first name. It's a habit we have in newspaper offices and shows that you belong to the sacred inner circle of the Up-Against-It Club. We're all failures here and members in good standing. I'm the honorary president. I'm just an old newspaper man. I'm harmless. You don't have to be afraid of me. And I'm not going to speak about your hard luck any more. But just remember this much: Any time the going gets heavy for you hoist the signal of distress and the boys in this office will see you over the rough spots in the road—that is, if I'm not here, or if I should die or something. Of course you'll come to me first. You know I throw my money away anyhow; and—by the way, where do you live?"

She told him.

"Walk home?" queried Wicks. "Of course—naturally," he continued, without waiting for her reply. "Carfare's an item. I'll graft a book of free tickets from the street-car company for you tomorrow. Can't have you walking home at one o'clock in the morning. Well, good night. . . . Don't mind me, Annie. I get mad forty times a day, but I'm harmless. . . . And any time you're up against it remember you belong to our club. You're entitled to full benefits. . . . Certainly; it's all right. . . . Good night."

At the foot of the stairs Wicks paused, looking sadly out into the deserted street.

Something splashed on his hand. It was a tear.

"Oh, I'm a dirty, low, good-for-nothing hound!" he snarled, apropos of nothing. "I'm a blooming, blasted cynic, with a shriveled soul; and I'm getting old and nobody cares—not even myself any more. I wish I was dead."

. . . . . .

A year dragged its slow course athwart the trail of human events. It found Mr. Wicks unchanged and still a total abstainer. The other men on the Herald were making a book on how long he would last. The end of the year found Annie Coyle still plugging in on the board with her left hand—and making good. Wicks, after that second interview, never spoke to her again save in the strict line of business. Their conversation was limited to such interchange as: "Get me the chief of police, Annie," and "There's your party, Mr. Wicks."

Every week for forty weeks Annie Coyle came to Mr. Wicks' desk and laid an envelope thereon. Mr. Wicks always swept the envelope savagely aside and never looked up from his work. Came a day when the last of the forty dollars was repaid and Annie Coyle reminded him that the debt was paid in full.

"More any time you want it," snapped Mr. Wicks, and didn't even look up from his work. She glanced at him a little sadly for a moment and went back to her board.

Another year passed; and on a day when all the world seemed bursting with the exuberance of spring Wicks came down to the job at one o'clock and found a note on his desk. It was from Annie Coyle, and this is what Mr. Wicks read:

Dear Mr. Wicks: My two-year contract expired yesterday and I am now free to get married. I will stay a month longer if you desire and break in my successor. Very sincerely, ANNIE COYLE.

"Suffering saints!" gasped Mr. Wicks weakly, and sat down very hard in his swivel chair. For fully ten minutes he was absolutely motionless; and when he rose finally the bitter, sneering expression round his mouth had intensified fifty per cent. He sought out the managing editor.

"I'm all in," said Mr. Wicks complainingly—"just simply worn to a razor edge. I can't stand another day of this grind, chief. I see big black spots when I read copy and I'm as jumpy as a bullfrog. I simply must have a few weeks off!"

"All right, Wicksy, old man," replied the managing editor. "Come back when you're feeling fit."

Mr. Wicks put on his hat, went downstairs and across the street to the nearest saloon, from which it will very readily be seen that the downhill pull had arrived once more.

At five o'clock Annie Coyle came on duty; and when she saw the new city editor sitting in at Mr. Wicks' desk she appeared worried.

"Is Mr. Wicks ill?" she asked. "This isn't his day off. What's the matter?"

Mr. Wicks' successor pro tem. grinned knowingly.

"No, Mr. Wicks is not ill—not yet. He's stood it as long as he could, but something had to give. He's fallen off the chariot."

"I don't understand," said Annie Coyle, beginning to be a little frightened. "Was he in a runaway?"

The city editor pro tem. laughed at her sweet innocence.

"Bless your heart, Annie," he said, "but you are unsophisticated. Mr. Wicks is on his annual spree."

"Oh! Oh!" gasped Annie Coyle, and fled to the telephone room. Scarcely had the door closed behind her when Mr. Wicks came up the stairs with a firm and steady tread. As he entered the room he started to pull off his coat, just as he had done every day for fifteen years. He hung it on the wall above his desk and when he was ready for business he spoke to the city editor pro tem. just a single word:

"Skip!"

The deposed one looked up in frank amazement.

"I thought you had gone away for a vacation!" he said.

"I've had my vacation. I've rested four hours. Let me have that assignment book—and go out and get your dinner. I have a big story to shoot you out on this evening."

Wicks sat in once more at his desk and fell furiously to work, fully conscious of the fact that the clicking of typewriters in the local room had absolutely ceased; that the staff was staring in open-eyed wonder at the phenomenon of his return—sober. Presently he looked up and his baleful eye swept from one end of the room to the other.

"Yes," he said sneeringly; "I'm back again—and back to stay! Now that we all realize the fact, suppose we proceed to get busy and get out a newspaper."

The crash of type-bars instantly testified to the efficacy of Wicks' hint, and the city editor permitted a cold, sardonic grin to flicker round the corners of his mouth. Wicks put his telephone receiver to his ear. A minute passed, but Annie Coyle did not answer. Mr. Wicks banged impatiently on the receiver hook—and another minute passed. Still no reply from the exchange operator. So Mr. Wicks crossed the floor with quick, incisive steps and burst like a cyclone into the telephone booth.

Annie Coyle was not visible, and Wicks paused in sheer amazement to contemplate the rapidity with which things went to the dogs the minute his back was turned.

Suddenly he heard a sound that made his blood run cold. It was a sob. Gingerly Wicks tiptoed to the exchange station and peered over the top of it. Annie Coyle was seated at her post of duty, but her arms were outspread over the keyboard; and with her head buried in her arms she was crying very softly, while the little signal lights on the board winked and blinked unheeded.

This, then, was the reason why Wicks could not get his number; and on the instant his tensed nerves slacked suddenly. Tears Mr. Wicks had seen a-plenty in his day. He was used to scenes of woe, but this was different. It was terrible to see Annie Coyle crying. Wicks couldn't bear it. So he stepped softly round the switchboard and gently patted her wet cheek where it loomed up through the maze of rebellious brown hair.

"Buck up now, Annie," he said clumsily. "Come now, Annie. Really, this is very tough. Indeed it is. What's the matter, Annie? Somebody been giving you a calling down? You tell your Uncle Wicks who did it, and if it was anybody but the chief himself I'll have his scalp served with onions. Cheer up, Annie—there's a good girl ——"

Annie Coyle raised her head very suddenly, wiped her eyes with a wisp of a handkerchief and stared hard at Mr. Wicks.

"Why—I—they—that is, I understood you'd left to ——"

"To get drunk—eh?" Wicks finished the sentence for her and smiled grimly. "Well, I didn't, Annie. I wanted to, and



"We will have a quiet little dinner; that's all."

YET that's quite enough in this case, because the informal 'phone invitation comes from a really clever hostess who knows how to make the most of moderate circumstances.

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for a few hours I thought I was going to; but—well, I didn't. I thought that, perhaps, if I stayed on the waterwagon you'd ask me to dance at your wedding, or let me give you away, or do something to please you. Now tell me what you've been crying about. Has Mr. Man been cutting up and worrying you?"

"Yes," said Annie Coyle faintly. Once more she hid her face on the keyboard.

"Going to marry him anyhow?" queried Wicks. "Of course you know your own business, Annie, and it's rude of me to interject myself into the matter; but—well, you must be careful, Annie. It wouldn't do for you to get a man who wouldn't be very tender and kind to you."

"No," replied the girl; "I'm not going to marry him."

"Why?" demanded Wicks.

"Because he doesn't love me," sobbed Annie Coyle. "Nobody could love a girl with one ——"

"Oh, yes, he could, Annie," interjected Wicks swiftly. "That's just where you're very badly mistaken. I love you, Annie—and I never think of your hands. I only know you've got a soul. However, I'm not going to bore you by forcing my regard on you; so cheer up and ——"

He was bending over her, striving in his man's fashion to instill some small measure of comfort into her unhappy heart. Unconsciously he lowered his head until it was almost on a level with hers; and, as he spoke, her arm—that poor little right arm—came swiftly upward and round his neck—oh, so tightly!

"I meant you," softly whispered the girl. "And I was—crying because you—wouldn't see—I loved you! You wouldn't pay any attention to me; and—they said you—that you ——"

It was too much for Mr. Wicks. That Annie Coyle, in the full possession of her senses, could descend to loving him was preposterous! His rough cheek was close to hers—so warm and soft and velvety; and to the man's hungry soul the touch seemed almost sacrilege.

Swiftly, almost savagely, his arms went round her, lifting her to her feet and pressing her to him.

"You poor little starved heart!" he breathed gently. "I've loved you—ah, Annie, how I've loved you!—from the moment I met you hungry in the street that night two years ago. I'm a kind of a lonesome, stray dog, Annie, and I didn't know—I didn't dare to dream ——"

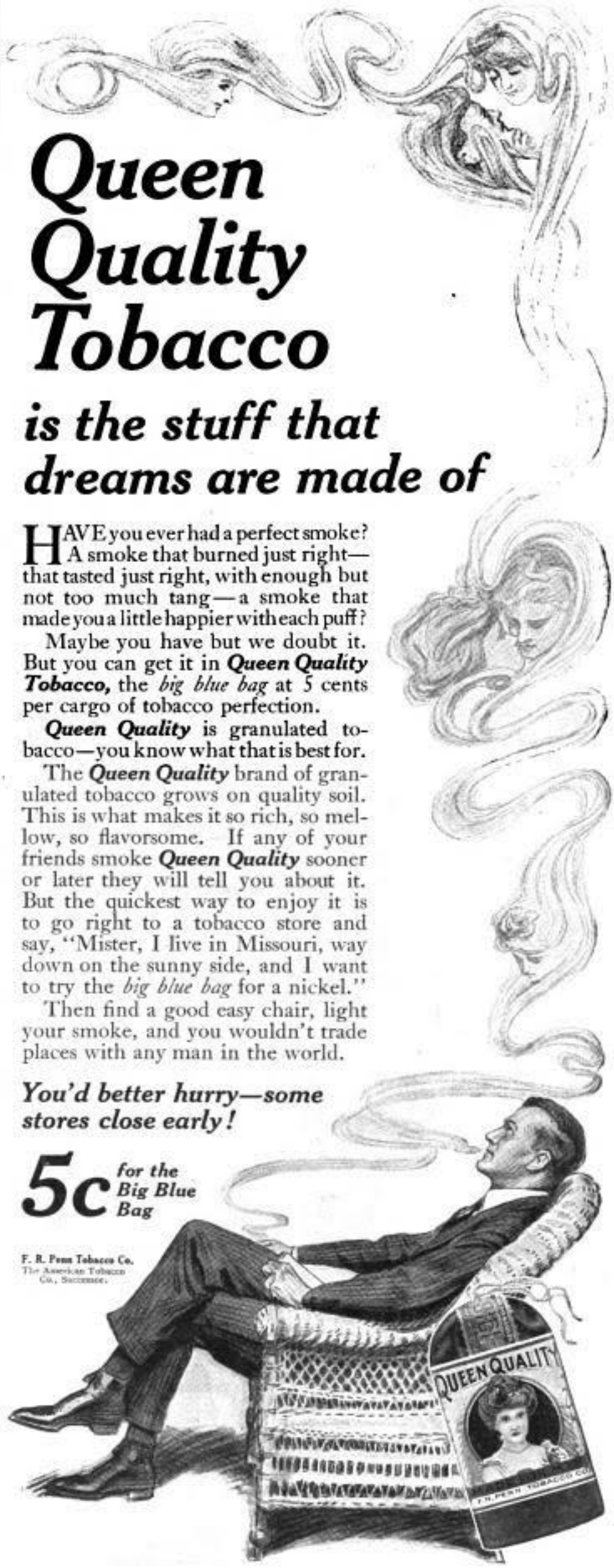
He paused to kiss her, marveling much at the greatness and the wonder of it all. And as for Annie Coyle—well, Annie could understand. Out of the bitterness of her lot she had learned many things; but *she* had dared to dream—and now it had all come true.

"I love you so!" she whispered contentedly. "You are good and kind; and oh, I want somebody to be kind to me and pet me and say foolish little things to me, because I'm ——"

"Don't," pleaded Mr. Wicks—"Don't, Annie. I've learned to love you—that way—and I'm selfish. I wouldn't have it otherwise, I fear. There'll always be that little lost hand to draw me back to you, sweetheart; and God knows it drew me back tonight. I'm through, Annie. I'll never touch another drop while I live. I'll be too busy making you happy even to think about it." He took her little left hand in his and kissed it very reverently. "Anyhow," he whispered brightly, "the wedding ring belongs on this finger. I've got a few thousands saved up, and there's a little country daily upstate that I can take over. It's good for ten thousand a year under live management, with a job printing office attached. We'll both quit tonight and let somebody else break in the new operator. And tomorrow—suppose we turn that vacation of mine into a ——"

"Honeymoon?" queried Annie, her eyes wide with adoration.

Wicks beamed. The old, bitter, sneering expression was gone from his mouth forever, for in his soul there was the peace that passeth understanding. And as he went reluctantly back to his desk, leaving Annie Coyle to plug in on the belated calls, Wicks forgot that he was growing old—for somebody cared now! He sat in his old swivel chair and commenced to dream of love and life and the years of service stretching ahead, until he forgot all about the downhill pull and the big black spots on his copy; remembering only that God had been very, very good to him. And his heart was filled to overflowing.



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You'd better hurry—some stores close early!

5c *for the Big Blue Bag*

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A GREAT AWARD
TO A GREAT PIANO

Its Meaning for the World of Music



The *Grand Prix* award at Paris in 1900 wrested classic honors from the old world and caused a new ranking of pianos in America.

The French Exposition excelled notably in arts and industries. Its *Grand Prix* was the most coveted honor that ever attracted piano-makers. Exhibits included the leading makes of the world.

On the jury were twenty eminent musical experts, internationally chosen. Decision was unanimous, *disinterested*, occupied solely with *merit*. It is of ever-vital interest to Americans that this greatest of *Grands Prix* (and sixteen additional awards) went to

The Baldwin Piano



This is the first and only time the *Grand Prix* has ever been conferred on an American piano. The award not only made the *Baldwin* the talk of musical Europe; it flashed a message of direct importance to every pianist and piano-lover in America.

The *Grand Prix* signifies that the piano receiving it *is*, in the opinion of undisputable authority, artistically foremost among the great pianos of the world. That henceforth it is *hors de concours*—"beyond competition." The Baldwin Piano created at Paris a new standard in piano-construction and piano-tone. It stands today an instrument of exquisite and complete distinction.

International prestige is but *one of many* reasons why the Baldwin Piano would attract you.

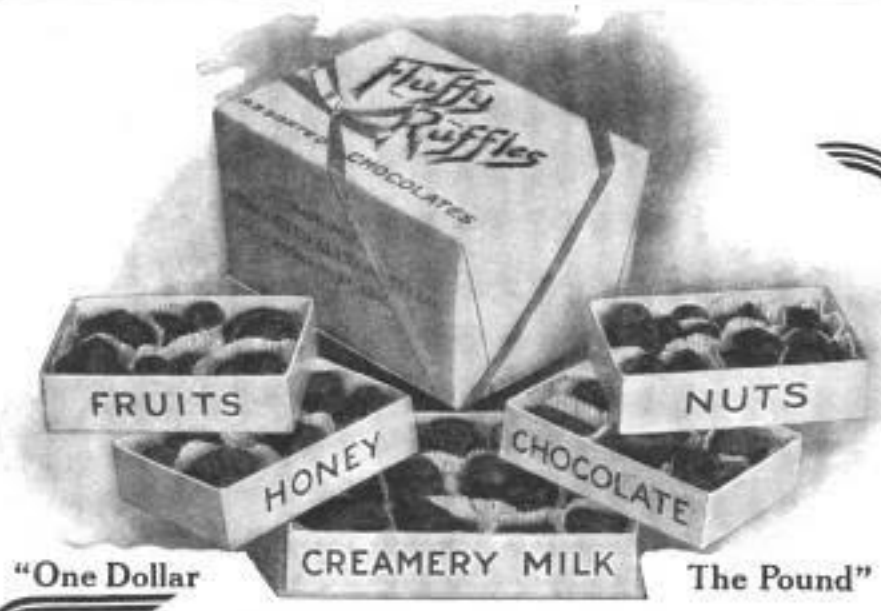
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Makers of World-Famous Chocolates
220-224 Randolph St., Chicago, U. S. A.

WHY WE LEFT THE FARM

(Continued from Page 18)

That one article I needed so badly and it would have cost so little comparatively. I went about my work without any of the high courage I had felt before. At such times, as I looked at myself in the mirror, a kind of shock passed through me at the change I was beginning to see there; and I turned away half ashamed.

The next summer I not only had the regular hands to feed and their rooms to care for—the room above the toolhouse was now occupied by unused machinery—but extra hayhands and threshers, sometimes as many as thirty at a time.

My brother and sister came to visit me that summer and their attitude toward me and my situation added to the humiliation I was already beginning to feel. After they had been with me a few days they began to treat me as we unconsciously treat a well-beloved member of the family suddenly stricken with an incurable malady. Their pitying glances followed me, though they instantly looked away when I caught them eying me. It was one thing to joke about my marrying a farmer beforehand—quite another to see me carrying out some of their wildest predictions.

When Ethel came into the hot kitchen one afternoon and discovered me over a steaming washtub of towels, the perspiration pouring from my face, she shut her teeth with a click and almost hissed:

"You have already done enough work today to exhaust a stevedore. And your husband is a ——"

I felt the blood leaving my face as I turned and faced her, trembling.

She gave me no chance to reply however; nor did she finish what she started to say. She literally rushed out of the room, her face flaming. No doubt the contrast between her dainty white frills and laces and my sober working garb only made her distress greater.

To me, all that the scene implied seemed suddenly intolerable. Scalding tears of self-pity would mingle with the perspiration for a little while.

I had been wild with delight when they wrote me they were coming. Truth compels me to state that, dearly as I loved them, I was glad when they went home.

Family Interference

Promptly after their return home mother wrote me a long letter begging me to come to visit her. She sent an invitation to Louis, too, of course, but said she knew he was very busy; and, if he couldn't come, she suggested that he stay with his mother a while and give his mother-in-law the great pleasure of seeing her only grandchild. Much more that was kind and sweet the letter contained; and I knew, as well as if I had been present, the conversation that had taken place among my family after Ethel and John had returned.

I handed the letter to Louis to read. His only comment, after completing its perusal, was:

"Much they know about farming—to ask us to visit them now!"

I promptly wrote an affectionate, cheerful reply, saying that we were much too busy now to visit her; "but, perhaps, later ——"

I am really at a loss to account for the peculiar state I now fell into. I grew nervous and self-conscious; when my old friends came to see me, which they still occasionally did in spite of the fact that I never returned their visits, I felt strangely ill at ease with them. I felt as if I was in a different world from other people—a world where nothing counted but rushing work. I grew alarmed and began to struggle against this feeling. As struggling seemed only to make the matter worse, I thought:

"I must get away from home more. I must try to get an afternoon occasionally to go to see somebody and take up neighborhood interests again."

But how? My horse was always used in the fields; and there is a strange prejudice among country people that would place a woman walking to see a neighbor in nearly the same class with a tramp. At least it was so where I lived. And, even if I had cared to brave public opinion in this way, baby had now grown so big I could not have carried her so far as our nearest neighbor's home.

A Telegram That Put It Pat

Here's an extract from a telegram sent to Farm Journal by Victor M. Grab & Co., Chicago:

"Instructed agency to renew copy in April number. Results most gratifying. In our opinion Farm Journal is not a publication but an institution with the Farmer."

Right! Farm Journal *is* an institution with the Farmer. It understands him and has been so successful in its efforts to give him what he needs and likes in the way of advice and entertainment that its paid subscription list exceeds three quarters of a million.

This tremendous circulation has been built up strictly on merit and not by catchpenny schemes. Moreover, it consists chiefly of long term subscriptions, two, three, four, five and ten years, with more than a few for twenty and thirty year periods.

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Learn more about this Big Little Paper and about the substantial people who support it. Write for our book "Tests and Testimony"—a complete compendium of facts worth knowing about the agricultural field and those who till it. You can't get its equal at any price, but you can have it free, if you've a present or prospective need for it. Write on your letterhead, please.

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Farm Journal
"Unlike Any Other Paper"
Philadelphia

April issue is under way and will go to press March 5th. Be prompt!

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All rooms evenly warm!



It is one thing to "heat" a house—another to warm it. It may be *heated* at 85 degrees, and money wasted for excess fuel. But, all rooms held evenly at 70 degrees in coldest weather means a *warm* home without fuel wastes—and you have that by using an

IDEAL SYLPHON **Regitherm**

for regulating heating boilers and furnaces. It is self-acting and self-contained—no electricity, no water- or air-pressure, no complex machinery; nothing to wear out.

REGITHERM control is very simple. The sensitive regulator (with the "everlasting" Sylphon brass bellows) goes on the wall of living room; you set indicator at any temperature wanted—(60° to 80°). Then keep hands off—the REGITHERM does the rest, day and night all winter, by opening and closing the heater draft and check dampers, as necessary. Rooms never get too cold, nor what you call "hot"—just evenly warm at a healthful degree.

No coal wastes—one winter's economy will pay for a REGITHERM and also save the energy of running down and up cellar stairs to regulate dampers.



Our free booklet "New Heating Aids" fully explains the REGITHERM, also tells about Norwall and Sylphon Valves and Regulators—the better heating they produce, with money and labor saved. Why not write to-day?

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True reproductions of parquetry in warm tones of maple, walnut, oak and mahogany. Noiseless, elastic, sanitary (no joints to collect dirt); easily cleaned with soap and water; less expensive than hardwood and almost as durable as concrete. Patterns are *inlaid*, the colors being the same from top to bottom.

A pleasant contrast to the noisy, slippery, wood floors which warp and splinter, and constantly require refinishing.

Sold by Dealers in High-Grade Linoleum.

Write for Folder "E" showing 26 patterns reproduced in colors.

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Est. 1852 Est. 1852

No; there was no help for it. I could not get away just now. Later, perhaps ——

That hope a farmer's wife has of things being better later on is often the only thing that keeps her out of the grave or the madhouse.

One Sunday afternoon, as Louis and I sat on the porch, Kitty, a magnificent mare never used for farm work, put her head over the gate and whinnied friendlily. An idea occurred to me.

"Why don't you let the men work Kitty sometimes and let me have Bird?" Bird was my horse.

Louis replied carelessly:

"Kitty is too valuable and raises too fine colts for me to risk hurting her with hard work."

A lump rose in my throat and a kind of despair seized me. I answered as lightly as I could, though my voice was not very steady:

"Then it is only the human female who runs no risk of hurting herself and her offspring by hard work?"

The thrust went home and Louis flushed angrily; but his reply was quietly spoken:

"If you did not want to work you should not have married a farmer." And he rose and walked off.

We had never quarreled. Quarreling and crying are two things in which I very rarely indulge. I am by no means meek and lowly inside, but it takes a very positive abuse to make me create a scene. Probably John was right when he said: "Eleanor is like dynamite. She seems perfectly harmless until you hit her just right; but when she does go off something is going to move!"

The new eighty acres being three miles from home made it necessary that the men should take their lunch with them when they worked there. Louis sometimes took his, too, and they all drank the water from the old well on that place. I had always felt pride in the fact that neither Louis nor the baby had ever been sick a day, for I secretly attributed that fact to my sanitary management of the house and premises; but now, in spite of my care, a horrible thing happened.

The Tables are Turned

Early in the fall Louis and one of the men were taken down with typhoid fever. The man was removed to his father's house and ultimately died there. Louis lay for many weeks hovering between life and death.

Of late I had felt—often bitterly—that I was worse off than the poorest woman of my acquaintance; but I found now that money counted for a great deal in a crisis like this. By paying her the wages of a trained nurse, I induced a competent woman to take charge of the kitchen and my child. The best doctors in the county, from our county-seat twelve miles away, were daily in attendance on Louis. Everything that could be done for his comfort and to make the chances for his recovery better was done.

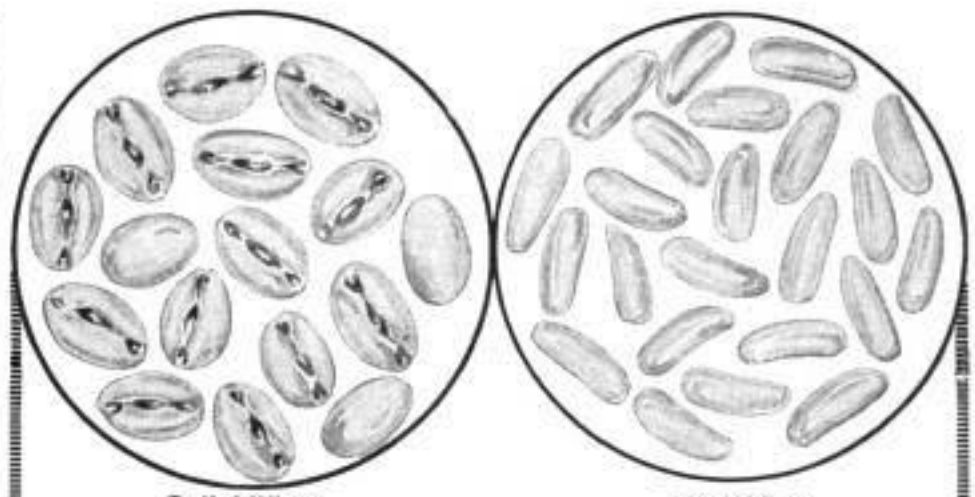
As for myself, I never left his bedside except to do what was absolutely imperative for my child and to eat my meals. Such sleep as I got was snatched by minutes as I sat by his bed or lay on a couch in his room. I could not and would not trust him to other nursing than my own. I closed eyes and ears to everything outside of the sickroom. I refused to see anything that went wrong in the house or on the farm. I became almost a stranger to my own little child. My one thought was that my husband must be saved. No trained nurse can take the place of an ordinarily intelligent wife or mother, with her very soul staked in the battle with death.

The day was at last won. One frosty morning Louis came creeping down the stairs, a shadow of his former self—but alive, thank God!

Before he had recovered sufficiently to be his old self again, our second child was born.

The woman who had been engaged to nurse me and who was also making an attempt to do the housework—my high-priced cook was dismissed as soon as I was no longer needed at my husband's bedside—stayed two days. News came that her child was very sick—and, of course, she left with the messenger.

Everything to be done in the house now devolved on Louis. He had to care for me, care for the children and do what cooking was done. He had to wash clothes, and sweep, and bake, and clear away dishes.



Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

Prof. Anderson Brought to Us This Invention

It was wheat and rice kernels exploded by steam—puffed to eight times normal size.

They tasted like toasted nuts.

They seemed to us like cereal confections—the most delightful foods ever created.

But we asked for the people's judgment.

We opened a lunch room in the heart of New York, to which hundreds of people came daily.

And we offered them there—all at equal price—all sorts of cereal foods.

Four out of five who took ready-cooked cereals chose either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

That settled the matter. We made the foods. And now 22,000,000 dishes monthly are consumed by delighted users

Please Let the Children Choose

We ask you to do likewise.

Submit to your children the various ready-cooked cereals. Tell them to pick their choice.

You'll find that these puffed grains—crisp, porous and nut-like—are selected nine times in ten.

That's a fortunate fact. For these whole-grain foods, with every food granule blasted to pieces, are the most digestible foods in existence.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

These foods are not merely foibles.

They are scientific creations.

The grains are sealed up in bronze-steel guns. For an hour we revolve them in an oven heat of 550 degrees—until all the grains' moisture is changed to high-pressure steam.

Then that steam is exploded. And, by that explosion, the millions of food granules are literally blasted to pieces. Thus digestion can instantly act.

The puffed grains are four times as porous as bread. Yet the coats of the grain are unbroken.

Ways of Serving

In the morning serve them with cream and sugar. Or mix them with any fruit.

For luncheons, or suppers, or between-meal foods, serve like crackers in a bowl of milk.

Boys at play like to eat the grains dry. Girls use them in candy-making. In many such ways these nut-like grains take the place of nuts.

Let children eat them whenever they are hungry, for these puffed grains don't tax the stomach.

And begin today if you don't yet know how good these puffed foods are.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers—Chicago

(225)

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It is not the light you use, but the light you waste, which costs you money

Useful light brings tangible dollars-and-cents returns. It makes all the space you pay rent for more profitably usable; makes employes more efficient; makes output greater in volume, more uniform in quality, cheaper to produce and easier to sell; makes customers happier and trade better. Makes money every way.

Wasteful light does just the reverse. It wastes current; it wastes effort; it wastes materials; it wastes eyesight and health. And all these are money. It loses trade instead of winning it.

Study your lighting equipment. That will save money and make money. This is equally true, whether you are lighting a factory, a shop, a store, an office, a theatre, a club, a hotel, a restaurant, a railroad station, a train, a trolley car, or an art gallery. Or your home—that is very important, because poor light in the home means poor health in the family.

Help

This profitable subject has been neglected by most business managers because they "had nothing to start from." There was nothing printed on the subject but technical works until our Illuminating Engineering Department prepared "*Scientific Illumination*", an easy but thorough book written to help managers of all kinds of businesses on their lighting situation.

Write for "*Scientific Illumination*." It will show you how to start thinking right. Then the Illuminating Engineering Department is at your service to help make your light right if it is wrong, or to help plan a new lighting system correctly.



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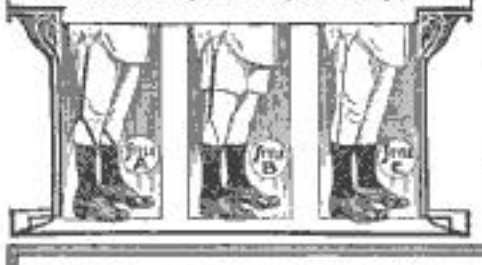
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I really think he tried to do his best; but, as day succeeded day, he grew crosser and crosser with our little girl and less and less attentive to me and the baby. I sometimes actually suffered for lack of the attentions that I needed, for I was very weak and helpless. His attitude was such that I ceased asking him to do for me anything that was not absolutely imperative.

Finally came the morning when, in frenzy at the continued crying of our oldest child—a mere baby—he slapped her flat on the floor and dragged her from my room. I lost all control of myself and broke into wild hysterics. My shrieks and the young baby's wails, mingled with the lusty howls of our oldest child, no doubt sounded to Louis like Pandemonium broken loose.

He did not come near to soothe or help me in any way, though it seemed to me my body was disintegrating with the horrible sobs that racked me. Instead, he buried his face in his hands and groaned in fierce despair.

My paroxysm gradually wore itself away; but so low had my vitality flickered in the outburst that it was hours before I could lift a hand or move myself in any way. My mind, however, was perfectly clear. I saw, as distinctly as things are supposed to be revealed in visions, that it had taken but five days of what I had stood for years to turn a good man into a brutal savage.

The next morning I crept from my bed and got breakfast. Though Louis shamefacedly protested a little, I could see that the relief it was to him to have me up and at work far outweighed any anxiety he felt as to the injury it might do me.

After breakfast he wiped the dishes for me, and then, politely asking if I thought I could get along without him, mounted his horse and rode to town, twelve miles away, not returning until nightfall.

As I moved weakly about, doing what I could that day, I caught my reflection in a mirror; and I faced it and the truth about my life as dispassionately as if I were somebody else. Wrinkled, hollow-eyed, worn to a shadow, was the sad, cowed-looking creature who stared back at me from the glass. Twenty years of ordinary living could not have done to me what less than five years on the farm had done!

The Fruits of Hard Labor

I might have told myself bitterly that I was disillusioned; that I had married an unfeeling and selfish monster who would soon work me into my grave to make way for a second Mrs. Louis. I am glad to say I was not guilty of that foolishness. Instead, I told myself that women on the farm today are caught between the upper millstone of present enlightenment and the nether stone of past necessity. In other words, an enlightened farm woman of the present day is trying to do the work of two generations. She must see that the members of her family are properly fed, clothed, bathed, and that they have pure air, attractive rooms and sanitary surroundings to live in. If, in addition to this, her home, like those of a hundred years ago, must be turned into a hotel, laundry, meat and soap factory, canning factory and poultry plant, with herself as sole manager and laborer, she stands small chance of not being ground out of existence in a few years.

I saw very clearly that in my own case there would be no betterment so long as we lived on the farm. Louis' mother had worked like a galley slave and borne a large family of children, while her husband lived in comparative ease—or, as he expressed it, "enjoyed the fruits of her labor." It was only natural that Louis should think that this was the inevitable position for men and women to occupy after the first flush of youth. His point of view would never change so long as his business could be made to dominate his home. He was so ambitious that everything would be sacrificed to his financial success.

I said aloud to that sad image in the glass: "I shall leave the farm—never to return—before another spring; with Louis if I can, without him if I must."

My mind being made up, nothing but death could have prevented my carrying out the resolution. Even yet I shudder to think that I might have died and never escaped from the farm.

Women are often compelled to "work in a mysterious way their wonders to perform." Had I delivered my ultimatum to Louis in the exact form in which I stated it to myself, it is quite within the possibilities that he would have let me go without a fight. I do not say that it was probable, but possible. I cannot help pleasing myself with the thought that, had it come to the actual test, he would have surrendered at discretion; but, even if he had, I am sure that he would never have forgiven me.

In casting about for a starting-point I determined to try an appeal to his strongest business instinct—the insatiable desire for more land. I wrote to dozens of addresses for circulars describing cheap Western lands. Every mail brought railroad folders, letters from real-estate men and chambers of commerce, with maps, beautiful booklets, and all the other things by which these people strive to interest the homeseeker. I took time to cull the choicest and read them aloud to Louis. I suggested that our farm would buy several thousand acres of this fertile Western land that would be worth as much an acre when the children were grown as our present farm was worth now. His ancestors for generations had been pioneers and I could see that he was really considering the thing. Fortune also favored me, for it was not long before he had a buyer for part of the farm, who offered him a much larger price than he had paid for it. As Louis could buy land closer home for less money, he said

Emancipation Well Won

I then urged, with every persuasion that I knew how to use, that we travel to this Western country and see what it had to offer before again investing in high-priced land. An unusually good renter he knew was looking for a place for the ensuing year. Louis rented the remainder of our farm to him and sold off his livestock and farming implements; and I knew I was free.

We traveled leisurely through a good many states and saw millions of acres of virgin land. Louis' shrewdness was proof against all real-estate blandishments, however, until we arrived at the thriving city where we now live. He was impressed with the surrounding country, both as to the quality of the land and the cheap price.

I suggested that we rent a house, store for our furniture, and that he should take his time looking for something that would be sure to suit him.

As he was naturally cautious, this plan met with his instant approval. He had already decided that this country was where he wanted to locate; but he believed he could buy cheaper from the landowners themselves than from their agents if he would take his time and look for bargains.

Frankly, I hoped he would be induced to take up some business in town without my showing any such desire. Knowing his energetic disposition and his horror of spending money without any source of immediate income, I really expected that he would be led into trying to "make our expenses" while in town. So I said nothing more. Instead, I attended strictly to the business of getting settled in a good neighborhood and making our new home as pleasant and attractive as possible.

My belief in what his disposition would lead him to do was eventually justified. He fretted a good deal about our expenses between the times when he was looking for land bargains. When a business opening in town offered he promptly took it.

From a small beginning, that business has grown to be very profitable. Louis now makes far more money than he ever did on the farm. He owns lands and houses and shares in various business enterprises in the town; in fact, he has full scope for his energy and ambition without turning his home into a workshop.

He no longer begrudges the money for conveniences—or luxuries, either, for that matter. He likes to live up to the standards of his neighbors and business associates—we did that in the country, you know. We have a beautiful home, even luxurious, and I can easily keep servants. When one does unexpectedly leave before another takes her place, the work is hardly more than play to me, compared with what I did on the farm.

I have recovered my old poise and something of my youthfulness. I have time to be a teacher and companion to my children. Louis and I both have time to be good friends and comrades. He says he would not care to go back to the farm. As for me, there is not money enough, or any other inducement in the wide world, to make me live on a farm again under the same conditions.

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The Senator's Secretary

JOHN GARNER, of Texas, who represents in the House a district in the southern art of that state as big as several whole lorthern states that might be mentioned, omprising some twenty-eight counties, each ne about the dimensions of Delaware, and xtending along the Rio Grande River for iles and miles, was making an argument efore the Ways and Means Committee he other day relating to the subject of oats. They detached John from his appendix a time ago, and while he was in the ospital he had plenty of time to think on ne various outrages that are infesting the ody politic. Being an earnest and sincere inker, John thought some burning noughts. One line of his cogitation emraced goats. It seems that John's conituents raise a good many goats, large uantities of them, the climate and the oil and the surroundings being suitable r the cultivation of this humble but usesul animal. Likewise, John's constituents nake a good deal of money from the fleece, r hair, or fur, or whatever it is that these oats produce.

Now there are but three places in this world where the goat of the kind that rings in the money flourishes, the same being Turkey, South Africa and the United States—or certain portions thereof. Goat-raising seems to be a cinch, and some ime ago the Turks, desiring to raise all he goats, put a ban on the exportation of oats for breeding purposes. Lately South Africa did the same thing, or threatened to, inasmuch as the persons who raise goats n this country have not been at it long nough to have the strains just right, they eed breeding stock from places where he goat industry is in a better stage of levelopment.

The Goat Trust

This condition led Mr. Garner, who is quite set in his opinions, to suggest some suitable reprisal in the way of tariff restrictions. It led him, also, to ask what is the natter with having this Congress look into his important condition. Mr. Garner went so far as to designate this iniquitous affair as the Goat Trust, and he desired to know why Congress, or the Ways and Means Committee, should not investigate his Goat Trust for the purpose of determining what may be done to combat this combination in restraint of goats.

Though it may be true that there is a Goat Trust of the kind Mr. Garner attacks operating against the goat-raisers of this country, it must be said that Mr. Garner is too local and too utilitarian in his viewpoint. Speaking capra-hircusly, the real Goat Trust of this country is the Republican party. That organization, as at present constituted, has gathered all the goats into its fold, holds a monopoly on them, and will be subject to investigation for the same during the campaign that is coming, and to sentence on election day, for its contravention of the traditional right of all political parties to harbor an equitable number of goats.

Utterly regardless of custom, precedent, strategy and time-tried political acumen, the Republican party has gathered to itself all the political goats. It has created a monopoly of them, has flaunted its possessions in the face of an outraged people, and is now face to face with the inevitable moment when the public, in the guise of investigators, shall demand an accounting for these goats and shall press for a reason for this eager conspiracy to deprive other parties of their share of the goats.

The Goat Trust! Not since Mr. Taft became president has the Republican party overlooked an opportunity to annex a political goat. Not a goat, straying down the halls of Congress, or through the executive departments, or in any field of policy or issue or diplomacy, but has been herded promptly into the Republican corral and branded G. O. P. None has escaped. Every goat that shook his horns or waved his whiskers anywhere has been gathered in. The Republicans have them all—a Goat Trust for fair.

That megatherium goat, the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Law, is the exclusive property of the Republicans. They took it as a kid, fed it and nourished it and brought it to its complete goaty powers, and then drove it up to the White House and presented it to the President. He, not being wise as to goats, received it and gave it the official brand. Ever since that time this goat has been butting over Republicans, butting over majorities, and finally it became so rambunctious that it butted over the House of Representatives and butted the Democrats into power. Nor is its power as a butter decreased. It still has a butt or two left for use in the future.

Another goat that was flocking by itself and could have been kept out of the fold was the Ballinger-Pinchot goat. That was a measly little goat that deserved no consideration, but the President had to have it. So he got it—and he has it yet. Instead of shooing this goat off the premises by discharging both Ballinger and Pinchot instantly, the President only half shooed it off by letting Pinchot go, and thereby allowed Ballinger to grow into the enormous goat he finally became. And the goat is still there, frisking through the party lines and raising hob generally.

Acquisitions to the Flock

He seemed set on getting all the goats, the President did. When the mania for collecting—even goat-collecting—hits a man there is no way of heading him off. "Ah," said the President one day, "here is a specimen of goat we haven't in our fold. I must have that one." So he acquired the Reciprocity goat for the party, and that goat is still eating Republican hay and Republican tin cans and Republican woodpulp, and the Republican farmers are standing round and waiting for a chance to show what they think of this particular specimen—which chance they will have next fall. Of course it wasn't necessary for the party to have this goat, but when the spirit of monopoly gets in the blood there is no eradicating it. Reciprocity seemed such a sleek and harmless goat, but it turned into a holy terror, and now exhibits every trait of the most malignant of political goats that exceedingly extensive species affords.

Meantime quite a flock of tariff goats appeared and were promptly acquired. There was the wool-bill goat and the free-list goat and several other consanguineous goats, all of which would have ceased to be Republican goats and would have become Democratic goats had the President transferred title by signing the bills creating them; but the Republicans wanted all the goats there are and took these over promptly. They are still in the inclosure, and some more of the same flock are likely to be added before the present session of Congress is over.

Tariff goats are favored highly by the Republican collectors. The Tariff Board goat is the exclusive property of that organization, and though it is strictly a Republican goat it may be said to have duplex characteristics, for although it is a Republican goat in the sense of ownership it will also be used as a goat by the Republicans in the latter-day sense of the word goat. Still the Democrats in the House, considering the Tariff Board as too much of a goat, may stop its rations, and when it comes to the final accounting the Tariff Board goat may be but a memory, unless, perchance, it persists in keeping alive on its own statistics, of which there are plenty to sustain a large flock of goats for a long time.

An Advance Guard

There are plenty more, including the celebrated Norton patronage-letter goat, but these will undoubtedly suffice to prove the contention that when it comes to Goat Trusts the Republican party is the greatest Goat Trust that ever was—The Goat Trust. John Garner may have reason for his complaint against another Goat Trust, but that one is a mere pooling arrangement compared to the big one within the Republican party. They have gathered all the goats, and by their goats they shall be judged.

And, by way of a little forehanded judging, the Republicans in the Seventh Kansas District a time ago took a whack at it and sent to Congress a Democrat to take the seat left vacant by the death of Representative Madison. Madison was a Republican who won by about forty-eight hundred votes in the election of 1910. There were minor and local reasons for this victory by the Democrats, of course, but it had been plainly stated to the voters not only by the Republican, but by the Democratic orators, just what a Democratic victory would mean. It was pointed out that a repudiation of the regular Republican candidate would be held to be, in a way, a repudiation of the Taft Administration, but the voters didn't seem to mind that, and they went ahead and repudiated.

Moreover, the Democrats have won in about every special congressional election held since Mr. Taft became president, or, to be closer to the real cause, since he signed the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Law and defended it; and there have been great Democratic gains in other elections. The real facts of the situation are that the Republicans of this country are largely progressive, not in the sense of being tied to any particular exemplar of the progressive movement, but really progressive and sincere in their demands for a change in existing conditions. They are not in sympathy with their leaders and distrust them. They are voting the Democratic ticket and will keep on voting it, not because they are Democrats or have been converted to Democratic principles, but as a lesson and a warning and a punishment for the Republican party, and as a protest. Or they are staying away from the polls altogether and getting satisfactory results that way.

The strength of the Democratic party since the elections of 1910 is much more apparent than it is real. The Democratic party has gained no considerable number of recruits. Its seeming additional strength has come almost entirely from this spirit of protest in the Republican party and from the differences between the Standpatters and the Progressives. The Progressives are determined the party shall be reorganized, readjusted and revived. They are in active revolution, not against the Republican party *per se*, but against the men who have been in control of that party for many years. The easiest and most feasible way to get results that will be great enough to impress the sodden standpat intelligences of these old leaders seems to be to elect Democrats. They are getting in the habit of that, and it will be mighty hard to change them before the presidential election.

The Old, Old Bogey

The army trotted out the Japanese bogey again this year. Those army and navy people are sadly deficient in imagination. They apparently cannot think of anything except Japan to scare Congress into making what they think are proper appropriations. If these dogs of war had a spark of invention between them they would not go on year after year with the Japanese scare. It is getting old and worn now. It doesn't scare any more.

Still they use it continuously. This time they appeared before the House Committee on Military Affairs and solemnly scared that body with the statement that there are thirty-five or forty thousand Japanese in the Hawaiian Islands, most of whom were in the Japanese army formerly and all skilled in bearing arms, and that something is going to happen. They were a bit vague as to what it is that is going to happen, but they were certain of the fact, and they used the presence of these Japanese warriors in Hawaii to prove it.

In the name of the Nine Gods of War, those of us who are compelled to remain here and listen to this sort of thing year after year call on the army and the navy to show a little ingenuity. Why must Japan always be dragged in portentously when the appropriation bills are pending? Why not try some other nation? Let us get into quaking fear of Germany, or of France, or of Abyssinia, or of Persia, or of Monte Carlo—any country except this perennial Japan. The people who have to listen to these tales of woe have some rights. Variety is the spice of life, and it might be the spice of appropriation bills also, if the solemn warriors of the army and navy could be weaned away from their favorite war scare and induced to promulgate a new one. For, to be truthful about it, Japan has ceased to be a scare—if it ever was one—and the army and the navy need some new ideas if they expect more money.

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THE MOB FROM MASSAC

(Continued from Page 7)

not hidin' our faces from the noonday sun. We air open and aboveboard about this thing. Every able-bodied, self-respectin' white man in our precinct is right here with me today. We've talked it over and we know what we air doin'. If you want to take down our names and prosecute us in the cotes you kin go ahead."

Somebody else spoke up.

"I'd admire to see the jury in this county that would pop the law to ary one of us for swingin' up this nigger!" he said, chuckling at the naked folly of the notion.

"You're right, my son," said the judge, singling out the speaker with his aimed forefinger. "I ain't tryin' to scare grown men like you with such talk as that. I know how you feel. I can understand how you feel—every man with white blood in his veins knows just what your feelin's are. I'm not trying to threaten you. I only want to reason with you and talk sense with you. This man ain't been identified yet—remember that!"

"We know he's guilty!" said the leader.

"I'll admit that circumstances may be against him," pleaded the judge, "but his guilt remains to be proved. You can't hang any man—you can't hang even this poor, miserable little darky—jest on suspicion."

"The dogs trailed him, didn't they?"

"A dog's judgment is mighty nigh as poor as a man's sometimes," he answered back, fighting hard for every shade of favor. "It's my experience that a bloodhound is about the biggest fool dog there is. Now listen here to me, boys, a minute. That boy in the jail is goin' to be tried just as soon as I can convene a special grand jury to indict him and a special term of court to try him, and if he's guilty I promise you he'll hang inside of thirty days."

"And drag that pore little thing—my own first cousin—into a cotehouse to be shamed before a lot of these town people—no!" the voice of the leader rose high. "Cotes and juries may do for some cases, but not for this. That nigger is goin' to die right now!"

He glanced back at his followers; they were ready—and more than ready. On his right a man had uncoiled a well-rope and was tying a slipknot in it. He tested the knot with both hands and his teeth, then spat to free his lips of the gritty dust and swung the rope out in long doubled coils to reeve the noose in it.

"Jedge Priest, for the last time, stand aside!" warned the beaky-nosed man. His voice carried the accent of finality and ultimate decision in it. "You've done wore our patience plumb out. Boys, if you're ready come on!"

"One minute!" The judge's shrill blare of command held them against their wills. He was lowering his umbrella. "One minute and one word more!"

Shuffling their impatient feet they watched him backing with a sort of ungainly alertness over from right to left, dragging the battered brass ferrule of his umbrella after him, so that it made a line from one curb of the narrow street to the other. Doing this his eyes never left their startled faces. At the far side he halted and stepped over so that they faced this line from one side and he from the other. The line lay between them, furrowed in the deep dust.

"Men," he said, and his lifelong affectation of deliberate ungrammatical expression was all gone from him, "I have said to you all I can say. I will now kill the first man who puts his foot across that line!"

There was nothing Homeric, nothing heroic about it. Even the line he had made in the dust waggled, and was skewed and crooked like the trail of a blind worm. His old figure was still as grotesquely plump and misshapen as ever—the broken rib of his umbrella slanted askew like the crippled wing of a fat bat; but the pudgy old hand that brought the big blue gun out of the right pocket of the old alpaca coat and swung it out and up, muzzle lifted, was steady and sure. His thumb drew the hammer back and the double click broke on the amazed dumb silence that had fallen like two clangs upon an anvil. The wrinkles in his face all set into fixed, hard lines.

It was about six feet from them to where the line crossed the road. Heavily, slowly, diffidently, as though their feet were weighted with the leaden boots of a deep-sea diver, yet pushed on by one common spirit, they moved a foot at a time right up to the line. And there they halted, their eyes shifting from him to the dustmark and back again, rubbing their shoulders up against one another and shuffling on their legs like cattle startled by a snake in the path.

The beaky-nosed man fumbled in the breast of his unbuttoned vest, loosening a revolver in a shoulder holster. A twenty-year-old boy, his face under its coating of dust as white as flour dough, made as if to push past him and break across the line; but the Massac blacksmith caught him and plucked him back. The leader, still fumbling inside his vest, addressed the judge hoarsely:

"I certainly don't want to have to kill you, Jedge Priest!" he said doggedly.

"I don't want to have to kill anybody," answered back Judge Priest; "but, as God is my judge, I'm going to kill the first one of you that crosses that line. If it was my own brother I'd kill him. I don't know which one of you will kill me, but I know which one I'm going to kill—the first man across!"

They swayed their bodies from side to side—not forward but from side to side. They fingered their weapons, and some of them swore in a disappointed, irritated sort of way. This lasted perhaps half a minute, perhaps a whole minute—anyway it lasted for some such measurable period of time—before the crumbling edge of their resolution was broken through. The break came from the front and the center. Their leader, the lank, tall man with the downtilted nose, was the first to give ground visibly. He turned about and without a word he began pushing a passage for himself through the scrouging pack of them. Breathing hard, like men who had run a hard race, they followed him, going away with scarcely a backward glance toward the man who—alone—had daunted them. They followed after their leader as mules follow after a bell-mare, wiping their grimy shirtsleeves across their sweaty, grimier faces and glancing toward each other with puzzled, questioning looks. One of them left a heavy can of coaloil behind him upright in the middle of the road.

The old judge stood still until they were a hundred yards away. He uncocked the revolver and put the deadly big blue thing back in his pocket. Mechanically he raised his umbrella, fumbling a little with the stubborn catch, and tilted it over his left shoulder; his turtlelike shadow sprang out again, but this time it was in front of him. Very slowly, like a man who was dead tired, he made his way back up the gravel path toward the courthouse. Jeff magically materialized himself out of nowhere, but of Dink Bynum there was no sign.

"Is them w'ite gen'l'men gone?" inquired Jeff, his eyes popping with the aftershock of what he had just witnessed—had witnessed from under the courthouse steps.

"Yes," said the judge wearily, his shoulders drooping. "They're gone."

"Jedge, ain't they liable to come back?"

"No; they won't come back."

"You kinder skeered 'em off, jedge!" An increasing admiration for his master percolated sweetly through Jeff's remarks like dripping honey.

"No; I didn't scare 'em off exactly," answered the judge. "They are not the kind of men who can be scared off. I merely invoked the individual equation, if you know what that means?"

"Yas, suh—that's whut I thought it wuz," assented Jeff eagerly—the more eagerly because he had no idea what the judge meant.

"Jeff," the old man said, "help me into my office and get me a dipper of drinkin' water. I reckin maybe I've got a tech of the sun." He tottered a little and groped outward with one hand.

Guided to the room, he sank inertly into his chair and feebly fought off the blackness that kept blanking his sight. Jeff fanned him with his hat.

"I guess maybe this here campaignin' has been too much for me," said the judge slowly. "It must be the weather. I reckin from now on, Jeff, I'll have to set back sort of easy and let these young fellows run things."

He sat there until the couching sun brought long, thin shadows and a false



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ise of coolness. Suddenly the tele- bell rang and the old judge, raising gged frame with an effort, went to the ment and took down the receiver. distance lines were beginning to creep rough the county and this was a call Florence Station, seven miles away. hat you, Jedge Priest?" said the voice the wire. "This is Brack Rodgers. een tryin' to raise the sheriff's office, ey don't seem to answer. Well, suh, got the nigger what done that devil- over at the Hampton place on the e this evenin'. Yes, suh—about an go. He was a nigger named Moore worked on the adjoinin' place to ton's—a tobacco hand. Nobody ted him until this mornin', when of the other darkies got to talkin' ; and Buddy Quarles heard the talk ent after him. The nigger he fit back uddy had to shoot him a couple of Oh, yes, he died—died about an afterward; but before he died he up to ever'thing. I reckin, on the he got off light by bein' killed. , Jedge?—the nigger that's there in l? No, suh; he didn't have nothin' to do with it—the other nigger said le he was dyin'. I jedge it was what out call another case of mistaken y on the part of them fool hounds."

. . . . . .

e sure of getting the full party vote d to save the cost of separate staffs inct officers, the committee ordained he Democratic primaries should be n the regular election day. The rains ember turned the dusts of August to dged ridges of sticky ooze. Election me, wet and windy and bleak.

returns—county, state and na- —were received at the office of the Evening News; by seven o'clock ace was packed. Candidates and ent citizens were crowded inside the that marked off the business de- nt and the editorial department, utside the railing and stretching on s, into the street, the male populace town herded together in an almost mass. Inside, the air was streaky yers of tobacco smoke and rich with ious smells of a small printing shop mp night.

returns at large came by telegraph, returns of the primaries were sent the various precincts of town and by telephone; or, in cases where as no telephone, they were brought hard-riding messengers. At inter- om the telegraph office two doors a boy would dash out and worm his through the eager multitude that and overflowed the narrow side- and through a wicket he would fling ed yellow tissue sheets at the editor paper. Then the editor would read ut.

s on this night that there befell the I made mention of in the first ph of this story. The old County as smashed up. One by one the s were going under. A stripling not two years out of the law school aten old Captain Daniel Boone for representative; and old Captain had been representative so many thought the job belonged to him. ch longer was the race for sheriff t, or the race for state senator. r men snatched both away from the who held them.

far corner, behind a barricade of nd shoulders, sat Major J. Q. A. a spare and knotty old man, and 'riest, a chubby and rounded one. e old men, the judge seemingly had strongest race, and Major Pickett, been county clerk for twenty years r, had run close behind him; but ally grew nearer its completion the chances faded to nothing at all and e's grew dimmed and dimmer.

t do you think, judge?" inquired Pickett for perhaps the twentieth inging forlornly to a hope that was as gone already.

dink, major, that you and me are o be notified that our fellow citi- e returned us oncet more to private ," said the old judge, and there was smile on his face. For, so far back hated to remember how long it was, eld his office—holding it as a trust r. He was too old actively to the practice of law, and he had nighty little out of his salary as He would be an idle man and a e—perhaps actually needy; and the look out of his eyes by no means matched the smile on his face.

"I can't seem to understand it," said the major, crushed. "Always before, the old boys could be depended upon to turn out for us."

"Major," said Judge Priest, letting his wrinkled old hand fall on the major's sound leg, "did you ever stop to think that there ain't so many of the old boys left any more? There used to be a hundred and seventy-five members of the camp in good standin'. How many are there now? And how many of the boys did we bury this past year?"

There was a yell from up front and a scrooging forward of bodies.

Editor Tompkins was calling off something. The returns from Clark's River and from Lang's Store had arrived together. He read out the figures. These two old men, sitting side by side at the back, listened with hands cupped behind ears that were growing a bit faulty of hearing. They heard.

Major J. Q. A. Pickett got up very painfully and very slowly. He hooked his cane up under him and limped out unnoticed. That was the night when the major established his right of squatter sovereignty over that one particular spot at the far end of Billy Sherrill's bar-rail.

Thus deserted, the judge sat alone for a minute. The bowl of his corncob pipe had lost its spark of life and he sucked absently at the cold, bitterish cane stem. Then he, too, got on his feet and made his way round the end of a cluttered-up writing desk into the middle of the room. It took an effort, but he bore himself proudly erect.

"Henry," he called out to the editor, in his high, homely whine—"Henry, would you mind tellin' me—just for curiosity—how my race stands?"

"Judge," said the editor, "by the latest count you are forty-eight votes behind Mr. Prentiss."

"And how many more precincts are there to hear from, my son?"

"Just one—Massac!"

"Ah-hah! Massac!" said the old judge. "Well, gentlemen," he went on, addressing the company generally, "I guess I'll be goin' on home and turnin' in. This is the latest I've been up at night in a good while. I won't wait round no longer—I reckin everything is the same as settled. I wisht one of you boys would convey my congratulations to Mr. Prentiss and tell him for me that ——"

There was a bustle at the door and a newcomer broke in through the press of men's bodies. He was dripping with rain and spattered over the front with blobs of yellow mud. He was a tall man, with a drooping mustache and a nose that beaked at the tip like a butcher-bird's mandible. With a moist splash he slammed a pair of wet saddlebags down on the narrow shelf at the wicket and, fishing with his fingers under one of the flaps, he produced a scrawled sheet of paper. The editor of the Daily Evening News grabbed it from him and smoothed it out and ran a pencil down the irregular, weaving column of figures.

"Complete returns on all the county races are now in," he announced loudly, and every face turned toward him.

"The returns from Massac Precinct make no changes in any of the races ——"

The cheering started in louder volume; but the editor raised his hand and stilled it.

"——make no change in any of the races—except one."

All sounds died and the crowd froze to silence.

"Massac Precinct has eighty-four registered Democratic votes," went on Tompkins, prolonging the suspense. For a country editor, he had the dramatic instinct most highly developed.

"And of these eighty-four, all eighty-four voted."

"Yes; go on! Go on, Henry!"

"And all eighty-four of 'em—every mother's son of 'em—voted for the Honorable William Pitman Priest," finished Tompkins. "Judge, you win by ——"

Really, that sentence was not finished until Editor Tompkins got his next day's paper out. The old judge felt blindly for a chair, sat down and put his face in his two hands. Eight or ten old men pressed in toward him from all directions; and, huddling about him, they raised their several cracked and quavery voices in a yell that ripped its way up and through and above and beyond the mixed and indiscriminate whoopings of the crowd.

This yell, which is shrill and very penetrating, has been described in print technically as the Rebel yell.





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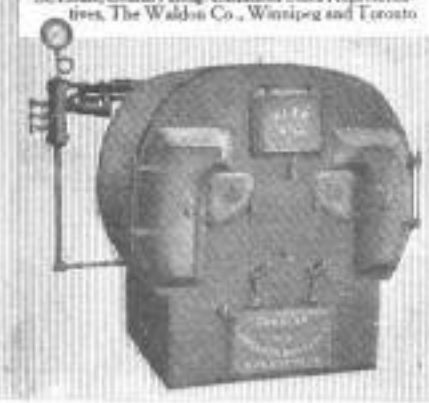
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THE SECRETS OF A RAILROAD EXECUTIVE'S RISE

(Concluded from Page 9)

thus took from the master mechanic another phase of his immediate power. In other instances I recast the scheme of organization and drew up exacting and definite outlines of duties.

"All this stirred up a lot of opposition under me and unpleasant comment on the part of other division superintendents. Some of them were fair enough to concede that I was working along the right lines, but others knocked me hard, declaring that I was merely trying to make myself strong without really accomplishing anything for the company. I had always been a four-flusher, they said, and had secured my advancements that way.

"I was pretty well used to this sort of thing—and so long as I had the general superintendent with me, as I did have, I wasn't worried; but just about that time the general superintendent resigned to become general manager of another road.

"The new general superintendent was recruited from outside. In those days we were sadly amiss in developing our own organizations. I, of course, felt that some one of the division superintendents should have been advanced or, at least, that the vacancy ought to have been filled from among our own executives. Today the tendency is strong in that direction; and the closer the management hews to the principle of self-perpetuation, the better the results. Down in my heart I felt that I was entitled to the job and capable of filling it. I had more logical reasons for this belief than some of the other division superintendents had for expecting advancement.

"For a time things went very badly with me. It looked as if my philosophy were all wrong—that being a cabbage in a turnip patch was about the worst possible policy. The other division superintendents were all inconspicuous chaps, without any pronounced ideas; and now, with a new chief over them, they hunted their holes, as it were. Every one of them was afraid to draw attention to himself, lest he be discovered and fired. My friends advised me to subside and quit stirring up new problems to worry the management."

The Time to Show Fight

"'It looks to me,' I said to my wife one day, 'that it's pretty nearly time to put that threat of mine into execution. I've either got to quit my job or else metamorphose myself back into a turnip. My enemies have been busy on the general superintendent, and he's turned against me. He isn't familiar with my history and he's not in touch with my ideas. He's upsetting the new scheme of organization I've been trying to install on my division and he won't listen to me.'

"'Then you'd better quit at once,' Mary advised.

"Next day, while I was still thinking about this advice, the master mechanic came into my office. He showed me an order from the general superintendent restoring the levermen to his immediate command. This bit of paper he thrust under my nose in an insulting manner and remarked: 'Here's one of your crazy schemes exploded—and it isn't the last!'

"So this, then, was a fine example of the organization I had created so studiously and with sole regard for the company's benefit! This was what I got for parading as a cabbage when I might have gone along very comfortably as a turnip, without attracting any attention.

"However, it was too late now to crawl into my hole, even had I felt so disposed. As a matter of fact, I never had felt less like it in all my life. I am something of a fighter in more ways than one. Thanks to the new general superintendent, my house was crumbling about me; but I was more confident than ever that I was right. I knew I had goods to sell that had a high market value; every man of ability has salable goods these days. Executive ability is at a premium; but no man ever sold his ability at its value by crawling into a hole.

"The master mechanic, however, did crawl into the gloom. He was a big chap and rather muscular—but so was I. Before he knew what was happening I had him by the slack in his trousers and by the neck, and literally threw him downstairs.

"'Now go ahead with your dirty work!' I called after him as I heard him hit the lower landing. 'But before you begin it, just go round to the paymaster and get your money. You're no longer in the employ of my division.'

"That night I got aboard the limited and went up to general headquarters. Next day the general superintendent and I had it out. The general manager came into the superintendent's office in the thick of it, accompanied by the first vice-president, who was in charge of the operating department of the whole system.

"There was nothing in the nature of a personal quarrel, but I confess that I reviewed with some heat the existing situation. I told the general superintendent that I had almost decided, at the time the master mechanic caused the scene in my office, to resign. I repeated what I had said to my wife about quitting rather than stultify my ability to serve the railroad.

"'But, sir,' I went on, 'I have changed my mind about resigning. If I quit this railroad I quit it under discharge. I go down fighting. And if I remain I shall claim the right to use my brains in every possible way for the benefit of the company. I shall not force my ideas on you, sir, but I shall not have you say to me that you don't want any ideas. I shall not have you treat me in utter contempt, as you did when you countermanded my orders and sent the master mechanic to disrupt the organization.'"

The New Boss Converted

"Then I calmed down somewhat, as he grew purple in the face, and outlined for him my scheme of what a railroad organization ought to be. I showed him where a hundred opportunities for profit lay concealed even in the most lowly switchman or shopclerk. I gave him my reasons for recasting the organization as I had done it and explained what I hoped to accomplish in the future if I remained. I was not doing all this specialized, laborious thinking for my own amusement, I assured him. I was doing it to make my division the ideal one.

"The first vice-president and the general manager heard all this without interfering. When I was through the general superintendent arose and, to my astonishment, offered me his hand.

"'You have put the whole problem of railroading in a new light,' he said. 'I confess that I didn't understand you. I had heard only the other side of the thing. Hereafter you and I will work in harmony for the benefit of the road.' He was really a broad-gauge man who had been led astray by designing men.

"When I told my wife about all this she laughed in a way that was almost hysterical. I couldn't just make out what she was laughing at until she sputtered: 'John, for a cabbagehead, you're certainly all right!'

"A couple of years later, when the general superintendent was made general superintendent of transportation, I knew that I was slated to succeed him. There wasn't another division superintendent on the line who had the ghost of a chance, though several of them thought they did, and howled 'favoritism' when I sat down at the general superintendent's desk.

"It was now about a decade since I rose above my brakeman's job, after my five years of stagnation there. Every step in my advancement I could trace to the definite philosophy I had been following—the philosophy which urged me on continually to get above the common level in whatever I undertook. At heart, I was not conceited enough to believe that I possessed any wonderful talents beyond those of my fellows. I had walked up over a lot of them only because I had consciously set myself apart from them. I had done this, too, in ways that invariably drew the attention of those who must advance me. It had all been a great game with me, studied out with as much labor as if I had been playing a long game of chess with big stakes. The hardest thing about it was the everlasting difficulty of holding it down to the fundamental principle that, no matter how I made myself conspicuous, it must be in some manner that benefited my employers primarily and not myself. I often had to strangle the temptation to do otherwise.

"Yes, that is the philosophy exactly. I made my employers want me and want to advance me. I gave them more than value received. Perhaps selfishly, I kept my mouth shut about having a philosophy. You see, I didn't want to have a lot of fellows imitating me. I had a magic powder—to use the language of the fairy story—which I sprinkled before me in the path that led always higher and higher. If I gave away the ingredients of that powder I'd find other chaps elbowing me aside. Well, I'm high enough now so that I don't care.

"And yet I often wondered, and do wonder today, that men are so blind about these matters. Success lies in being different from the fellows about you. Anybody ought to see that. Perhaps most people do see it in the abstract, but they can't analyze the thing into any definite philosophy of action. They are not willing to knuckle down to the hard, grubbing detail and planning necessary to work the thing out as I worked it.

"My success has been a constant building of brick upon brick, each brick selected with the one object in view. If I were to start again today as a young man, possessing the philosophy of succeeding as I do now possess it, I'd be willing to guarantee that I'd walk up mighty fast in any line of business, whether it were railroading or merchandising, contracting or manufacturing.

"Well, now that I was up among the cabbages, I followed my habitual policy. 'Mary, what would be most conspicuous in a cabbage field?' I asked as I carved the roast one day, soon after my appointment as general superintendent. We had moved again and were now living in a metropolitan apartment, which mode of life was not altogether to my liking. It did not seem homelike or just the sort of place in which to bring up the children. Already I was itching to get along higher.

"'Well,' returned my wife, as she fastened the bib about the neck of our youngest, 'I suppose, John, that a pumpkin would attract the most attention—or perhaps a squash.'

"'A pumpkin has a better shape than a squash,' said I; 'so I reckon I'll perform in the cabbage field as a big yellow pumpkin. Perhaps some of these railroad presidents about the country will see me and pick me.'"

Another Step Up

"Thereupon I proceeded to broaden my scheme for welding our whole operating department into a closely-knit organization, remodeled and strengthened at every weak spot I could study out. Now, for the first time, I was in a position really to look for high-grade executive ability and not mere mechanical ability. Instead of doing most of the detailed thinking myself, as I had done up to this point, I ferreted out men who could think and showed them how to do it. I applied this scheme even to the station-agents and section-gangs. I impressed upon everybody under me that our railroad must be better and more profitable than other railroads—a sort of pumpkin among cabbages.

"Before a year had passed, I received a telegram asking if I would accept the second vice-presidency of a railroad that touched the Far West. The salary almost staggered me. I knew there was no present vacancy on my own line that could offer such an inducement; so I wired back that I would take the job if the company would let me have free swing with my ideas of railroading.

"This, as I had surmised, was just what the company wanted me for, and we closed the bargain. I went to my new post as chief of operation and transportation.

"Since then I have shifted about a little; but I don't care to go into particulars because I am getting rather close to the present day. My identity, no doubt, would interest some people; but, after all, it's the philosophy of the thing I'd like to emphasize rather than my own individuality. I prefer to remain in the background. I have not given this in any sense as an autobiography, but merely as a sort of formula through which any man of sound commonsense and ability can achieve success—in some degree, at least. Varying conditions, of course, will have more or less effect; but don't fall into the common error of believing that any conditions—short of physical or mental inability—can hold a man down if he really goes about rising."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Edward Mott Woolley. The third will appear in an early issue.

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Congress in the Twilight Zone

(Continued from Page 4)

means some work on Sunday. And almost fifty per cent work seventy-two hours or over a week—a minimum of twelve hours a day, six days a week."

These startling figures were taken from a report prepared by the Commissioner of Labor in pursuance of a resolution introduced in the Senate by Mr. Borah. I endeavored to get a copy of this report, but found that it had not been issued by the Government printing office. Senator Borah told me that he had been trying for some time to get it out, but that it was "held up"—why, he did not know. Perhaps Senator Smoot, chairman of the Printing Committee of the Senate, could tell why.

We have, however, the report of the Commissioner of Corporations on the earnings of the Steel Trust. As pointed out in this report, there has been earned on and above the returns paid upon the capital actually invested, liberally estimated, about six hundred and fifty million dollars. Of this amount, four hundred and thirty-five million dollars has been accumulated and applied in additions to the plants. And over two hundred million dollars represents the dividends paid out upon the common stock, which was all water, and upon that forty per cent of the preferred stock which the Commissioner of Corporations finds to be water.

Notwithstanding these enormous profits the Steel Trust works human beings twelve hours a day for seven days a week! Keeping this in mind, let us examine Mr. Gary's testimony. He does not refer at all to the hours of labor in the steel plants. He talks about the blessings enjoyed by the workingmen, as follows:

"We have established in our company conditions, relations and benefits for our workmen that we could not possibly have done if we had been small or had been comparatively poor. We have a voluntary relief association. . . . We have a pension system. We have spent millions of dollars . . . in making changes which are calculated to prevent accidents. We have done that because it is the right thing to do, and we have done it because it is good policy to do it. It is a great thing to have our men protected. It is a great thing to have pleasant and friendly relations with our men. . . . I think it is good policy and good morals both to pay good wages."

Big Industrial Units

An examination of the testimony* given by Messrs. Brandeis, Gary and Perkins will repay any person who is interested in the trust question. From this testimony one gets the best that can be said for the trusts by their promoters—and an exhaustive, if not a complete, answer by one of the great lawyers of the country, who has had opportunities to study combinations from both the inside and the outside. The writer went to Washington believing that there was much to be said in favor of large combinations of capital—primarily because of decreased cost of production and distribution and of efficiency in management. The writer came away believing that efficiency does not necessarily go with size; that monopoly is inefficient as compared with a competitive business—inefficient both economically and socially. It is true that a business unit may be too small to produce the highest efficiency, but it is equally true that a unit may be too large and that inefficiency results. The tendency today is toward the creation of too large units rather than too small units, not because larger units tend to greater efficiency, but because the owner of a business may make far more money if he increases the volume of his business tenfold, even if the unit profit is reduced one-half in the process.

Mr. Average Citizen is right in his contention that the great combinations of capital were not effected that methods of manufacture might be improved, or that the cost of production might be cheapened, but solely to give the men concerned enormous money rewards as organizers. The motive was neither economical nor industrial, but entirely personal and mercenary. And an equal amount of claptrap was heard—is heard today—about "capturing the markets of the world"—capture by the sale of a domestic article to a foreigner at a lower price than an American pays at home.

Another bit of foolishness is the misuse of the expression "natural monopoly." "By speaking of a natural monopoly," said Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, of the University of Chicago, "I mean one that is based upon superior industrial capacity." If that is what he means, and all he means, then there are no "natural" monopolies in industry. Transportation companies and public utilities, by reason of law and custom, are natural monopolies. Other monopolies are unnatural. When we consider "industrials," it is invariably found that their control and dominance are due to their monopolistic power *per se* and not to "superior industrial capacity."

All this has to do with the economic side of the trust question; the social side is not touched upon—and the problem should be solved primarily from the standpoint of the public welfare. If the officers of the Steel Trust could prove their case of economic efficiency there would still remain the awful spectacle of men working twelve hours a day for seven days a week—and when the shift comes, eighteen, sometimes twenty-four hours at a stretch. "He who seeks equity must do equity."

Before attempting to answer the question, What will Congress do in the matter of trust legislation?—or guessing at the answer—let us check up the views of a few of the legislators. In the first place there is a group of men, Democrats mainly, who without suggesting any constructive program say: "Enforce the law!" Senator Pomerene, of Ohio, a member of the Committee on Interstate Commerce, is one of these. The Speaker of the House of Representatives is another.

If Law Were Studied in Jail

"The first thing needed to protect the people against the trusts," said Senator Pomerene, "is to get an attorney-general of the United States who is in sympathy with the Sherman Law, which has both criminal and civil penalties. There has not been the slightest excuse for the non-enforcement of this law since the Supreme Court handed down its opinion in the trans-Missouri case in March, 1897—if there ever was any before that time.

"If the several heads of the Department of Justice since that decision was rendered had attempted to enforce the criminal penalties in my judgment there would be no trust question now to trouble the public. The statute is the product of the brains of Senators Edmunds, Hoar, George, Turpie, and other great lawyers who were in the United States Senate in 1890. There never was a statute more plainly written. Every American citizen understands it—unless it is the trusts and their highly paid lawyers, who have had more difficulty in misunderstanding it than in understanding it. When men permit themselves to be controlled by their selfish interests, without regard to the rights of others; when they combine together for the purpose of ruining their competitors and driving them out of business so that they may monopolize the trade of the community or of the world—all men who hold to the principle of 'live and let live' join in the belief that such conduct is reprehensible, that a free community cannot permit it, and that those who persist in such a course of combination and monopoly are violators of the law and ought to be punished.

"If one only of these men who violate the law and express so much doubt about its meaning should be sent to jail it would help to clear the mental and moral vision of all of them. The respect which some men have for the law depends upon their viewpoint. Those who cannot understand it from a point outside of the jail are better able to understand it from a point inside of the jail.

"I do not believe in promiscuous prosecutions, but where the evidence is as conclusive as in the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases there ought to be criminal prosecutions."

"Senator, you say in effect that no attorney-general since 1897 has attempted to enforce the criminal penalties of the Sherman Law. Is it not a fact that President Roosevelt's attorney-general prosecuted the Tobacco Trust criminally in the so-called licorice case, and that the jury

*Parts X, XII, XV and XVI of the Trust Hearings before the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate—Senator Moses E. Clapp, Chairman.



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convicted the corporation but refused to find the individual defendants guilty?"

"That is a fact," said Senator Pomerene; "but that was the verdict of one jury in New York City."

"Don't you think that the unwillingness of the jury in the licorice case to convict the individual defendants naturally gave rise to the belief that violations of the Sherman Law were not regarded as criminal acts; in other words, that public opinion, which has crystallized very rapidly in the last two or three years, was not ready to send men to jail for acts that were not criminal in themselves but were proscribed by Federal statute?"

"I do not! Are you going to judge the juries in the whole country by the fact that the jury in the licorice case failed to do its duty?"

Perhaps not. But the fact remains that a jury in the Tobacco case was averse to convicting defendants for jail sentence; just as judges have shown themselves unwilling to impose such sentences on men of respectable standing in society for an offense regarded as merely statutory. The failure of the criminal case against the packers and the "conviction of the corporation" in the licorice case led President Roosevelt to seek a remedy in equity by dissolution against the Standard Oil and the Tobacco Trust. And as Senator La Follette has said, there were more prosecutions of the trusts during the Roosevelt administration than were instituted in all of the preceding administrations combined.

"There is no more reason why the Sherman Law should not be enforced," said Speaker Clark, "than that our law against horse-stealing should be permitted to go unenforced. The big criminals should pay the penalty just as well as the little criminals. Theoretically the law is no respecter of persons, and in practice it should be the same way. When the big insurance thieves who robbed widows and orphans all over the land and poured the proceeds of their thievery into the Republican campaign fund were permitted to go unwhipped of justice, everybody knew that it had a tendency to bring the courts into disrepute. To have sent that bunch of big rogues to the penitentiary would have done more good than to have sent a forty-acre field full of ordinary thieves to the pen. It's the same way with the Sugar Trust thieves, who stole millions from the Government and then escaped a felon's stripes and a felon's cell by paying back a small fraction of what they had stolen. There never has been a thief who would not have been glad to compromise that way. If the anti-trust law had been vigorously enforced in both civil and criminal features for the last ten years there would not be a trust in America today."

Champ Clark's Views

Had not politics been barred, Senator Pomerene would probably have added to his statement: "Nominate Harmon and elect him president of the United States, and he will appoint an attorney-general who will enforce the law."

Likewise, Champ Clark would possibly have said: "Nominate and elect me president, and I will appoint an attorney-general who will enforce the Sherman Law."

"But what about constructive legislation, Mr. Speaker?" I asked.

"I am in favor of making the Sherman Law stronger than it is at present, and if we cannot do that, then I am in favor of enforcing strictly the law as it now stands. But there will be no repeal of the present law if I can prevent it, unless it is for the purpose of making way for the passage of a stronger one."

Mr. Clark can "prevent it," if for no other reason than because no attempt will be made, either in the House or Senate, to repeal the anti-trust law; indeed, no congressman or senator would have the temerity to propose such action. But when it comes to supplemental legislation, Mr. Underwood, of Alabama, will have more to say about it than Mr. Clark, of Missouri. Mr. Underwood is Democracy's leader in the House of Representatives, and the chairman of Ways and Means is a Conservative, as witness his statement on the trust question:

"Personally I have no panacea for the trust problem," he said to me. "I am not in favor of the repeal of the Sherman Law. Perhaps there should be an act of Congress supplementary to that law. What I ask of the House is that the subject be taken up



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deliberately—in its proper order—and legislation carefully considered. I think it wise, before we do much legislating, to see what the courts are going to do in enforcing the law and particularly in requiring corporations to conform to the law."

My guess is that Representative Underwood would prefer to leave to the courts the solution of the trust question—but it's only a guess. Certainly he will not permit the tariff question to be sidetracked and give trust legislation the right of way—as President Taft tried to bring about.

The only man I could find in the House of Representatives who was ready to legislate in regard to trusts was Representative Robert Lee Henry, of Texas. Mr. Henry is the second man on the Judiciary Committee, but more important, he is chairman of Rules—the committee that orders out the steamroller in legislative procedure. He has introduced a bill "for the purpose," he explained, "of clearly defining the legislative intent—[in the Sherman Law]—and making the penalty adequate." He has positive views on the trust question, and unlike the chairman of Judiciary he was willing to give expression to his ideas.

Mr. Henry on the Sherman Act

"When the Sherman Law was enacted," said Mr. Henry, "the framers had one principal aim in mind. They intended to pass an act that would prevent all combinations in restraint of trade or commerce among the states or with foreign nations, whether those restraints were reasonable or unreasonable as arising from the combinations denounced. In the Joint Traffic and Trans-Missouri cases the Supreme Court thus interpreted the act and overruled the dissenting opinion of Mr. Justice White, who, at that early date, undertook to insert the word 'reasonable' in the Sherman Act. Twenty years afterward the same justice, having become chief justice, finds the majority of the Supreme Court with concurrent minds favoring his view, overrules the original interpretation, and writes *reasonable* where unanimous Senate and House had denied it and where, for twenty years, his brethren on the bench had stayed his hand and said no 'rule of reason' should find lodgment there.

"The President in his message of December 4, 1911, defies any one to point out a single trust that cannot be reached by the law as 'amended' in the Supreme Court decision of last spring. I defy the President's criticism and mention the Joint Traffic and Trans-Missouri Freight Association cases of 1895 and 1897.

"Come, Mr. President, and deny, if you can, the proposition—that if Chief Justice White had those cases before him now, with the majority of his brethren on his side, he would declare the contract 'reasonable' and *legal* instead of 'reasonable' and *illegal*, as in 1895 and 1897. Those associations would now go scot free, instead of being outlawed as the Supreme Court decreed in those years. Here are two cases, Mr. President, and you are challenged to answer.

"At present the law is hazy and offenders pretend not to understand its meaning in order to violate its provisions. Let the Congress comprehend and clearly define by amendment the acts that constitute a combination, trust or conspiracy against trade and commerce. This can be done so clearly that he who runs may read and take warning. In the measure introduced by me these illegal acts are clearly specified. After carefully preserving the first sentence of the first section of the law of 1890, I have minutely set out the various methods of combination and trust organization that are prohibited.

"Again, trust magnates dread the penitentiary. The law should be amended and felony punishment provided. It is admitted that conspiracies against trade and commerce, combinations to destroy competition and agreements to engross the market, as typified by the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trusts, are crimes and should be punished. Hence they should be denounced by law in the same manner that penal statutes denounce highway robbery, embezzlement, swindling, theft and burglary, and the punishment made certain and adequate. Then only the debased heart and mind would seek to violate the criminal law."

Representative Henry's criticism of the Supreme Court's decision is an echo of the outcry that was heard last spring. Progressives in both parties seemed then to agree with the dissenting opinion of the late Justice Harlan. But many Progressives have changed their minds since that time, and it is doubtful if the views expressed by Mr. Henry would today receive indorsement in Congress.

The bill introduced in the Senate by Mr. La Follette is a composite—that is to say, it embodies in legislative form the ideas of a number of Progressives in and out of Congress. It is a supplement to the Sherman Law. It changes no specific provision, it alters no word in the eight sections that make up the anti-trust act. But it adds to that statute eight other sections that seek to accomplish the following results:

1. To remove, as far as possible, the uncertainties said now to exist in respect to the application of the Sherman Law to facts as they arise, by declaring that restraints of trade attended by certain practices are to be deemed unreasonable. In this way the La Follette Bill would make certain that which business men and lawyers say is uncertain and, therefore, injurious to business.

2. To make easier the proceedings instituted on behalf of the Government to enforce alleged violations of the anti-trust law. This is accomplished by a provision that whenever it shall appear that a combination or conspiracy in restraint of trade exists, the burden of proof to establish the reasonableness of the restraint shall be upon the party who contends that the restraint is reasonable—not upon the Government.

3. To make the remedy adequate and actually effective in case of a finding of illegality in regard to a combination.

The La Follette Bill is a mighty good bill and it seems to be well regarded at the Capitol. Some modification of this bill—a bill probably embodying the similar ideas of Senator Cummins—may pass the Senate. Then if some modification of the Henry Bill should pass the House, legislation will depend upon the ability of the conferees of both Houses to harmonize these somewhat discordant legislative proposals.

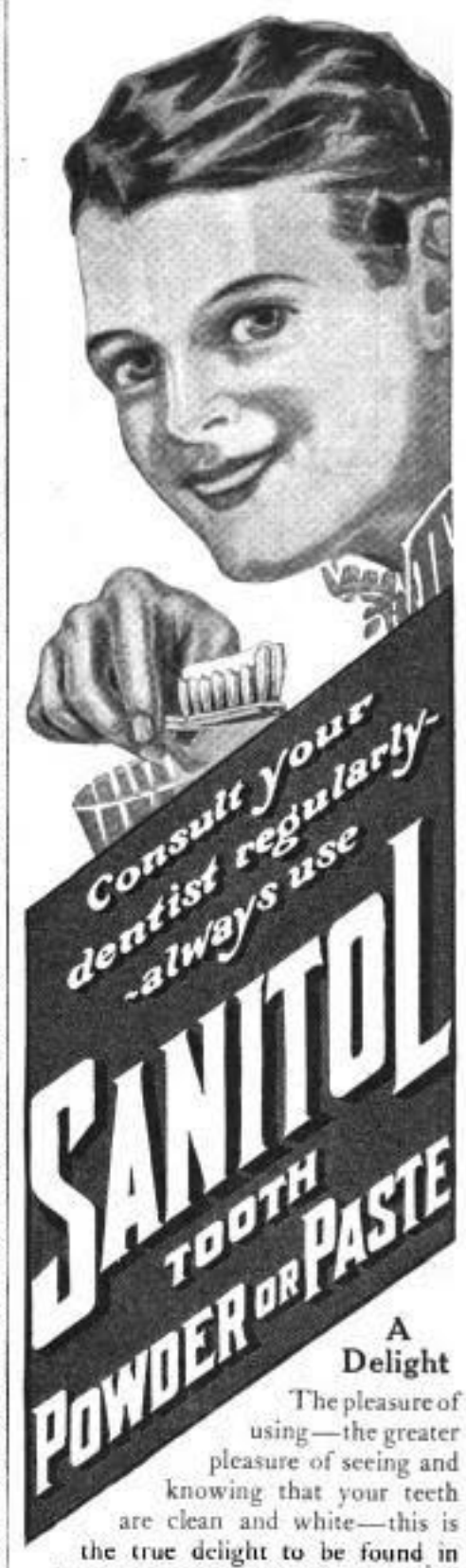
Politics First and Foremost

There will be no Federal license, unless the views of leading Democrats are considerably modified. There will certainly be no Federal incorporation. Perhaps the solution of the trust problem may come only through Federal charter and incidental regulation, but the Progressives are of one mind that there should be a sincere attempt to enforce healthy competition, before Congress adopts the theory of regulated monopoly. When the step toward national regulation of interstate industrial business is taken—if it ever is taken—the English Companies' Act should be the guide. The start could be made with enforced Federal license and a permissive corporation law based on the English model. Publicity, with information to investors of the terms of any issue of stock or bonds; officers and directors separate and distinct; the rights of minority stockholders amply protected—these and other features of the English law should be followed. In other words, the corporation should be democratized and there should be "representative government."

But those who advocate Federal incorporation must know that nothing will be done to bring this about so long as the Democrats are in partial control of the Government. For some time Senator Newlands has advocated Federal charter for interstate railroads whose functions are largely national, but he has been able to make no headway with his party. He explains it by saying that the Democrats "cling to the exercise of state functions and guard against Federal encroachment." What the Southern Democrat is clinging to, as a matter of fact, is the "Jim Crow car," and he will not run the risk of having some authority in Washington order such cars from the railroads of the South and prescribe equal service, regardless of "race or color."

The outlook for immediate relief from the exactions of the trusts could be much brighter. Of what avail is a decision of the Supreme Court "dissolving" a trust when the lower court recreates the monopoly—or, to be fair to the court, gives back to the original stockholders the power to monopolize? And although Congress would like to do something, nobody seems to like what somebody else proposes. Also, Congress has much to do. Great questions are pressing for consideration, in this the order of their importance: Politics, tariff, Politics, trusts, Politics, currency, POLITICS.

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R. E. Brownell of the Brownell Shoe Co., Meadville, Pa., didn't know he could get a complete detailed statement of sales, purchases and expenses by departments, by salesmen and by classes of goods in eight stores, all with one bookkeeper—didn't know it until a few months ago.

Now he says: "If it had cost us thousands of dollars to find it out and to get the means of doing it, we would consider it money well spent."

Brownell wanted the information to give him an absolute check on the amount of goods necessary in each of the eight Brownell stores.

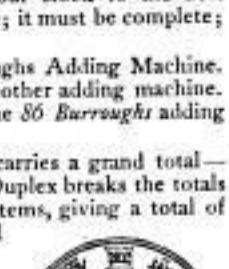
"In our business," he says, "this information is needed every day to enable us to buy our stock to the best advantage. It must be up-to-date; it must be complete; it must be accurate."

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Out of a Schoolboy's Desk

By J. W. FOLEY

HENRY BEGG and me were cleaning out our desks in school and we found a lot of things that we put in there at difrunt times and forgot about.

Henry found some dride-up apple-corpse, part of a paper of snuff, rubber for a bene shooter, two Red Ranger stories about Injuns with paper backs, and his aggut shooter with moons in it which he was afrade was lost for good.

I found some red pepper in a peace of paper for putting on boys' gum and into lunches when they are not looking, some gurls' hare ribbons which were sitting in frunt of us when we took them off, sevrel peaces of gum faded from old age, some peach stones partly wittled into baskets, a wissle made out of a willow stick, and a ten-cent baseball given to me once by a big boy lopsided.

Many of the things we found are not to be used in a school though they are part of a boy's ejication, but a teecher does not always know that when she takes them away in schoolhours and locks them in her desk and not always gives them back to you.

A teecher has the power to take things away from you but she has no rite to keep them; but she has mite makes rite, which doesn't even if she thinks it does.

We took the things out of our desk so we could get our books in, which are more importunt but not as valyubul to us. We do not know how valyubul schoolbooks are till we grow old and forget them.

It is an offle thing to forget our schoolbooks and fill a popper's grave.

We also found in our desks a lot of notes all rolled up in little balls which we passed back and forth at difrunt times and got from gurls. Most of the gurls' notes you can tell from being about love some way or anuther.

A note or a candy hart with sweet words on it is about the only way a boy has to make love until his bashful days are over.

It takes a lot of curridge sometimes to pass a sweet note or a candy hart with a loving messidge on it to a gurl you don't know how will take it.

Henry Begg told me a gurl sent him a candy hart with a sweet messidge on it once and he put it in his mouth to hide it and swallered it whole and nearly changed his whole life.

When we got the notes home out of the dinner-pales we smoothed them all out back of the barn on a bored and read them over again with the wrinkles out as well as we could get them.

Some of them were a year old and we both laughed; how difrunt things are now!

A year makes a lot of difrunce how what you rite looks to you. If we would wait a year we would not rite a great many things.

Henry and me coppied a good many of the notes before we threw them away and laughed at many a one for the sake of old times back of the barn after we got the wrinkles out of it.

Here are some of them now and then explaned a little:

If she won't excuse you at three oclock I got some sope to froth at the mouth with. Let's try it.

(Not good suxess with.)

Gimme your apple-corpse to put in Skinny Graham's inkwell when he goes out for a drink.

(Skinny was the best skollur.)

Got a blotter? I spilt ink on my jogafy and it's running all over the United States.

(Sevrel like this. Good sampul of quite a number.)

What did Washington die of in the second part of the ninth question where they bled him.

(Sampul of examinashun-day note.)

I ansurd the seventh question this way: When Captin John Smith was bound by the savvidges Pockahuntus rushed up and said, Why don't you speak for yourself, John? and he was released by Henry W. Longfellow. Is that the way you got it?

(Sampul of hisstery examination note.)

Bill Sims smoked half a sigguret last nite on the way home and is going to smoke the uther half on the way home from school through his nose this afternoon.

(Expeld from school afterward for smoking on the school grounds up a tree through his nose.)



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Who was Julus Cæsar and what did he die of and how long ago was B. C.?

(Note on hisstery examinasbun day.)

Henry Owens caught a two-pound sucker rite about fifty feet above the mildam Wenslay.

What bounds Vennazweela on the south and east?

(Sampul of jogafy examinashun note.)

Look at the boyle on teecher's nose.

Ben Wilson hid a big watermellun in the mangur of their barn and the cow et it, so there won't be a meeting of the Rangers tonite.

(Sampul of many notes about seacrut order.)

Don't rite that you love me on a note. Somebody mite see it besides us.

(Note from a gurl in ansur to one.)

Ime going to stay in recess and look in the duckshunary for Amy Jones.

(Early note when in love.)

Could you see the patch in my pants when I was up to the bored just now? I hurd some gurls snickering and I wundered if it was me.

Gimme your grammer under the seat. Mine's got ink on the verbs and I can't study them.

(Sevrel like this.)

I pinned a peace of red flannel on Skinny Graham's coattale. Watch him when he gets up to the bored the next time in rithmetick.

(The same Skinny—the good skollur.)

I got a vaxination scar loose to show you. Ast me at recess.

Look at the back of Tommy Briggs' neck. I put ink on and he doesn't know it.

(Also a good skollur.)

If she calls me up to the bored for the seventh example pertend to faint or something so I can run for some water and get out of it.

(Sometimes it worked.)

I got a tode in my pocket to put on Amy Jones' desk. Watch her in about a minute.

(Note after love turned to hate.)

I got some snuff if you want to sneeze so you can ast to go out for a while.

(Fare suxsess sometimes.)

Ime done with the Red Ranger story if you want to read it inside of your jogafy.

(Sevrel of these.)

Ast to go out for a drink and Ile have a faint spell and meet you outside.

(Good if not too often.)

What did you get for the fourth example about the five geese and the two turkeys which the old women sold partly drest?

(Rithmetick sampul.)

Did you rite the ansurs to all the rithmetick lesson on your shurtsleave? I forgot some of it on mine. Pass me what you rote on your sleave.

Was it Abrahm Lincoln or Columbus that split rales for his bored?

(Histery sampul again.)

What was the names of Columbus's uther ships that discovered America besides the Shem and Ham? It sounds like Jaffa.

(Ditto histery.)

I was only sixty in deportment on my report card, but I managed to make it ninety on the road home by scratching a little.

(Never found out.)

It ain't gum; it's tar out of a barrel on the way to school. But it chews splendid, but a little hot in your mouth. (Ansur to gum note.)

Do they know yet who rubbed the lard on the bored? Drop your slate if it was Billy Edwards.

I hurd Amy Jones was going to the party with that warty new boy in the A class in the second seat with the striped necktie and the blue shirt on, but it's something you could hardly see unless you beleaved it, isn't it?

They shot at us with salt and pepper last nite, but we're going to try again tonite if the moon doesn't come up. (Watermellun note again.)

Did you see Skinny Graham go for a drink just now? I put some red pepper inside of his desk where he keeps his gum when he isn't chewing it.

(Skinny the good skollur again.)

A good many good notes we et up at difrunt times when teecher was watching us, but we manneged to save some pretty good ones.

Skinny Graham the good skollur got the brane fever afterward, but not from us.

Bill Sims got expelled for smoking siggurets on the way to school through his nose.

Billy Price's father raised a pig every little while and they moved out in the country with Billy so they would have a chance to butcher him.

The rest of us are all well.



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THE LIGHTED WAY

(Continued from Page 21)

"I am going to talk to Miss Lalonde," she said. "After we have had an opportunity of witnessing your skill, Mr. Chetwode, we may trust ourselves another time. *Au revoir!*"

Fenella and Ruth watched the punt glide down the stream, Sabatini stretched between the red cushions with a cigarette in his mouth, Arnold handling his pole like a skilled waterman.

"You like my brother?" Fenella asked.

The girl looked at her gratefully.

"I think that he is the most charming person I ever knew in my life," she declared.

XXII

SABATINI'S attitude of indolence lasted only until they had turned from the waterway into the main river. Then he sat up and pointed a little way down the stream.

"Can you cross over somewhere there?" he asked.

Arnold nodded and punted across toward the opposite bank.

"Get in among the rushes," Sabatini directed. "Now listen to me."

Arnold came and sat down.

"You don't mean to tire me," he remarked.

Sabatini smiled.

"Do you seriously think that I asked you to bring me on the river for the pleasure of watching your prowess with that pole, my friend?" he asked. "Not at all. I am going to ask you to do me a service."

Arnold was suddenly conscious that Sabatini, for the first time since he had known him, was in earnest. The lines of his marble-white face seemed to have grown tenser and firmer; his manner was the manner of a man who meets a crisis.

"Turn your head and look inland," he said. "You follow the lane there?"

Arnold nodded.

"Quite well," he admitted.

"At the corner," Sabatini continued, "just out of sight behind that tall hedge, is my motor car. I want you to land and make your way there. My chauffeur has his instructions. He will take you to a village some eight miles up the river, a village called Heslop Wood. There is a boat-builder's yard at the end of the main street. You will hire a boat and row up the river. About three hundred yards up on the left-hand side is an old, dismantled-looking houseboat. I want you to board it and search it thoroughly."

Sabatini paused and Arnold looked at him, perplexed.

"Search it!" he exclaimed. "But for whom? For what?"

"It is my belief," Sabatini went on, "that Starling is hiding there. If he is I want you to bring him to me by any means that occurs to you. I had sooner he were dead, but that is too much to ask you. I want him brought in the motor car to that point in the lane there. Then, if you succeed, you will bring him down here and your mission is ended. Will you undertake it?"

Arnold never hesitated for a moment. He was only too thankful to be able to reply in the affirmative. He put on his coat and propelled the punt a little farther into the rushes.

"I'll do my best," he asserted.

Sabatini said never a word, but his silence seemed somehow eloquent. Arnold sprang on to the bank and turned once round.

"If he is there I'll bring him," he promised.

Sabatini waved his hand and Arnold sped across the meadow. He found the motor car waiting behind the hedge and he had scarcely stepped in before they were off. They swung at a great speed along the narrow lanes, through two villages, and finally came to a standstill at the end of a long, narrow street. Arnold alighted and found the boat-builder's yard, with rows of boats for hire, a short distance along the front. He chose one and paddled off, glancing at his watch as he did so. It was a quarter of an hour since he had left.

The river at this spot was broad, but it narrowed suddenly on rounding a bend about a hundred yards away. The house-boat was in sight now, moored close to a tiny island. Arnold pulled up alongside and paused to reconnoiter. To all appearance it was a derelict. There were no awnings, no carpets, no baskets of flowers. The outside was grievously in need of paint. It had an entirely uninhabited and desolate appearance. Arnold beached his boat upon the little island and swung himself up on to the deck. There was still no sign of any human occupancy. He descended into the saloon. The furniture there was mildewed and musty. Rain had come in through an open window and the appearance of the little apartment was depressing in the extreme. Stooping low, he next examined the four sleeping apartments. There was no bedding in any one of them, nor any sign of their having been recently occupied. He passed on into the kitchen, with the same result. It seemed as though his journey had been in vain. He made his way back again on deck and descended the stairs leading to the fore part of the boat. There were a couple of servants' rooms, and though there was still no bedding one of the bunks gave him the idea that some one had been lying there recently. He looked around him and sniffed—there was a distinct smell of tobacco smoke. He stepped lightly back into the passageway. There was nothing to be heard and no material indication of any one's presence, yet he had the uncomfortable feeling that some one was watching him—some one only a few feet away. He waited for almost a minute. Nothing happened, yet his sense of apprehension grew deeper. For the first time he associated the idea of danger with his enterprise.

"Is any one about here?" he asked.

There was no reply. He tried another door that led into a sort of pantry, without result. The last one was fastened on the inside.

"Is Mr. Starling in there!" Arnold demanded.

There was still no reply, yet it was certain now that the end of his search was at hand. Distinctly he could hear the noise of a man breathing.

"Will you tell me if you are there, Mr. Starling?" Arnold again demanded. "I have a message for you."

Starling, if indeed he were there, seemed now to be even holding his breath. Arnold took one step back and charged the door. It went crashing in, and almost at once there was a loud report. The cabin—it was little more—was filled with smoke, and Arnold heard distinctly the hiss of a bullet buried in the woodwork over his shoulder. He caught the revolver from the shaking fingers of the man, who was crouching on the ground, and slipped it into his pocket. With his other hand he held his prisoner powerless.

"What the devil do you mean by this!" he cried fiercely.

Starling—for it was Starling—seemed to have no words. Arnold dragged him out into the light and for a moment found it hard to recognize the man. He had lost over a stone in weight. His cheeks were hollow and his eyes had in them the hunted look of some wild animal.

"What do you want with me?" he muttered. "Can't you see I am hiding from you? What business is it of yours to interfere?"

Arnold looked at him from head to foot. The man was shaking all over; the cowardly fear was upon him.

"What on earth are you in this state for?" he exclaimed. "Whom are you hiding from? You have been set free. It is the Rosario business still? You have been set free once."

Starling moistened his lips rapidly.

"They set me free," he muttered. "Because one of their witnesses failed. They had no case; they wouldn't bring me up. But I am still under surveillance. The sergeant as good as told me that they'll have me before long."

"Well, at present I've got you," Arnold said coolly. "Have you any luggage?"

"No! Why?"

"Because you are coming along with me."

"Where?"

"I am taking you to Count Sabatini," Arnold informed him. "He is at his villa about ten miles down the river."

Starling flopped upon his knees.

"Oh! don't take me to him!" he begged.

"Why not?"

"He is a devil, that man," Starling whispered confidentially. "He would blow out my brains or yours or his own without a second's hesitation if it suited him. He hasn't any nerves or any fear or any pity. He will laugh at me—he won't understand—he is so reckless!"

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"Well, we're going to him anyhow," Arnold said. "I don't see how you can be any worse off than hiding in this beastly place. Upstairs and into the boat, please."

Starling struggled weakly to get away, but he was like a child in Arnold's hands.

"You had much better come quietly," the latter advised. "You'll have to come, anyway, and if you're really afraid of being arrested again I should think the count would be the best man to aid your escape."

"But he won't let me escape," Starling protested. "He doesn't understand danger. I am not made like him. My nerve has gone. I came into this too late in life."

"Jump!" Arnold ordered, linking his arm into his companion's.

They landed somehow upon the island. Arnold pointed to the boat.

"Please be sensible," he begged—"now at any rate. There may be people passing at any moment."

"I was safe in there," Starling mumbled. "Why the devil couldn't you have left me alone!"

Arnold bent over his oars.

"Safe!" he repeated contemptuously. "You were doing the one thing that a guilty man would do. People would have known before long that you were there, obviously hiding. I think that Count Sabatini will propose something very much better."

"Perhaps so," Starling muttered. "Perhaps he will help me to get away."

They reached the village and Arnold paid for the hire of his boat. Then he hurried Starling into the car and a moment or two later they were off.

"Is it far away?" Starling nervously asked.

"Ten minutes' ride. Sabatini has arranged it all very well. We get out, cross a meadow and find him waiting for us in the punt."

"You won't leave me alone with him on the river?" Starling begged.

"No, I shall be there," Arnold promised.

"There's nothing would suit him so well," Starling continued, "as to see me down at the bottom of the Thames with a stone round my neck. I tell you I'm frightened of him. If I can get out of this mess," he went on, "I'm off back to New York. Any job there is better than this. What are we stopping for? Say, what's wrong now?"

"It's all right," Arnold answered. "Step out. We cross this meadow on foot. When we reach the other end we shall find Sabatini. Come along."

They turned toward the river, Starling muttering now and then to himself. In a few minutes they came in sight of the punt. Sabatini was still there, with his head reclining among the cushions. He looked up and waved his hand.

"A record, my young friend!" he exclaimed. "I congratulate you indeed. You have been gone exactly fifty-five minutes, and I gave you an hour and a half at the least. Our friend Starling was glad to see you, I hope?"

"He showed his pleasure," Arnold remarked dryly, "in a most original manner. However, here he is. Shall I take you across now?"

"If you please," Sabatini agreed.

He sat up and looked at Starling. Starling hung his head and shook like a guilty schoolboy.

"It was so foolish of you," Sabatini murmured; "but we'll talk of that presently. They were civil to you at the police court, eh?"

"I was never charged," Starling replied. "They couldn't get their evidence together."

"Still they asked you questions, no doubt?" Sabatini continued.

"I told them nothing," Starling replied. "On my soul and honor, I told them nothing!"

"It was very wise of you," Sabatini said. "It might have led to disappointments—to trouble of many sorts. So you told them nothing, eh? That is excellent. After we have landed I must hand you over to my valet. Then we will have a little talk."

They were in the backwater now, drifting on toward the lawn. Starling shrank back at the sight of the two women.

"I can't face it," he muttered. "I tell you I have lost my nerve."

"You have nothing to fear," Sabatini said quietly. "There is no one here likely to do you or wish you any harm."

Fenella came down to the steps to meet them.

"So our prodigal has returned," she remarked, smiling at Starling.

"We have rescued Mr. Starling from a solitary picnic upon his houseboat," Sabatini explained suavely. "We cannot have our friends cultivating misanthropy."

Mr. Weatherley, who had returned from the boat-builder's, half rose from his chair and sat down again, frowning. He watched the two men cross the lawn toward the house. Then he turned to Ruth and shook his head.

"I have a great regard for Count Sabatini," he declared, "a great regard; but there are some of his friends—very many of them, in fact—whose presence here I could dispense with. That man is one of them. Do you know where he was a few nights ago, Miss Lalonde?"

She shook her head.

"In prison," Mr. Weatherley said impressively—"arrested on a serious charge."

Her eyes asked him a question. He stooped toward her and lowered his voice.

"Murder," he whispered—"the murder of Mr. Rosario!"

XXIII

THROUGH the winding lanes, between the tall hedges, honeysuckle-wreathed and starred with wild roses, out on to the broad main road Sabatini's great car sped noiselessly on its way back to London. It seemed to pass in a few moments from the cool, perfumed air of the country into the hot, dry atmosphere of the London suburbs. Almost before the occupants realized that they were on their homeward way the fiery glow of the city was staining the clouds above their heads. Arnold leaned a little forward, watching, as the car raced on to its goal. This ride through the darkness seemed to supply the last thrill of excitement to their wonderful day. He glanced toward Ruth, who lay back among the cushions by his side as though sleeping.

"You are tired?"

"Yes," she answered simply.

They were in the region now of electric cars—wonderful vehicles ablaze with light flashing toward them every few minutes, laden with Sunday evening pleasure seekers. Their automobile, however, perfectly controlled by Sabatini's Italian chauffeur, swung from one side of the road to the other and held on its way with scarcely abated speed.

"You have enjoyed the day?" he asked.

She opened her eyes and looked at him. He saw the shadows and wondered.

"Of course," she whispered.

His momentary wonder at her reticence passed. Again he was leaning a little forward, looking up the broad thoroughfare with its double row of lights, its interminable rows of houses growing in importance as they rushed on.

"It is we ourselves who pass now along the lighted way!" he exclaimed, holding her arm for a moment. "It is an enchanted journey, ours, Ruth."

She laughed bitterly.

"An enchanted journey that leads to two very dreary attic rooms on the sixth floor of a poverty-stricken house," she reminded him. "It leads back to the smoke-stained city, to the four walls within which one dreams empty dreams."

"It isn't so bad as that," he protested.

Her lips trembled for a moment; she half closed her eyes. An impulse of pain passed like a spasm across her tired features.

"It is different for you," she murmured. "Every day you escape. For me there is no escape."

He felt a momentary twinge of selfishness. Yet, after all, the great truths were incontrovertible. He could lighten her lot but little. There was very little of himself that he could give her—of his youth, his strength, his vigorous hold upon life. He took her hand and held it tightly. Yet it was hard to know what to say to her. It was the inevitable tragedy, this, of their sexes and her infirmity. He realized in those few minutes something of how she was feeling—the one who is left upon the lonely island while the other is borne homeward into the sunshine and tumult of life. There was little, indeed, that he could say. It was not the hour, this, for protestation.

They passed along Piccadilly, across Leicester Square and into the Strand. The wayfarers in the streets, of whom there were still plenty, seemed to be lingering about in sheer joy of the cooler night after the unexpected heat of the day, the women in light clothes, the men with coats thrown open and carrying their hats. The car passed down the Strand and into Adam Street, coming at last to a standstill before

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the tall, gloomy house at the corner of the terrace. Arnold stepped out on to the pavement and helped his companion to alight. The chauffeur lifted his hat and the car glided at once away. As they stood there for a moment upon the pavement and Arnold pushed open the heavy, shabby door, it seemed indeed as though the whole day might have been a dream.

Ruth moved wearily along the broken, tessellated pavement and paused for a moment before the first flight of stairs. Arnold, taking her stick from her, caught her up in his arms. Her fingers closed round his neck and she gave a little sigh of relief.

"Will you really carry me up all the way, Arnie?" she whispered. "I am so tired tonight. You are sure that you can manage it?"

He laughed gayly.

"I have done it many times before," he reminded her. "Tonight I feel as strong as a dozen men."

They climbed the flights of stone steps one by one. Curiously enough, notwithstanding the strength of which he had justly boasted, as they neared the top of the house he felt his breath coming short and his heart beating faster, as though some unusual strain were upon him. She had tightened her grasp upon his neck. She seemed, somehow, to have come closer to him, yet to hang like a dead weight in his arms. Her cheek was touching his. Once toward the end he looked into her face and the fire of her eyes startled him.

"You are not really tired," he muttered.

"I am resting like this," she whispered.

They stood at last upon the top landing. He set her down with a little thrill, assailed by a medley of sensations the significance of which confused him. She seemed still to cling to him and she pointed to his door.

"For five minutes," she begged, "let us sit in our chairs and look down at the river. Tonight it is too hot to sleep."

Even while he opened his door he hesitated.

"What about Isaac?" he asked.

She shivered and looked over her shoulder. They were in Arnold's room now and she closed the door. On the threshold she stood quite still for a moment, as though listening. There was something in her face that alarmed him.

"Do you know, I believe that I am afraid to go back," she said. "Isaac has been stranger than ever these last few days. All the time he is locked up in his room, and he shows himself only at night."

Arnold dragged her chair up to the window and installed her comfortably. He himself was thinking of Isaac's face under the gaslight as he had seen him stepping away from the taxicab.

"Isaac was always queer," he reminded her reassuringly.

She drew him down to her side.

"There has been a difference these last few days," she whispered. "I am afraid—I am terribly afraid that he has done something really wrong."

Arnold felt a little shiver of fear himself.

"You must remember," he said quietly, "that after all Isaac is, in a measure, outside your life. No one can influence him for either good or evil. He is not like other men. He must go his own way, and I, too, am afraid that it may be a troublous one. He chose it for himself and neither you nor I can help. I wouldn't think about him at all, dear, if you can avoid it. And for yourself, remember always that you have another protector."

The faintest of smiles parted her lips. In the moonlight, which was already stealing into the room through the bare, uncurtained window, her face seemed like a piece of beautiful marble statuary, ghostly, yet in a single moment exquisitely human.

"I have no claim upon you, Arnold," she reminded him, "and I think that soon you will pass out of my life. It is only natural. You must go on, I must remain. And that is the end of it," she added, with a little quiver of the lips. "Now let us finish talking about ourselves. I want to talk about your new friends."

"Tell me what you really think of them?" he begged. "Count Sabatini has been so kind to me that if I try to think about him at all I am already prejudiced."

"I think," she replied slowly, "that Count Sabatini is the strangest man I ever met. Do you remember when he stood and looked down upon us? I felt—but it was so foolish!"

"You felt what?" he persisted.

She shook her head.

"I cannot tell—as though we were not strangers at all. I suppose it is what they call mesmerism. He had that soft, delightful way of speaking and that gentle mannerism. There was nothing abrupt or new about him. He seemed, somehow, to become part of the life of any one in whom he chose to interest himself in the slightest. And he talked so delightfully, Arnold. I cannot tell you how kind he was to me."

"It's a clear case of hero-worship," Arnold declared. "You're going to be as bad as I have been."

"And yet," she said slowly, "it is his sister of whom I think all the time. Penella she calls herself, doesn't she?"

"You like her too?" Arnold asked eagerly.

"I hate her!" was the low, fierce reply.

Arnold drew a little away.

"You can't mean it!" he exclaimed. "You can't really mean that you don't like her?"

Ruth clutched at his arm as though jealous of his instinctive disappointment.

"I know that it's brutally ungracious," she declared—"it's a sort of madness even. But I hate her because she is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen in life. I hate her for that and I hate her for her strength. Did you see her come across the lawn to us tonight, Arnold?"

He nodded enthusiastically.

"You mean in that smoke-colored muslin dress?"

"She has no right to wear clothes like that!" Ruth cried. "She does it so that men may see how beautiful she is. I—well, I hate her!"

There was a silence. Then Ruth rose slowly to her feet. Her tone was suddenly altered, her eyes pleaded with his.

"Don't take any notice of me tonight, Arnold," she implored. "It has been such a wonderful day and I am not used to so much excitement. I am afraid that I am a little hysterical. Do be kind and help me across to my room."

"Is there any hurry?" he asked. "It hasn't struck twelve yet."

"I want to go, please," she begged. "I shall say foolish things if I stay here much longer, and I don't want to. Let me go."

He obeyed her without further question. When they had reached her door he would have left her, but she still clutched his arm.

"I am foolish," she whispered—"foolish and wicked tonight. And besides, I am afraid. It is all because I am overtired. Come in with me for one moment, please, and let me be sure that Isaac is all right."

"Of course I will come," he answered. "Isaac can't be angry with me tonight, anyhow, for my clothes are old and dusty enough."

He opened the door and they passed across the threshold. Then they both stopped short and Ruth gave a little start. The room was lit with several candles. There was no sign of Isaac, but a middle-aged man with black beard and mustache had risen to his feet at their entrance. He glanced at Ruth with keen interest, at Arnold with a momentary curiosity.

"What are you doing here?" Ruth demanded. "What right have you in this room?"

The man did not answer her question.

"I shall be glad," he said, "if you will come in and shut the door. If you are Miss Ruth Lalonde I have a few questions to ask you."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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EASY MONEY

(Continued from Page 15)

d of don't go when it comes to tame inks on ships. What luck, son?"

'All set. Come on; I'll play you a game casino—and sweeps don't go."

. . . . . .

If you should care to go down into the ney belt, stand on the most prominent ner in that inflated district and whisper name of Peter K. Harding into the nosphere so that at least seven men could ar it, you might be surprised to find four n grab their trousers pockets and flee for nearest doorway, two more turn pale d gasp, and the seventh, who would be a ancial reporter, follow you for three blocks. Peter K. has offices where he can keep an on the Sub-Treasury and at the same watch the Assay Office next door. His also takes in the Stock Exchange, and combination is painfully aware of the ionage; for, to tell the truth, it is a orious fact that it will bear some watch- . Many men go in to see Peter K. Some by the guard and wish they hadn't; ers fail and envy the fortunate ones who failed, though they didn't know it. Not per cent of Peter's visitors are satisfied h what they get, but they all keep on ing just the same.

Two weeks after Mr. Simpson's plans been laid against the pocketbook and ase of mind of Mr. Harding, Mr. James rsythe Kingsley drove up to the offices the astute financier in a purple motor car was so absolutely correct in its ap- intments that it made the statue of orge Washington look guilty and self- nscious. Even his mother would have led to recognize Jimmie in the painfully liberate young Englishman who alighted m the car and lingered on the pavement affix his monocle more firmly in his eye. ide, to the clerk who inquired his wishes, merely said:

'Tell Mr. Harding that—aw—Viscount rlingham—aw—wishes to see him."

'Very good, sir," said the obsequious rk, and vanished behind the green baize r. He returned in a moment.

'Mr. Harding will see you. This way, ou please." And he ushered Jimmie to magic door and turned him over to the rd.

To be perfectly truthful, Jimmie was a le startled at getting to his man so easily he had quite expected to have to hec- his way through the barriers. However, followed languidly. Within the sacred incts of the great man's room, he strolled vard and dropped into a chair near the ed desk at which Peter K. wrote with- looking up. He waited a moment, then ped upon the polished rosewood with cane.

I say, you know!" he remarked, and r K. leaped in his chair.

What in blazes did you do that for?" manded fiercely, but Kingsley merely d him with his monocle and stared.

They brought you up awfully badly, 't they? My word, yes!" he remarked, Peter K. choked with a savage gasp. n he glared the glare that had turned r financiers into icicles and had been n to galvanize even office boys into entary activity.

What do you want here? Hey?" he anded fiercely.

mmie stared calmly at him and leaned his upon the head of his stick.

Money," he said finally.

Money?" echoed Peter K., doubting had heard aright. The word seemed thing strange.

That's it, old chap," smiled Jimmie. er see any? Eh, what?"

ter K. began to boil over.

Why, you—you ——" he began, when ie cut in:

Hurlingham's the name, my good sir. unt Hurlingham, of Brewster Hall. her to Lord Markdale, you know, and at sort of thing. Met your daughter Charmin' gell. Reminds me of you— Markdale's quite smitten. My word,

ter Harding stared at his visitor for al long seconds. Then he breathed a sigh that seemed like the exhaust of an harged siphon.

Well, I'll be ——" He hesitated, and sley filled in for him:

llowed—eh? Don't hurry, old chap." ord Markdale—eh?" said Harding at "And you want money—eh?"

mmie tapped him on the arm.

"That's two 'eh's' almost together. Mustn't do that, you know. Rotten bad form!"

Peter K. regarded him astoundedly.

"Whose money?" he finally asked in a querulous tone. "Whose—eh?"

"Yours," answered Jimmie promptly.

The financier watched him carefully for some moments and finally broke into a laugh, at which his secretary, seated at the desk in the corner of the room, shuddered. He believed his chief was breaking up and this was the first hint of weakness.

"They're all after my money," said Peter K.; "but they are all afraid to tell me so. By gad, yes! Markdale's brother—eh? Didn't know he had a brother—much less that he brought such a thing with him. Where is he?" he demanded suddenly, with the precision of a shot, just as if he expected to bring his man down at the first barrel.

"Shootin'," replied Jimmie instantly. "Next county. Rocky Mountains, you call 'em, I b'lieve. What?"

The secretary leaped from his chair in alarm, for Harding had first thrown his head back and then forward in the first hearty laugh he had enjoyed in years. It was not particularly successful from the standpoint of the listener, for it grated and creaked with much disuse—groaned on the curves and squeaked dismally as it went over the switches; but it was a laugh, and it caused the guard outside to project a worried face into the room. Judging from the speed with which he withdrew it, he must have been inexpressibly shocked, for laughs were uncommon in that corner of the world.

"'Rockies! Next county!' Oh-oh-oh!" wailed Harding, rocking back and forth in his swing chair, while Jimmie watched him stolidly over the top of his stick. Finally the financier shut his mouth like a steel trap.

"Come now. What can I do for you?" he demanded.

Kingsley regarded him with pleasant vacuity.

"Come somewhere and have a cup of tea," he proposed genially. "It's about four."

For a moment Harding turned a brick-red, tinged here and there with purple—but he failed to explode. It was a long day since any one had invited him to tea. The young man evidently meant it, he concluded, and the color faded as he condescended to explain.

"My time's worth about ten thousand an hour today, my young friend," he said. "I'm afraid the tea would be a little too expensive."

Jimmie looked at him solemnly and nodded his head.

"All right," he agreed. "Bit stiff—eh? Now, look here. Old Markdale's beastly hard up. I'm worse. Younger brother, an' all that rot, don't you know? Nothin' but what Markie allows me. Now he's tight; and when he's tight I'm stony. He's got to raise the wind, you see. He's ——" Mr. Kingsley looked over his shoulder at the secretary and then at Peter K. The latter took the hint.

"Chester, see if that cable has gone to Rio, will you? And you needn't hurry back."

Jimmie hitched his chair closer to the desk.

"You know the bally old Hall, of course," he went on. "Pictures—eh? What? You know. Some rippers too—what? All th' rest of the rummy heirlooms too. Well, Markie's brought three or four over with him."

Harding looked frankly puzzled.

"Heirlooms?"

"No—pictures."

"They must have cost him a neat sum to get through the customs."

Kingsley laughed.

"Not a copper—fact is, old chap, they're on the Minerva. Got 'em on the bally old yacht, right and tight-O."

"On the Minerva?"

"Right-O, old top. Stowed away in Markdale's quarters. Perfectly safe."

"Well?" queried the financier after a pause, during which Jimmie bored him through with the monocle and thereby made him as nervous as a cat.

"Buy 'em!" observed that young man.

Without a word Harding arose and walked to the door. He listened there a moment, then returned.

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DETROIT

"Do you know what the duty is on works of art?" he asked.

"Haven't an idea, really; but I'll bet it's rotten high," replied the sham Viscount Hurlingham.

"Do you know what that duty would cost me?" went on Peter K.

"Not a bally red," replied Jimmie quickly. "Tell the bally customs chaps to go to the devil! I'll bring 'em ashore for you. Blow me if I won't."

Harding glanced obliquely at him.

"Smuggle 'em?" he inquired in a low tone, and Jimmie nodded over the top of the desk at him.

"Know what they'll give you if you're caught?" went on Peter.

"Don't care, as they won't catch me. Beggars aren't sharp enough!"

Peter K. considered carefully—and, considering, fell.

"When and where can I see them—the pictures?" he asked. "Aboard the yacht?"

Jimmie frowned laboriously and heavily.

"Not good enough," he announced. "You couldn't get aboard without a lot of blighters seein' you. They'd smell a mice—'pon my word, they would. No end sharp, some of those chaps. Tell you what—I'll bring 'em ashore in the launch. How's that, umpire?"

"Where? You know you can't cart pictures round the waterfront in a yacht's launch without causing talk."

"There's a boathouse sort of affair at Ninety-sixth Street. We're lyin' off there, you know. I'll fetch 'em—let's see—tomorrow night at ten. What d'ye say, old chap? And don't bring your motor, you know. Better have a bit of a walk by yourself. You wait for me—eh?"

"What are they—the pictures?"

"One Murillo, one Tintoretto, one Velasquez, and another Spanish chap. Remember, if I'm not sharp on the nail hang about a bit—there's a good fellow. I'll have a key to the bally place and I shan't keep the launch. Run alongside, lift out the bundle; off again with the boat down the river—and there you are—eh? Hawkins—that's my man, you know—he'll run the boat and pick me up later."

Peter K. Harding looked at the young man with an added respect, and laid a gnarled hand upon his shoulder.

"When you came in here I thought you were a fool," he said. "I take it back."

Jimmie stared at him with a troubled expression.

"I say, you know!" he protested. "Bit rough on me, don't you think? I've always been a dab at this sort of thing, you know. They had me booked for a berth in the diplomatic service. Chaps all say I've a way of doin' things. No end of schemes in here," and he tapped his forehead. "Had an idea I'd go into finance over here. Nothin' small though. My word, no!"

Peter K. smiled a little grimly.

"There's always an opening in," he said, "but it's mighty hard to find a way to get out again. Never mind. I'll see you tomorrow at ten."

There was a stiff and somewhat chilly breeze blowing along the riverfront the next night, and Peter Harding wished he had brought at least a light overcoat. However, he paced up and down the little dock in an effort to keep the chill off, and waited anxiously. Five minutes later a slender craft had swept up to the little wharf, the bogus Viscount Hurlingham had stepped out and lifted after him a bundle done in a tarpaulin.

"Away you go, Hawkins!" said Jimmie Kingsley, and the little craft shot off again into the night. He turned to Peter K. "Here you are, old chap! Give us a hand, will you?" Together they picked up the package and carried it to the door of the boathouse. Jimmie took a key from his pocket, slipped it into the padlock, and a moment later swung back the door. "In we go," he said, and then groped about. "Beggar said there was a lamp here on a shelf. Here we are." A moment later the light flared up.

The remaining details are so trite that they become almost inconsequential. Peter K. purchased the four pictures after a most cursory examination, but one fraught with seeming technicalities. Jimmie turned admiringly to him.

"My word, you are a nailer at this sort of thing, aren't you?" he observed. "Know 'em like a book—eh? Big man in one thing, big man in all—eh?"

Peter looked self-conscious.

"I have gone in for this pretty well," he confessed. "It's my pleasure. I apply the same common-sense to it I do to my business—that's all. Application will make a success in any line."

When the negotiations had been completed Harding had borrowed a fountain pen from Kingsley and had filled out his personal check for one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. Together they rewrapped the pictures and placed them outside the door, after which Kingsley walked up the embankment.

"Coast's clear," he said, and they carried the four works of art up the hill to the driveway, where they waited in the vestibule of an apartment house until a taxicab hove in sight. Kingsley stood on the curb, smiling as Peter K. and his pictures departed.

A week later, when Peter K.'s check had been deposited, collected, diverted, divided and assimilated into the coffers of the firm of Simpson & Kingsley, and Peter K. himself had ceased to think of the transaction save with a satisfied glow of possession when he remembered the pictures he had come by so cheaply, the astute Mr. Simpson announced with his morning coffee that the final act was about to take place.

Whereupon Mr. Simpson disappeared into his own room, and only emerged at request that Mr. Kingsley procure for him five stamps. Wondering what he could want with stamps, Jimmie dutifully went out to get them, to find when he returned that his aged friend had gone out.

Forty minutes from the time Jeremiah Simpson left his apartment an elderly man, with a bristly iron-gray mustache and a semi-uniform cut of garments, entered Peter K. Harding's official portico and inquired for the financier himself. He asked that his card be taken to Mr. Harding unseen and passed it over. Ten minutes later he emerged from the office and walked to the subway. One hour later he entered the apartment on Riverside Drive, walked into the room where James Forsythe Kingsley reclined in an easy-chair, carefully removed the iron-gray mustache, took off the semi-uniform coat, reached into his inside waistcoat pocket, drew forth ten yellow-backed bills and laid them gently on the table.

"But—but where did you get 'em?" demanded Mr. Kingsley, with wide-open eyes.

Mr. Simpson was turning away, but looked about again.

"Get 'em? Them bills? Oh, a little memento from our good friend Peter K. Harding. Nice old party. Begged me to have a smoke on him. Gave me the address where he buys 'em too. A nice, generous old man—believe me, Larry."

Mr. Kingsley took his old friend by the shoulders and turned him about. "You tell me, you old sinner! What did you say to Peter to make him come across like that!"

"I believe it must have bin that, Larry," Mr. Simpson said, laying a card on Mr. Kingsley's palm. "I'm quite sure of it, now I think real hard. You see I just went down there and sent that in to him—not that, of course, but one like it. The bulldog that guards his door comes out and drags me in like I was his brother and wanted to lend him money. Peter looks at me an' I looks at him. Then I coughs an' lays another card on his desk. He looks at it an' at me—an' I looks at him an' grins; an' he reaches for a checkbook—an' I waves it back; an' he grins kind of greenlike an' looks inquirin' at me; an' I steps up close an' whispers in his ear. Later I come away."

Young Mr. Kingsley looked down at the card in his hand. It read:

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"Where did you get it?" he asked.

"Had 'em printed while I waited. Cost me a quarter too!" returned Mr. Simpson genially. "I forgot to tell you that I just wrote a line on the card with a lead-pencil while I was waitin' outside."

"What?" inquired Jimmie.

"Oh, just a few words—'It's right dear on the river at Ninety-sixth!' I'll say this for Peter: he's right quick to take a hint." Mr. Simpson looked longingly out on the river where Lord Markdale's yacht lay in the sunlight. "I'll bet I could sell Peter K. that boat if I was to try real hard. He's awful fond of things like that!"

He turned about to find Mr. Kingsley struggling in convulsions of mirth—and smiled genially.

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THE GALLERY GODS

(Continued from Page 13)

unfamiliar difficulties. It is very much the same with pictures. The masterpieces of the Italian Renaissance exhibit qualities for the most part the result of immense physical and mental labor to overcome difficulties that today are scarcely felt.

For instance, the painting of the great picture by Leonardo da Vinci—La Gioconda—recently stolen from the Louvre, occupied the artist four years; and, in order to call up a sweet and smiling expression on his sitter's face, he caused her to be entertained with music and other diversions. Now, to be perfectly frank and honest, did he manage after all to paint a particularly beautiful and smiling woman? Would any man be tempted beyond his strength if brought into contact with a woman with a face like that? Scarcely. He did, however, invest his picture with an extraordinary quality of sincerity that was largely the result of the enormous pains he took.

Half a dozen snapshot photographs will enlighten the artist of today on many more points besides the movement of smiles on the face of a pretty woman than Leonardo learned in a twelvemonth. And the artist of today can paint a prettier and more charming woman than even the great Italian portrayed. Our artists know far more about art today than was ever known before. They, therefore, read into the Old Masters qualities which the painters of old never dreamed were there! The great fault of all modern art, in spite of the brilliant capabilities of individual painters, is lack of sincerity. We know too much and do too little.

Under the Influence of Hot Air

"Beauty," some wise man has said, "is in the eye of the beholder." This is to say that, if you see a picture and regard it as beautiful, you have probably contributed something yourself to the effect it has on you. Your perceptions are keen, and you look for and see beauty where others whose perceptions are not so keen would see nothing.

A man accosted me a year or two ago in a gallery in Paris. The exhibition contained modern works which I should have thought would have been easily understood by any one.

"I see you are interested," he began. "I know nothing about art. I suppose these are very fine. You appear to know something about it. Do you mind telling me—honestly—what qualities there are in these pictures to admire?"

So I explained as well as I could. We walked backward and forward in making comparisons. I pointed out in every picture referred to the qualities which struck me as being admirable. I even went into technicalities, for I saw that the intellectual side—or perhaps we should call it the phase of the subject which is materialistic—appealed with greater force to the stranger than the spiritual or imaginative. If I spoke of the size of a barn he seemed to catch hold; but if I told of emotion or passion in reference to the picture of a barn he never even got a glimmer of what I meant.

"I simply can't see it," he gasped out. "I see a house, trees, water, clouds, a bridge and a couple of cows; and then you tell me the whole canvas wouldn't be worth a cent if it were not for the sensation of movement in the picture. I simply can't experience the slightest sign of movement. I can't get it out of my head that the picture is just as dead as a doornail; and if it's dead how in snakes can it move?"

"But I told you before it's not the picture that moves. It is the sensation of movement which is conveyed by those hurrying clouds; that dry, wind-swept expanse; that rushing stream. When you look at that picture can't you feel the breath of cold wind coming up from the sea?"

"No; I can't," he said; "but I can feel the breath of hot air coming out of that register, and if you don't mind we'll move on."

I got to know that man. He was an interesting study. I walked every important gallery in Paris with him; and I am bound to say he never brought with him a single idea which enabled him to understand a picture, from the time I met him until we parted at St. Lazare. Neither was it for want of trying. I would leave him painfully studying a sunrise in tender pinks and grays, by Corot, and at the end of half

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SALES DIVISION

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

PHILADELPHIA

an hour the best I could get out of him was that the artist had evidently been sketching on a badly managed estate, because "that tree ought to have been grubbed up long ago. It was in the way and would prevent the proper navigation of the creek."

"But the sky, man—the sky! Look at the silvery light half penetrating the mist, and that touch of rose! Don't you feel——"

"No; I don't. But I'm not blind. I can see it's pink and gray; and it's so thick you can hardly make out whether those are trees or merely bits of bad weather left there from the night before. Why on earth couldn't the man paint the picture when it was a bit clearer and he could see what he was about?"

It was worse with portraits. They were no more to him than waxworks. Whistler's portrait of his mother in the Luxembourg he regarded with profound disgust. "If she looked like that, why perpetuate the fact? I've seen hundreds of old women sitting on chairs; but I never thought they looked interesting, and that picture only convinces me the more that my point of view was right."

The man who has a heart for the appreciation of landscape is he who sits all day long in a city office. For him the artist opens a window into Paradise when he shows a sweep of twenty miles of open country, with cloud battalions hurrying fast to the west.

How Beauty is Skin Deep

The writer was sketching on one occasion in the Valley of the Loire, in France. The subject embraced a view of the river, with brilliant bushes of flowering weeds in the foreground and dashes of vivid green where still water under a bank had allowed floating vegetation to accumulate. A peasant came by and stopped to look. He was interested, agreeable, and helpful in promising to accommodate paint-box, canvas and easel at his cottage until the next day. He did more than that. He got up earlier than usual in the morning, took down a scythe and cleaned up the whole of that foreground of weeds and set fire to them. Then he raked off the green scum from the water and set a boy to pull up the rushes along the edge. When I arrived the canvas was delivered up safe and sound, but the subject had disappeared for at least another twelvemonth.

However, if it be accepted that in order to understand and enjoy pictures one must possess powers of artistic perception, this would seem to imply no limit to the spectator's investing works of art with as great a degree of merit as he likes, according to the depth and acuteness of his own vision. If this be so—if, to repeat the formula, beauty is in the eye of the beholder—then the man who can see most beauty—or who says he can—may easily be accounted the best judge. If you doubt him he can always turn round and say you lack artistic perception.

This gives a splendid opportunity to two classes of connoisseurs—liars and lunatics. The first-named are to be found among those who are interested in the sale of pictures. The second are among the professional art critics. If a man wants to sell a picture, and is constantly engaged in advertising its good qualities, he will stick at nothing in praise of the canvas, for no one can prove him wrong. After a time, he not only persuades others that what he says he sees in the picture is actually there but he comes honestly to believe the story himself. On the other hand, the art critic—if he be an honest man—is sometimes possessed of hypersensitive nerves. He not only brings to his work a trained and highly developed perception, but is also liable to confound perception with imagination—a very easy thing to do. In short, he may perceive good qualities in a picture or he may imagine he perceives them. When he arrives at the latter point his judgment is on the wobble. Among the pictures which have been painted in recent years by certain groups of European artists are canvases resembling nothing so much as childish and crude imitations of German woolwork. Some established critics are praising these. Certain Americans in Paris are collecting them. Their imagination is getting the better of their perception. It is one of the hardest things in the world, however, to analyze one's own emotions, which are composed partly of what we feel and quite as much of what we think we feel. It is always a corrective, however, to remember that pictures, after all, are themselves actual matter. They are not of the stuff of which dreams are made.



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THE old saying has it that "imitation is the sincerest flattery"; but imitation ought to be very much more than that, and in matters of business it is really so—for the right kind of imitation, the judicious and enlightened kind, is and ought to be a very high kind of wisdom. Imitation comes next to originality as a factor in business success. Even the very highest kind of originality would be sure to fail unless assisted by imitation. It is really surprising and it is much to be deplored that it has become common to decry imitation as something feeble and cheap—something to be ashamed of and avoided; but that is not the viewpoint of successful men, nor does it represent their methods at all. It is not only by following their own ideas but by being, at the same time, wise enough to copy what is excellent in the methods of others that men achieve any marked prosperity; and, in this, business men are precisely like men in every other department of life. The idea that imitation is to be avoided should be absolutely banished by any one who wants to advance.

There never lived a more original man than Napoleon. He was proud—and had the right to be—of his own genius. He used startlingly new plans and combinations, and boasted that he would make opposing generals burn their books of tactics; yet, without his own close preliminary study of those books and his absorption of all that was good in them, he could never have been a general himself. Had he not been able to copy the best from Cæsar and Hannibal, he would never have been Napoleon! And likewise any business man, no matter what his ability or the degree of his individual insight, must be ready to see the best in the work of other business men to imitate it, whether that best is excellent in the methods of a single individual or is set forth in the general body of business wisdom that represents the accumulation of generations of experience. One must imitate in order to be abreast of progress; and it is only after getting abreast that one's individuality may put one in advance.

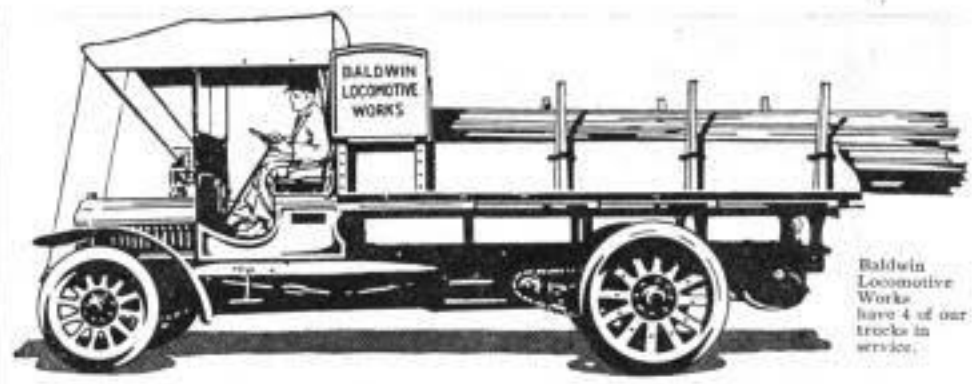
Profitable Imitation

I have frequently been impressed by the imitation and the watchfulness of neighbors or competitors, with intent to profit by copying, which are displayed by the greatest business or manufacturing establishments; in fact, the greater a house is, the more closely watchful it seems to be of the methods of others. Readiness to imitate is one of the unfailing signs of largeness and breadth of view; and yet the right kind of imitation must never be confounded with the cheap and puny copying that is done by cheap and puny minds.

The very first time that the virtues of imitation came strikingly to me was in the case of a man who was not a business man at all, but an Ohio farmer—though, right here, I ought to say that the ordinarily accepted meaning of the term "business man" is all wrong, for every man who follows any kind of occupation for money is necessarily a business man, whose work is appraised and handled on business principles. A lawyer, making and vending his arguments, is precisely as much a business man as is the manufacturer or merchant. The doctor, the artist, the school-teacher—all are business men, who must do their work and handle what they have to sell on business principles. Napoleon himself was a business man, and a very keen one, who delivered to France services of a very high order and saw to it that he received an immense price for them.

This farmer, then—this business man of the soil—I came upon one day as he was crouched upon a hillock watching another farmer—his neighbor. It was not that the other man was doing anything that was either unusual or suspicious; so far from that, he was only doing ordinary farm-work in a freshly plowed field; and yet he was watched with such an eagerness as would seem to attach only to something extraordinary!

I had to speak to the man who was watching, though I disliked to draw him from his absorbed contemplation; and he turned toward me with a sort of shamefaced start. "But it's nothing I ought to be ashamed



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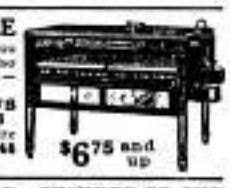
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of," he said, realizing that his start must have been noticed by me; and he went on to say that, coming recently from a town where he had not made a success, to take over this farm, which had come to him by inheritance, he had found that he knew almost nothing of practical farming.

"I could not learn it all by reading books or asking questions; and I was afraid—being a stranger—of ridicule or of being told the wrong things if I let on how little I knew; but I've simply got to make a go of this place. And so, on top of what I could pick up in other ways, I just come out here and watch my neighbor, who is one of the best money-makers round here. I just watch his plowing and planting and cultivating every day to see what he is doing that day, and I follow him as closely as I possibly can." He paused a few moments and then added thoughtfully: "You can learn lots by copying some other fellow." This came back to me very forcibly the other day when the manager of a Chicago department store expressed himself in almost the same words: "I try to learn something every day from what my competitors are doing," he said.

The department stores, indeed, follow out the general idea of imitation to a surprising degree. Each big department store, in any of the big cities, has on its payroll men and women whose business is to watch for things to imitate or avoid—for it is the most ardent devotees of imitation who realize most fully that watching other people's methods will be profitable by showing what to keep away from as well as what to adopt.

Customer or Competitor?

The watchers of any department store keep in close touch with the stock and prices and methods of the other stores. They investigate and report, day by day, anything interesting in prices; anything new or suggestive in window arrangement or the display of stock; anything at all that is interesting or valuable. These people are known to very few connected with the establishments that employ them, while in the stores of competitors they are merely ordinary customers, who do a good deal of inquiring and who make more or less actual purchases—the actual purchasing being admirable on account of obviating any suspicion in regard to their real motives, and the purchases themselves being, as far as possible, of a kind to be illuminative, with their prices, to their own employers.

If any new detail in management is introduced, perhaps in the way of elevator service or some new device to make customers' waiting rooms agreeable, or in the method and scope of the delivery system—whatever, in short, it may be—the store that introduces it knows that competitors will at once be in full possession of the knowledge and that imitation will follow if the new detail seems a good one. "If you want arms take them from the enemy!" the dashing Bolivar loved to say; and successful North American business men follow in principle this idea of the successful South American general.

Advertisements—such a vital part of the business of today—are watched with the greatest closeness. Each manufacturing concern, each big store, studies closely every advertisement of those in the same line and is swift to follow up any suggestive hint. Whenever there are special prices offered on special goods the matter is gone into instantly; and there will be some very good reason for it if the prices are not met by the other houses and a special display prominently made of similar goods. The business man of today cannot hide his light under a bushel.

I know two Western business men, partners, who are so radically different that, whereas one absorbs the idea of any available new thing he sees, the other rarely finds in such a way any inspiration. One or the other must go to New York annually; but, though either can attend to the definite business there just as well as his partner, there is an immense difference between them otherwise. Though one always and inevitably returns with a mind enriched by suggestions of usefulness that are to be followed and emulated, the other always and just as inevitably returns with nothing that he has picked up. "Where do you find Indian arrowheads?—for you have so many of them," said a friend who was walking along a road with the famous Thoreau, the Nature-lover, whereupon Thoreau replied: "I find them everywhere!"—stooping and picking up one as he spoke.



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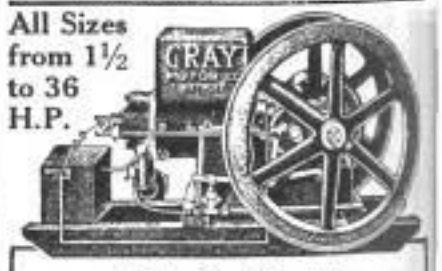
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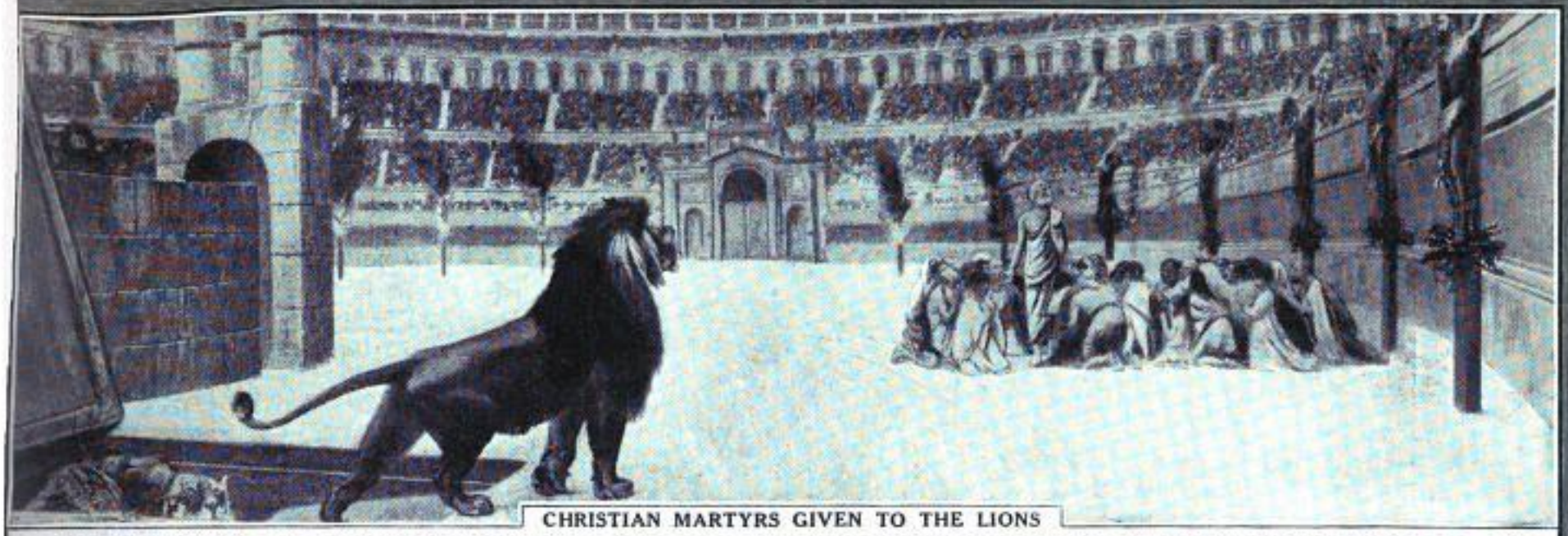
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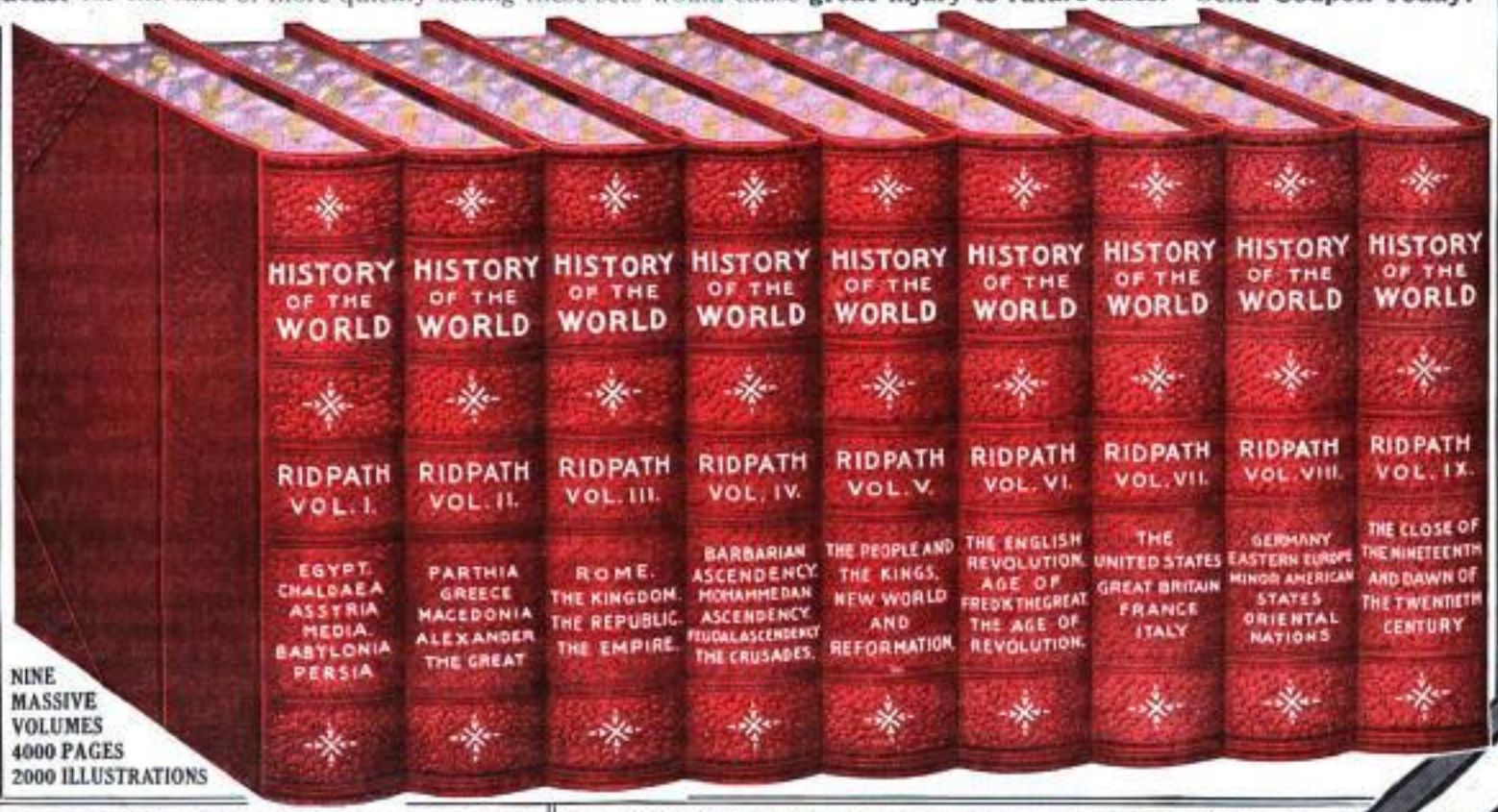
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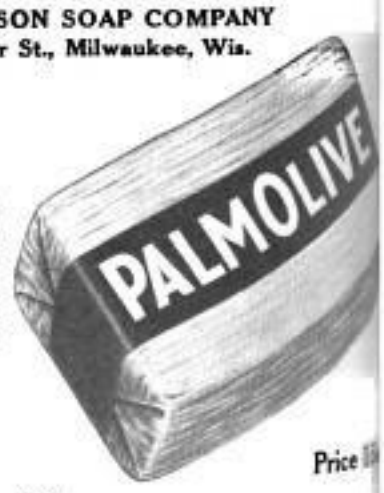
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THE RECORDING ANGEL







By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT

IF YOU take a certain train at two o'clock in the afternoon, say, at Twenty-third Street Station, in New York, and travel steadily southward till you are an hour behind time, you come to the carmine hills of Georgia—round, soft hills that the grasses love. They are all dyed with the blood of heroes and divided by cotton fields, and broken down worm fences, and happy, disreputable-looking negro cabins and an occasional white folks' house. The hills do not notice you as you pass. They are suckling the grass. They are asleep in the golden sunshine. They are dreaming in the perfume of the cotton blooms. You would not be astonished if one of them should turn over and stretch, and show the other breast, they are so very comfortable, so very fertile and lazy. No wonder that every train coming southward in this direction loses time. You cannot stoke even a New England engine enough to make it hurry in such an atmosphere of repose and somnambulance. You have missed your dinner at Mount Airy, but it makes no difference. You are not hungry. You are breathing the manna-laden air of imaginary plenty. You begin to feel romantic and poetical. You hum some familiar old Southern tune. This, undoubtedly, is an indication that you are nearing Ruckersville, Georgia, where the scenes of this story are laid.

You will know when the train nears Ruckersville by the cotton warehouses in the suburbs; and the suburbs are only one block from the center of the town, which you will also recognize by the Daddisman Hotel on one side and the stores on every side, and by a curious duck-legged statue, dedicated to the Heroes in Gray, which squats in the middle of the square. It—the town—is admirably situated to have developed into a flourishing city. But your aristocrat never builds a city. He can ride against one and conquer it, and he can save it from an invading army, but he has neither the patience nor the energy to build one. It takes a parvenu, or at least a Yankee, to do that. And Ruckersville was settled by a Dublin aristocrat, who came over hurriedly with General James Oglethorpe to avoid offensive financial difficulties at home.

This is how the place grew for three generations, merely according to its birthrate. And it was an amazingly large town when you took that fact into consideration. No one moved into it from the outside, except by marriage, any more than a business man would move into a dream to speculate. It grew amazingly, like a pumpkin vine, in every direction except the one that led to factories and progress. The first thing a stranger notices is that it was evidently settled first by a set of headstrong families, and then laid off into streets to accommodate the east and west whims of their prejudice and pride. This was due to the fact that these families were nearly all related to one another, each asserting its independence, antagonism or contempt of the blood bond, after the manner of relatives, who are known to hate each other more than any other class of people in the world. Thus the Fanning-Rucker residence is built with its back door opening before the distant face of the Rucker-Martins' residence, on account of the fact that Mrs. Fanning-Rucker was a Fanning before her marriage, and took this means of expressing her contempt for all other Ruckers after the death of her husband, because they had objected to his marrying her on the ground that the Fannings "had nothing to recommend them but their money." This elevation of her back-door nose had, in turn, compelled the Rucker-Martins to add a side front to their house and change the direction of the street, so that they could go out of the front gate in the morning without smelling Mrs. Fanning-Rucker's breakfast dishes and without seeing her kitchen sink.



Every Young Man in Ruckersville Had Died for Her, Figuratively, in Vain

No street in Ruckersville ever knew the day or the hour when it would be changed to accommodate some outraged emotion. Marriage, in fact, inspired the geometrical topography of the town, and accounted for the amazing number of elbows in the streets and for the numerous long forearms between dwellings. You may live immediately next door to and on a straight fifty-foot line with a stranger or a friend; but when it comes to relatives the situation is different. The dominant Ruckersville instinct was to shrug its architectural shoulders, to build the verandas with averted gaze, and to keep enough distance between its habitations to discourage a gadabout hen, in case she fancied the crowing of the rooster in the next dooryard. No mixing of chickens was tolerated.

Thus the town stands, insufferably erect, supported by long-shanked verandas, showing a tribal reserve in its distances, shaded by immense trees at irregular intervals, divided by long, crooked white streets that are magnificently fringed with weeds and goldenrod. And in season it is pervaded by the perfume of cotton blooms from the surrounding cotton fields, and at all seasons by the male odor of tobacco smoke. The only truly busy inhabitants there, until quite recently, were the bees, who did a thriving business and created annually frightful family disturbances by swarming and deserting one Rucker's hives for another Rucker's hives. This was considered personal by the respective owners of the hives, and gave rise to bitterness, all the more lasting because the Ruckersville bees appeared to have inherited their stings from the original cavaliers and were too quick at the thrust and too fiercely tempered to be meddled with. They hived where they listed, and defended themselves with demoniacal frenzy when any effort was made to ding-dong them back home with their former owner's dinner bell. They were invariably supported in their determination to stay where they were by the Rucker whose hives were complimented by their migratory instinct.

There was a devilish old Brigham Young bee drone in the Ruckersville honey business, who had in this way alienated some of the best families and nearest relatives. He was said to have descended from an Italian queen bee imported in a cigar box by the grandson of the original settler of Ruckersville. This was

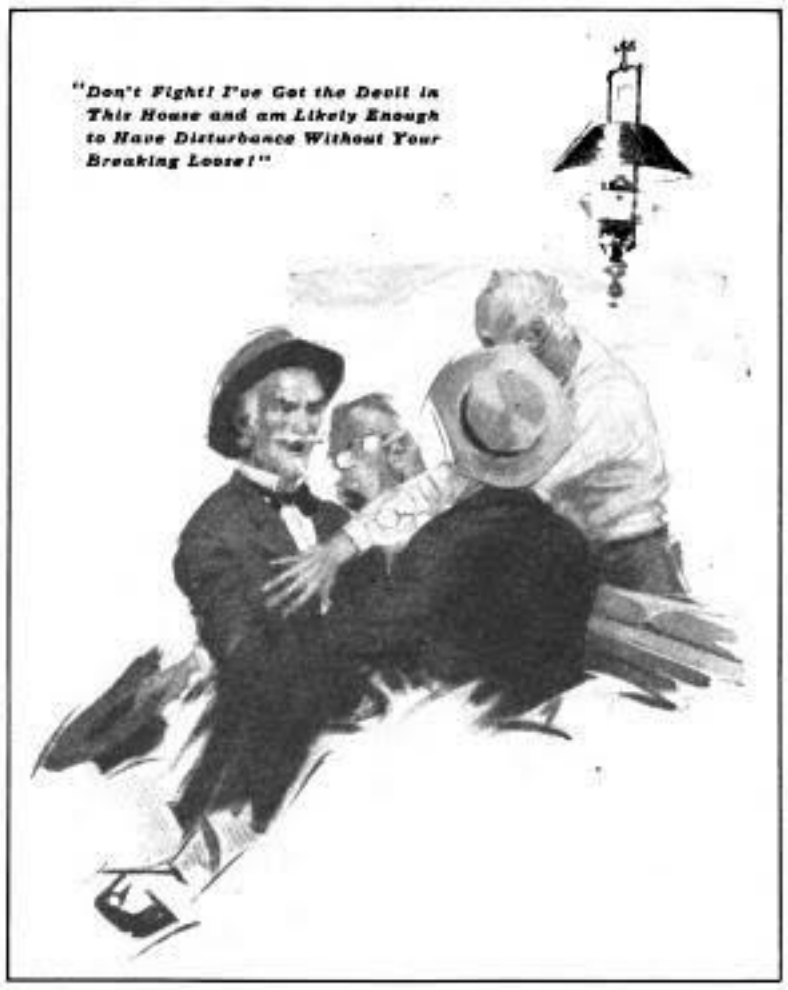
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Colonel Joseph Rucker who, as I have already intimated, came over with Oglethorpe and built his mansion on a grant of land from the king. That is now the site of Ruckersville. Joseph Rucker was an Irishman and had a beam in his eye. He was gifted with courage, a genius for making love, and clear-blue optimism. Whatever may be said of Adam, I, for one, am convinced that Eve was of Irish descent. There was something so naïvely simple and iridescently witty in the way she managed to get Adam out of his innocuous state of innocency and idleness, and started in the decent labor of digging and sweating, like a proper man, for his living. And Colonel Joseph Rucker was undoubtedly descended from this maternal line. First, he is recorded as having had a genial genius for inducing others to work and to risk their substance and salvation for his sake. He died, full of honors, at a ripe old age, without ever having put his own hand to the plow; the husband, serially, of three devoted and industrious women, the father of three sets of children, and the promoter of certain water-power schemes—largely at the expense of others—on Broad River, which flowed like a sweet Jordan close to the town but which refused to be bridled, in spite of the fact that nearly every man in the town who was not a direct descendant of the Colonel had mortgaged his homestead in the effort to accomplish this.

Another proof of his optimism was the pattern of architecture he set, which was enthusiastically copied by his neighbors. The original Joseph-Rucker mansion still stands in a grove of live oaks upon a gentle eminence near the middle of the village, with its back turned hopefully upon the adjacent cemetery and its front facing the rising sun. It is an immense white house, with windy chimneys, many rattling windows, a wide veranda, and weather boarding so carelessly put on that it is a monument to the builder's belief in eternal summer. Not, you understand, that there is no winter weather in Ruckersville, but that there was nothing in the animation of the Colonel that corresponded to cold and inclemency, or that could forestall Providence with a blanket of storm sheeting. His god was a mint-julep deity of his own accommodating creation, who made the earth for the pleasure of man, for the cradle care of woman, for the beauty of every flower that blows, and for the joy of little children.

At the imminent risk of tiring that class of readers who are accustomed to being humored by the author with a duel or a scandal in the first chapter, I have been obliged to include this digression about the Colonel, because he was either the direct or indirect progenitor of so many of the characters who shall figure in this story, and because he left behind him a strain of morning-mindedness in them that they still retain. There is julep in their veins, the highest courage in their imaginations, and every sort of aimless improvidence in their deeds. It is when the leaven of industry, of accomplishment and of progress is dropped into such cake-dough humanity as this, that comedy, tragedy and queer adventure result; and it is of these that I shall write in this story.

I say on this particular day—it was Tuesday, the fourteenth of June, 18—, a stranger alighted from the train, who was obviously neither a drummer nor a politician; and no one recognized him for a relative. He had a long-horned-steer expression. He wore a wide-brimmed hat, with a leather band buckled around the crown. His eyes held you up like a brace of steel-blue pistol barrels. And the deep double crinkle of the skin above them added a steady directness to their aim. The bottom of his face showed through an ugly red stubble, like the jawbone of a pithecanthropus. His mouth was glued together in a straight line under a nose that insulted you by its mere shape. It was high, thin, and drawn back at the lower corners of the neatly, delicately-turned nostrils, as if he smelled you and found the odor disagreeable. His clothes were conventional, but scandalously ill-fitting like the loose brown hide of an erect animal. He was bow-legged, as it turned out, from having sat in the saddle for so many years. And he straddled in his gait, with his feet set wide apart like a person who has practiced walking straight even when drunk. Altogether he did not give the impression of being a good man, but at the same time one inferred that he would not brook having his virtues questioned, provided he was in the mood to claim them. If an immense bald eagle had alighted upon the station platform, with three inches of spurs sticking out from his feathery legs, it would not have created more excitement, more wondering amazement. He stretched himself, covered the row of idlers leaning against the wall of the station with a glance that left them immediately as if they were of no consequence, swept out over the town and took in the stores, the Bilfire saloon, the Daddisman Hotel, the squatty statue to the Heroes in Gray, in the center of the square beyond the station. It swept on down through the emerald twilight of oaks and poplars on every side, among which the long white legs of the piazzas gleamed and proclaimed the quality of the population. Then he undid his mouth, stretched it at the corners and snickered. This was the only comment he was ever heard to make upon Ruckersville.



"Don't Fight! I've Got the Devil in This House and am Likely Enough to Have Disturbance Without Your Breaking Loose!"

The next moment he lifted one thin, sunburnt hand, shoved back his hat brim till a thick lock of fine dark-red hair showed, drew forth an enormous gold watch that was attached to his waist-band by a miniature gold chain, looked at it, and straddled off along Elbert Avenue with the air of a man who knew where he was going.

As he turned the first corner and was lost to the view of the astonished group at the station he came upon Miss Mildred Percey. Their eyes met. He passed without lifting his hat. Miss Mildred pressed her hand to her heart. It was a gesture she had that expressed alarm. She always did it when she met a cow in the road, or went into a dark room at night where a man might be concealed under the bed. She went on, wondering who the stranger was. Also she wondered if he were married. This is the difference between men and women. When a man looks at a woman he knows instinctively at once whether or not she is married, and usually he does not concern himself to register the impression into anything so definite as a thought. But when a woman looks at a man old enough to have a beard on his face and young enough not to be gray, she cannot tell whether or not he is single, and she always wonders—especially if she is single herself. Miss Mildred was not married. But she was thirty-five. Therefore, she continued more and more to speculate, as she crimped along with her short mincing steps, concerning the rude stranger who had not lifted his hat to her.

Again she placed her hand upon her heart. She had fallen in love and did not know it. She had often fallen this way before, but no one had ever asked her to marry him. At the same time no man had ever passed her before without lifting his hat.

It is a fact that she was thirty-five, but she denied it with every art known to Ruckersville femininity. She wore an agonizingly tight corset, a severely firm bust supporter, and beautiful slippers too small for her feet. Her outer garments were loose and sweetly flowing, to deny the lacing within. An exquisite and expensive blond braid permitted a few of her own locks to escape negligently in waves about her naturally pretty ears, and they supported a gracefully youthful cherubim hat upon her head, the crown of which was naïvely garlanded with a wreath of wild roses. She had large, prayerful blue eyes, a tender, lonesome-looking mouth, good teeth and a lovely chin—round, soft, with a disposition to quiver when she was moved by any kind of emotion. Her nose was not her own. She had merely inherited it—without being strong enough to change it—from a distant male Rucker ancestor, and it really accounted for her not being married. It was too high, too thin, too long. It was a kind of physical libel upon the gentleness of her disposition, which she could not conceal as she did the natural ampleness of her bosom. This she did not want, or deserve either; and it had also been inherited from her habitual child-bearing forebears. On this particular afternoon she was powdered and painted a little. She was on her way to the regular weekly meeting of the Woman's Club.

The stranger did not know that he had passed Miss Mildred Percey. He was engaged with his own reflections. He advanced leisurely—insufferably so—along the shaded avenue, looking first at one house, then at another. Apparently he recalled the row of ancient boxwood in the Rucker-Martins' garden, or it may have been the ivy on the giant chimneys at either end of the house. He paused before the gate of the Misses Yancey's residence and squinted so insolently at the iron Juliet galleries that surrounded the upstairs windows, that the two sadly mature maidens within paused in the preparations they were making at their mirrors, before going to the Woman's Club, and stood trembling with alarm behind drawn curtains. An awful-looking man standing at their front gate in broad daylight, staring speculatively at their windows and doors, meant that they must look under every bed and in every closet for him before they retired that night. Also it meant that they would not sleep soundly for thinking about him.

Meanwhile, you will understand, of course, that the stranger at the gate was not thinking of anything so timid as an elderly maiden. He was looking at an immense rose vine that covered the Juliet galleries and flirted a thousand pink-hearted yellow blooms in the soft summer air. He was studying the delicate, feminine, many-branched symmetry of a row of pink crêpe trees behind the house, against which it rose like a picture upon an old, faded valentine. At last he lifted his folded arms from the gate frame and resumed his walk. The Misses Yancey let go their stifled breaths, resumed their toilets, and knew they would be late at the Woman's Club, not only because they had been interrupted in their dressing but because they must delay still longer to lock every door and bar every window lest the dreadful-looking character should return in their absence and enter the place, conceal himself and be ready to rob and kill them the minute night fell upon their defenseless state.

"The house will be like an oven when we return, if we close it," said Miss Agnes, the younger of the sisters, as she dabbled her nose afresh with powder, because the excitement through which she had just passed had caused it to perspire.

"Still, two unmarried women, living alone, cannot afford to take any chances with a person like that hanging around," said Miss Mary, the elder, as she slammed her wardrobe door and locked it.

"Of course not," returned Agnes sensitively, as if she thought that her sister thought she wished to take chances at some unimaginable adventure. She had once been secretly in love with an ungainly young blacksmith who was accustomed to pass the house, and she was always afraid her sister would discover her innocent romantic digression.

II

BY THIS time the stranger had reached the edge of the town. That is to say, he had entered a pasture through a sagging wagon gate and was walking along a path that led to a worm fence on the other side. Four red cows and a bull regarded him attentively. The cows held their heads up, but the bull lowered his and blew upon the ground through his nose. This not having the effect of hastening the intruder, he pawed it with his heavy hoofs and gave a deep, guttural bellow. The man condescended to observe him. This was in itself an offense. He horned the grass and bellowed again, with all the different notes of ferocity in bull-bellowing. The man refused to take to his heels. This convinced the bull that a rival had entered his preserves. There was nothing to do but curl his tail over his back and charge. He did it. The man side-stepped, stooped, caught the bull by the under jaw and the horn on the other side of his head and gave his neck a twist. The bull lost consciousness in the somersault that followed. When he recovered he was lying in the grass at full length, with a taste of tobacco on his tongue. The man was some distance farther down the path. The four cows had not moved or changed expression. They were feminine; they had been milked. They knew the man better than the bull did, who knew only himself. They were not indignant at the man, nor critical of the bull. They enjoyed the peculiar satisfaction of mere observers. You will have noticed the same silent satisfaction in a certain class of women when two men fight.

There was a crack in the fence sufficiently wide to admit the body of a man, and sufficiently narrow to exclude, say, that of a bull. The rails above and below it were sleek and indicated the hospitality of those, whoever they were,

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that lived beyond. The stranger flung one leg over the lower rail, bent his body limberly through the crack and drew the other leg after him. He passed into an oat field, ruffled into green waves by the wind. The path was fringed with sassafras bushes and red sumac. He broke off a twig *of* sassafras and began to chew the sweetly scented bark. He was approaching another wagon gate that opened at the back of a house, of that peculiar gray that white paint turns when it has not been renewed in twenty-five years. There was the skeleton of an old carriage standing just *inside*, with the iron tires of its wheels lying in dark circles on the grass and its shafts elevated in a kind of horseless lament. A hen flew cackling off her nest under the seat. Then a dog began to bark somewhere out of sight. In front, the house, with the cornices and fluted columns, had the appearance of a fine old lady who has seen better days and remembers them. An immense elm stood in the foreground, like an elderly gentleman in waiting who had been left there ages ago for this purpose. You understood at once why the only gateway was at the back. It would have been an impertinence to approach such a house from the front. Only the sun did that, when it was rising in the morning over the opposite hill.

The stranger stood beside the old carriage frame, resting one hand upon it. The dog that had barked came forward and licked the other hand. It was a hound. He was like a man overtaken in a dream. This was really the case. He was suddenly hypnotized by the boy he had been in the old house so many years ago, by the shadows that lay unchanged upon the grass, by the little singing sound the brook made at the bottom of the hill. For the first time the sad consciousness of the prodigal invaded him—a sort of pang—as he remembered his mother, seen so often between the fluted columns of the old hooded porch as she called—always called him "back home," after the manner of mothers. Vaguely he began to wonder what would have happened if the first prodigal's mother had met him instead of his father. He felt that it would have been much more difficult for the prodigal. She would never have rejoiced, nor forgiven him with a ring on his finger; but she would have done it with tears, and in clinging to him would have reminded him of every sin he had committed. Man that is born of woman cannot help himself. So far there is no other way to get born. Otherwise, few of them would risk the long future obligations to be just good that it entails. Especially the prodigal would not risk it. When you have been in the far country, having a damned but a good time, it is easier to meet your father upon your return than your mother. A father is always so much nearer, more intelligently kin to a prodigal than any female relative can be. He discovered that, while he mourned the death of his father, he was glad his mother was dead and where she really belonged.

But life has a curious way of adding apocryphal passages to the ancient Scriptures which are quite as effective as if Moses had put them in. Suddenly he perceived what he had not observed before, the figure of a woman seated upon the porch—a woman who belonged, not to any scriptures but to far more ancient history, when the life of man was neither moral nor immoral, but merely life. She sat silent, serene, mysterious, with her eyes fixed upon him with that strange authority of the Delilahs, Jezebels and Cleopatras. And in the first instant of that imperative gaze he ceased to be the prodigal. He was a grotesquely modern giant, shorn of his other strength. He was a poor young buckram Anthony in top boots, who had forgotten his empire. When some men fall in love they discard civilization. They are of no service to the nation; their instincts belong merely to the race. But a peculiar kind of woman is required to inspire this ardent reversion to type. You will know them by this—their lovers never indite love sonnets to them, never sing troubadour songs beneath their casements, never confess their sins to them, never appeal to the maternal in them as men do when they are courting mere virgins that are always most easily reached through their cradle-rocking instinct. A woman of this kind invariably swaddles and nurses her lover and husband until she has an infant of her own composition to engross her attention. Then she neglects the husband and devotes herself more exclusively to the real baby. Fortunately for the good of the country, of any country, most women are of this class. They make merely faithful wives and devoted mothers. The other kind make faithful husbands and dangerous wives, and they do not often bear children. If Cleopatra had become a mother Anthony would have bundled her and the infant up and gone back home in time to save Rome. Or he would have left her to follow him, which she would surely have done.

The woman who sat upon the porch, holding the gaze of our hero, was one of those finished products of Nature. She was virgin and good, but the angels had had nothing to do with this circumstance. She willed her own righteousness to suit her own convenience. She was the feminine incarnation of red and gold that is indescribable. Her head was lifted like a graceful summit upon which the sun seemed to shine forever. This was due to an abundance of light-colored hair, arranged with insolent severity above a face which, in spite of its fairness, gave an impression of shade, of darkness, of the place where the sun did not shine. This may have been due to the fact that her eyes were very large, deep brown, and overhung by thick brows of the same color. The length of these brows was amazing and they curved like the wings of a swallow stretched in flight. The impression of mystery was given more particularly by the mouth. There was no revelation in it such as women usually make. The lips were beautiful, red, thick and firmly closed, as if she were determined to have it all from you and confess nothing herself. This was really the case. Every young man in Ruckersville for ten years had told her more than he knew about himself, had prayed to her and had died for her, figuratively, in vain. She did not even sympathize or offer to be a sister. She simply watched them through their romantic epilepsy like a trained nurse, feeling their pulses and charting their symptoms. It may be that she was interested, but certainly she had never been moved.

There is one thing some men never understand, that it is useless to appeal to the tenderness of a woman who is made and put together without a single dimple, and the lines of whose features are as regular and symmetrical as if she had been chiseled, instead of being born of flesh and blood. Such women have no tenderness. They have merely intelligence and passion. They never make the concession even of coquetry. They are singular human pyramids, full of the silent secrets of former creations. They are the deep hieroglyphics of femininity, undecipherable by either themselves or others—which is just as well. When a personality gets as ancient as that it does not belong to us and should be left to those archeologists of human nature, the psychologists. Lovers are the only people in the world who do not know this. Women abominate the mysterious in woman and show it. Children instinctively avoid them. But a man will wear himself to the bone in order to discover them. They appeal to the same spirit of adventure in him that makes him freeze to death trying to discover the North Pole. The difference in the hallucination is that your Peary does not expect to find a good fire and a warm resting-place awaiting him at the end of his journey, but your lover does.

The man who was now staring at the slim white figure of the woman on the porch, and was experiencing the distraction of having her gaze back at him with a frankness as old as life, resisted as long as he was able the temptation to advance and address her, for he felt sure she would not speak to him. Then he turned, went back to the gate, paused again with that indecision which blood sometimes makes, quite irrespective of one's brain, then took his way through the oat field. He was accompanied by the dog. A dog, particularly a hound, loves the vagabond in man.

As he passed through the pasture the bull turned his tail to him and pretended not to know he was going by. If you cannot kill your rival, the only self-respecting thing to do is not to recognize his existence. This accounts for the dignified indifference many a man shows to his enemy. We are all really ferocious in this particular. Civilization has only taught us the same intelligence of discretion that the bull practiced.

The man saw nothing—neither the tail of the bull nor the mildly inquisitive stare of the cows, nor the

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For the First Time the Sad Consciousness of the Prodigal Invaded Him

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THE SHIP'S JESTER

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER



"Blacksmith for the Whaler Shandon Belle!" Bellowed Mr. Nye

THE steam whaler Shandon Belle, well found and ready for sea, with her wild, devil-may-care crew aboard and sober at last, lay in the stream off Meiggs Wharf, waiting for the turn of the tide to go outward with the ebb. Tom Nye, the chief mate, was standing beside the foremast, reading aloud from a long list of names. He was a short, squat, powerful man, with a smiling mouth and glittering eyes. Both of his hands were bent inward at the wrists until they seemed at least half an inch out of alignment with his forearms, furnishing indubitable evidence that Mr. Nye had fought his way up from the bottom to his present position as chief "kicker" of the Shandon Belle.

At the forward end of the port alleyway the crew had assembled. They were the usual types of a whaling crew—neither better nor worse—remarkable chiefly for bloodshot eyes and scraggly, blond mustaches; and as Tom Nye called each name aloud its owner growled "Here!" detached himself from the crowd and, under the keen scrutiny of Mr. Nye, crossed the deck for'd of the house and disappeared down the starboard alleyway. When the crowd in the port alleyway had slowly dwindled, one by one, until but two men remained, Tom Nye folded his list, stared at the two and chuckled pleasurably.

"And who might you two savages be?" inquired Mr. Nye.

"Green hands," replied both in chorus.

Tom Nye walked to the rail and spat overboard before he continued his cross-examination.

"Is that so?" he inquired sweetly. "So you two're green hands! I wonder, now, if I'd 'a' known that if you hadn't told me?" Here Mr. Nye's blue eyes glittered balefully and his smiling mouth expanded in a broad grin at his own little joke. "And you're so blasted new to your salt-water names that you've forgot them already, eh?"

The green hands seemed to indicate by their silence that such was undeniably the case; so Mr. Nye produced the list, scanned it a moment and settled the matter of identity after his own abrupt and characteristic fashion.

"Small man with gold teeth—Collins. Cock-eyed man—Lewis," he wrote opposite two names on his list. He thrust one powerful arm outward. It collided with the chest of the small man with the gold teeth and sent him reeling backward against the house.

"I christen thee Collins," said Mr. Nye cheerfully. "See that you remember who you are next time I pass the word for you. You're Lewis," he continued, making a dive for the cock-eyed man, who dodged nimbly out of harm's way. "A word of advice to you, Cocky Lewis: When the Old Man's on deck keep that bent lamp of yours to windward. He's sensitive and might think you're winkin' at him." And with this parting pleasantry Mr. Nye rolled aft to the skipper's cabin to report all hands present and accounted for, with the exception of the blacksmith.

Let us pause here long enough to reflect on the whimsicalities of that destiny which is currently reported to play such an important part in the affairs of men. At the precise moment the chief mate of the Shandon Belle discovered that the blacksmith was missing, a deputy sheriff presented himself before the proprietor of the Greatest Show on Earth and served him with sundry attachments preferred against the G. S. O. E. by certain outraged tradesmen who had maintained and supported the menagerie during a week of dull business. And, at exactly the moment when Tom Nye made due report to the skipper, a young man with a yearning look in his eyes and a shabby suitcase groped his way through the clouds of tobacco smoke in the office of a Jackson Street crimp and announced himself as a candidate for a job on the ocean wave.

We shall digress just long enough to present a verbatim report of the ensuing conversation between this young man and Scab Johnny, the crimp.

"Deep water or coastwise?" inquired Scab Johnny.

"The dark blue for mine. Liverpool would suit me fine."

"Green or ordinary?"

"What do you mean?"

Scab Johnny reached for a scratch-pad and wrote: "Green hand."

"Hang round the office for a couple of hours," said Scab Johnny politely, "and I'll land you a job. Got a steamer sailing for Liverpool this afternoon."

The young man sat down on a box in the corner of the office and began his wait for the promised job. Here we shall leave him for the present and get back aboard the Shandon Belle, with the remark in passing that the visit of Tom Nye to his skipper's cabin to report the blacksmith missing, the visit of the deputy sheriff to the proprietor of the Greatest Show on Earth, and the visit of the young man with the yearning look in his eyes and the shabby suitcase to Scab Johnny, jointly and severally combined to equip Tip McCune with a circus of his own.

Where were we? Oh, yes—back aboard the whaler Shandon Belle.

"The blacksmith's gone, sir," said Tom Nye.

Some people might attempt to tell you what the skipper said to this, but I shall not. He did remark that he had paid thirty dollars bloodmoney to Scab Johnny and three months' advance to the blacksmith—and this remark was mostly adjectives.

"Well, he's gone, sir," continued Mr. Nye. "All the rest of the men are accounted for; but Tubal Cain is missing."

The skipper fixed his accusing glance on Mr. Nye.

"How did he make his getaway?" he demanded.

"Probably dropped overboard on the flood tide and took a chance on swimming ashore. The watch found his shoes and overalls on the deck this morning. He's probably stuck some other skipper for a three months' advance by this time. The second mate reports that he heard a launch coughin' round the ship last night, and it probably laid off about a cable length in the dark and picked the hound up. I think that crimp, Scab Johnny, stands in and furnishes the launch for half the advance."

"All crimps are thieves!" replied the skipper bitterly. "As for this blacksmith, let us hope the villain's dead. I hope and pray that he may be thoroughly and effectually drowned, and that his soul roasts in h—l till the North Pole is subdivided into city lots! Clear away number one boat, Mr. Nye, and go ashore and rustle up another blacksmith—and be quick about it! Take the second mate with you to hold the boat-crew while you're uptown. Find a blacksmith somewhere. Promise him anything, but get him and come back in a hurry. The tide serves at three-thirty."

Evidently Mr. Nye appreciated the importance of haste, for half an hour later he swung up Jackson Street from East Street and thrust his wind-scarred face into the dingy office of Scab Johnny.

"Blacksmith for the whaler Shandon Belle!" bellowed Mr. Nye, and glared at the row of men of undoubted salt-water antecedents who sat smoking on a long bench that flanked one side of the crimp's office. "Cruise in Bering Sea and up into the Arctic. Winter at Herschel Island."

"Hello, Tom!" said Scab Johnny. "Come in."

Mr. Nye came in.

"I've got a blacksmith," said Scab Johnny, lowering his voice confidentially. "Young fellow and a first-class workman. The bulls are after him and he wants to make his getaway on a whaler. You step outside, Tom, and pretend you're going away disappointed. I'll send him after you in a few minutes and he'll follow you down to the wharf. He's leery of leavin' a trail the bulls can follow."

"Ah-hah!" replied Mr. Nye knowingly. "Which one is he?"

"Young feller sittin' on the box."

Mr. Nye glanced cautiously at the young fellow sitting on the box.

"Too light, I'm afraid," he told Scab Johnny. "Looks kinder pale, like he had a flock o' T. B. bugs chewin' on him."

"Scared stiff," corrected the crimp.

"Funny it shows in his hands," sneered Mr. Nye. "I hate to hire a man that ain't my own fightin' weight, and I haul ship every time when it comes to shippin' a blacksmith with hands like them. I want no lily-whites aboard the Shandon Belle. Is that the best you've got in blacksmiths?"

"Only thing in stock at present, Tom."

"Then," said Mr. Nye dryly, "keep it for a sample. I'll breeze along the front and see some other crimp who makes a specialty of keepin' blacksmiths with corns on their hands. No lily-whites for me!"

At the end of a three-hour search of crimps' offices, sailors' boarding houses, waterfront saloons and uptown employment offices, Mr. Nye was forced to the conclusion that it must be the closed season on blacksmiths. Apparently those migratory sons of Vulcan who preferred a job on the bounding main, with a portable forge on the deck of a whaler, were as scarce as radium in pound packages. There were dozens of the ordinary domestic variety, all eager for a job until Mr. Nye had unfolded his proposition. In vain did Mr. Nye, with glowing argument and specious lie, descant upon the delights of life on whalers in general and the Shandon Belle in particular. In vain he cited instances of blacksmiths who had grown rich by reason of the gambling instinct that had prompted them to sign on for a "lay" on the season's catch in lieu of wages. The blacksmiths were obdurate. They preferred *terra firma* and the local union scale; and in the end Mr. Tom Nye, filled with despair and disgust—not to mention certain other impedimenta which manifested their presence in a roving and uncertain eye and a pendent lower lip—returned to the Shandon Belle.

"I've raked the city with a fine-tooth comb—hic!" he reported to the skipper; "and—hic!—hic!—all the blacksmiths are workin', sir; and—hic!—hic!——"

"You lie!" thundered the skipper, wild with rage. "You're pickled to the eyebrows, you brute! You haven't tried to get me a blacksmith."

He struck Mr. Nye twice with great force, stepped over the prostrate mate and rushed out on deck. Until he had secured a blacksmith he dared not proceed on his cruise. Swearing horribly, he ordered the second mate to pipe the boat-crew overside, sprang into the sternsheets and embarked for Meiggs Wharf. On the way over he complained bitterly to the second mate of Mr. Nye's behavior.

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"It's getting so nowadays," he stormed, "that a skipper can't even trust his mate. If he wants a thing well done he's simply got to do it himself!"

. . . . . .

Scab Johnny, standing in the door of his office, saw the skipper of the Shandon Belle coming up Jackson Street. Instantly he jerked his head over his shoulder, caught the yearning glance of the young man sitting on the box, and croaked hoarsely:

"Stick yer hands in yer pockets!"

Once more the peace at Scab Johnny's place was broken. Through the thick tobacco smoke a man bounded into the office, and an instant later a rasping, chain-locker voice made a vulgar demand for Scab Johnny.

Scab Johnny came from his desk, whither he had retreated under pretense of a rush of business, and took his prospective client aside. As he advanced he telegraphed a lightning wink to the skipper, who lowered his voice instantly; and the two went into executive session. Presently the skipper of the Shandon Belle threw a quick glance at the young man on the box.

"That's the only blacksmith I know of," whispered Scab Johnny; "and you can't get him unless you shanghai him. He wants a job on some tramp bound for Liverpool; but we can job the feller and get him aboard before he discovers he's on a whaler. Then—up hook and let him holler his head off. He'll have signed the articles before he's wise to the game; and ——"

The crimp paused significantly. The skipper understood.

"How much bloodmoney?"

"Thirty dollars."

"You're a thief; but I'll take him at the figure."

The crimp crossed the room and spoke to the young man on the box.

"I've landed a job for you," he said in a guarded voice. "You're to have charge of the pantry on the steamer King George, sailing for Liverpool this afternoon. That's the skipper over there. I'd heard he was shy a man in the steward's department, and the minute I saw him comin' up the street I knew I had your job located. That's why I told you to put your hands in your pockets. The Old Man's a stickler on the men in his steward's department keepin' their nails manicured and their hands as clean as a whistle, and I wasn't takin' no chances. You're to get fifty a month and found—and you're to go with the Old Man out to the vessel. And—whatever you do—don't speak to him unless he speaks to you. He's the surliest brute afloat or ashore. All you've gotter do is to mind your eye and do what you're told to do—and do it quick! The deputy shippin' commissioner'll be here in ten minutes and sign you up; and you'll land in Liverpool as flush as a dook!"

The young man winked wisely and a grateful smile lit up his rather sad features. He was to have charge of the pantry! Pretty good job that, particularly when one hasn't had breakfast or luncheon. Hence, when the deputy shipping commissioner obligingly called, in response to the crimp's telephone message and the certainty of a five-dollar fee for his trouble, the young man signed where they told him to and the job was finished. He was a green hand indeed—otherwise he must have realized the incongruity of signing articles before a United States deputy shipping commissioner for a job on a British tramp.

On their way down to the boat at Meiggs Wharf the skipper questioned him regarding his bag. The young man indicated his suitcase; whereupon the skipper muttered something about rigging him out from the slop-chest. The young man wondered why they used a slop-chest instead of a slop-bucket in the pantry! The whole matter was extremely vague; but it was a new life for him and he trusted to time to imbue him with a quick understanding of the vocabulary of the sea. Still, he was aware that he had shown his ignorance by carrying a suitcase instead of a bag; so he said apologetically:

"I made up my mind to go to sea in somewhat of a hurry."

"So I understand," replied the skipper, and chuckled a little.

Everything progressed nicely until the boat shot under the quarter of the Shandon Belle. Then the young man read the name on her stern, towering above him, and recalled the incident of the man who had invaded the "employment office" earlier in the day, looking for a blacksmith for the whaler Shandon Belle. Moreover, his nostrils were assailed by an unmistakable odor—even a landlubber could tell she was a whaleship by that; and a vague apprehension began to manifest itself in his countenance.

"Up you go, my hearty!" said the skipper cheerfully, indicating the companion-ladder.

"But this is a whaler," protested the young man, "and whalers don't run to Liverpool."

"This one does," snapped the captain.

"But I don't want to ship on a whaler. You've double-crossed ——"

A hand closed over the back of his neck and he was rushed up the companionway before he could even think of physical resistance.

Arrived at the head of the ladder, the skipper helped the young man to a kick and a violent shove, which sent him sprawling halfway across the deck and into the arms of a short, powerful man whose breath, when he gasped at the impact of the new arrival, savored somewhat strongly of a distillery.

"Steady, my lad!" said the alcoholic one, whom the reader has of course recognized as none other than Mr. Tom Nye, the chief mate. "Stead-y-y-y! You'll roll worse than that with a nor'west gale on your counter and a—— Shoot me for a junk-thief if it ain't the lily-white!"

The skipper approached Mr. Nye, puffing slightly from his late exertions.

"There's a blacksmith for you," he growled triumphantly. "I'll have you understand, Tom Nye, that when I go after a blacksmith I get a blacksmith, even if I do have to shanghai him. Don't stand there staring at me with your teeth in your mouth! Go for'd and tend to your business gettin' up the hook."

Mr. Nye opened his mouth twice to speak, but seemed to choke each time. "Aye, aye, sir!" he gurgled presently; and, herding his savages before him, he ran for'd to the fo'castle head where the harsh, metallic grinding of the winch proclaimed presently that the anchor-chain was paying in on the drum. The boat was swung into the davits, the skipper mounted the bridge, and as the dripping, mud-incrusted anchor swung clear of the water the Shandon Belle quivered slightly, gave one long farewell blast from her siren and slipped easily down the bay with the tide.

As for the young man with the yearning look in his eyes and the shabby suitcase, he leaned up against a sticky, oily stanchion and laughed very quietly to himself. Thus Mr. Nye found him.

"Well, lily-white," said the mate, "what's the big joke?"

"It's on the captain," gurgled the young man.

"Huh!" said Mr. Nye, and smiled himself. "What's your name when supper's ready?"

"Tip McCune."

"All right, Tip McCune. See that door there? Well, it leads to the fo'castle. Stow your suitcase in there and pick out a berth for yourself, and be sure you always come a-runnin' when I send for you."

"Aye, aye, sir!" replied Tip McCune.

Mr. Nye looked sharply into Tip McCune's sad countenance and was certain he detected a deep-seated sense of humor there. He had a haunting suspicion that Tip McCune was, in some vague way, poking fun at him.

"I'm a pleasant man myself, McCune, and easy to get along with," he said, apropos of his suspicions; "but if I was you I wouldn't try no jokes on the skipper."

Whereupon Tip McCune winked boldly at Mr. Nye. "I've got my fingers crossed," he said. Mr. Nye choked and walked away, pretending he had not heard; and his glittering eyes glittered more than usual as he thoughtfully rubbed a dark-blue abrasion on the point of his chin.

"Somethin's goin' to happen," said he to himself. "Somethin's goin' to happen. But it's the skipper's funeral; and come what may, I'll stick by that young man."

. . . . . .

The Shandon Belle was three days at sea before Mr. Nye, now entirely recovered from the strain of securing a blacksmith for the cruise, decided that he might just as well overhaul the whaling gear in order to keep the crew busy. Under his direction they set to work, and it was presently evident to the mate's practical eye that a little blacksmithing here and there would not be amiss. A portable forge, an anvil, hammers and a long bar of steel were accordingly brought on deck, and a temporary smithy established on the main deck for'd; which being accomplished, Tom Nye desired that the word be passed for the blacksmith. Presently he appeared, very pale and wobbly.

"What's wanted?" he inquired shortly.

"Say 'sir' when you speak to me!" said Mr. Nye firmly.

"What's wanted, sir?" repeated the blacksmith.

"You're coming on very nicely. A little blacksmithing, if you please. Get busy and forge out a couple of deadeyes and half a dozen extra boathooks. Some of them cargo hooks need touchin' up. Besides that, the chief engineer has a few small jobs for you down below."

"But I can't do it today," quavered the blacksmith. "I'm too seasick. And besides, I'm not a ——"

"In the bright lexicon of youth," said the skipper, coming up at that moment, "there ain't no such word as 'can't.' You do a little work to earn your keep, McCune, and you'll forget you're sick. Fall to lively now—and no back talk."

"If you'll pardon the suggestion, sir," said Tom Nye respectfully, "I'll ask that this job go over a few days until the blacksmith gets his sea legs. He does look frightful green, sir; and if he should faint and fall into the forge, or burn himself with a hot iron, now, sir ——"

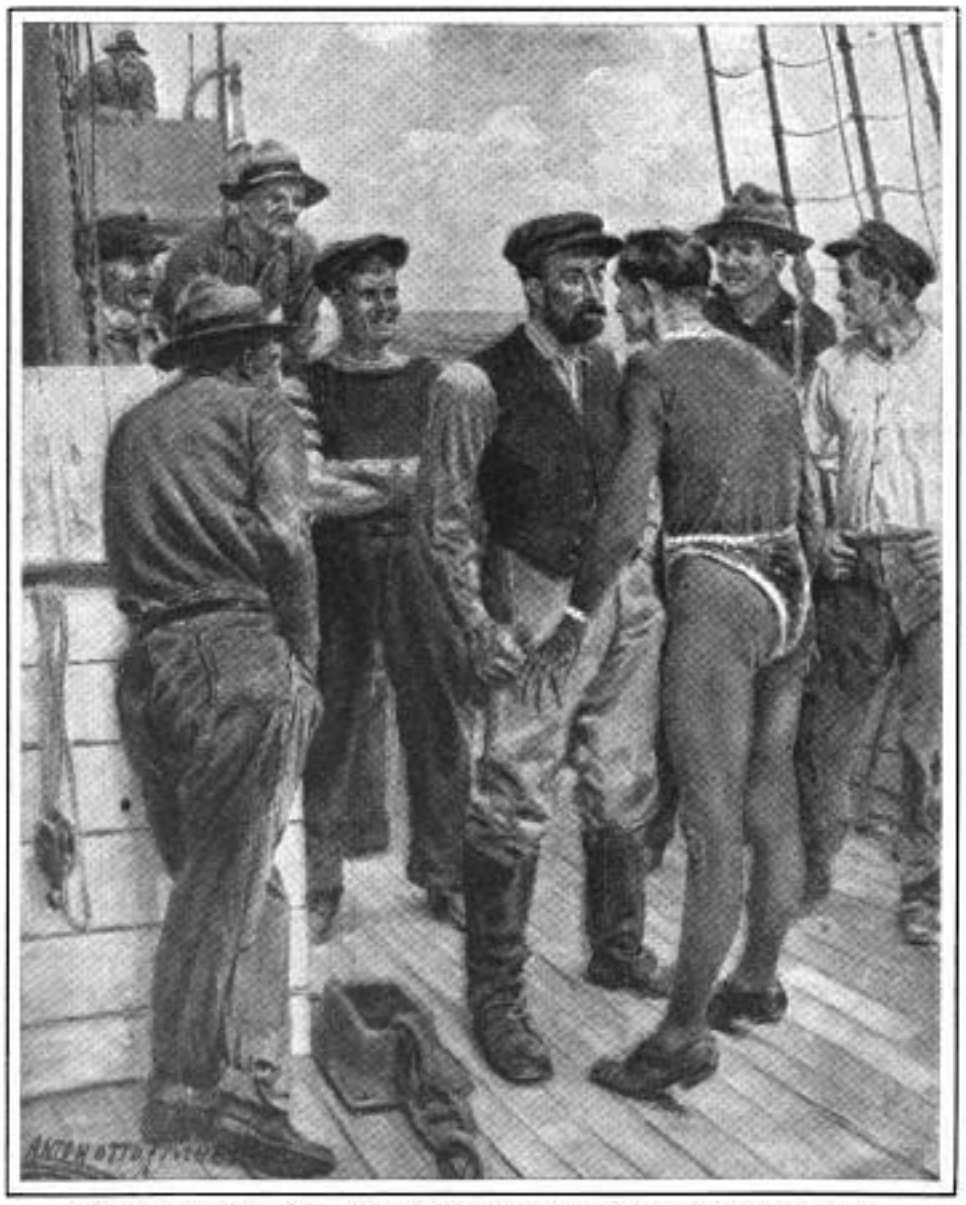
"Very well, Mr. Nye," said the skipper, somewhat surprised. "Since you suggest it, we'll give the young man three days to resume his natural color. Three days, mind you!" He glowered at the blacksmith and walked aft.

"Thank you, sir," said the blacksmith when the skipper had departed. Mr. Nye endeavored to appear quite fierce as he answered.

"What for? For beggin' off for you? Stow it, young man—stow it! If I'd 'a' hired you you'd been working now, my bully boy—and don't you forget it. If you must know why I begged off for you, however, I'll tell you. If you're a blacksmith, then I'm the Archbishop of Canterbury; and if the skipper wasn't a fool he'd see it too. I could 'a' had you first, but I wouldn't take you—and I got my crown-block mighty well punched because I didn't. The skipper thinks he's a smart man—and it ain't up to me to explain. Let him find out how smart he is after we've been at sea a week and no blacksmith. You know what'll happen, Tip McCune? He'll have to get in and do the blacksmith work himself. He was a helper once, before he took to sea."

"Of course I'm not a blacksmith," replied Tip McCune. "I never said I was and never represented myself as one in any way. The man that got me the job told me the steamer was bound for Liverpool and that I was to be in charge of the pantry."

"The thievin' crimp!" raved Mr. Nye. "I don't doubt a word of your yarn, McCune. Crimps is the curse of life! They're always doin' us up."



"Ain't He a Bird, Sir? Just Think o' Shanghaing a Blacksmith and Having Him Turn Out a Acrobat in Red Tights!"

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"But how about me?" quavered the pseudo blacksmith.

"You?" queried Mr. Nye. "Who are you? It's the likes of me that suffers for the likes of you."

Very sadly Tip McCune staggered to his bunk in the fo'castle and remained there two days, at the end of which period he was aware of a gnawing in his stomach and a revival of his interest in life. The following day, in answer to a query from the skipper, the cook reported the blacksmith out of danger, and the skipper sent for him.

"You'll work today, McCune," said the skipper.

"Blacksmithing or at the job I signed on for—in charge of the pantry?"

"Forget the pantry, McCune," said the skipper pleasantly. "You're aboard a whaler now and I'm the king. You'll follow your trade, you lazy swine!"

"Why, I'm not a blacksmith, sir!" said Tip McCune.

"Of course not," snapped the skipper. "I know that. Don't bother telling me. Nevertheless, you'll do the blacksmithing work on the whaler Shandon Belle, and don't forget it! Call yourself a shoemaker if you like. I don't care."

"But I assure you, captain, I am not a blacksmith. Why, look at my hands! This Scab Johnny person tried to palm me off on Mr. Nye for a blacksmith, but he looked at my hands and refused to take me. He could see right off that I'd never swung a sledge."

A quick, startled look came into the skipper's eyes. He looked at Tip McCune's hands.

"Is that really the truth, McCune?" he asked.

"Surest thing you know, cap," came the answer.

"Then," replied the skipper, with that sweet smile that always presaged a swift punch upward from the hip, "you're a dirty, deceiving, beachcombing hound, and you stood in on the play. Take that!"

The skipper struck, but Tip McCune was not on hand to receive the blow. To the skipper's amazement Mr. McCune bounded straight into the air, turned a double somersault and landed on the deck six feet away. He alighted smiling.

"Bust my bobstay!" gasped the skipper, while from the bridge came an involuntary burst of applause. Tom Nye and the helmsman had been witnesses to the skipper's disappointment and Tip McCune's remarkable escape.

"He ain't no blacksmith, sir," volunteered Mr. Nye.

"Hell's bells! I should say he ain't," sputtered the master of the Shandon Belle admiringly. "Do you often get taken that way, my man?" he inquired of the bogus blacksmith.

"Easiest thing I do," replied Tip McCune. "And since I'm not a blacksmith, and you don't need me in the pantry, perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me what you're going to do with me."

"Not the slightest objection, Mr. McCune," replied the skipper. "I'm going to put you to work in the stokehole, shoveling coal."

"I can't shovel coal," wailed Tip McCune. "It'd kill me."

"I hope it does; but what would Your Highness suggest? If there's anything else you can do well, speak up. A fair-minded man should always be open to a suggestion from a subordinate."

"Do you really want to see me do something I can do well?" asked Tip McCune eagerly.

"I do," said the skipper grimly, "provided you can do it well."

Thus encouraged, Mr. McCune promptly shed his overshirt and trousers, and a howl of admiration went up from Tom Nye and those members of the crew who happened to be near—for what they saw was a perfectly proportioned young man, arrayed in bright red silk tights and silver spangles. The blacksmith had disappeared with the rough shirt and trousers, and before them stood an undoubted hero of the circus ring.

"Lord bless my mildewed heart!" gasped Mr. Nye. "If that chap ain't one of the Tincano Trio from Sholto's Circus I'm an Eskimo! I took in that circus the night before we left Frisco. It's the prize tumbler for a thousand!"

For a moment Tip McCune stood gracefully at his ease, hands on hips, smile on face. Presently he bowed slightly as if to a great audience, after which he jumped six feet in the air, turned a double somersault and alighted with all the ease of a butterfly. A rapt expression came over his face. He threw his head back and a dreamy look crept into his eyes as he shuffled the opening steps of a singularly graceful and delightful buck-and-wing dance. For perhaps a minute he seemed to be feeling himself out; but presently he got down to business. He jigged, he clogged, he sidestepped, his agile feet tapping the deck so fast and rhythmically as to charm the senses and delight the soul. Never, in all their adventurous lives, had Tom Nye and the skipper seen such dancing. They watched Tip McCune, fascinated until presently, having executed every step known to the profession and a few extemporized on the spur of the moment for the special edification of his audience, he bounded once more into the air; and, still turning somersaults until he seemed merely a bright red blur coming onward with the speed of a comet, he executed one grand, final flipflop and landed on the deck so close to the skipper that they stood facing each other, toe to toe.

"Rot me and grind my bones!" said the skipper admiringly.

"Did I do that well?" demanded Tip McCune.

"I'll agree, you did," admitted the skipper when the storm of applause had subsided. "Who in blazes are you?"

"I'm a circus tumbler out of a job," complained Tip McCune. "The show went broke and I wasn't eating; and I thought if I could work my way back to Liverpool I could go on to London, pick up an engagement in the music halls there for a few months and come back to the U. S. A., billed as a headliner in vaudeville—The Eccentric English Acrobat, Tip McCune. Gee, but it sounded good just to think of it! However, you and that Jackson Street porch-climber have spoiled it all; so what's the use of talking about it?"

"Ain't he a bird, sir?" cried Mr. Nye from the bridge. "Just think o' shanghaing a blacksmith and having him turn out a acrobat in red tights!"

The sarcasm was not lost on the skipper, who turned livid with fury.

"I wonder what we'll do for a blacksmith now!" continued Mr. Nye musingly. "I'm mighty sorry I never studied for the job before I took to going to sea."

The skipper's malevolent glance commenced wandering about the deck in search of a missile to hurl at the mate, who continued blandly:

"Still, as the poet says, every cloud has a silver linin', sir. Just think what a drawin' card the young man'll be in the bull rooms at Herschel Island this winter! I tell you, sir, he's a find. We'll be the envy o' the fleet. With a spry young feller like McCune jiggin' an' tumblin' round, just think how quick the nights'll pass, even if they are six months long!"

"By the gods of war, Nye," snapped the skipper, eagerly seeking an opportunity to escape the cutting sarcasm of his mate, "you give me a bright idea. In ancient times every king had a court jester. Now I'm the king of the Shandon Belle, and what's the matter with me havin' one too? Nothin' at all the matter. Therefore, Tip McCune, you will be known hereafter as the ship's jester. That's your job. You're to furnish amusement throughout the cruise; and any time me or my mates speak to you and you don't come back quick with a good fly joke you're out of luck. How's that for a bright idea, Nye? If he keeps us amused he's excused from work and messes in the cabin. If he don't keep us amused—into the stokehole he goes."

"Nothin' could be fairer," replied Mr. Nye heartily. "All fine as a fiddle—with two exceptions. One of 'em is Comox, where we coal, and the other is Skagway, where we dump that jag of freight the owners made you accept. If this bird ever sets foot on the wharf at either port we're shy the ship's jester."

"I'll make you responsible for him," answered the skipper tartly. "You see to it that he trains regular and keeps in condition." And laughing heartily at his little pleasantry the skipper disappeared in his cabin.

At Comox, on Vancouver Island, the Shandon Belle coaled heavily for her long cruise, while the ship's jester, locked in Mr. Nye's room, peered sorrowfully through a porthole and reflected on the indiscretion of his failure to look before he leaped. If he had only taken the trouble to read the articles he signed in Scab Johnny's place he would not have been in his present predicament. Too late he realized that the skipper of the Shandon Belle had him legally. He must finish the voyage.

He was destined to finish it much sooner than he expected. Notwithstanding the fact that the Shandon Belle was a whaler, bound for Bering Sea and the Arctic Ocean, the attractive freight rates to Skagway, owing to the Klondike excitement then at its height, had induced the grasping owners of the whaler to divert the vessel long enough to deliver a thousand tons of freight at that port before continuing on to Sitka for more coal. With the privilege that went with his job as ship's jester, Tip McCune had succeeded in extracting this information from Mr. Nye, and the knowledge caused his spirits to rise perceptibly. If the Shandon Belle entered the harbor at Skagway during the night she would not move into her berth at the wharf until the following day. Until they moved in to the wharf Mr. Nye would permit him the freedom of the ship; so Tip McCune made up his mind to buckle a life-preserver round him, drop overboard and swim ashore in the dark.

The Shandon Belle was loafing along at about a nine-knot gait, though she could do thirteen under pressure; and the ship's jester, after secretly consulting with the bo'sun, ascertained that at her present rate of speed the vessel would arrive off Skagway late in the afternoon. The information pleased him so greatly that at supper that night he unfolded a long string of ancient jokes, at which the skipper and Mr. Nye laughed uproariously. Later, when the second mate pressed him for a song, Mr. McCune expanded in a shrill falsetto rendition of They All Love Jack; and the skipper was so impressed that he ordered the cook to brew a kettle of hot grog for all hands.

By the time the vessel drew out of Clarendon Straits and into the Lynn Canal, Tip McCune's popularity was such that he could have started a mutiny had he so desired. He was as quick with his tongue as he was with his feet, both brands of speed being heritages of his Celtic forebears; and when the skipper wasn't laughing at the fund of droll stories which Tip McCune appeared to have on tap perennially, the skipper was continually remarking to Mr. Nye that if ever he—Mr. Nye—so much as presumed to lay a finger on the ship's jester he—the skipper—would shoot Mr. Nye like a dog.

The Shandon Belle was abreast Battery Point, nosing her patient way up into Chilkoot Inlet the fifth day after leaving Comox, when Mr. Nye, who was on duty at the time, called to the bo'sun to pass the word for the ship's jester. When Tip McCune appeared in answer to the summons Mr. Nye presented him with a cigar stolen from the skipper, and bade him perform the duties of his office.

"You've been springin' a lot of stale guff, Tip, my lad," said Mr. Nye, "and it's high time you told me somethin' new and original. Nothin's interested me all day, and I'm in danger, as the feller says, of being bored to death."

"All right," replied the ship's jester soberly. "I'll tell you something new and original. As I was passing along the main deck a minute ago I happened to look down at a seam in the deck. You know those seams are caulked with pitch; and as I looked at this particular seam it winked and bubbled at me."

"Under the skipper's rulin' in your case, Tip," said Mr. Nye, "I could hit you for that. It don't amuse me none."

"It didn't amuse me any, either," was the reply, "because when I looked round all the other seams were winking and bubbling, and I wondered if the ship could be afire!"

"Great grief, Tip!" gasped Mr. Nye. "Is this a joke?"

"No," said Tip McCune; "it is not a joke. Isn't that a little wisp of smoke curling up from the corner of the hatch-coaming?"

Mr. Nye turned, gave one quick glance and dashed down on to the main deck. Half a minute later he bounded into the pilot house and began a furious and continuous ringing of the ship's bell.

(Continued on Page 55)

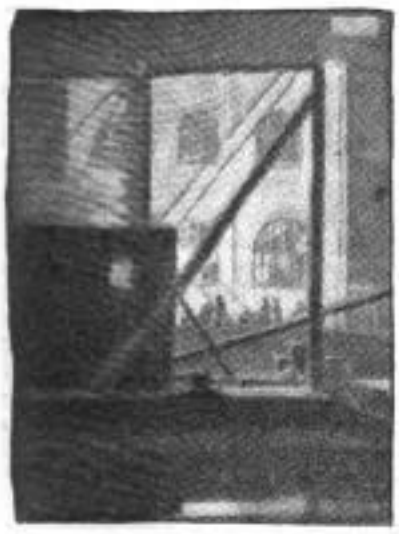


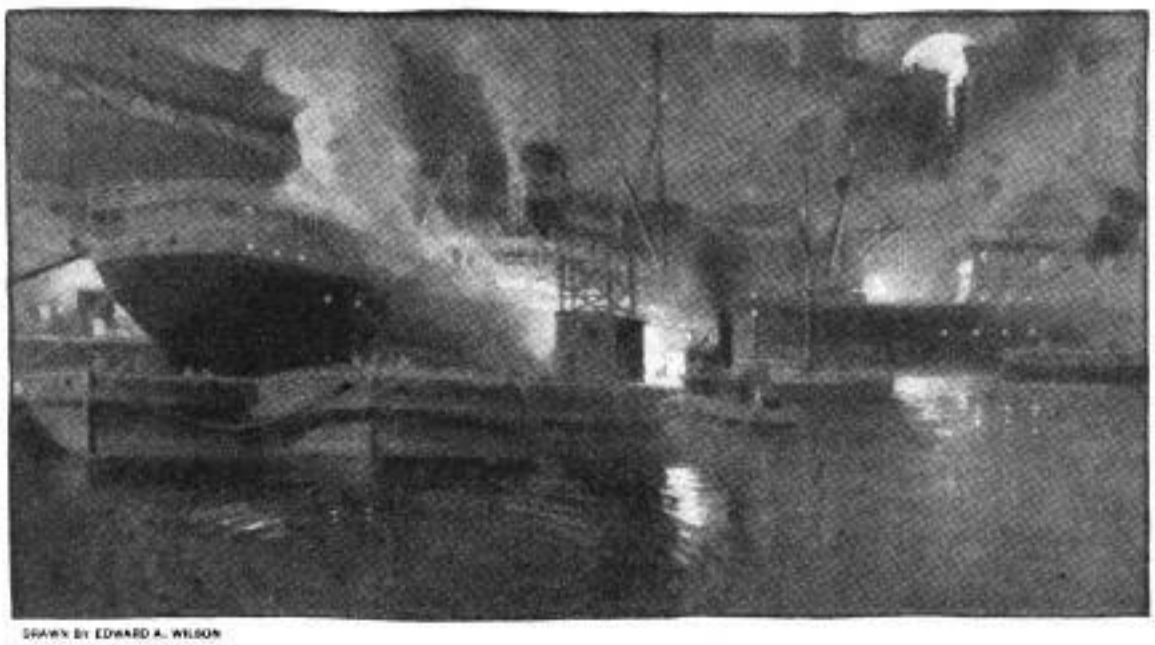
He Strolled Down to the Beach to Look at His Property

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THE PANAMA PLUM TREE

Will Europe Get the Fruit?—By A. C. Laut





DRAWN BY EDWARD A. WILSON



IF YOU happen to want to build a house, and buy Washington lumber for it, the freight rate on a carload of that lumber to terminal points round Boston and New York will be from three hundred and ninety-five to four hundred and twenty-five dollars, according to your distance from those main terminal points. If you had that lumber shipped by way of Panama, instead of the transcontinentals, the freight would be eight dollars a ton, or one hundred and sixty dollars for a carload of forty thousand pounds. By schooner instead of steamer, in time of cut rates you can get a quotation of even four dollars and fifty cents a ton, or ninety dollars a carlot. Yet you can talk yourself black in the face and you cannot get an Easterner or Middle-Westerner to see how the opening of the Panama Canal is going to benefit him one continental—not to mention two hundred and fifty dollars saved on one carload of lumber!

The same condition obtains in regard to your Easterner's or Middle-Westerner's breakfast orange. He is paying freight—though he does not know it—at the rate of ninety cents plus on a box of his breakfast oranges. By Panama the freight on those oranges will be nearer forty cents than ninety cents. To be explicit, instead of the consumer paying twenty-three dollars a ton on oranges and lemons from the West, he is going to pay only ten dollars a ton by Panama. Yet if you ask the Easterner what personal interest he has in Panama, he goes plumb-glum—dumb-silent—hasn't any interest; doesn't care one hoot—and so on.

New York is on a straight line with Panama and on a shorter line than is Los Angeles or San Francisco or Portland or Tacoma or Seattle. It takes from fifteen to eighteen days to steam from the Pacific Coast ports down to Panama. It takes from six to ten days to go from the Atlantic ports down to the canal. Yet the Pacific Coast ports are spending a hundred million dollars on preparations for the canal. The papers are full of it; and you can't meet a most casual acquaintance who hasn't hopes and plans of what Panama means to him. In New York—well, with the exception of about four papers—you'll find more about the Turkey Dance or Mr. Somebody's last attack of the tender passion than you will about Panama.

After the Fashion of Little Jack Horner

"OF AMERICA'S billions of international commerce," wailed the chief proponent of the sudsidy propaganda at the Merchant Marine Congress of 1911—"of the billions"—and it may have been trillions, for all I know—"of the total international commerce of the United States, ninety-one per cent is carried by foreign vessels; only nine per cent by a domestic marine." And do you know to what a frenzied pitch that statement—which is not only a statement but a fact—worked up the Merchant Marine Congress of 1911? Nearly all the promised speakers failed to turn up; and the Merchant Marine Congress of 1911, "with the completion of the Panama Canal only nineteen months away," broke up a dismal failure—a plain, flat fiasco. The East wasn't interested—that's all; and the press was bored to the extinguishing point of suppressing any publicity.

However, don't you run away with the idea that because of all this the East is dead to Panama. New York is a big, noisy place, where the biggest things aren't always making the biggest noise. The ashcart man emptying a tin can makes more noise than a train running in and out of the new Pennsylvania Station; and that comparison is largely true of what's going on about Panama. The general Eastern public isn't awake yet to what it all means; but "the call" is on the wire that is going to waken the public up to one of the biggest booms, biggest world developments, biggest diversions of wealth and opportunity that have occurred in America in a hundred years! No—not a campaign of muckraking and spring-tooth-harrowing and steam-rollering the railroads! That is all past. When the steam roller comes the railroads are going to be on top—not under. To be sure there was a million a year spent in suppressing isthmian traffic long ago, and there was a fight for the harbors on the Pacific Coast, and all that; but that is all past. Today the railroads are not fighting free harbors. They are building five and six and ten million dollar steamship slips and piers and wharfs. They are applying to have obsolete navigation laws changed that hamper the operation of steamship lines. To be sure it would please them if that toll on Panama traffic were put so high—say, as high as Suez in its first years, two dollars a ton, or ten francs—that Panama rates would come only slightly under transcontinental rates; but the railroad men of America are not fools.

If Panama pours twenty million immigrants into the Pacific states that means more to them in local traffic than all the Panama Canal can divert! Also, the railroad men see that if Panama is properly handled it may mean the diversion back to America of more annual wealth than the conquerors of Mexico and Peru ever carried back to Spain!

Says Lewis Nixon, an authority on shipping and steamship building in America: "Three hundred million dollars a year are now paid to foreigners in connection with the transfer of our freight and people 'by foreign steamships.' This drain, in the last thirty years, has caused the export of six billion dollars of our gold." Take a good look at these figures! They would have looked big to the old Spanish conquerors, wouldn't they? They would have maintained Spain as the most opulent nation in Europe for another century. Well, that's the prize the big transportation men hope to save to America; and they hope to save it through the stimulus Panama is to have on an American merchant marine.

Under all the noisy indifference on the part of the general public toward Panama, let's see what is doing; and don't fly off the handle if the opinions of the biggest men contradict each other, and if a higgledy-piggledy of obsolete navigation laws, dating back to 1789 and 1812 and 1840 and 1871, also contradict one another and can only be observed in the breaking—as one was, not many weeks ago, up on the lakes, when, under stress of storm and accident, a foreign passenger excursion boat put in and disembarked her United States passengers at a United States port, thereby breaking the law that forbids a foreign ship to ply from port to port in the United States. According to law, the fine was one hundred and eighty-three thousand dollars. The Government took cognizance of the impossibility of the law and the fine was compromised for a few hundred dollars. Conflicting views and conflicting laws will be set down here; and before Panama opens, the public will have to decide which views and laws shall be maintained.

What is doing under the apparent indifference to Panama? "There is a worldwide boom in steamship traffic," declares a foremost authority on traffic matters of the Atlantic Coast. "A remarkable revival has occurred in the ocean-carrying trade. Boats are wanted for the West Indies, for South America, for long-voyage business. Inquiry for cargo room in New York is met by the answer there is no space in any port vacant and rates have doubled." This boom may not be entirely in anticipation of Panama; but, with the prize of Panama traffic in the very near future stimulating plans and rates, the boom is one of the factors making for big development when Panama does open. This, of course, affects only the nations that have the ships; and of the sixty-four hundred steamers docking in New York in 1910 only seven hundred were American. Of the remaining hundreds marked "foreign," some are not so foreign as they seem; for they are financed by American capital, though they fly a foreign flag owing to our impossible navigation laws. The point to remember is that the world is entering on an era of revived ocean traffic. The United States' share of this will be just in proportion to the number of her ships engaged in it.

Within the past few months New York has witnessed harbor dredging to the extent of five million dollars, and pier enlargements to the total plan of twenty-four millions to take care of the extended traffic that has sprung up.

Indifferent Uncle Sam

GRAIN rates from New York to Buffalo have been reduced a cent a bushel. Why? Because Montreal has been shipping three times as much grain as New York. And Western shippers are preparing to send grain via Panama. To appreciate what a saving Panama will effect in grain rates, one has only to compare rail rates, Chicago to New York—ten cents a bushel—versus New York to Liverpool—three cents a bushel; or one-third as much for three times the distance by water as by rail.

A few weeks ago the Belgian ensign was hauled down from two of the big liners and the Star-Spangled Banner run up in its place. How can this be done if the navigation laws forbid the registry under the American flag of foreign vessels? These two vessels happened to have been built in the first place in America. Now that Panama is near completion and an enormous coast-to-coast trade anticipated, these two vessels are going into commission as American merchant marine; for the same navigation laws which forbid the registry of foreign-built vessels under the American flag also forbid traffic of a foreign vessel from port to port in the United States.

Simultaneous with this change in the Red Star liners, the United Fruit Company, which has a fleet of thirty vessels from New York, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New Orleans to Central America, and which is owned by American capital but compelled to fly a foreign flag owing to the United States navigation laws, asked permission to place seventeen of its largest vessels under American registry. The vessels could be built cheaper under foreign registry. As these vessels were foreign-built, they have been, up to the present time, refused registry under the American flag.

It is only a few seasons since Bates and Cheeseborough put the California-Atlantic line on between Atlantic and Pacific ports, at present breaking bulk at Panama; and this line has taken five million dollars' worth of business from foreign carriers and the railroads.

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BELOWSTAIRS IN A HOTEL



"He Couldn't Have Sworn at Me Worse if He'd Been My Own Husband!"

By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY HY. J. WATSON

BETWEEN abovestairs and belowstairs in a hotel there is as wide a difference as there is between the stage and the dressing rooms, or the classroom and the football grounds, or a dress suit and the unwilling, unedited human being who incases himself therein. We demand smooth service and we receive it—at a price—whether we go to a small hotel where a bellboy takes our bags, coming back later with an avid smile to bring us a totally unnecessary pitcher of ice-water; or whether, as at another house, a bellboy "rooms" us and departs forever, leaving a floorwaiter to hover about us until our bags are packed for leaving. Belowstairs we look upon mainly as machinery for our needs; but it is really a seething, unrelated, casual mass of humanity, kept in order by highly paid experts, whose business it is to secure efficiency.

We realize that there must be a little stress belowstairs—indeed the sense of hurry there may contrast agreeably with the sense of repose and ease abovestairs; for even in the dining rooms, where ravenous men consult their watches unbelievingly five minutes after they have ordered, there is an intention to secure serenity in softly shaded lights, pleasant and quiet—if swift—waiters, and in the solicitous and soothing expressions of the head waiters and captains.

Few of us, however, realize what an inferno of sound and activity there is behind the swinging doors that separate abovestairs and belowstairs!

How Service Waits on Appetite

HERE the waiters, having got a checker's stamp on their order bills, lose their even gait as they burst into the huge kitchen. They do not see its mosaic floor; its deal tables piled with dishes and silver; the sharply marked departments for hot meats and for cold meats; for entrées and for soups and vegetables; for salads and fruits; for tea, coffee, milk, butter and eggs; and for bread and pastry. They do not see the splendid dishwasher and the tense-faced men who operate it, or the checkers, or the watchful stewards who keep the disorder orderly. Their eyes are fixed on the long, hot ranges, where work scores of driven and sometimes hot-tempered cooks, their white caps composing nicely against the great copper vessels which hang above them.

The faces of the waiters are fierce. They appreciate nothing of the din about them. Despite it—despite the hundreds of workers—the effect is of isolation, for each man is a concentrated egoist, determined to get what he wants from the person or object that has it. Those on the floor, whatever their work, dart from point to point, miraculously avoiding collision with other darting people. If a collision does ensue each speaks his mind freely.

Each waiter sees only the face of the cook at whom he shouts his order, or perhaps the face of the fat, earnest go-between who moves up and down in front of the range, repeating orders which he thinks have been imperfectly heard, conducting his work largely by instinct, since mere intelligence would not take him very far. With frowning brows, glazed eyes and slightly dropped jaw each waiter collects the food for his tray, races to the checker and shows what he carries as well as the items on his bill, pausing watchfully here, for if he loses his stub he will have to pay the hotel for it; then he dashes to the door, enters abovestairs and once more becomes a pleasant-faced waiter, composedly bearing a meal to a valued patron.

Thus we receive our expert service, and because we pay for it we do not marvel at it. We are accustomed to great hotels; we take it as a matter of course that they have their private laundries and icehouses—and, for all we know, dairies and greenhouses. We are accustomed, also, to expert management in America—we have seen it in great business offices, great department stores; and, if anything, we assume that special efficiency of method should be brought to bear in handling the great primitive matter of feeding and housing people.

It is an axiom that a great hotel has its several departments: its general manager and his assistants; the housekeeper and her chambermaids, scrubwomen and housemen; the maître d'hôtel—so called when he receives more than a hundred dollars a month—and his waiters; the steward and his assistant stewards, dishwashers and silvermen; the chef and his cooks, bakers, vegetable women and salad girls; the engineer and his corps; the carpenters, painters, decorators, upholsterers and their corps; the controlling department, which manages the office force; and the highly important auditing department and its efficient checkers.

It is an axiom, too, that every department must be subdivided—must have not only responsible heads but responsible subheads. It is axiomatic again that these heads must be the best that money can buy; that they must have perfected their system through experience in great hotels all over the country, and that they must go on improving their methods if the executives are to survive.

What is not axiomatic—what makes the business problem of a hotel different from that of a department store or a great office—is the human nature it must handle both abovestairs and belowstairs. Abovestairs is comparatively easy—the creatures demanding to be fed and housed must be treated with perfect deference, promised everything they want and given it through the efforts of the army beneath. Belowstairs is as different as it is difficult. It is human nature not confined behind desks and counters and trying—if it is wise—to protect its nerves; but it is human nature, unable by the nature of its work to protect its nerves, unleashed, volcanic, in perpetual action.

To take only the kitchen phase: on the floor there may be—of the steward's staff, chef's staff and maître d'hôtel's staff—perhaps eight hundred people. A few of these are skilled laborers; the others are unskilled, often unpracticed, frequently foreign and, above all, undowered with any special sense of loyalty to or affection for the kitchen. Working, as they do, at an astounding rate of speed—usually by electric light—isolated, looking on their fellow workers largely as trees walking, they cannot get the sense of attachment that a stenographer has for the office even of the most soulless corporation, that the shopgirl has for her special niche behind the counter. The kitchen corps have the habit, indeed, of several hours of rushing work; but the circumstances are such that they can scarcely get the habit of a place in the sense that the stenographer and the shopgirl do. This condition being so, most of them are about as casual as sparrows.

The World's Real Cosmopolitans

THE heads may see some greatness—if not some romance—in their business; for, after all, the feeding of the people has something inspiring about it. A steward who must buy food for ten thousand people daily; who walks into the shellfish department and sees eight barrels of oysters opened for the day's consumption; who walks into his storeroom and sees five hundred cans of French peas carried off for one banquet; who knows that sixty thousand pieces of china are washed every day by his men—may feel that he is working for more than money.

As the chef looks at his oven that produces thousands of rolls daily; as he walks beside his range, many feet long, supervising the cooking, showing a new man here how to broil a chop perfectly, cautioning an old hand dizzy with the heat that too many orders are getting past, the chef has reason to feel that his work is of great importance; but the underling naturally cares only for his money and for having as good a time as he can. It is a question whether the work does not affect body and mind with a tendency to perpetual motion. At any rate many of these underlings go on to other places as consistently as a London belle goes on to different house parties. Your real cosmopolitan is not the European traveler who sees the outside of Paris and London—it is your unmarried laboring class, with the same restlessness in its blood. It is not only outdoor laborers, such as miners and bridgeworkers, who are the real cosmopolitans, but the indoor workers, who see certain vital phases of life from the inside, since their vantage point is close to the kitchen.

A "permanent" in a great hotel gives a generous Christmas gift to a bellboy; on New Year's Day he comes with fresh asking in his eyes.



Few of Us Realize What an Inferno of Sound and Activity There is Behind the Swinging Doors That Separate Abovestairs and Belowstairs!

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"I come to tell you-all goodby'm; I cert'n'y am mighty sorry to leave the hotel 'count of you," he explains.

"Don't you like this hotel, John?"

"Oh, yes'm. I like it; but I been here three months now, and it's time to leave. I'm goin' to Hot Springs; they is *mighty* generous there with they tips."

"But the season is only two months there. Will you come back here then?"

"Law! No'm; I'm jest honin' to tell the head clerk what I think of him. I jest plain got to do that, so I cain't come back no mo'. But I ain't plannin' on it anyway. I'm goin' to Detroit and travel the boats."

"Travel the boats?"

"Yes'm. I go wherever they tote me; it ain't no difference to me, 'cause the ge'mens is always the same. I have fo' little tables to take care of, and some of 'em done sit there all the time; and when they sit there a while they don't care how much they give me. Yas'm; money sure do come on those boat trips. Reckon I'll go West next fall when the boat stops. You-all won't see me no mo'. Got a letter you'd like me to post—or cain't I do somethin' fo' you before I go?"

Motives for Moving

THE waiters and waitresses are scarcely less casual—the ones who are free. Those who have others dependent on them—children or parents—know the terror common to other people who also give hostages to fortune. They are afraid to resent slights or injustices, they must ignore all disadvantages, for to be out of work a week would be a misfortune too heavy to be faced; but the free ones have no such reluctance. It would be quite possible for an abovestairs traveler to be served by the same waiter in New York, in Chicago and in Los Angeles. The waiter might like the New York seabreezes for August, the Chicago autumn and the California winter. Numbers of waiters go South or West when the Northern winter comes, and many of them are so much desired that their traveling expenses are paid—at least one way; for among these casual persons there are those so gifted at their work that they are worth the price they cost.

And the women are almost as full of initiative as the men. Hundreds of waitresses take a summer vacation at Bar Harbor or Cape Cod, looking forward to the change, buying their new clothes, hoping to meet new friends, quite in the same fashion as the sheltered young women they wait upon. They hope just as strongly and secretly that the summer flitting is going to bring into their lives a romance—or romances—that will really be worth while.

One never can tell what is going on behind the composed faces of the black-gowned, white-aproned young persons standing in the dining room of a family hotel. The head waitress may have gone to the pantry for a moment and, as if on signal, two of the young women sidle up to each other.

"I'm going to duck tonight, Minnie," says one.

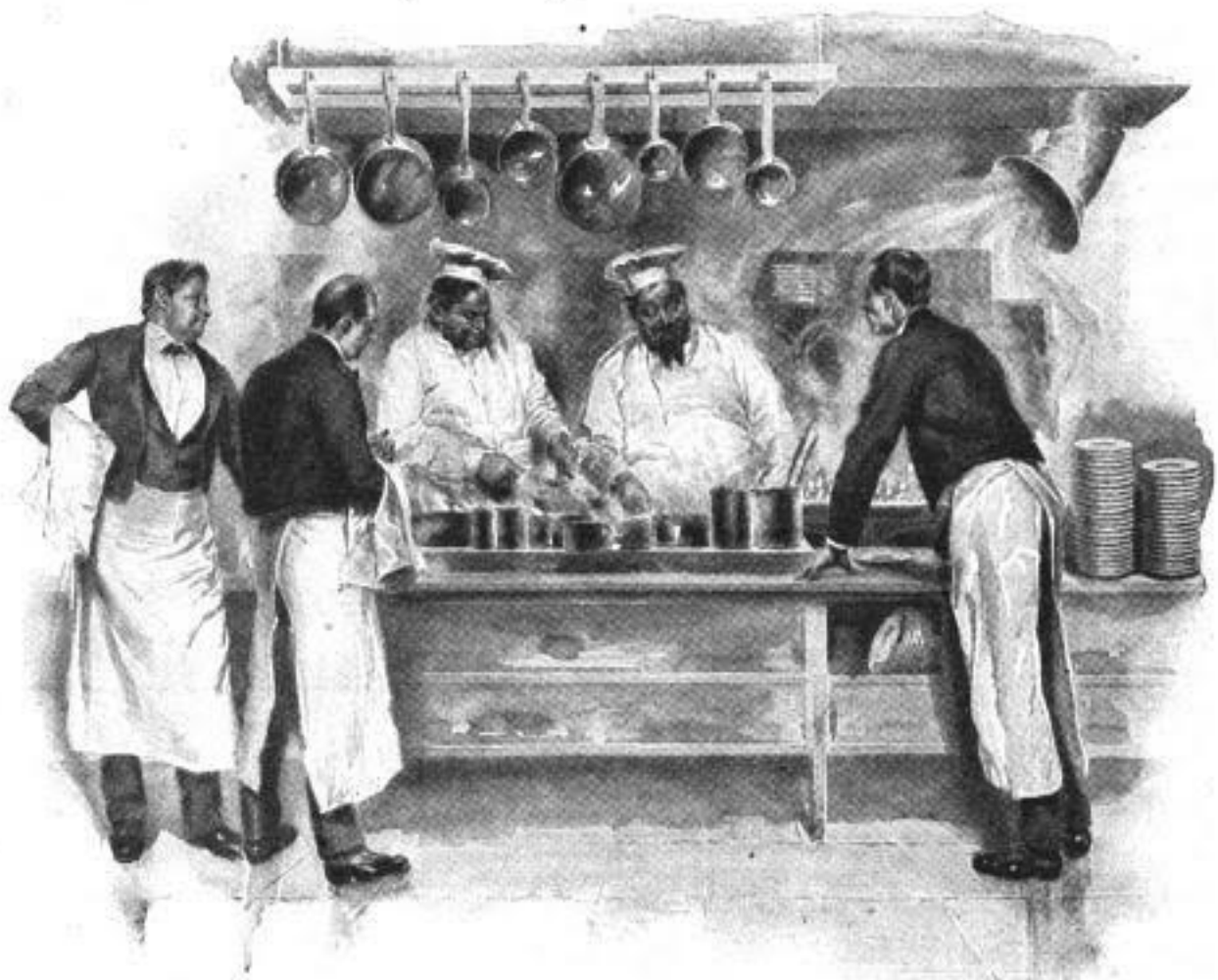
"What's up, Sara—found a better job?"

"I have, Minnie—believe me—in a hotel where there ain't so many transients. The transients that come here hang on to their change like they thought it would cripple them if they let go. Besides, I don't like the trick that family of cousins has at my other table there. They came in of a Tuesday. Well, if they had been real ladies they would each of passed over the next Tuesday. Did they? No; the four of them loosened up on Wednesday. The next week, Thursday—and so on. They pinched four days a month off me. Well, Minnie, I don't stand for that—believe me!"

"Have you told her, Sara?" asks Minnie with a glance at the head waitress who has reëntered and, with a flick of her eyes, has appreciated the position of each of her subordinates. Sara picks up the napkin of one guest and pours fresh water for another. Then, by careful indirection she drifts back to Minnie.

"Told her! Well, I guess not! I want to leave her in the lurch after the way she called me down yesterday! That's why I went out and got a new job."

"Well, you know you were neglecting your work," said Minnie reasonably. She is negotiating for the position of head waitress in a restaurant and her point of view is shifting. "I'm thinking of leaving myself. I can't stand the chef. Last night all I did was eat Mrs. Brown's chop in the pantry. She'd had a nip out of it and it really was not of much account; but, of course, he thought it could of been made into a stew for the chambermaids. Such cursing I never heard! He couldn't have sworn at me worse if he'd been my own husband! I ain't going to stand for it. I don't have to take anything off anybody."



Each Waiter Sees Only the Face of the Cook at Whom He Shouts His Order

Minnie is a fine, radiant creature—one of the sort bound to survive anywhere. She has no money, no position, no education, and she never thinks of restraining her feelings—unless her pocket would suffer from the explosion. She has magnificent health, which will always carry her through the world with her head high.

"Mattie is coming back on account of the chef's swearing," said Sara after going through some motions for the edification of the head waitress. "She's been to a big hotel where they don't just have three cooks like we have, but a whole lot of them, each for a different thing; and they're so far off from the waitresses you can't hear a thing they say. It was awful lonely—so many people you never met! She says she missed the chef's cursing. She felt like it herself when it was so hot out here and every one wanting to be waited on at once, and them in the bedrooms telephoning down for trays—why, she would of liked to swear herself, and she pretended to herself that he was just doing it for her. And then she enjoyed it when the grease flew up and stung his face—he had a special swear for that. I suppose it's a difference between a man swearing right at you or at something else. Here she comes to butt in."

One type is not casual: the foreigners who have not been long in this country, who belong to the corps of the steward, dishwashers and silvermen, and who belong to the corps of the housekeeper, chambermaids—and especially the scrubwomen. Security is given in the case of the scrubwomen because there are three applicants to every one position, and because most of these women are middle-aged mothers of families who have known the double edge of want both for themselves and for those belonging to them. They have seen their husbands out of work, or crippled, or dead; and they would not risk change of work for fear it might mean loss of work. Fear has too long been their bosom companion and they do not know how to do anything but scrub.

The foreign chambermaids stay partly because they have brought with them the Old World patience and partly because they have inherited from their forebears an instinct to remain in the same place. Need has driven them to a foreign land indeed; but with the first satisfaction of the need of daily bread they settle down just where they are to learn the habits of the new country. If they are alert, quick to assimilate, they move on some day to something better if it is our spirit of progress they have caught, or to something different if they have only absorbed our spirit of change. Many of them have others dependent on them. A guest gives her chambermaid a much-desired present of towels with pink borders.

"What's the matter, Velma?" she asks, as the little girl's brown eyes fill with tears. "Don't you like them?"

"Oh, sure, I like them; but I don't get married yet. Oh, I don't know when I get married—a man he won't wait too long! My mother dies last Tuesday; and what can my father do, with nothing but the old grandmother that eats so much yet, and all the childrens learning to be American in schools?"

"Are they little children, Velma?" Velma's point of view about size differs from her questioner's.

"Oh, not little—five and seven, eight and nine years old; and one eleven, working in the box factory that we tells she is fourteen. But funerals cost so much in this country and my father ain't got health; and now my mother can't work for him. I got to give all my wages for shoes and dresses for the childrens in school. My father works when the coughing lets him. But I ain't able to get married till the nine-year-old can go working in the box factory."

The foreign chambermaids come more into contact, through housekeeper and guests, with American life than the dishwashers and the silvermen in the kitchen. These foreign men are singularly isolated. Several of them work near the great new dishwashers—or perhaps the dishwashers of an older fashion. It may consist of a cage of dishes as big as half a cask, collected from a dumbwaiter or a pick-up table, as the case may be, by a foreigner who is perhaps a Bohemian. Another foreigner, perhaps a wiry-armed Russian, with the help of a derrick, lifts this huge cage from one vat of whirling, soapy water into another, and still another. It may be that the two men who receive it are French and Scotch—they may be of any nationality. Near them are Swiss and Germans, who are wiping silver with incredible deftness and speed. Here is double isolation—foreigners having for their outer environment the deafening clash of dishes and silver and the roar of the waiters shouting their orders across the room to the cooks. From this outer circle of abnormal life, this unnatural high pressure of work, they absorb impressions of American life, if, indeed, they have energy left over from their own work for absorption. Their closer environment consists of other foreigners whose point of view they find is as hard to understand as the American.

Keeping the Underlings in Line

IT SEEMS strange that people confined within the same space of a few hundred cubic feet can be so unrelated. One would naturally expect a servants' dining hall to be a social place; for, though only four meals are served, yet relays eat them and the seats are vacant only for a few hours. When the men file in, however, they drop into the nearest vacant seat—here again there is no sense of attachment to a special place—and they feed for the most part without talk or laughter, rarely speaking except to ask a waitress for more food. They are just long lines of hunched-over backs, resting from a severe strain and recuperating for another.

The duty of the highly skilled managers has its paradoxical phase—to change their seething mass of humanity into machines which give every last ounce of energy possible the heads must be unrelenting in discipline, the hardest kind of martinets; and on the other hand they must bind their subordinates to them with bonds of love and loyalty. They are sure of plenty of applicants for vacant places, but they dread breaking them in. The heads have subheads or understudies who have been thus employed for years and to whom is allowed plenty of latitude as one means of keeping them. These subheads usually have sub-subheads whom the subheads have personally trained and whom somehow—but usually without raising wages—they must manage to

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HIGHGRADE LINES

How Young Elkan Lubliner Tried to Break Into Them

By MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD



"First I Was a Salesman; Second I Was for Myself in the Infants' Wear Business"

SURE, I know, Mr. Scheikowitz," cried Elkan Lubliner, junior partner of Polatkin, Scheikowitz & Company, as he sat in the firm's office late one February afternoon; "but if you want to sell a highgrade concern like Joseph Kammerman you must got to got a highgrade line of goods."

"Ain't I am telling you that all the time?" Scheikowitz replied. "*Aber* we sell here a popular-price line, Elkan. So what is the use talking we ain't ekvipt for a highgrade line."

"What d'ye mean we ain't equipped, Mr. Scheikowitz?" Elkan protested. "We got here machines and we got here fixtures, and all we need it now is a highgrade designer and a couple really good cutters like that new feller which is working for us."

"That's all right, too, Elkan," Marcus Polatkin interrupted; "but it ain't the ekvipment which it is so important. The reputation which we got for selling a popular-price line we couldn't get rid of so easy, understand me, and that *Bëtzimmer* buyer of Kammerman's wouldn't got no confidence in us at all. The way he figures it we could just so much turn out a highgrade line of goods here as you could expect a feller which is acting in a moving pictures to all of a sudden sing like Charuso."

"Besides," Scheikowitz added, "highgrade designers and really good cutters means more capital, Elkan."

"The capital you shouldn't worry about at all," Elkan retorted. "Next week my Yetta gets falling due a second mortgage from old man Flixman for five thousand dollars, and ——"

Polatkin made a flapping gesture with his right hand.

"Keep your money, Elkan," he said. "You could got lots of better ways to invest it for Yetta as fixing ourselves up to sell big *Machers* like Joseph Kammerman."

"But it don't do no harm I should drop in and see them people. Ain't it?"

"Sure not," Scheikowitz continued as he swung round in his revolving chair and seized a pile of cutting clips. "They got an elegant store there on Fifth Avenue which it is a pleasure to go into even; and the worst that happens you, Elkan, is you are out a good cigar for that Mr. Dalzell up there."

Elkan nodded gloomily, and as he left the office Polatkin's face relaxed in an indulgent smile.

"The boy is getting awful ambitious lately, Scheikowitz," he said.

"What d'ye mean, ambitious?" Philip Scheikowitz cried angrily. "If you would be only twenty-three years of age, Polatkin, and married to a rich girl, understand me—and also partner in a good concern, which the whole thing he done it himself, Polatkin—you would act a whole lot more ambitious as he does. Instead of knocking the boy, Polatkin, you should ought to give him credit for what he done."

"Who is knocking the boy?" Polatkin demanded. "All I says is the boy is ambitious, Scheikowitz—which if you don't think it's ambitious a feller tries to sell goods to Joseph Kammerman, Scheikowitz, anyhow what is it then?"

"There's worser people to sell goods to as Joseph Kammerman, Polatkin, which he is a millionaire concern, understand me," Scheikowitz declared; "and you could take it from me, Polatkin, even if you would accuse him he is ambitious *oder* not, that boy always got idees to do big things—and he works hard till he lands 'em. So if you want to call that ambitious, Polatkin, go ahead and do so. When a loafer knocks it's a boost every time."

With this ultimatum Scheikowitz followed his junior partner to the rear of the loft, where Elkan regarded with a critical eye the labors of his cutting-room staff.

"*Nu*, Elkan," Scheikowitz asked, "what's biting you now?"

Elkan winked significantly—and a moment later he tapped an assistant cutter on the shoulder.

"Max," he said, "do you got maybe a grudge against that piece of goods, the way you are slamming it round?"

The assistant cutter smiled in an embarrassed fashion.

"The fact is," he said apologetically, "I wasn't thinking about them goods at all. When you are laying out goods for cutting, Mr. Lubliner, you don't got to think much—especially pastel shades."

"Pastel shades?" Elkan repeated.

"That's what I said," the cutter replied. "*Mit* colors like reds and greens, which they are hitting you right in the face, so to speak, you couldn't get your mind off of 'em at all; but pastel shades, that's something else again. They quiet you like smoking a cigarette."

Elkan turned to his partner with a shrug.

"When I was working by B. Gans," the cutter went on, "I am laying out a piece of old gold crêpe *mit* a silver-thread border, and I assure you, Mr. Lubliner, it has an effect on me like some one would give me a glass of schnapps already."

"*Steigen*, Max," said Elkan, moving away, "you got too much to say for yourself."

Max nodded resignedly and continued the spreading of the goods on the cutting table while Elkan and Scheikowitz walked out of the room.

"That's the new feller I was telling you about," Elkan said. "*Meshugganeh* Max Merech they call him."



"Why, the Last Time I Seen That Show I Says I Wouldn't Sit Through it Again for a Hundred Dollars"

"*Meshugga* he may be," Scheikowitz replied, "but just the same he's got a couple of good idees also, Elkan. Only this morning he makes Redman the designer pretty near crazy when he says that the blue soutache on that new style 2060 kills the blue in the yoke, y'understand; and he was right too, Elkan. Polatkin and me made Redman change it over."

Elkan shrugged again as he put on his hat and coat preparatory to going home.

"A lot our class of trade worries about such things!" he exclaimed. "So far as they are concerned the soutache could be crimson and the yoke green, and if the price was right they'd buy it anyhow."

"Don't you fool yourself, Elkan," Scheikowitz said while Elkan rang for the elevator. "The price is never right if the workmanship ain't good."

II

THAT Elkan Lubliner's progress in business had not kept pace with his social achievements was a source of much disappointment to both Mrs. Lubliner and himself; for though the firm of Polatkin, Scheikowitz & Company was still rated seventy-five thousand dollars to one hundred thousand dollars—credit good—Elkan and Mrs. Lubliner moved in the social orbit of no less a personage than Max Koblin, the Raincoat King, whose credit soared triumphantly among the A's and B's of old-established commission houses.

Indeed it was a party at Max Koblin's house that evening which caused Elkan to leave his place of business at half-past five; and when Mrs. Lubliner and he sallied forth from the gilt and porphyry hallway of their apartment dwelling they were fittingly arrayed to meet Max's guests, none of whom catered to the popular-price trade of Polatkin, Scheikowitz & Company.

"Why didn't you told him we are getting next week paid off for five thousand dollars a second mortgage?" Yetta said, continuing a conversation begun at dinner that evening.

"I did told him," Elkan insisted; "but what is the use talking to a couple of old-timers like them?"

Yetta sniffed contemptuously with the impatience of youth at the foibles of senility, as exemplified by the doddering Philip Scheikowitz, aged forty-five, and the valetudinarian Marcus Polatkin, whose hair, albeit unfrosted, had been blighted and in part swept away by the vicissitudes of forty-two winters.

"You can't learn an old dawg young tricks," Elkan declared, "and we might just so well make up our minds to it, Yetta, we would never compete with such highgrade concerns like B. Gans *oder* Schwefel & Zucker."

They walked over two blocks in silence and then Elkan broke out anew.

"I tell you," he said, "I am sick and tired of it. B. Gans talks all the time about selling this big *Macher* and that big *Macher*, and him and Mr. Schwefel gets telling

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about what a millionaire like Kammerman says to him the other day, or what he says to Mandelberger, of Chicago, *y'understand*—and I couldn't say nothing! If I would commence to tell 'em what I says to such customers of ours like One-Eye Feigenbaum *oder* H. Margonin, of Bridgetown, understand me, they would laugh me in my face yet."

Yetta pressed his arm consolingly as they ascended the *stoop* of Max Koblin's house on Mount Morris Park, West, and two minutes later they entered the front parlor of that luxurious residence.

"*And* do you know what he says to me?" a penetrating barytone voice announced as they came in. "He says to me, 'Benson,' he says, 'I've been putting on musical shows now for fifteen years, and an idee like that comes from a genius already. There's a fortune in it!'"

At this juncture Mrs. Koblin noted the arrival of the last of her guests.

"Why, hello, Yetta!" she cried, rising to her feet. "Ain't you fashionable, getting here so late?"

She kissed Yetta and held out a hand to Elkan as she spoke.

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Elkan, keeping Yetta's dinner waiting because you claim you're so busy downtown?" she went on. "I guess you know everybody here except Mr. Benson."

She nodded toward the promulgator of Heaven-born ideas, who bowed solemnly.

"Pleased to meet you, Mister ——"

"Lubliner," Elkan said.

"Mister Lubliner," Benson repeated, passing his begemmed fingers through a shock of black, curly hair. "And the long and short of it is," he continued, addressing the company, "tomorrow I'm getting a scenario along them lines I just indicated to you from one of the highest-grade fellers that's writing."

Here ensued a pause, during which B. Gans searched his mind for an anecdote concerning some retailer of sufficiently good financial standing, while Joseph Schwefel, of Schwefel & Zucker, cleared his throat preparatory to launching a verbatim report of a conversation between himself and a buyer for one of the most exclusive costume houses on Fifth Avenue; but even as Schwefel rounded his lips to enunciate an introductory "Er," Benson obtained a fresh start.

"Now you remember The Diners Out, Ryan & Bernbaum's production last season?" he said, addressing Elkan. "In that show they had an idee like this: Eight ponies is let down from the flies—see?—and George DeFrees makes his entrance in a practicable airyoplane—I think it was George DeFrees was working for Ryan & Bernbaum last year, or was it Sammy Potter?"

At this point he screwed up his face and leaning his elbow on the arm of his chair he placed four fingers on his forehead in the attitude known theatrically as Business of Deep Consideration.

"No," he said at last—"it was George DeFrees. George jumps out of the airyoplane and says: 'They followed me to earth, I see.'"

Benson raised his eyebrows at the assembled guests.

"Angels!" he announced. "Get the idee? 'They followed me to earth, I see.' Cue. And then he sings the song hit of the show: Come Take a Ride in My Airyoplane."

B. Gans shuffled his feet uneasily and Joseph Schwefel pulled down his waistcoat. As manufacturers of highgrade garments they had accompanied more than one customer to the entertainment described by Benson; but to Elkan the term "ponies" admitted of only one meaning, and this conversational arabesque of flies, little horses, aeroplanes and George DeFrees made him fairly dizzy.

"And," M. Sidney Benson said before B. Gans could head him off, "just that there entrance boomed the show. Ryan & Bernbaum up to date clears a hundred and twenty thousand dollars over and above all expenses."

"Better as the garment business!" Max Koblin commented—and B. Gans nodded and yawned.

"Ain't we going to have no pinocle?" he asked. Max rose and threw open the sliding doors leading to the dining room, where cards and chips were in readiness.

"Will you join us, Mr. Benson?" he asked.

"That'll make five with Mr. Lubliner," Benson replied; "so supposing you, Gans and Schwefel go ahead, and Mr. Lubliner and me will join you later. Otherwise you would got to deal two of us out—which it makes a pretty slow game that way."

"Just as you like," Max said; and after Mrs. Koblin and Yetta had retired abovestairs to view the most recent accession to Mrs. Koblin's wardrobe Benson pulled up the points of his high collar and adjusted his black stock necktie. Then he lit a fresh cigar and prepared to lay bare to Elkan the arcana of the theatrical business.

"Yes, Mr. Lubliner," he said, "the show business is a business like any other business. It ain't like you got an idee it is—opening wine for a bunch of chickens, understand me, and running round the streets till all hours of the morning."

"I never got no such idee," Elkan protested.

"You ain't, Mr. Lubliner," Benson continued, "because it's very evidence to me that you don't know nothing about it; but there's a whole lot of people got that idee anyhow, y'understand; and what I am always trying to tell everybody is that the show business is like the garment business *oder* the drygoods business—a business for a business man, not a loafer!"

Elkan made an inarticulate noise which Benson took to be an expression of interest and encouragement.

"At the same time art has got a whole lot to do with it," he went on—"art and idees; and when you take a feller like Ryan, which he could write a show, write the music, put it on and play the leading part all by himself, y'understand, and a feller like Bernbaum, which used to was Miller, Bernbaum & Company in the pants business—you got there an ideel combination!"

Elkan nodded and looked helplessly round him at the Circassian walnut, of which half a forestful had gone to make up the furnishings of Koblin's front parlor.

"But," Benson said emphatically, "you take me, for instance—and what was I?"

He told off his former occupations with the index finger of his right hand on each digit of his left.

"First I was a salesman; second I was for myself in the infants' wear business; third I was *noch einmal* a salesman. Then I become an actor, because everybody knows my act, which I called it Your Old Friend Maslowsky. For four years I played all the first-class vaudeville circuits here and on the other side in England. But though I made good money, Mr. Lubliner, the real big money is in the producing end."

"Huh-huh!" Elkan ejaculated.

"So that's the way it is with me, Mr. Lubliner," Benson continued. "I am just like Ryan & Bernbaum, only instead of two partners there is only just one; which I got the art, the idees and the business ability all in myself!"

"That must make it very handy for you," Elkan commented.

"Handy ain't no name for it," Benson replied. "It's something you don't see nowheres else in the show business; but I'll tell you the truth, Mr. Lubliner—the work is too much for me!"

"Why don't you get a partner?" Elkan asked.

Benson made a circular gesture with his right hand.

"I could get lots of partners with big money, Mr. Lubliner," he said, "but why should I divide my profits? Am I right or wrong?"

"Well that depends how you are looking at it," Elkan said.

"I am looking at it from the view of a business man, Mr. Lubliner," Benson rejoined. "Here I got a proposition which I am going to put on—a show of idees—a big production, understand me; which if Ryan & Bernbaum makes from their Diners Out a hundred thousand dollars, *verstehst du*, I could easily make a hundred and fifty thousand! And yet, Mr. Lubliner, all I invest is five thousand dollars and five thousand more which I am making a loan at a bank."

"Which bank?" Elkan asked—so quickly that Benson almost jumped in his seat.

"I—I didn't decide which bank yet," he replied. "You see, Mr. Lubliner, I got accounts in three banks. First I belonged to the Fifteenth National Bank. Then they begged me I should go in the Minuit National Bank. All right. I went in the Minuit National Bank. H'afterward Sam Feder comes to me and says: 'Benson,' he says, 'you are an old friend from mine,' he says. 'Why do you bother yourself you should go into this bank and that bank?' he says. 'Why don't you come to my bank?' he says, 'and I would give you all the money you want.' So you see, Mr. Lubliner, it is immaterial to me which bank I get my money from."

Again he passed his jeweled fingers through his hair.

"No, Mr. Lubliner," he announced after a pause, "my own brother even I wouldn't give a look-in."

Elkan made no reply. As a result of Benson's gesture he was busy estimating the value of eight and a quarter carats at eighty-seven dollars and fifty cents a carat.

"Because," Benson continued, "the profits is something you could really call enormous! If you got the time I would like to show you a few figures."

"I got all evening," Elkan answered, whereat Benson pulled from his waistcoat pocket a fountain pen ornamented with gold filigree.

"First," he said, "is the costumes."

And therewith he plunged into a maze of calculation that lasted for nearly an hour. Moreover, at the end of that period he entered into a new series of figures, tending to show that by the investment of an additional five thousand dollars the profits could be increased seventy-five per cent.

"But I'm satisfied to invest my ten thousand," he said, "because five thousand is my own and the other five thousand I could get easy from the Kosciusko Bank, whereas the additional five thousand I must try to interest somebody he should invest it with me. And so far as that goes I wouldn't bother myself at all."

"You're dead right," Elkan said by way of making himself agreeable, whereat Benson grew crimson with chagrin.

"Sure, I'm dead right," he said; "and if you and Mrs. Lubliner would come down to my office in the Siddons Theater Building tomorrow night, eight o'clock, I would send one of my associates round with you and he will get you tickets for the Diners Out, understand me; and then you would see for yourself what a big house they got there. Even on Monday night they turn 'em away!"

"I'm much obliged to you," Elkan replied. "I'm sure Mrs. Lubliner and me would enjoy it very much."

"I'm sorry for you if you wouldn't," Benson retorted; "and that there Diners Out ain't a marker to the show I'm putting on, Mr. Lubliner—which you can see for yourself, a business proposition which pans out pretty near two hundred thousand dollars on a fifteen-thousand-dollar investment, is got to be right up to the mark. Ain't it?"



"You Got Your Choice to Go to a Popular Show Like the Diners Out or to a Really Highgrade Show, Mr. Lubliner"

"I thought you said ten thousand dollars was the investment," Elkan remarked.

"I did," Benson replied with some heat; "but if some one comes along and wants to invest the additional five thousand dollars I wouldn't turn him down, Mr. Lubliner."

He rose to his feet to join the pinocle players in the dining room.

"So I hope you enjoy the show tomorrow night," he added as he strolled away.

III

FROM six to eight every evening Max Merech underwent a gradual transformation, for six o'clock was the closing hour at Polatkin, Scheikowitz & Company's establishment, while eight marked the advent of the Sarasate Trio at the Café Román, on Delancey Street. Thus at six Max Merech was an assistant cutter; and, indeed, until after he ate his supper he still bore the outward appearance of an assistant cutter, though inwardly he felt a premonitory glow. After half-past seven, however, he buttoned on a low, turned-down collar, with its concomitant broad Windsor tie, and therewith he assumed his real character—that of a dilettante.

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At the Café Román each evening he specialized on music; but with the spirit of the true dilettante he neglected no one of the rest of the arts, and was ever to be found at the table next to the piano, a warm advocate of the latest movement in painting and literature, as well as an appreciative listener to the ultramodern music discoursed by the Sarasate Trio.

"If that ain't a winner I ain't no judge!" he said to Boris Volkovisk, the pianist, on the evening of the conversation with Elkan set forth above. He referred to a violin sonata of Boris' own composition which the latter and Jacob Rekower, the violinist, had just concluded.

Boris smiled and wiped away the perspiration from his bulging forehead, for the third movement of the sonata, marked in the score *Allegro con fuoco*, had taxed even the technic of its composer.

"A winner of what?" Boris asked—"money? Because supposing a miracle happens that somebody would publish it nobody buys it."

Max nodded his head slowly in sympathetic acquiescence.

"But anyhow you ain't so bad off like some composers," he said. "You've anyhow got a good musician to play your stuff for you."

He smiled at Jacob Rekower, who plunged his hands into his trousers pockets and shrugged deprecatingly.

"Sure, I know," Rekower said; "and if we play too much good stuff Marculescu raises the devil with us we should play more popular music."

He spat out the words "popular music" with an emphasis that made a *Tarrok* player at the next table jump in his seat.

"*Nu*," said the latter as the deal passed, "what is the matter with popular music? If it wouldn't be for writing popular music, understand me, many a decent, respectable composer would got to starve!"

He turned his chair round and abandoned the card game the better to air his views on popular music.

"Furthermore," he said, "I know a young feller by the name Milton Jassy which last year he makes two thousand dollars already from syncopating *Had gadyo* and calling it the Wildcat Rag, and this year he is writing the music for a new show and I bet yer the least he makes out of it is five thousand dollars."

"Yow! Five thousand dollars!" Merech exclaimed. "Such people you hear about, but you *oser* see 'em."

"Don't you?" said the *Tarrok* player, drawing a card-case from his breast pocket. "Well, you see one now." He laid face upward on the table a card which read:



For a brief interval Volkovisk, Rekower and Merech regarded Jassy's card in silence.

"Well," Merech said at last, "what of it?"

Jassy shrugged and waved his hand significantly.

"Nothing of it," he said, "only your friend there is knocking popular music; and though I admit that I didn't got to go to the Wiener conservatory so as I could write popular music exactly, y'understand, still I could write sonatas and trios and quartets and even concerti and symphonies till I am black in the face already and I couldn't pay my laundry bill even!"

For answer Volkovisk turned to the piano and seized from the pile of music a blue-covered volume. It was the violin sonata of Richard Strauss, and handing the violin part to Rekower he seated himself on the stool. Then with a premonitory nod to Rekower he struck the opening chords, and for more than ten minutes Jassy and Merech sat motionless until the first movement was finished.

"When Strauss wrote that he could *oser* pay his laundry bill either," Volkovisk said, rising from the stool. He sat down wearily at the table and lit a cigarette.

"So you see," he began, "Richard Strauss ——"

"Richard Strauss nothing!" cried an angry voice at his elbow. "If you want to practice practice at home. I pay you here to play for my customers, not for yourselves, Volkovisk; and once and for all I am telling you you should cut out this nonsense and *spiel* a little music once in a while."

It was the proprietor, Marculescu, who spoke, and Volkovisk immediately seated himself at the piano. This time he took from the pile of music three small sheets, one of which he placed on the reading desk and the other on Rekower's violin stand. After handing the other sheet to the cellist he plunged into a furious rendition of Wildcat Rag.

In the front part of the café a group of men and women, whose clothes and manners proclaimed them to be slummers from the upper West Side, broke into noisy applause as the vulgar composition came to an end, and in the midst of their shouting and stamping Jassy rose trembling from his seat. He slunk between tables to the door, while Volkovisk began a repetition of the number, and it was not until he had turned the corner of the street and the melody had ceased to sound in his ears that he slackened his pace. When he did so, however, a friendly hand fell on his shoulder and he turned to find Max Merech close behind him.

"*Nu*, Mr. Jassy," Max said, "you shouldn't be so broke up because you couldn't write so good as Richard Strauss."

Jassy stood still and looked Max squarely in the eye.

"That's just the point," he said in hollow tones. "Might I could if I tried; but I am such an *Epikouros* that I don't want to try. I would sooner make money out of rubbish than be an artist like Volkovisk."

Max shrugged and elevated his eyebrows.

"A man must got to live," he said as he seized Jassy's arm and began gently to propel him back to the Café Román.

"Sure, I know," Jassy said; "but living ain't all having good clothes to wear and good food to eat. Living for an artist like Volkovisk is composing music worthy of an artist. *Aber* what do I do, Mister ——"

"Merech," Max said.

"What do I do, Mr. Merech?" Jassy continued. "I am all the time throwing away my art in the streets with this rotten stuff I am composing."

IV

"WELL, I tell you," Max said after they had reëntered the café and had seated themselves at a table remote from the piano, "composing music is like manufacturing garments, Mr. Jassy. Some one must got to cater to the popular-price trade and only a few manufacturers gets to the point where they make up a highgrade line for the exclusive retailers. Ain't it?"

Jassy nodded as the waiter brought the cups of coffee.

"Now you take me, for instance," Max continued. "Once I worked by B. Gans, which I assure you, Mr. Jassy, it was a pleasure to handle the goods in that place. What an elegant line of silks and embroidery they got it there! Believe me, Mr. Jassy, every day I went to work there like I would be going to a wedding already, such a beautiful goods they made it! *Aber* now I am working by a popular-price concern, Mr. Jassy, which, you could take it from me, the colors them people puts together in one garment gives me the indigestion already!"

Again Jassy nodded sympathetically.

"And why did I make a change?" Max went on. "Because them people pays me seven dollars a week more as B. Gans, Mr. Jassy; and though art is art, understand me, seven dollars a week ain't to be coughed at neither."

For a few minutes Jassy sipped his coffee in silence.

"That's all right too," he said; "but with garments you could make just so much money manufacturing a highgrade line as you could if you are making a popular-price line."

Max nodded sapiently.

"I give you right there," he agreed, "and that's because the manufacturer of the highgrade line does business in the same way as the popular-price concern. *Aber* you take the composer of highgrade music and all he does is compose. He's too proud to poosh it, Mr. Jassy; whereas the feller what composes popular music he's just the same like the feller what manufacturers a popular-price line of garments—he not only manufacturers his line but he pooshes it till he gets a market for it."

"There ain't no market for a highclass line of music," Jassy said hopelessly.

"Why ain't there?" Max demanded. "Did you ever try to market a symphony? Did Volkovisk ever try to get anybody with money interested in his stuff? No, sirree, sir! All that feller does is to play it to a lot of *Schnorrers* like me, which no matter how much we like his work we couldn't help him none. Now you take your own case, for instance. You told us a few minutes ago you are writing some music for a new show. Now, if you wouldn't mind my asking, who is putting in the capital for that show?"

"Well," Jassy replied, "a feller called Benson is putting it in and part of the capital is from his own money and the rest he borrows."

"Just like a new beginner would do in the garment business," Max commented. "*Aber* who does he borrow it from? A bank maybe—what?"

"Some he gets from a bank," Jassy replied, "and the rest he is trying to raise elsewheres. Tonight he tells me he is getting an introduction to a business man which he hopes to lend from him five *oder* ten thousand dollars."

"Five *oder* ten thousand dollars!" Max cried. "*Shema beni!* For five thousand dollars Volkovisk could publish all the music he ever wrote and give a whole lot of recitals in the bargain. One thousand dollars would be enough even."

"That I wouldn't deny at all," Jassy rejoined. "*Aber* who would you find stands willing he should invest in Volkovisk's music a thousand dollars? Would he ever get back his thousand dollars even, let alone any profits?"

"It's a speculation, I admit," Max commented; "but you take Richard Strauss, for instance, and if some feller would staked Strauss to a thousand dollars capital when he needed it, understand me, not alone he would got his money back but if we would say, for example, the thousand dollars represents a ten-per-cent interest in Strauss' business, today yet the feller would be worth his fifty thousand dollars, because everybody knows what a big success Strauss made. Actually the feller must got orders at least six months ahead. Why for one song alone they pay him a couple thousand dollars!"

"Well," Jassy asked, "if you feel there's such a future in it why don't you raise a thousand dollars and finance Volkovisk?"

Max laughed aloud.

"Me—I couldn't raise nothing," he said; "*aber* you—you are feeling sore at yourself because you are writing popular stuff. Here's a chance for you to square yourself with your art. Why don't you help Volkovisk out? All you got to do is to find out who is loaning this here Benson the ten thousand dollars and get him to stake Volkovisk to a thousand."

Jassy tapped the table with his fingers.

"For that matter I could say the same thing to you," he declared. "You consider Volkovisk's talent so high as a business proposition, Merech, why don't you get some business man interested—one of your bosses, for instance?"

He rose from his chair as he spoke and placed ten cents on the table as his share of the evening's expenses.

"Think it over," he said; and long after he had closed the door behind him Max sat still with his hands in his trousers pockets and pondered the suggestion.

"After all," he mused as Marculescu began to turn out the lights one by one, "why shouldn't I—the very first thing in the morning?"

It was not, however, until Polatkin and Scheikowitz had gone out to lunch the following day, leaving Elkan alone in the office, that Max could bring his courage to the sticking point; and so fearful was he that he might regret his boldness before it was too late he fairly ran from the cutting room to the office and delivered his preparatory remarks in the outdoor tones of a political spellbinder.

"Mr. Lubliner," he cried, "could I speak to you a few words something?"

Elkan rose and slammed the door.

"Say, lookyhere, Merech," he said, "if you want a raise don't let the whole factory know about it, otherwise we would be pestered to death here. Remember, also," he continued as he sat down again, "you are only working for us a few weeks—and it don't go so quick as all that."

"What d'ye mean, a raise?" Max asked. "I ain't said nothing at all about a raise. I am coming to see you about something entirely different already."

Elkan looked ostentatiously at his watch.

"I ain't got too much time, Merech," he said.

"Nobody's got too much time when it comes to fellers asking for raises, Mr. Lubliner," Max retorted; "*aber* this here is something else again, as I told you."

"Well, don't beat no bushes round, Merech!" Elkan cried impatiently. "What is it you want from me?"

"I want from you this," Max began huskily: "Might you know Tschaikovsky maybe *oder* Rimsky-Korsakoff."

"Tschaikovsky I never heard of," Elkan replied, "nor the other concern neither. Must be new beginners in the garment business—ain't it?"

"They never was in the garment business, so far as I know," Max continued; "*aber* they made big successes even if they wasn't, because all the money ain't in the garment business, Mr. Lubliner, and Tschaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff, even in the old country, made so much money they lived in palaces yet. Once when I was a boy already Tschaikovsky comes to Minsk and they got up a parade for him—such a big *Macher* he was!"

"I don't doubt your word for a minute, Merech; *aber* what is all this got to do *mit* me?"

"It ain't got nothing to do with you, Mr. Lubliner," Max declared—"only I got a friend by the name Boris Volkovisk, and believe me or not, Mr. Lubliner, in some respects Tschaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff could learn from that feller, because you could take it from me, Mr. Lubliner, there's some passages in the Fifth Symphony, understand me, which I hate to say it you could call rotten!"

Elkan stirred uneasily in his chair.

"I don't know what you are talking about at all," he said.

"I am talking about this," Max replied; and therewith he began to explain to Elkan the aspirations and talent of Boris Volkovisk and his—Max'—scheme for their successful development. For more than half an hour he unfolded a plan by which one thousand dollars might be judiciously expended so as to secure the maximum benefit to Volkovisk's career—a plan that during the preceding two years Volkovisk and he had thoroughly discussed over many a cup of coffee in Marculescu's café. "And so you see, Mr. Lubliner," he concluded, "it's a plain business proposition; and if you was to take for your thousand dollars,

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say, for example, a one-tenth interest in the business Volkovisk expects to do, understand me, you would get a *big return* for your investment."

Elkan lit a cigar and puffed away reflectively before speaking.

"*Nu*," he said at last; "so that is what you wanted to talk to me about."

Max nodded.

"Well, then, all I could say is," Elkan went on, "you are coming to the wrong shop. A business proposition like that is for a banker, which he is got so much money he don't know what to do with it, Merech."

Max' face fell and he turned disconsolately away.

"At the same time, Max," Elkan added, "I ain't feeling sore that you come to me with the proposition, understand me. The trouble ain't with you that you got such an idee, Max; the trouble is with me that I couldn't see it. It's like a feller by the name Dalzell, a buyer for Kammerman's store, says to me this morning. 'Lubliner,' he says, 'I couldn't afford to take no chances buying highgrade garments from a feller that is used to making a popular-price line,' he says, 'because no matter how well equipped your factory would be the trouble is a popular-price manufacturer couldn't think big enough to turn out expensive garments. To such a manufacturer goods at two dollars a yard is the limit, and goods at ten dollars a yard he couldn't imagine at all. And even if he could induce himself to use stuff at ten dollars a yard, y'understand, it goes against him to be liberal with such high-priced goods, so he skimps the garment.'"

He blew a great cloud of smoke as a substitute for a sigh.

"And Dalzell was right, Max," he concluded. "You couldn't expect that a garment manufacturer like me is going to got such big idees as investing a thousand dollars in a highgrade scheme like yours. With me a thousand dollars means so many yards piece goods, so many sewing machines or a week's payroll; *aber* it don't mean giving a musician a show he should compose highgrade music. I ain't educated up to it, Max; so I wish you luck that you should raise the money somewheres else."

V

WHEN M. Sidney Benson entered his office in the Siddons Theater Building late that afternoon he found Jassy seated at his desk in the mournful contemplation of some music manuscript.

"*Nu*, Milton," Benson cried, "you shouldn't look so *ruchmonos*. I surely think I got 'em coming!"

"You think you got 'em coming!" Jassy repeated with bitter emphasis. "You said that a dozen times already—and always the feller wasn't so big a sucker like he looked!"

"That was because I didn't work it right," Benson replied. "This time I am making out to do the feller a favor by letting him in on the show, and right away he becomes interested. His name is Elkan Lubliner, a manufacturer by cloaks and suits, and tonight he is coming down with his wife yet, and you are going to take 'em round to the Diners Out."

"I am going to the Diners Out *mit* 'em!" Milton ejaculated with every inflection of horror and disgust.

"Sure!" Benson replied cheerfully. "Six dollars it'll cost us, because Ryan pretty near laughs in my face when I asked him for three seats. But never mind, Milton, it'll be worth the money."

"Will it?" Jassy retorted. "Well, not for me, Mr. Benson. Why, the last time I seen that show I says I wouldn't sit through it again for a hundred dollars."

"A hundred dollars is a lot of money, Milton," Benson said. "*Aber* I think if you work it right you will get a hundred times a hundred dollars before we are through, on account I really got this feller going. So you should listen to me and I would tell you just what you want to say to the feller between the acts."

Therewith Benson commenced to unfold a series of "talking points" which he had spent the entire day in formulating; and as he proceeded Jassy's eyes wandered from the title page of the manuscript music inscribed "Opus 47—Trio in G moll," and began to glow in sympathy with Benson's well-laid plan.

"There's no use shilly-shallying, Milton," Benson concluded. "The season is getting late, and if we're ever going to put on that show now is the time."

Milton nodded eagerly.

"*Aber* why don't you take 'em to the show yourself, Mr. Benson?" he asked hopefully. "Because, not to jolly you at all, Mr. Benson, I must got to say it you are a wonderful talker."

Benson shrugged his shoulders and smiled weakly.

"I am a wonderful talker, I admit," he agreed; "but I got a hard face, Milton, whereas you, anyhow, look honest. So you should meet me at Hanley's afterward, understand me, and we would try to close the deal there and then."

He dug his hand into his trousers pocket and produced a modest roll of bills, from which he detached six dollars.

"Here is the money," he added, "and you should be here to meet them people at eight o'clock sharp."

On the stroke of eight Milton Jassy returned to Benson's office in the Siddons Theater Building and again seated himself at his desk in front of the pile of manuscript music. This time, however, he brushed aside the title page of his Opus 47 and spread out an evening paper to beguile the tedium of awaiting Benson's "prospects." Automatically he turned to the department headed Music and Musicians, and at the top of the column his eye fell on the following item:

Ferencz Lánczhid, the Budapest virtuoso, will be the soloist at the concert this evening of the Philharmonic Society. He will play the Tschaikovsky Violin Concerto, Opus 35, and the remainder of the program will consist of Dvořák's Symphony, *Aus der Neuen Welt*, and the ever-popular Meistersinger Overture.

Jassy heaved a tremulous sigh as he concluded the paragraph and leaned back in his chair, while in his ears sounded the adagio passage that introduces the first movement of the New World Symphony. Simultaneously the occupant of the next office slammed down his rolltop desk and began to whistle a lively popular melody. It was Wildcat Rag, and Milton struck the outspread newspaper with his clenched fist. Then rising to his feet he gathered together the loose pages of his Opus 47 and placed them tenderly in a leather case just as the door opened and Elkan and Yetta entered.

"I hope we ain't late," Elkan said.

"Not at all," Milton replied. "This is Mr. and Mrs. Lubliner—ain't it?"

As he drew forward a chair for Yetta he saluted his visitors with a slight, graceful bow, a survival of his conservatory days.

"Sit down," he said; "we got lots and lots of time."

"I thought the show started at a quarter past eight—ain't it?" Elkan asked.

"It does and it doesn't," Milton replied hesitatingly; "that is to say, some shows start at a quarter past eight and others not till half past eight."

"But I mean this here Diners Out starts at a quarter past eight—ain't it?" Elkan insisted.

"The Diners Out!" Milton exclaimed as though he heard the name for the first time. "Oh, sure, the Diners Out starts at a quarter past eight, and that's just what I wanted to talk to you about."

He turned to Yetta with an engaging smile which, with his black hair and his dark, melancholy eyes, completely won over that far from unimpressionable lady.

"Now, Mrs. Lubliner," he began, "your husband is a business man—ain't it? And if some one comes to him and says, 'Mr. Lubliner, I got here two garments for the same price—say, for example, two dollars. One of 'em is made of cheap material, *aber* plenty of it *mit* cheap embroidery on it, understand me; while the other is from finest silk a garment—not much of it, y'understand, but plain and beautiful.'"

"What for a garment could you got for two dollars?" Elkan asked—"especially a silk garment?"

"He's only saying for example, Elkan," Yetta interrupted.

"Garments I am only using, so to speak," Milton explained. "What I really mean is: You got your choice to go to a popular show like the Diners Out or to a really highgrade show, Mr. Lubliner. So I leave it to you, Mr. Lubliner. Which shall it be?"

Once again he smiled at Yetta.

"Why, to the highgrade show, sure," Yetta replied, and she seized her husband by the arm. "Come along, Elkan!" she cried; and after Milton had secured the leather portfolio containing his Opus 47 they proceeded immediately to the elevator.

"We could walk over there from here," Milton said when they reached the sidewalk, and he led the way across town toward Carnegie Hall.

"What for a show is this we are going to see?" Elkan asked. "Also a musical show?"

Milton nodded.

"The best musical show there is," he declared. "Do you like maybe to hear good music?"

"I'm crazy about it," Yetta replied.

"Symphonies, concerti and such things?" Milton inquired.

"Symphonies?" Elkan repeated. "What is symphonies?"

"I couldn't explain it to you," Milton said, "because we ain't got time; *aber* you would see for yourself. Only one thing I must tell you, Mr. Lubliner—when the orchestra plays you shouldn't speak nothing—Mrs. Lubliner neither."

"I wouldn't open my mouth at all," Elkan assured him solemnly; and a few minutes later Milton seated himself in the last row of the parterre at Carnegie Hall, with Elkan and Yetta—one each side of him.

"So you ain't never been to a symphony concert before?" Milton began, leaning toward Elkan; and, as the latter shook his head, a short, stout person in the adjoining seat raised his eyebrows involuntarily. "Well, you got a big pleasure in store for you," Milton went on; "and another thing I must got to tell you: Might you would hear some pretty jumpy music which you would want to keep time to *mit* your foot. Don't you do it!"

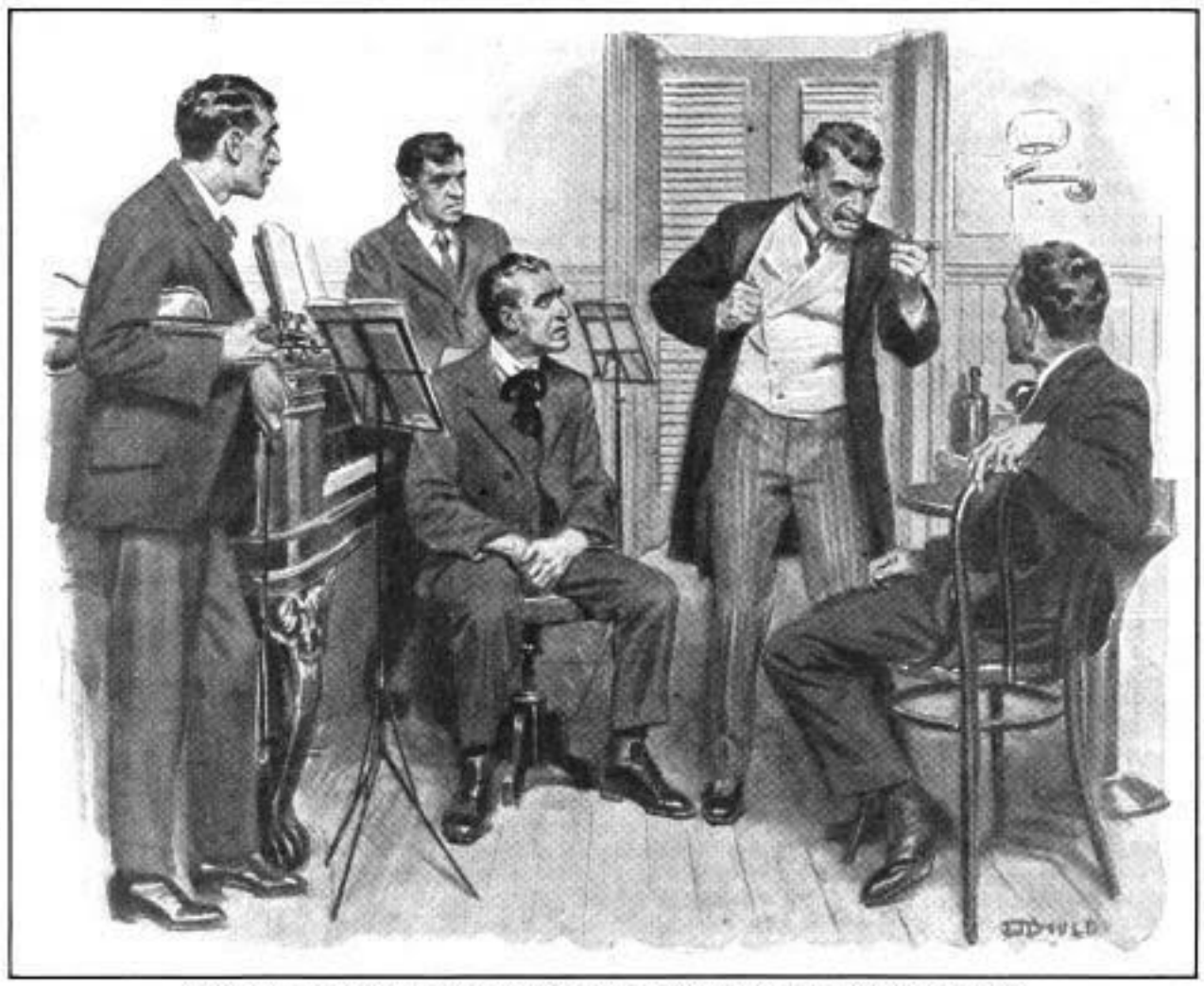
Elkan's neighbor concealed a smile with one hand, and then he, too, turned to Elkan, who had received Milton's warning with a sulky frown.

"You're friend is right," he said. "People always have to be told that the first time they go to a symphony concert; and the next time they go they not only see the wisdom of such advice, but they want to get up and lick the man that does beat time with his foot."

He accompanied his remark with so gracious a smile that Elkan's frown immediately relaxed.

"A new beginner couldn't get too much advice," he said, and his neighbor leaned farther forward and addressed Milton.

(Continued on Page 28)



"So! I am a Goose, am I? You Loafer, You! Out of Here Before I Kick You Out!"

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The A B C of Unscrambling Eggs

An Interview With Senator Albert B. Cummins



By Henry Beach Needham

DECORATIONS BY JOHN R. NEILL

IN THE late seventies the farmers of the Middle West were all fenced in by the Barb-Wire Trust, and their position was exceedingly uncomfortable and restrained. The trust had gathered in all patents on barb wire and on machines for making barb wire, and the farmers were getting the barb at every turn. Fence wire was selling at ten, eleven or twelve cents a pound. Unwilling to be gouged any longer, the Farmers' Protective Association, of Des Moines, Iowa, started a factory to manufacture barb wire. Of course the trust got after them, charging infringement of patents. In the first litigation the trust won. The farmers blamed their own attorneys. Finally they determined to make one last try to beat the trust. A delegation of farmers came to town one day and put this question to a disinterested person of wide acquaintance and fair understanding:

"Is there an honest lawyer in Des Moines?"

"I believe there is one down in Judge Wright's office," was the reply. "Hasn't been practicing long. His name is Cummins—A. B. Cummins."

The farmers went to Cummins and laid their case before him. He took the papers and mulled over them for two days and two nights. Then he returned the documents with this memorandum:

"This is simple.—A. B. C."

And today the farmers of Iowa ascribe to that incident the genesis of the expression, "As simple as A B C."

Cummins took up the cause of the farmers against the trust and won a complete victory. When he began the fight he had never tried a patent case. Opposed to him were the best patent lawyers of the country, among them Ben Thurston, of Providence, Rhode Island, and Fred Lehmann, who is now solicitor-general of the United States. In the final decision, rendered by Justice Brewer, afterward a member of the United States Supreme Court, every machine patent controlled by the trust was knocked out and all but one of the patents on barb wire, the exception being of no great importance. Cummins had fought for five years. During that time he neglected all other practice for the farmers' litigation. But in the end he saw the trust beaten—dissolved forever. And instead of paying eleven cents the farmers of Iowa and elsewhere got their fence wire for three cents a pound. A. B. C. proved himself to be some trust-buster.

Cummins and the Blind Goddess

IT WAS in this litigation that John W. Gates discovered Cummins. Gates had organized a company to manufacture fence wire in St. Louis in opposition to the trust. The company was operating on nerve; the capital was next to nothing, and Gates himself was as poor as the turkey that scratched round in Job's back yard. But Gates was keenly interested in the wire litigation, because he expected hourly to be sued by the trust. So he traveled to Keokuk, Iowa, where Cummins was fighting an application for a temporary injunction against the Farmers' Protective Association. At the conclusion of the arguments in court Gates had to borrow money to get back home. But he took with him a promise from Cummins to act as his counsel.

Some time after this John W. Gates conceived the idea of forming a steel and wire combination. He took Cummins to New York to meet the men who had agreed to finance the undertaking. This was A. B. C.'s first plunge into high finance—and his last. He saw properties valued at thirty-two million dollars merged in a combination and the capitalization placed at ninety million dollars. He saw a banking house, which assumed no responsibility, take common stock to the par value of eleven million six hundred thousand dollars—stock that was quoted at fifty-nine, soon after the combination was launched, and that was therefore worth over six millions—and merely because the transaction passed through its office. But he saw nothing done in violation of law, nothing that was regarded as irregular in business circles.

"Those who know Cummins best," said a friend, "declare that it was not Cummins the lawyer who rebelled, but Cummins the carpenter." You see, his father was a carpenter, and in his early youth A. B. C. learned the carpenter's trade. It was by his skill with tools that he paid his way through preparatory school and college and obtained his legal education.

Cummins might have remained in New York, but instead he returned to Iowa—to become leader of the bar, thrice governor of his state, United States senator, and a public man who is seriously mentioned for the presidential nomination. He is a man of unusual legal attainments. His is a mind that can grasp and grapple with complex economic problems. His is a moral mind, and he can view each Government question from the standpoint of the public welfare as well as from the angle of commercial expediency. Cummins knows. He knows, because his preparation for the job he now holds by virtue of popular choice was as complete as the highbrow reformer or the lowbrow politician or the "high-low" Wall Street business man could reasonably ask. In Congress today there is no man who has given so much careful and intelligent study to the trust problem as Senator Cummins has devoted to this great question, no man whose experience and training so well entitle him to offer a solution. His views are set forth in the following interview, which I obtained from him in the holiday recess of Congress.

"The anti-trust law has had a checkered career," said Senator Cummins. "It was despised and disregarded in its infancy, but hated and feared as it grew toward its majority. It was a weak absurdity as exemplified in the Knight case, but a sword of Damocles as interpreted in the Standard Oil case. No law save this one ever recovered from such a blow as was administered to it in the opinion of the Supreme Court in the Sugar Trust suit; and its convalescence through almost twenty years of intermittent fever to complete health in the oil and tobacco litigation is the most wonderful evidence of the power and persistence of the will of the people working through the rational forces of civilization, that this country has ever seen. It is apparent, however, that its vicissitudes are not over, for the Circuit Court in New York has taken the righteous opinion and explicit mandate of the Supreme Court in the American Tobacco Company case and has approved a plan of reorganization which leaves the independent tobacco manufacturers and the general public in worse plight than they were in before the Government attacked the monopoly; and the utterly inexplicable thing is that the attorney-general refuses to take an appeal so that the Supreme Court may have a chance to say whether the reorganization is in harmony with the law and with its opinion, and publicly announces his approval of the action of the Circuit Court.

"Without going into details the effect of the plan which now has judicial approval is to divide the business of the American Tobacco Company among fourteen corporations, three very large ones which take substantially all the business and property, and eleven comparatively small ones which take what remains; and the old stockholders of the American Tobacco Company own or control all these corporations and have practically the same proportionate interest in each of them which they had in the old company. The purpose of the Supreme Court was to create a condition which would restore competition. The man who says there is likely to be or will naturally be competition among these fourteen corporations needs either a brain or a conscience; he can take his choice. If it were not known to be in truth a tragedy the whole performance would be accepted by any audience as a screaming farce."

Competition the Fair Regulator of Prices

HERE we have a commentary on the Tobacco decree that is disheartening to all who have sought relief from the oppressions of the trusts. A Republican senator characterizes the outcome of one of the Government's three great suits against illegal monopolies as a "tragedy" with the elements of a "screaming farce"!

More temperate—or, let us say, diplomatic—was the opinion expressed by Elbert H. Gary. Asked if the "decrees will restore competition between the integral companies which formerly constituted the Tobacco and the Standard Oil Trusts," Judge Gary replied:

"I hope so; but the question is involved in some doubt."

"If we find that this is all that the law will do for the people," continued Senator Cummins, "if this is the final outcome of the superb theoretical construction of the statute, reached through weary years of labor, we must do all the work over again, for I believe that it is a fundamental tenet of our economic faith that in our private industries reasonable, healthful competition shall be the regulator of prices; and, further, that it is within our power to create and maintain conditions under which competition must and will exercise its proper influence.

"It is hard to tell just now whether the anti-trust law is suffering more from the attacks of its unreasonable enemies or from the defense of its unreasonable friends. The former are endeavoring to create a hysteria among the business men, imputing to the law and its enforcement all the commercial ills which are known to exist, as well as all the troubles which a morbid imagination can conceive. The latter in their zeal for correct principles insist that the authors of the law had a degree of wisdom and a degree of foresight which human beings never had and never will have. These defenders of the anti-trust law are so devoted in their worship that they proclaim everybody who thinks even of attempting better to fit the law to conditions which have developed since its passage, as engaged in a conspiracy to weaken and destroy it. Between these two extremes there is, I believe, a body of men who, holding fast to the real spirit of the law, believe that the experience of twenty years of interpretation and application of the statute, coupled with the experience of the same period

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with the forms which industry and commerce have assumed, not only enable but require the men of this time to make the law a juster and more efficient instrument to carry into effect the exact purpose which the Congress of 1890 desired to accomplish."

The extremists are of two classes: those who would undo and those who would do nothing. Between the two are the *men,* like Senator Cummins, who would fit the law to modern conditions and make it more effective. "Strict constructionists" may quarrel with this program. They're reminded of Woodrow Wilson's epigram, that certain provisions of the Federal Constitution are outgrown and "if you button them over the belly they split up the back."

"Aside from its remedies and penalties," said Senator Cummins, "the anti-trust law prohibits just two things:

"First, restraint of trade, or possibly, as now understood, undue restraint of trade through contracts, combinations or conspiracies.

"Second, monopolies or attempts to create monopolies, however brought about.

"There is not a man in the country, whatever his relations to business may be, who will say that he believes that there should be any unreasonable restraint of trade, or that there should be monopolies or attempts to establish monopolies; and therefore it seems to me perfectly clear that the prohibitions of the statute must remain just as they are, with undiminished force. Indeed, I think it may be said that it will be difficult to find a man who believes that we ought to permit any restraint of trade."

The Need of Legal Definition

"THE Supreme Court interpreted the law finally, and since then many men of differing minds have been interpreting the court's interpretation. As a natural result, haven't we become a little confused on that point of restraint of trade?" I asked the senator.

"I think so," replied Mr. Cummins. "It is generally supposed that the Supreme Court has qualified the prohibition of the statute by construing it to mean that only unreasonable or undue restraints of trade are forbidden; but I think that when all the Supreme Court has said is fairly analyzed, what the court really means is that there may be restraints upon competition which are not unreasonable, and that when the restraints upon competition are not unreasonable there is no restraint of trade. What I have said must be, in the very nature of things, the conclusion of all sober-minded men, because the common law of the English-speaking race, which is a part of our civilization, denounces all restraints of trade and all unreasonable restraints of competition, as well as all monopolies of an industrial character.

"It does not follow that because we must hold untouched the prohibitions against restraints of trade and monopolies therefore the statute should not be amended or supplemented. When our ancestors in the building up of the common law brought into existence the phrase 'restraint of trade' and the word 'monopoly,' as applied to industrial situations, life was very simple and business very small as compared with the complexity of modern industry and the volume of modern business. Formerly it was not difficult to understand just what restraint of trade meant and just what monopoly included; but as the world has developed, as the new instrumentalities of intercourse and communication have been discovered, as new economies which inhere in large industries have become known, and especially since the corporation with all its possibilities has substantially taken possession of production and commerce, it is not so easy to tell just what arrangements, contracts or combinations are in restraint of trade or create a monopolistic power. We know vastly more about the subject than Congress did in 1890, and I think it is entirely practicable to define legislatively these terms with far greater accuracy than they could have been defined when the law was passed. Moreover, the law-making power establishes the policy of a nation. Restraints of trade and monopolies relate to a public policy, and there would be no prohibition against either were it not that they are believed to be contrary to the general welfare of the people. It seems to me, therefore, after studying the subject over carefully, that Congress ought to describe certain combinations that have taken place or that are likely to take place in the future, and say whether they shall be regarded as reasonable or unreasonable restraints of trade. Congress ought to do this not only for the protection of all men engaged in business and for those who are in these combinations, but for the protection of the general public especially."

Define the terms "restraint of trade" and "monopoly" in the light of modern ideas and present-day industrial conditions, Senator Cummins recommends.

Describe a type of combination already effected and a type likely to be effected, and let Congress declare: "We sanction this twentieth-century business model," or "We are legislating against this particular type of monopolistic enterprise." Do this for the protection of all men engaged in business; do it for the enlightenment of those who are connected with combination; but do it particularly for the benefit of the general public.

"In one respect the law is so uncertain that its application to a given state of facts can never be foretold," insisted Senator Cummins, "but must be awaited until the instance actually reaches the Supreme Court of the United States—and no one instance would be an unerring guide in any other. I put this case for illustration: Suppose there were twelve business concerns doing all the business in a certain field of commerce or industry, and doing it in substantially equal proportions. If an association of enterprising persons were to combine eleven of these concerns into one management, which would take in about ninety-two per cent of the business done, it is perfectly clear that the combination would be a restraint of trade and would be condemned as a monopoly or an attempt to create a monopoly. Suppose again that two of these concerns were to combine in a single management, doing sixteen or seventeen per cent of the business, and if we assume that the methods of this combination are fair and honest it is just as clear that such a combination would not be either in restraint of trade or a monopoly. Suppose, however, that four or five or six of these concerns want to combine in one management, doing thirty-five, forty-five or fifty-five per cent of the whole volume of the business, and assuming that its methods are fair and honest, there is no lawyer in the United States who would dare risk an opinion, to be acted upon, as to the lawfulness or unlawfulness of such a combination. The innocence or guilt of the persons involved in such a transaction could never be known until proceedings were instituted, and a trial had, and the case had dragged its weary length to the Supreme Court of the United States; and a decision there would depend upon the individual economic views of the members of the court rather than upon their legal learning."

"Does not this constitute an objection which business men of the country may reasonably urge against the Sherman Law?"

"As I look at it," replied Senator Cummins, "this is the most serious objection which the business men of the country can make against the anti-trust law."

"What, in your judgment, ought to be done to relieve business men of this uncertainty?"

"If I had my way about it," said the senator, "I should organize an industrial commission composed of men of the highest fitness, clothed with the authority and charged with the duty, among other things, of determining whether any such proposed combination of existing independent establishments was or was not a restraint of trade or the creation of a monopoly. If such a proposed organization were held by the commission to be in and of itself objectionable under the law, then it could by the process of the courts be immediately arrested. If, on the contrary, the commission held that the combination of such separate establishments was not a restraint of trade and was not a monopoly in and of itself, then a determination to that effect ought to preclude any future inquiry into that question. It, of course, would not preclude a prosecution for violation of the law if the combination pursued such unfair or dishonest or oppressive practices in carrying on its business as constituted a restraint of trade. If this plan were adopted business men could know at least whether they were beginning lawfully, and in my judgment this would greatly allay the apprehensions of honest men and at the same time it would effectively protect the general public. There are many other things that such a commission could well do toward preventing the continuance of unlawful practices in business by insuring publicity and by admonitions which, if disregarded, would be followed by prompt prosecution.

"I must not, however, continue these questions of detail. My sole object is to emphasize my belief that, without weakening the anti-trust law in the slightest degree, but on the other hand giving it additional strength, we can make it a better guide to honest business men and a more adequate safeguard of the public welfare."

"You are not one of those who believe that the day of competition has gone, never to return?"

"No," replied the senator, "I am not. A great many unthinking people, as well as a great many thinking people, seem to have reached the conclusion that competition has gone and that we must resort to regulated monopoly. I am not one of these people. I believe that the maintenance of healthy, sound, fair competition is essential not only to the prosperity of the business world, but to the maintenance of the institutions under which we live. I understand perfectly that as far as common carriers and public-utility companies are concerned we have in great measure abandoned competition, and in abandoning competition we have necessarily undertaken as a Government to fix the prices at which these public companies shall render their service. I understand, also, that in so doing we have adopted as to that part of our business life the doctrines of socialism. I am heartily in favor of that measure of regulation as applied to public and quasi-public business, but I am exceedingly reluctant to see any approach toward that system of government in our private industrial affairs. It goes without saying that the people will not tolerate private monopoly, and there are but two methods remaining through which the distribution of wealth produced in industry can be effected. The first is competition, the second is Government direction. The former has been the law of the world and, as I think, ought to remain the law of the world. The latter is socialism—not a tendency toward socialism, but socialism itself."

How People Have Become Progressive

"WHENEVER the Government undertakes the supervision and approval of agreements among producers to fix prices, or the regulation of monopolies, it at the same time has undertaken to fix prices; and whenever it fixes prices it determines how the proceeds of industry shall be distributed—and that is the essence of socialism. I am not scouting the socialistic theory. We may sometime adopt it, but I am an individualist and believe that the progress of the people in all ages is the result of rivalry—that is, competition. There is a sense in which all government is a restriction upon competition, and I am of course in favor of fair and reasonable restrictions upon the competitive force, to the end that we may not witness that dishonest and ruinous strife which is sometimes called competition but which has for its purpose the mere destruction of a rival.

"Summing it all up, I believe in regulated competition and cannot accept regulated monopoly or monopolistic power. In the work before us in Congress I intend to do everything in my power to preserve competition as a regulator of prices and as the force that determines the distribution of wealth."

Senator Cummins would deal with the trust question constructively. His views as to new legislation, announced after careful study and consideration of the complex subject, are progressive but not radical. His viewpoint is threefold—legal, economic and social—and to him the social side of the question is of paramount importance. Specifically he proposes:

1. To supplement the Sherman Law with a statutory definition of the terms "restraint of trade" and "monopoly." This is in line with a suggestion made to the committee by George H. Earle, Junior, lawyer and banker of Philadelphia. Mr. Earle would have Congress define restraint of trade from the definition of the English cases in which the common law was laid down, because the Supreme Court has now held that the Sherman Law is but an application of the common-law principles to our national questions

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THE CALF-PATH

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

Rickey Raymond Applies the Doctrine of Non-Resistance

ROSES and sunshine. A blue sky above and green turf below; the musical tinkle of falling water in the depths of the arroyo and a distant rim of pink-and-purple hills; a desert oasis, with only modified desert beyond and china-berry and pepper in place of waving palm—an oasis renovated and cultivated, yet with pleasant possibilities of future improvement and no deadly note of primness in the bounds of its fertility.

"Dog isn't any name for it," Rickey Raymond declared with entire absence of modesty. "Dog seems to me a peaked, knock-kneed, narrow-chested expression; and I ain't like a person that don't know a certain amount of dog when I see it. Maybe you've heard rumors and caynards that me and the madam done Galveston to sort of top off with? Well, it's true. Sure, we did. And you take them hostelries in Galveston —— Still, yet and again, I may be mistaken. The first time I toted my paintcan into El Paso I thought she was some, and by the time I've seen New Orleans and New York I may get plumb disgusted with this little old shack and tear it down and build me a five-story brick, with a private bath. Sit down, you two-yards-and-a-quarter of homeliness, and make your miserable life happy."

The unusually tall man, with the melancholy, drooping black mustaches, smiled tolerantly as he complied with the invitation and tilted his chair back against the clapboards of the neat new cottage.

"It's dog for a common waddie like you, anyway," he observed gently.

"That's what I'm telling you," said Rickey, still beaming with pride. "For a boy like me, that a blanket or a tarp was aplenty good habitation for, I reckon I haven't got no kick to register. I doubt whether you took in all the fine points of this here abode of mine, Bob. You seen the walls was plastered; but did you notice they was hard-finished? No? I allowed you didn't. Yes, sirree—hard-finished; and you're leaning your head against two coats of paint besides the priming right this minute. Don't move; you can't rub 'em off."

"I take it them poles is genuine solid cottonwood," remarked the tall man, nodding at the corral. "You ain't trying to make a bluff with cheap mahogany stained up to imitate it, are you?"

"Josh on," said Rickey with a sigh of content. "Kid all you've a mind to; but if I ever gambled I'd bet you a bale of kale against a blind-bridle that you never seen a better put-up corral than what that is. I'll hobble down and show it to you after a while and I'll let you feast your eyes on the dandiest roothouse in the territory. Dog!"

"You ain't gambling any more, then?" queried Curran curiously.

"Not if it was ever so," replied Rickey. "It's the aim of my earnest young life to get away from it. I quit riding for the Bar T because of my weakness thataway. Says I: 'I'll go to mining, which is safe and sane, and ain't got no element of risk to it.' Then I get blowed into seventeen pieces, which was only held together by my skin; and when I come to I find you've bought me rich and more acoming. So I quit mining. Then I get married."

"No gamble about that, ever," drawled Curran.

"It's a cinch," agreed Rickey. "I hear something aclinking in the kitchen right now," he continued. "I wouldn't be surprised a particle if —— What did I tell you?"

Mrs. Raymond came toward them from the kitchen, bearing something that was still "aclinking."



"Rickey, You Did Me a Good Turn Once and I've Been Looking for a Chance to Do You One for Four Years"

She was a highly personable young woman, with deep blue eyes and a smile that flatly contradicted a hint of firmness in her chin. And when Rickey answered that smile he looked quite handsome too.

"Lemonade!" Rickey exclaimed, feigning disgust as he peered into the pitcher. "But she means well, Bob. One of the best-hearted girls you ever seen when you get to know her, is Maggie."

"See that he doesn't drink it all, Mr. Curran," the young matron cautioned; and before the blushing visitor could disentangle his legs from the rungs of his chair and make an apt response she was back in the kitchen.

"Lemonade!" Rickey continued. "Say, Bob, if you're dry, and you want to amble sort of casual along to the toolshed and reach your hand up under the eaves at the northeast corner, maybe you'll find something. And then again you might get fooled up a mess," he added as Curran looked at him disapprovingly. "No, Bob; I don't drink and I don't gamble, and I don't smoke not above from twenty to twenty-five cigaroots a day now. I've give up all that makes life worth living—and, what's mighty strange, I don't seem to mind it."

"How about fighting?" asked Curran, wiping his mustaches with a large handkerchief of superfine cambric.

Rickey looked at him queerly.

"I thought you'd come to it if I talked long enough," he said after a pause. "Why, as to fighting, I don't say, but if there was some just cause or impediment ——"

"There's an impediment, all right," said Curran. "His name's P. J. Cruser, which same you may recall as the gentleman who skinned us out of the Top-Notch mine, and tried to skin you and Jimmie Orr out of the Lady Lou."

"I skinned him first," remarked Rickey, his gaze fixed on the purple hills. "It was the bridge of his nose. Yes, I recall him, now you mention him. What particular deviltry is he up to now?"

"Trying to box us up," Curran replied. "Working a bill through the legislature to make the old Escobedo Trail to White Crow Pass a toll road. Of course he widened it some and leveled it off; but it stood him in hand to do it to get his connection with Sentinel Butte. Now he wants to hog it all and, particular, keep us from getting out."

Rickey hardly seemed impressed.

"How can he?" he asked. "I reckon we can pay a reasonable toll like other folks if we have to."

"It won't be a reasonable toll. He'll soak us all the traffic will bear and then what your daddy-in-law calls a 'modeecum'—and it's the only way out of Garnet Basin. I tell you, young fellow, it's a mighty serious situation; and that old four-eyed son-of-a-gun is going to spend money to rush the thing through." Curran was speaking very earnestly now, and he would have proceeded at some length in the same strain if he had not noticed that Rickey's face was working in an alarmingly spasmodic manner. As the elder man stopped, Rickey burst out in an explosive snort, strangled, choked and then abandoned himself without restraint to a fit of wild hilarity.

"Take your time," suggested Curran mildly at the end of the outburst. "Just get through and then tell me the joke so's I can have my turn."

"I was thinking of some poetry I've been reading," explained Rickey, dabbing the moisture from his eyes. "It was right comical. And then there's this here Paul Jarley Cruser. First I lick him and he plays even by leaving me afoot ninety-nine miles from nowhere on the desert; then I meet up with him again and ride the gizzard out of him over that same Escobedo Trail, and he digs in and comes close to beating me out of my best girl; next thing I scare him so's he falls out of his chair and he comes back by shutting off my grub and freezing Jimmie's feet so bad we was within one of leaving the Lady Lou for him to jump. He's powerful bad medicine, P. J. is! Leave him alone."



Mrs. Raymond Came Toward Them, Bearing Something That Was Still "Aclinking"

"Sure not," disagreed the other. "I'm agoing to give him company at Santa Fe. I aimed to take you along with me, account of your standin' with Lucas and some of them Greaser members; but if you're sort of dubersome about mixing in with Mr. Cruser we won't say nothing more about it. Of course it may cut down on the royalties we was figuring on paying you; but you don't care nothing about royalties so long as you can set here and look at that corral of yours."

"The corral ain't the onliest thing I've got that's worth looking at," said Rickey.

"I know," said Curran. "I wouldn't want to let her out of my sight, either, if I was in your place. Of course you couldn't do it; I told Jimmie that. 'There's no use you depending on Rickey, under the circumstances,' I says."

Rickey chuckled again with an enjoyment that his friend's transparent insinuation hardly seemed to warrant.

"You knew that would fetch me, didn't you?" he said. "Well, I'm a cripple, and the trip will probably set me back so I'll never get over it; but if you can square me with the madam I'll go and try P. J. a whirl or two. Now come and look at them chicken coops of mine."

That night Bob Curran having mounted to the guest chamber upstairs, Rickey and Mrs. Raymond talked him over, according to the immemorial custom of hosts and hostesses who live in sweet accord—that is to say, Mrs. Raymond talked and Rickey listened, sitting at her feet, his head very comfortably pillowed.

"He's a nice man, but tiresome," the lady remarked.

"How do you mean tiresome, honey?"

"Well, I think he might have gone to bed before. And then he blushes and stammers so much. He's a very timid man, isn't he?"

Owing to his position she was unable, without bending over, to see Rickey smile.

"He's right timid," agreed the young man. "He's the startled fawn who walked into Gib Lemmon's shack and dragged him out, single-handed."

"Who was Gib Lemmon?"

"The Curly-Headed Cauliflower from San Simon. That's what I done heard him call himself."

Mrs. Raymond tweaked a strand of the black hair in her lap.

"Do you know it will take me a weary while to get used to you, my dear?" she said. "But will he be a good man? I know he's honest, but —— You say you are going to Santa Fe to fight. Perhaps I'm too Scotch to see the joke, but I'm sure you'd not let him lead you ——"

"I ain't halter-broke, darling," Rickey interrupted; "and it's just to fight a bill. You see, I know old Lucas, and Bob thinks I might be of some use." He went into some detail, to which she listened attentively. "But you're going along," he concluded. "I made up my mind to that."

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Suddenly he was seized with the same fit of laughter that had shaken him four or five hours before. It was the more violent by reason of the necessity for subduing it.

"What is it?" asked Maggie, laughing out of sympathy.

"It's ——" Rickey controlled himself with an effort. In an unsteady voice he began to quote:

"One day, through the primeval wood,
A calf walked home, as good calves should."

"I'm sure I don't see anything to laugh at, you absurd *man,*" said Mrs. Raymond.

"Then how does this strike you?" inquired Rickey. "Listen!

"But made a trail all bent askew—
A crooked trail, as all calves do."

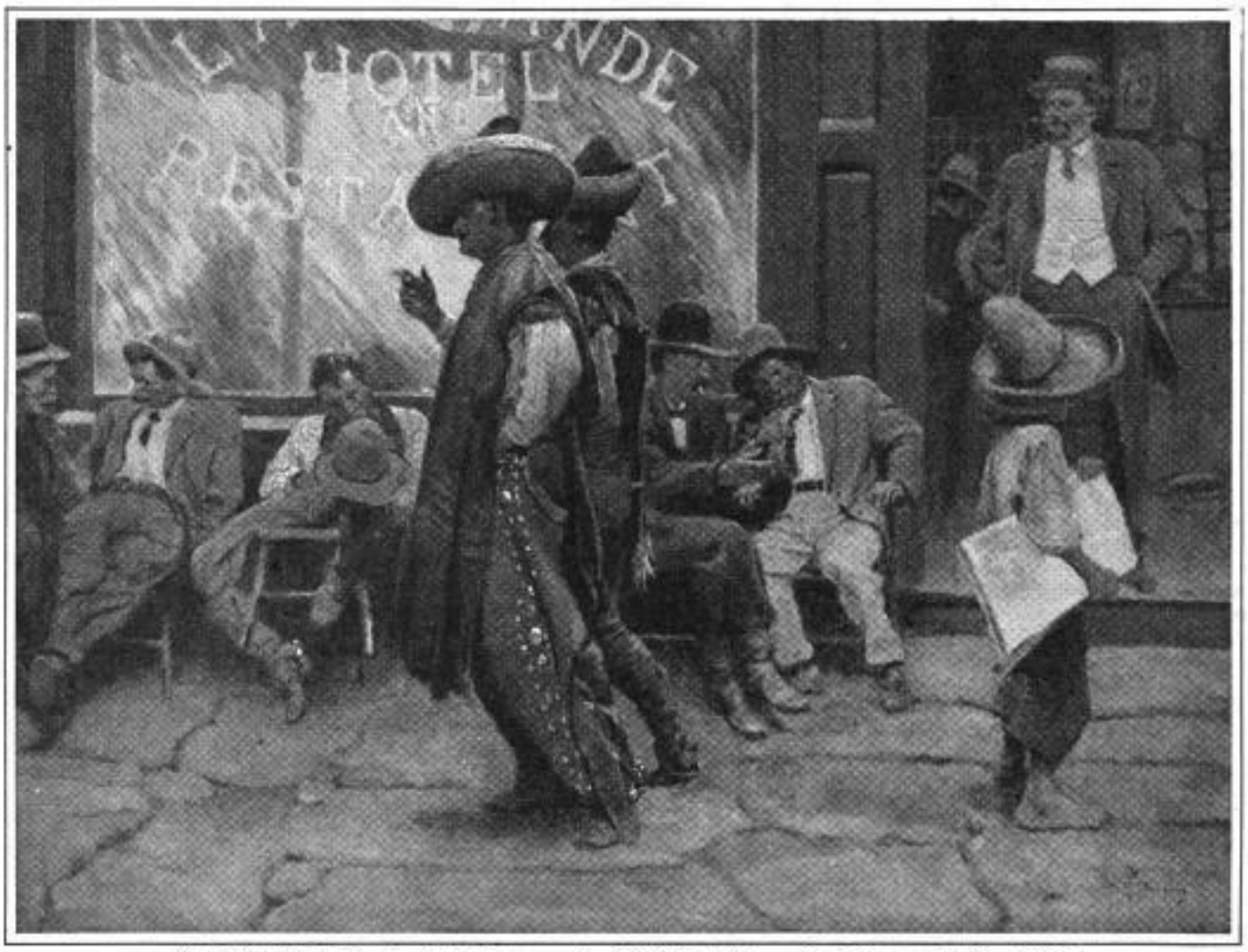
"The moon is too strong for you, poor boy!" said his wife commiseratingly. "But now you listen: I'm not going to Santa Fe. You will go with Mr. Curran by your ainsel' and I will be doing very well here at home. I'll have no one saying I dare not let my husband out of my sight."

Rickey assumed no air of injured innocence. He knew that reformation which was a matter of mere months would be open to general question, and his heart swelled within him in humble gratitude for his wife's trust. He took the hand that was stroking his hair and pressed it against his cheek; but it was a minute or two before he spoke.

"It's going to be mighty tough away from you, hon!" he said; "but," he added with symptoms of returning merriment, "it's going to be too good to miss."

. . . . .

Santa Fe was busy—busy and blethering, busy and bland, busy in secret and silent ways, and in vociferously eloquent, flaming and fervid fashion. Francisco Street was thronged, the plaza blotched with black, consulting groups—all busy. The dark-skinned and the white mingled, confidentially buttonholing, or shirtsleeving where buttons and their concomitant holes were wanting. Even in the shadow of the old cathedral there was an unwonted activity, and the black-coated spiritual advisers and monitors of the faithful took a gesticulating hand in the political game that was being played. The legislature was in session and the axbearers were in from all over the territory, with a not inconsiderable few who privily carried large, sharp, gleaming knives. In Colorado Charlie's, which is not a hundred miles from the palace of the *conquistadores,* sat a heavy man with a placid, almost cherubic countenance, and with a plaited-leather watchguard stretching entirely across his stomach.



"But This White Crow Pass Road Incorporation Bill, Al. What are You Going to Do About It?"

Round him were half a dozen or more men who caught at the monosyllabic nothings that fell from his lips as if they were very pearls of wisdom, as perhaps they were. The most startling relations of assumed fact, the most eager questions of the little court, met with no further response from the heavy personage than these monosyllables, which sometimes did not attain the dignity of words; but every slow, kindly smile and every shake or nod of his head seemed to them to be significant. Yet Pap Lucas' chaff, like royalty's of old, was better than other folks' corn.

Now and then Lucas rolled his eyes leisurely, incuriously about the room or rested them in an abstracted manner upon some conversing group, and in one of these apparently listless excursions his gaze fell upon a young man who had just limped into the saloon, assisted by a cane and the arm of an unusually tall individual with drooping mustaches.

"Oh, Rickey!" called Lucas suddenly—and brutally, as concerned the olive-hued person who was whispering at his ear.

The young man who had just entered turned, and his white teeth flashed in a smile of relief.

"Here he is now," Rickey said to his long friend.

"I always did say you couldn't ride nothing like as well as you thought you could," remarked the political potentate with bovine pleasantry as he extended his pudgy, freckled hand to the cripple.

"What I rode would have come mighty nigh hoisting you, and that would be a considerable hoist," Rickey retorted. "It was a charge of dynamite. I'll make you acquainted with Mr. Curran, Mr. Lucas. Sometime in the next month or two, when you ain't too busy, we'd like to speak with you in private—Mr. Curran and me."

"You won't find a better time than right now," said the heavy man. He waved his hand; and at the majestic signal the group melted, or was melting, when he checked them for an instant. "You go to Tannahill and tell him it will be all right, Collins. Beach, I'd like to have you find out for sure whether that's so about the Glorieta bunch; and you, José, don't you worry. I'll tend to that. Now!"

"It's my belief that if Pap stood out by the Apache Cañon monument and waved a blanket to that effect, everybody'd leave town," declared Rickey, drawing a chair to the vacant table. "Bob, you keep tally on me while I explication a few lines."

"Hold your horses," commanded Lucas, and crooked a finger at an attendant. "What will it be?"

"I'll take ginger ale," replied Curran gravely as he lit an oily black cigar.

"Make mine lemonade," ordered Rickey; and as Lucas puffed out his expanse of clean-shaven cheek and emitted a whistle: "It's a notion of my wife's. It pleases her and the harm it does me ain't scassly worth mentioning. Bob here, he's just naturally capping her game."

"Bring me—bring—bring me an ice-cream soda," gasped Lucas. "Now go ahead, boys."

"There's a gentleman in town by the name of Cruser," Rickey began—"a large gentleman—almost as large as you are, Pap. And one time when Curran and his crowd wasn't looking Cruser bore down his whole cussed weight on Top-Notch stock, whereby the aforesaid Curran and his heretofore mentioned crowd lost Top-Notch—which is a mighty good mine—and P. J. Cruser owns it. Got that?"

Lucas nodded. "Met him," he said.

"I allowed you'd meet him," smiled Rickey. "Well, he puts in new machinery—smelter and all that—and hauls it in over the Escobedo Trail through White Crow Pass."

"Know all about it. Go on."

"What's the use?" demanded Rickey plaintively. "If you know the situation and what we want, you go right ahead and do the white thing."

"Where do you come in?" asked Lucas.

"We've got the Lady Lou mine; and the Lady Lou has got more copper to the square foot than Top-Notch has got to a square acre," Rickey explained. "I done discovered the vein myself by the simple and easy method of being on the spot when the blast went off. That's why I'm walking with a cane. Well, Bob here figures and Jimmie Orr figures—you know Jimmie—and other interested parties figure that if Cruser gobbles that Escobedo road he's got us by our respective tails, with a right good foothold and a downhill pull."

Lucas nodded.

"Consequentimentally we come to see you about it."

Lucas nodded again.

"Well?" Rickey inquired.

"The trouble is that he seen me first," Lucas sighed. "Rickey, you did me a good turn once and I've been looking for a chance to do you one for four years now; and you never gave me a chance. And here ——"

Curran had taken his cigar from his mouth and was blowing a puff of smoke at the ceiling—perhaps as a symbol of the transitory and ethereal nature of human hopes. He had that air. Decidedly his natural melancholy was deepened.

"I suppose that settles it," he observed.

"I don't say that," the Power admitted with some reluctance.

"Then you haven't passed your word to the other fellow," said Rickey with certainty. "That's all right, then."

"What in blazes is this!" exclaimed Lucas in sudden wrath, surveying the glass before him.

"It's ice-cream soda," Rickey informed him. "I reckon Manuel went to the drug store for it. But, nevertheless and notwithstanding, allowing for argument that it's a nut sundae, you haven't passed your word—no?"

"Not exactly," Lucas conceded.

"Then I'll give you your chance right now," said Rickey. "Bob, you move them lower extensions of yours to the hotel and see what P. J. is doing—if anything. I'll be over there myself inside of ten minutes or more."

As soon as Curran had departed, Rickey hitched his chair a little closer to the table and smiled reassuringly at his vis-à-vis.

"Here's the way I've got the situation sized up, Pap," he said. "You put me right if I'm wrong. You've seen Cruser and he's about got you convinced that now is the time for us wolves to howl together. You've settled about how much a howl it's going to cost, but you ain't convinced him? No? Yes? We'll let her flutter thataway. Next thing, there's Sabadel, Andorra, Benito and—well, no need of mentioning names; but they've got to be encouraged—and from what I hear there ain't much meat on the bones this session, so if Cruser's toll road ain't right juicy it might help fill up some. You'd like to help me out, and if I lay down on you real hard you'll help me anyway; but the boys are going to be disappointed and sort of lose confidence in you, more or less, and you won't be the influence for good you might be."

"Well?" said Lucas.

"I'm going to lay down on you hard," Rickey replied.

"You're entitled to, Bud," allowed the big man; but he sighed.

"So, to begin with and end up with, we'll let Mr. Cruser have his little old road."

Lucas almost raised himself from his chair in his amazement.

"But," continued Rickey—"b-u-t—but! Now listen with both ears while I whisper soft and low." He drew his chair closer still and whispered; and as he proceeded

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ON MAIN STREET

The Frenzied Eleventh Hour

ILLUSTRATION BY PETER NEWELL

ACCORDING to the best information on the subject, a considerable number of repentant souls are saved at the eleventh hour. In an even greater degree the same thing applies to theatrical productions. Especially does it apply to the variety known as musical comedies, which are so called because it is customary to kill out the comedy to make room for the music, and then kill out the music to make room to put the comedy back. Practically all musical comedies are saved at the eleventh hour—or, to be exact, at the eleventh hour and from then on. Sometimes they are saved at half past the eleventh hour, or at fifty-nine minutes and fifty-nine seconds past it; and sometimes, after having been thus saved, salvaged, reclaimed and jettisoned, they refuse to stay saved and are lost beyond recall.

A casual observer might suppose that the process of salvation would be undertaken a few weeks ahead of time, but such a procedure would not be in accord with the best traditions. Almost everything about the stage is in contradiction of the life it is presumed to reflect. If the stage holds the mirror up to Nature, as the late Bard once said, it does so after the fashion of a photographic plate, with the picture reversed and black showing as white and white showing as black. In theatrical undertakings the risks are greater, the losses bigger and the profits greater than in almost any other business; and yet in a business so complex and so intricate the principles that control ordinary businesses are promptly chucked overboard. Perhaps the reason for this is the fear that common business methods might cripple up or kill off the artistic side of it. Anyhow, nearly everything in the actual production of a musical comedy is done upside down; and though the producer often loses his head there's no excuse for it, because most of the time he's standing on it.

Ready for the Patient Towser

WITH these few explanatory remarks we shall now return to our subject which was, I believe, the eleventh hour of a musical show. Any musical show almost will do for an example. This show has passed through all the early preliminary stages. It has been written and rewritten, composed and decomposed. It has been taken apart, put back again, pulled out, shoved in, done over, twisted, turned inside out, altered, amended, shortened, expanded, beheaded, dehorned, trimmed, pruned and grafted. The stage manager has been changed; the lines have been changed until their author has to be reintroduced to his own work at each rehearsal; and the chorus, which never changes, but like Tennyson's brook goes babbling on forever, has been drilled until the tongues of its members hang out on their chests and look like pink plush badges of their calling. New musical numbers have been interpolated and disinterred with great rapidity. Costumes have been made, tried on, thrown away and new ones ordered. Scenery has been painted, looked at and put into the discard. Various members of the cast have walked out of their own accord or by invitation. The habit of walking out is very common in the early stages of a musical show. It must be a legacy that has come down from the good wildcatting days of the drama, when everybody walked but the ghost; and he who was not a good walker could never hope to be a good actor.

From the very first everything has gone wrong—which from the theatrical standpoint means that it has gone very well indeed. And so finally, after nine thousand small items have been forgotten and then remembered and then forgotten again, the piece is ready to be played and it is taken by train to be tried on the patient theatrical Towser at Providence, or Peoria, or Painted Post. After the first performance it is remade all over. Slabs of dialogue are chopped out and songs that didn't seem to go are beaten to death with a club. The poor thing is hacked and haggled and hamstrung in twenty places; the cast is changed some more; new finales are tried and found guilty. By now the plot has practically disappeared, only coming up about every ten minutes to breathe and then going right back down to the bottom.

By these signs it is made evident that the stage manager is whipping the production into shape. Still he isn't quite satisfied; he knows something is still lacking—he may not know what it is, but he knows it is. As for the owner, he cannot make up his mind whether he ought to put out a number-two company or take a running jump off the nearest dock. If there is an angel traveling along with the troupe he is apt to be in a similar frame of mind, provided he has any mind to be in a frame. Angel, you know, is the tradename for any financially gifted but mentally shy person who is breaking into the theatrical profession by furnishing the backing for a new show; and nearly always a pillbox or a medicine dropper would be a better thing to hold his mind in than a frame.

If the production be in the hands of one of the big established producers there will be no angel; but if a new and struggling producer is at the helm there will frequently be found lurking in the immediate offing somewhere an angel measuring, say, five feet six from tip to tip and wearing a chastened expression of countenance and carrying a depleted bankroll handy. Little Eva has nothing on certain struggling producers when it comes to starting up in the air after a touching death-scene on a stage and meeting a flock of angels coming down.

So the manager and the angel—if there be one—are in a state of ostensible mind. However, it is decided to keep the show out a few weeks and work on it, meanwhile offering it evenings to small-town audiences, who will stand for almost anything—and what they won't stand for they'll sit through. After a month or so of this fevered existence they take it into New York or Chicago, since every musical show must have a metropolitan run before it can expect to draw on the road. Back it comes then to the big city; and then there is a layoff of a week or two weeks, in order that it may be tuned up and freshened up and brightened up. A consultation having many of the essential aspects of an autopsy is held. Something must be done to the book, which is weak—and to the score, which is weaker. The owner now calls in a wrecking crew of those talented gentlemen who hang out in New York and Chicago and make a living by doing over the dramatic works of other men. In this instance the salvage corps will probably include a funny man to rewrite the book, a song writer to do some jingles, and a composer to provide new music. This is the usual number, though there is nothing to prevent the producer from hiring as many of these chaps as he can afford, so long as he keeps on paying the customary and specified royalties to the original authors.

There is one recent and notable instance of a piece that started out to be a straight comedy, but was made over into a farce and wound up as a sort of musical hodgepodge, with singing and dancing and a chorus. In its original shape it failed to draw on the road; whereupon all hands decided that it would be just the thing for New York—the invariable diagnosis in such cases being that if a show doesn't go on the road it will kill 'em dead on Broadway—but if it fails to please on Broadway it will surely set 'em wild on the road. So when, in the third and final reincarnation, this piece reached Broadway it had been tinkered at by so many collaborators and dramatic specialists that the producers billed it as a new piece by "a number of well-known authors," which was indeed a modest way of putting it since, first and last, there were said to have been twelve of them—or maybe it was thirteen.

On the opening night the practiced eye roving over the house could distinguish an author at a glance—he being one who remained quiet most of the time, yet at rare and remote intervals burst into hearty laughter. This would stamp him as an author—he laughed when he recognized one of his own wheezes. Despite the weight of literary talent, however, the play did not succeed—perhaps it had too many fond fathers for one brain child to support. It languished, as the word is. On the second night the audience was small—mainly authors and their wives. On the third night the attendance fell off nearly fifty per cent—the wives stayed away. And at the end of a few more nights the owners called up the storehouse and ordered suitable head and foot stones. The interment, though private and without flowers, was largely attended—all the authors came.

However, getting back to the musical show that returns to town to be touched up, we shall note as we go along farther that it is touched up to a fare-you-well. The producer rents a hall or borrows a stage from a brother manager and starts rehearsals all over again. It is highly probable that he also engages another star comedian, and another stage manager, and another man to mount and remount the dances. This is not the invariable rule, but it is customary to do something of the sort.

Beginning All Over Again

THE new star drops in and looks the situation over, meanwhile maintaining that air of haughty aloofness which a popular comedian always maintains on such an occasion. He goes through his first rehearsal and at the end of it he calmly annexes for his own every line, by whomsoever spoken, that sounds as though it might get a laugh. This naturally necessitates more alterations in the book. The chances are that he also brings along a hack dramatist of his own selection who will write into the show those favorite scenes, situations and passages by means of which he has heretofore pleased his public. These are slapped in anywhere—regardless. They may not match the rest of the material, but nobody objects. To object would not be etiquette; and besides, the comedian would take his foot in his hand and walk out. He'll walk out several times, anyhow, as time passes.

The new stage manager also looks things over. In nine times out of ten he begins his share of the entertainment by cutting out all the stage business of his predecessor and substituting his own notions. This means that everybody, from the principal down to the humblest chorus man, must learn over again in a new way what all of them already know in another way. Having thus mapped out his course of action, the stage manager removes his coat and instantly materializes from a mild-mannered man in noseglasses into a despot, alongside of whom Herod, Henry the Eighth and Tiberius, all rolled into one, would look like a charter member of the Band of Hope. From that moment the stage and all upon it belong to him. He is monarch of all he surveys—and he is a great little surveyor too. If he didn't have eyes all over him like a spider—or is it a fly that has eyes all over?—and a brain to comprehend a thousand and one things at one and the same time, he wouldn't be a success as a stage director. Everybody stands back and gives him room according to his strength. Nobody dares talk back at him—not even the authors—when he brutally carves a few more of the gizzards and other in'ards out of their stuff. Nobody must grumble or complain.

Only stars of the first magnitude may dare to take liberties with him; and even they, by the ironbound rules of the craft, may not argue with him. The comedian may stroll through his scenes with the

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Jarah Bernhardt Couldn't Stand Up Before an Audience and Eat a Pie Any Better Than That!

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THE LIGHTED WAY



By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

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XXIV

ARNOLD had a swift premonition of what had happened. He led Ruth to a chair and stood by her side. Ruth gazed round the room in bewilderment. The curtained screen that divided it had been torn down and the door of the inner apartment, which Isaac kept so zealously locked, stood open. Not only that, but the figure of a second man was dimly seen moving about inside, and a light shining out indicated that it was illuminated.

"I don't understand who you are or what you are doing here," Ruth declared, trembling in every limb.

"My name is Inspector Grant," the man replied. "My business is with Isaac Lalonde, who, I understand, is your uncle."

"What do you want with him?" she asked.

The inspector made no direct reply.

"There are a few questions," he said, "that it is my duty to put to you."

"Questions?" Ruth repeated anxiously.

"Do you know where your uncle is?"

Ruth shook her head.

"I left him here this morning," she replied. "He has not been outdoors for several days. I expected to find him here when I returned."

"We have been here since four o'clock," the man said. "There was no one here when we arrived, nor has any one been here since. Your uncle has no regular hours, I suppose?"

"He is very uncertain," Ruth answered. "He does newspaper reporting and he sometimes has to work late."

"Can you tell me what newspaper he is engaged upon?"

"The Signal, for one," Ruth replied.

Inspector Grant was silent for a moment.

"The Signal newspaper offices were seized by the police some days ago," he remarked. "Do you know of any other journal on which your uncle worked?"

She shook her head.

"He tells me very little of his affairs," she faltered.

The inspector pointed backward into the farther corner of the apartment.

"Do you often go into his room there?" he asked.

"I have not been in there for months," Ruth assured him. "My uncle keeps it locked up. He told me that there had been some trouble at the office and he was printing something in there."

The inspector rose slowly to his feet. On the table by his side was a pile of articles covered over with a tablecloth. Very deliberately he removed the latter and looked keenly at Ruth. She shrank back with a little scream. There were half a dozen murderous-looking pistols there, a rifle and a quantity of ammunition.

"What does your uncle need with these?" the inspector asked dryly.

"How can I tell?" Ruth replied. "I have never seen one of them before. I never knew that they were in the place."

"Nor I," Arnold echoed. "I have been a constant visitor here, too, and I have never seen a firearm of any sort before."

The inspector turned toward him.

"Are you a friend of Isaac Lalonde?" he asked.

"I am not," Arnold answered. "I am a friend of his niece here, Miss Ruth Lalonde. I know very little of Isaac, although I see him here sometimes."

"I should like to know your name if you have no objection," the inspector remarked.

"My name is Chetwode," Arnold told him. "I occupy a room on the other side of the passage."

"When did you last see Isaac Lalonde?"

Arnold did not hesitate for a moment. What he had seen at Hampstead belonged to himself. He deliberately wiped out the memory of it from his thoughts.

"On Thursday evening, here."

The inspector made a note in his book. Then he turned again to Ruth.

"You can give me no explanation, then, as to your uncle's absence tonight?"

"None at all. I can only say what I told you before, that I expected to find him here on my return."

"Was he here when you left this morning?"

"I believe so," Ruth assured him. "He very seldom comes out of his room until the middle of the day, and he does not like my going to him there. As we started very early I did not disturb him."

"Have you any objection," the inspector asked, "to telling me where you have spent the whole of today?"

"Not the slightest," Arnold interposed. "We have been to Bourne End and to a village in the neighborhood."

The inspector nodded thoughtfully. Ruth leaned a little forward in her chair. Her voice trembled with anxiety.

"Please tell me," she begged, "what is the charge against my uncle."

The inspector glanced over his shoulder at that inner room, from which fitful gleams of light still came. He looked down at the heap of pistols and ammunition by his side.

"The charge," he said slowly, "is of a somewhat serious nature."

Ruth was twisting up her glove in her hand.

"I do not believe," she declared, "that Isaac has ever done anything really wrong. He is a terrible Socialist and he is always railing at the rich, but I do not believe that he would hurt any one."

The inspector looked grimly at the little pile of firearms.

"A pretty sort of armory, this," he remarked, "for a peace-loving man. What do you suppose he keeps them here for in his room? What do you suppose ——"

They all three heard it at the same time. The inspector broke off in the middle of his sentence. Ruth, shrinking in her chair, turned her head fearfully toward the door that still stood half open. Arnold was looking in the same direction. Faintly but very distinctly they heard the patter of footsteps climbing the stone stairs. The sound was as though a man were walking upon tiptoe, yet dragging his feet wearily. The inspector held up his hand, and his subordinate, who had been searching the inner room, came stealthily out. Ruth, obeying her first impulse, opened her lips to shriek. The inspector leaned forward and his hand suddenly closed over her mouth. He looked toward Arnold, who was suffering from indecision.

"If you utter a sound," he whispered, "you will be answerable to the law."

Nobody spoke or moved. It was an odd little tableau grouped together in the dimly lighted room. The footsteps had reached the last flight of stairs now. They came slowly across the landing, then paused, as though the person who approached could see the light shining through the partly open door. They heard a voice, a voice almost unrecognizable, a voice hoarse and tremulous with fear, the voice of a hunted man.

"Are you there, Ruth?"

Ruth struggled to reply, but ineffectually. Slowly and as though with some foreboding of danger the footsteps came nearer and nearer. An unseen hand cautiously pushed the door open. Isaac stood upon the threshold, peering anxiously into the room. The inspector turned and faced him.

"Isaac Lalonde," he said, "I have a warrant for your arrest. I shall want you to come with me to Bow Street."

With the certainty of danger Isaac's fear seemed to vanish into thin air. He saw the open door of his ransacked inner room and the piled-up heap of weapons upon the table. Face to face with actual danger the courage of a wild animal at bay seemed suddenly vouchsafed to him.

"Come with you!" he cried. "I think not, Mr. Inspector. Are these the witnesses against me?"

He pointed to Ruth and Arnold. Ruth clutched her stick and staggered tremblingly to her feet.

"How can you say that, Isaac!" she exclaimed. "Arnold and I have only been home from the country a few minutes. We walked into the room and found these men here. Isaac, I am terrified. Tell me that you have not done anything really wrong!"

Isaac made no reply. All the time he watched the inspector stealthily. The latter moved forward now as though to make the arrest. Then Isaac's hand shot out from his pocket and a long stream of yellow fire flashed through the room. The inspector sprang back. Isaac's hand, with the smoke still curling from the muzzle of his pistol, remained extended.

"That was only a warning," Isaac declared calmly. "I aimed at the wall there. Next time it may be different."

There was a breathless silence. The inspector stood his ground, but he did not advance.

"Let me caution you, Isaac Lalonde," he said, "that the use of firearms by any one in your position is fatal. You can shoot me if you like, and my assistant, but if you do you will certainly be hanged. It is my duty to arrest you and I am going to do it."

Isaac's hand was still extended. This time he had lowered the muzzle of his pistol. The inspector was only human and he paused, for he was looking straight into the mouth of it. Isaac slowly backed toward the door.

"Remember, you are warned!" he cried. "If any one pursues me I shoot!"

His departure was so sudden and so speedy that he was down the first flight of stairs before the inspector started. Arnold, who was nearest the door, made a movement as though to follow, but Ruth threw her arms round him. The policeman who had been examining the other room rushed past them both.

"You shall not go!" Ruth sobbed. "It is no affair of yours. It is between the police and Isaac."

"I want to stop his shooting," Arnold replied. "He must be mad to use firearms against the police. Let me go, Ruth."

"You can't!" she shrieked. "You can't catch him now!"

Then she suddenly held her ears. Three times quickly they heard the report of the pistol. There was a moment's silence, then more shots. Arnold picked Ruth up in his arms and, running with her across the landing, laid her in his own easy-chair.

"I must see what has happened!" he exclaimed breathlessly. "Wait here."

She was powerless to resist him. He tore himself free from the clutch of her fingers and rushed down the stairs, expecting every moment to come across the body of one of the policemen. To his immense relief he reached the street without discovering any signs of the tragedy he feared. Adam Street was deserted, but in the gardens below the terrace he could hear the sound of voices, and a piece of torn clothing hung from the spike of one of the railings.

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Isaac had evidently made for the gardens and the river. The sound of the chase grew fainter and fainter and there were no more shots. Arnold, after a few minutes' hesitation, turned round and reclimbed the stairs.

The place smelt of gunpowder and little puffs of smoke were curling upward.

Arrived on the top landing, he closed the door of Isaac's room and entered his own apartment. Ruth had dragged herself to the window and was leaning out.

"He has gone across the gardens," she cried breathlessly. "I saw him running. Perhaps he will get away after all. I saw one of the policemen fall down, and Isaac was quite a long way ahead then."

"At any rate, no harm was done by the firing," Arnold declared. "I don't think he really shot at them at all."

They knelt side by side before the window-sill. The gardens were still faintly visible in the dim moonlight, but all signs of disturbance had passed away. She clung nervously to his arm.

"Arnold," she whispered, "tell me, what do you think he has done?"

"I don't suppose he has done anything very much," Arnold replied cheerfully. "What I really think is that he has got mixed up with some of these disturbers, writing for this wretched paper, and they have probably let him in for some of their troubles."

They stayed there for a measure of time they were neither of them able to compute. At last with a little sigh he rose to his feet. For the first time they began to realize what had happened.

"Of course, Ruth, Isaac will not come back," he said.

She clung to him hysterically.

"Arnold," she cried, "I am nervous. I could not sleep in that room. I never want to see it again as long as I live."

For a moment he was perplexed. Then he smiled.

"It's rather an awkward situation for us attic dwellers," he remarked. "I'll bring your couch in here if you like, and you can lie before the window where it's cool."

"You don't mind?" she begged. "I couldn't even think of going to sleep. I should sit up all night anyhow."

"Not a bit," he assured her. "I don't think it would be much use thinking about bed."

He made his way back into Isaac's apartments, brought out her couch and arranged it by the window. She lay down with a little sigh of relief. Then he dragged up his own easy-chair to her side and took her hand in his. They heard Big Ben strike two o'clock, and soon afterward Arnold began to doze. When he awoke with a sudden start her hand was still in his. Eastward over the city a faint red glow hung in the heavens. The world was still silent, but in the delicate pearly twilight the trees in the gardens, the bridge and the buildings in the distance—everything seemed to stand out with a peculiar and unfamiliar distinctness. She, too, was sitting up, and they looked out of the window together. Five o'clock was striking now.

"I've been asleep!" Arnold exclaimed. "Something woke me up."

She nodded.

"There is some one knocking at the door outside," she whispered. "That is what woke you. I heard it several minutes ago."

He jumped up at once.

"I will go and see what it is," he declared.

He opened the door and looked out on to the landing. The knocking was at the door of Isaac's apartment. Two policemen and a man in plain clothes were standing there.

"There is no one in those rooms," Arnold said. "The door shuts with a spring lock, but I have a key here if you wish to enter."

The sergeant looked at Arnold and approved of him.

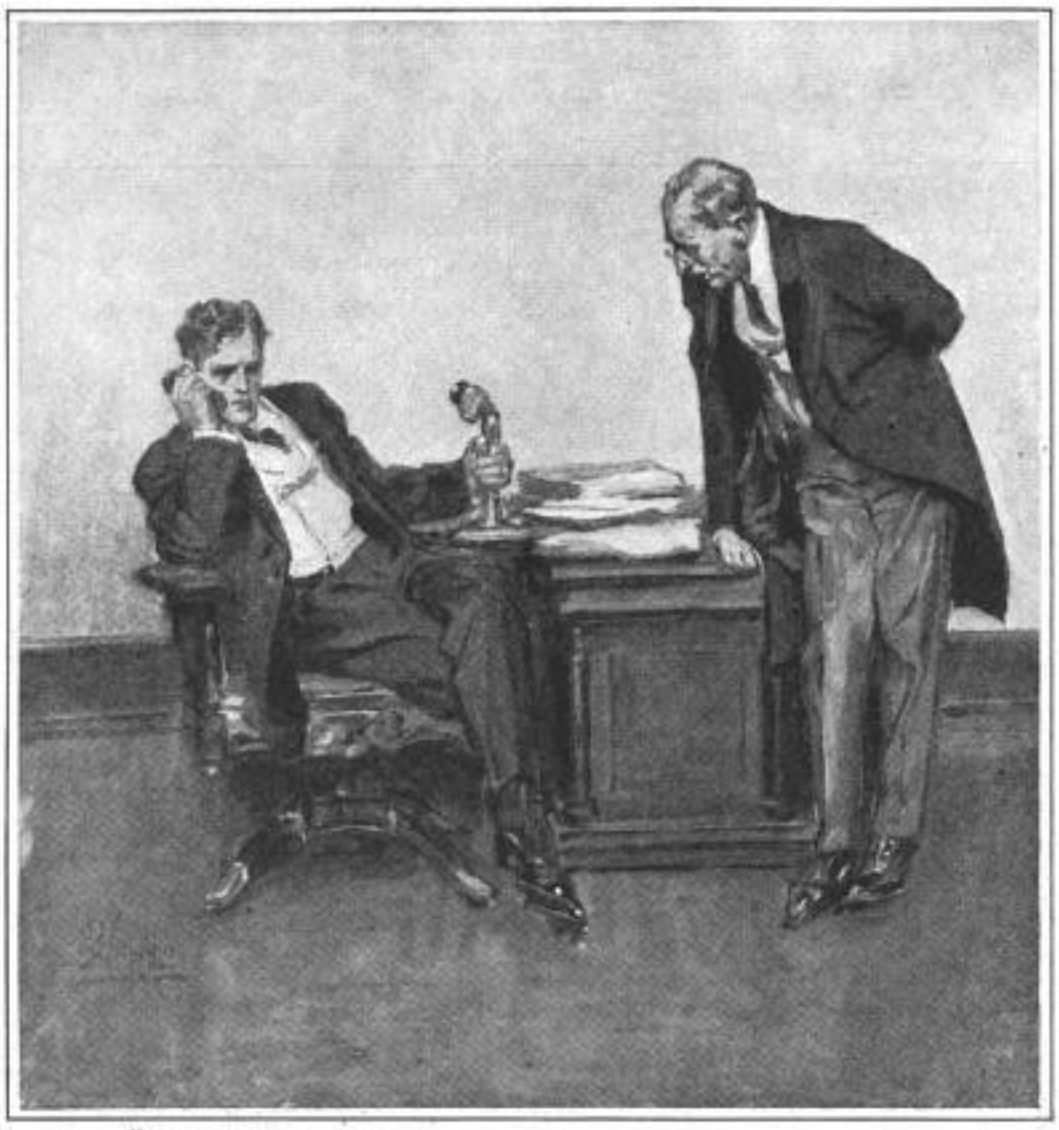
"I have an order to remove some firearms and other articles," he announced. "Also, can you tell me where the young woman—Ruth Lalonde—is?"

"She is in my room," Arnold replied. "She was too terrified to remain alone over there. You don't want her, do you?" he asked anxiously.

The man shook his head.

"I have no definite instructions concerning her," he said, "but we should like to know that she has no intention of going away."

Arnold threw open the door before them.



"Most Extraordinary Thing. I Can't Say That I've Ever Known the Governor to be as Late as This Unless He Was Ill"

"I am sure that she has not," he declared. "She is quite an invalid; and besides, she has nowhere else to go to."

The sergeant gave a few orders respecting the movement of a pile of articles covered over by a tablecloth, which had been dragged out of Isaac's room. Before he had finished Arnold ventured upon the question that had been all the time trembling upon his lips.

"This man, Isaac Lalonde—was he arrested?"

The sergeant made no immediate reply.

"Tell me, at least, was any one hurt?" Arnold begged.

"No one was shot, if you mean that," the sergeant admitted.

"Is Isaac in custody?"

"He very likely is by this time," the sergeant said. "As a matter of fact, he got away. A friend of yours, is he?"

"Certainly not," Arnold answered. "I have an attic on the other side of the landing there, and I have made friends with the girl. My interest in Isaac Lalonde is simply because she is his niece. Can you tell me what the charge is against him?"

"We believe him to be one of a very dangerous gang of criminals," the sergeant replied. "I can't tell you more than that. If you take my advice, sir," he continued civilly, "you will have as little as possible to do with either the man or the girl. There's no doubt about the man's character, and birds of a feather generally flock together."

"I am perfectly certain," Arnold declared vigorously, "that if there has been anything irregular in her uncle's life Miss Lalonde knew nothing of it. We both knew that he talked wildly, but for the rest his doings have been as much a mystery to her as to me."

The sergeant was addressed by one of his subordinates. The two men stood whispering together for a few moments. The sergeant turned finally toward Arnold.

"I shall have to ask you to leave us now, sir," he said civilly.

"There's nothing more you can tell me about this affair, I suppose?" Arnold asked.

The sergeant shook his head.

"You will hear all about it later on, sir."

Arnold turned reluctantly back to his own room, where Ruth was anxiously waiting. He closed the door carefully behind him.

"Isaac has escaped," he announced, "and no one was hurt."

She drew a sigh of immense relief.

"Did they tell you what the charge was?"

"Not definitely," he replied. "So far as I could make out from what the sergeant said it was keeping bad company as much as anything."

"The police are in the rooms now?" she asked.

"Three more of them," he assented. "I don't know what they want, but evidently you'll have to stay here. Now I'm going to light this spirit-lamp and make some coffee."

He moved cheerfully about the room and she watched him all the time with almost pathetic earnestness. Presently he brought the breakfast things over to her side and sat at the foot of her couch while the water boiled.

"I shouldn't worry about Isaac," he said. "I don't suppose he is really very much mixed up with these fellows. He'll have to keep out of the way for a time, that's all."

"There were the pistols," she faltered doubtfully.

"I expect they saddled him with them because he was the least likely to be suspected," Arnold suggested. "There's the water boiling already. Now for it."

He cut some bread and butter and made the coffee. They ate and drank almost in silence. Through the open window now the roar of traffic was growing every minute in volume. Across the bridge the daily stream of men and vehicles had commenced to flow. Presently he glanced at the clock and, putting down his coffee-cup, rose to his feet.

"In a few minutes, dear, I must be off," he announced. "You won't mind being left, will you?"

Her lips trembled.

"Why should I?" she murmured. "Of course you must go to work."

He went behind his little screen, where he plunged his head into a basin of cold water. When he reappeared a few minutes later he was ready to start.

"I expect those fellows will have cleared out from your rooms by now," he said, throwing open the door. "Hello, what's this?"

A trunk and a hatbox had been dragged out on to the landing. A policeman was sitting on a chair in front of the closed door, reading a newspaper.

"We have collected the young lady's belongings so far as possible, sir," he remarked. "If there is anything else belonging to her she may be able to get it later on."

"Do you mean to say that she can't go back to her own rooms?" Arnold demanded.

"I am sorry, sir," the man replied, "but I am here to see that no one enters them under any pretext."

Arnold looked at him blankly.

"But what is the young lady to do?" he protested. "She has no other home."

The policeman remained unmoved.

"Sorry, sir," he said, "but her friends will have to find her one for the time being. She certainly can't come in here."

Arnold felt a sudden weight upon his arm. Ruth had been standing by his side and had heard everything. He led her gently back. She was trembling.

"Don't worry about me, Arnold," she begged. "You go away. By the time you come back I—I shall have found a home somewhere."

He passed his arm round her. A wild flash in her eyes had suddenly revealed her thought.

"Unless you promise me," he said firmly, "that I shall find you on that couch when I return this evening I shall not leave this room."

"But, Arnold ——"

"The business of Samuel Weatherley & Company," he interrupted, glancing at the clock, "will be entirely disorganized unless you promise."

"I promise," she murmured faintly.

XXV

ARNOLD arrived at Tooley Street only a few minutes after his usual time. He made his way at once into the private office and commenced his work. At ten o'clock Mr. Jarvis came in. The pile of letters upon Mr. Weatherley's desk was as yet untouched.

"Any idea where the governor is?" the cashier asked. "He's nearly half an hour late."

Arnold glanced at the clock.

"Mr. Weatherley is spending the week-end down the river," he said. "I dare say the trains up are a little awkward."

Mr. Jarvis looked at him curiously and said:

"How do you happen to know that?"

"I was there yesterday for a short time."

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Mr. Jarvis whistled softly. "Seems to me you're getting pretty chummy with the governor," he remarked—"or is it Mrs. Weatherley, eh?"

Arnold lifted his head and looked fixedly at Mr. Jarvis. The latter suddenly remembered that he had come in to search among the letters for some invoices. He busied himself for a moment or two sorting them out.

"Well, well," he said, "I hope the governor will soon be here anyway. There are a lot of things I want to ask him about this morning."

A telephone bell at Arnold's desk began to ring. Arnold lifted the receiver to his ear.

"Is that Mr. Weatherley's office?" a familiar voice inquired.

"Good morning, Mrs. Weatherley," he replied. "This is the office and I am Arnold Chetwode. We were just wondering what had become of Mr. Weatherley."

"What had become of him?" the voice repeated. "But is he not there?"

"No sign of him at present," Arnold answered.

There was a short silence. Then Mrs. Weatherley spoke again.

"He left here," she said, "absurdly early—soon after seven, I think it was—to motor up."

"Has the car returned?" Arnold asked.

"More than an hour ago," was the prompt reply.

"I can assure you that he has not been here," Arnold declared. "You're speaking from Bourne End, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Will you please ask the chauffeur," Arnold suggested, "where he left Mr. Weatherley?"

"Of course I will," she replied. "That is very sensible. You must hold the line until I come back."

Arnold withdrew the receiver for a few minutes from his ear. Mr. Jarvis had been listening to the conversation, his mouth open with curiosity.

"Is that about the governor?" he asked.

Arnold nodded.

"It was Mrs. Weatherley speaking," he said. "It seems Mr. Weatherley left Bourne End soon after seven o'clock."

"Soon after seven o'clock!" Mr. Jarvis repeated.

"The car has been back there quite a long time," Arnold continued. "Mrs. Weatherley has gone to make inquiries of the chauffeur."

"Most extraordinary thing," Mr. Jarvis muttered. "I can't say that I've ever known the governor to be as late as this unless he was ill."

Arnold put the receiver once more to his ear. In a moment or two Mrs. Weatherley returned. Her voice was grave.

"I have spoken to the chauffeur," she announced. "He says that they called first at Hampstead, to see if there were any letters, and that afterward he drove Mr. Weatherley over London Bridge and put him down at the usual spot just opposite to the London and Westminster Bank. For some reason or other, as I dare say you know," she went on, "Mr. Weatherley never likes to bring the car into Tooley Street. It was ten minutes past nine when the chauffeur set him down and left him there."

Arnold glanced at the clock.

"It is now," he said, "a quarter to eleven. The spot you speak of is only two hundred yards away, but I can assure you that Mr. Weatherley has not yet arrived."

Mrs. Weatherley began to laugh softly. Even down the wires that laugh seemed to bring with it some flavor of her own wonderful personality.

"Will there be a paragraph in the evening papers?" she asked mockingly. "I think I can see it now upon all the placards: 'Mysterious Disappearance of a City Merchant.' Poor Samuel!"

Arnold found it quite impossible to answer her lightly. The fingers, indeed, that held the receiver to his ear were shaking a little.

"Mrs. Weatherley," he said, "can I see you today—as soon as possible?"

"Why, of course you can, you silly boy," she laughed back. "I am here all alone and I weary myself. Come by the next train or take a taxicab. You can leave word for Mr. Weatherley, when he arrives, that you have come by my special wish. He will not mind then."

"There is no sign of Mr. Weatherley at present," Arnold replied, "and I could not leave here till I had seen him. I thought that perhaps you might be coming up to town for something."

He could almost hear her yawn.

"Really," she declared after a slight pause, "it is not a bad idea. The sun will not shine today; there is a gray mist everywhere and it depresses me. You will lunch with me if I come up?"

"If you please."

"I do please," Mrs. Weatherley emphatically declared. "I think we will go to our own little place, the Café André—and I will be there at half past twelve. You will be waiting for me?"

"Without a doubt," Arnold promised.

She began to laugh again.

"Without a doubt!" she mocked him. "You are a very stolid young man, Arnold."

"To tell you the truth," he admitted, "I am a little bothered just now. We want Mr. Weatherley badly, and I don't understand his having been within a few hundred yards of the office nearly two hours ago and not having turned up here."

"He will arrive," she replied confidently. "Have no fear of that. There are others to whom accidents and adventures might happen, but not, I think, to Mr. Samuel Weatherley. I am sorry that you are bothered, though, Mr. Arnold. I think that to console you I shall wear one of my two new gowns that have just arrived from Paris."

"What is she talking about all this time?" Mr. Jarvis, who was itching with curiosity, broke in.

"I am called away now," Arnold said into the telephone. "I shall be quite punctual. Goodby!"

He heard her laugh again as he hung up the receiver.

"Well, well," Mr. Jarvis demanded, "what is it all about? Have you heard anything?"

"Nothing of any importance, I am afraid," Arnold admitted. "Mrs. Weatherley laughs at the idea of anything having happened to her husband."

"If nothing has happened to him," Mr. Jarvis protested, "where is he?"

"Is there any call he could have paid on the way?" Arnold suggested.

"I have never known him do such a thing in his life," Mr. Jarvis replied. "Besides, there is no business call that could take two hours at this time of the morning."

They rang up the few business friends whom Mr. Weatherley had in the vicinity, Guy's Hospital, the bank and the police station. The reply was the same in all cases. Nobody had seen or heard anything of Mr. Weatherley. Arnold even took down his hat and walked aimlessly up the street to the spot where Mr. Weatherley had left the motor car. The policeman on duty had heard nothing of any accident. The shoeblack at the top of the steps leading down to the wharves remembered distinctly Mr. Weatherley's alighting at the usual hour. Arnold returned to the office and sat down facing the little safe that Mr. Weatherley had made over to him. After all it might be true, then, this thing Mr. Weatherley had sometimes dimly suspected. Beneath his very commonplace exterior Mr. Weatherley had carried with him a secret.

At half past twelve precisely Arnold stood upon the threshold of the passage leading into Café André. Already the people were beginning to crowd into the lower room, a curious, cosmopolitan mixture, mostly foreigners, and nearly all arriving in twos and threes from the neighboring business houses. At twenty minutes to one Mrs. Weatherley's beautiful car turned slowly into the narrow street and drove up to the entrance. Arnold hurried forward to open the door and Fenella descended. She came to him with radiant face, a wonderful vision in her spotless white gown and French hat with its drooping veil. Arnold, notwithstanding his anxieties, found it impossible not to be carried away for the moment by a wave of admiration. She laughed with pleasure as she looked into his eyes.

"There!" she exclaimed. "I told you that for a moment I would make you forget everything."

"There is a good deal to forget too," he answered.

(Continued on Page 61)



Ruth, Obeying Her First Impulse, Opened Her Lips to Shriek

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 17, 1912

Democratic Harmony

IT IS a pleasant and commendable custom of the Democrats to hold an annual Jackson Dinner, at which eminent members of the party affectionately express their unfaltering trust in one another, and otherwise bear eloquent testimony to a united, harmonious and soon-to-be triumphant Democracy. At this year's Jackson Dinner Colonel Bryan, as usual, was a harmonious and persuasive speaker. The dinner was immediately followed by a sad row between Colonel Harvey and Governor Wilson, commenting upon which, Colonel Bryan expressed the opinion that it clarified the Democratic situation and "illustrated the impossibility of coöperation between men who look at public questions from different points of view." At the yearly dinner we hear from eminent Democrats that what the party needs is harmony among its leaders; but directly before and immediately after the dinner we hear from some leaders that what the party really needs is that the other leaders get out.

The Republicans are in the same situation, but are not quite so frank about it.

Amazed in Gotham

WE ARE pleased to know, upon the unimpeachable evidence of a unanimous metropolitan press, that the Duke of Connaught was amazed by the rush of traffic in the streets of New York. The height of the buildings and their architectural excellence amazed him. The size, dignity and pulchritude of the crossings-policemen filled him with amazement. He found the Stock Exchange, the Metropolitan Tower and the Elevated Railroad equally amazing. The extent of Central Park and the number of trees in it amazed him; while, as to Brooklyn Bridge, he considered it simply amazing!

The Duchess of Connaught and the Princess Patricia were amazed at the beauty and charm of New York society women; amazed at the elegance and distinction of the gowns they wore; amazed at the magnificence of their jewels; and amazed at the wit and learning displayed in their conversation. The royal ladies were also amazed at the graceful dancing of New York society men; amazed at the food set before them; amazed at the apartments in which they found themselves.

The New York journalistic mind seems to have labored under an impression that the royal visitors came from Starved Dog, New Mexico, and had never before been farther from home than Albuquerque. When New York sets out to be provincial—which is a fair share of the time—she can beat Starved Dog a mile!

Borrowing From Your Widow

FIVE years ago two of the largest old-line life-insurance companies had outstanding loans to policyholders amounting to seventy-five million dollars. At the close of 1911 the same companies' loans to policyholders amounted to almost two hundred million dollars. It is the experience of life-insurance companies that, about nine times out of ten, a loan on a policy is never repaid, but remains as a liability, to be deducted from the policy at the death of the insured. About nine times out of ten, therefore, a man who takes a loan on his policy is simply borrowing from his own widow and orphans.

Old-line life insurance is carried almost exclusively by people whose incomes considerably exceed their actual needs—people who are regarded by their less fortunate neighbors as in quite easy circumstances. So far as life-insurance men can judge, a large number of the loans on policies come under the head of luxuries. They are not made for business purposes or to meet an emergency which could not be overcome by some self-denial on the part of the policyholder.

Extravagance in the United States is not a vice of the rich, for they can afford it. It is not a vice of the poor or of farmers. It is the special vice of that large middle, urban class with incomes ranging from twenty-five hundred dollars up to fifteen thousand, that is trying to live just a notch or two beyond its means.

When Women Voted

MILLIONS of urban voters probably are under the impression that something in the Constitution of the United States requires that citizens shall exercise their electoral right in the most obscure, dirty and generally disagreeable spots in their respective precincts. Under this impression the urban voter patiently threads his way up the alley to the old-rags shop where he voted last year, and there learns that the voting-place this year has been established in the rear of a livery stable.

Recently—and for the first time in history, it is said—an American city did its voting in schoolhouses, churches and libraries. Some published snapshots of that event show people filing over clean cement walks—even with pretty shrubbery at the sides!—into edifices of such pleasant appearance that a prudent person in passing them would not instinctively take to the opposite side of the street. The city is Los Angeles, and in some of the precincts more than half of the voters were women. Not only the voting-places but the people round them look strange—they look, that is, like persons whom a respectable citizen would be perfectly willing to meet, and not as though they had issued from the back door of a saloon.

Female suffrage overthrows many fine old mossgrown traditions—one being the livery-stable voting-place.

Confusing the Proxy Committee

FOR some years, at about this season, there has been a notable migration from the lower end of Manhattan Island to the opposite Jersey shore. You might see squad after squad of prosperous-looking gentlemen, with bundles of papers under their arms, hurrying down to the ferries and the tubes. These gentlemen were the proxy committees of our great industrial corporations on their way to Jersey City to hold the annual meetings of their companies, at which meetings it was their agreeable duty to vote practically the entire capital stock of the corporations, by proxy, for whatever motions and resolutions the corporations' attorneys had drawn up and handed to them.

Hereafter this little yearly jaunt to Jersey City will not suffice. Under the new dispensation, with our big corporations broken up into several units, the proxy committee will have four or five sets of proxies to vote at different places. Having voted the white ones at Jersey City, they can no longer return to New York in time for luncheon as before, but must proceed to Cleveland and there vote the green proxies; thence to Indianapolis, where the red ones will be voted, and on up to Chicago to vote the buff ones. It will take an active proxy committee nearly a week to get round; and until custom has habituated them to the change they will be in danger of getting the Toledo proxies mixed up with those for Fort Wayne. The new arrangement will be more vexatious and expensive. That will be the only difference.

The Money Trust Abroad

THE downfall of the Caillaux Ministry in January, it will be recalled, was brought about by Clémenceau's charge that the Prime Minister had entered into secret negotiations with Germany over the Morocco affair, unknown to the French ambassador at Berlin or to the President of the Republic. There was evidently some ground for the charge. The Journal des Débats declared that, in return for a free hand in Morocco, Caillaux offered to give Germany certain French territory in equatorial Africa and to have German securities listed on the Paris Bourse. What led the Prime Minister to depart from the constitutional method of negotiating with a foreign country has been a subject of much speculation; but recently it has been alleged in all seriousness that the move was inspired by international banking interests which were anxious to bring about harmonious relations between the Governments.

Attributing any disagreeable happening to the machinations of the Money Trust is even more a fashion in France than with us; and it is often declared there that European policy is really shaped by the great banks, among which there is the best of understanding; but the Money Trust admittedly works for peace. It was only yesterday, as history goes, that European policy was shaped by secret negotiations that were inspired by dynastic and personal ambitions, and that pretty constantly worked for war.

Spoiling the Joke

ALONG in January all the humor seemed to ooze out of the Insurgent proposition. When the Republican National Committee met at Washington the Insurgents were enough to make a horse laugh! By careful computation, Mr. Taft's managers ascertained that at least two-thirds of the delegates to the national convention—none of whom would be chosen for some months to come—were already securely tied to his bandwagon. That, of course, was the essence of the joke. The Insurgents were going into a fight when the managers had it perfectly arranged, six months ahead, that they were to be overwhelmingly defeated. Mere mention of Insurgency in any popular hotel corridor provoked spasms of laughter; and the ridiculous Insurgent proposal that Republican voters be permitted to select the candidate at primary elections made the humor of the situation simply irresistible.

Along in January, however, the laughter began to sound like that of a man who is sitting upon a bent pin and trying to appear amused. There began to be serious talk of Roosevelt as a candidate, with Hitchcock marshaling the Southern delegates under his banner. There began to be solemn misgiving that the hitchings of those six hundred-and-odd cocksure Taft delegates would be fearfully tampered with before June. Going into a convention with unhitched delegates is no laughing matter for anybody. No doubt some conservative minds recalled that Insurgency has always been ridiculous until it came to the showdown, and suspected that history might repeat itself.

How Uncle Sam Runs a City

THE District of Columbia appropriation bill is up in the House. One item appropriates three hundred and sixty dollars for maintenance of the motor cycles that Washington's two elevator inspectors use in the discharge of their duties. This item precipitates an impassioned debate—filling three and a half columns of the Record—during which a gentleman from Kentucky invites a gentleman from Illinois to accompany him outside, presumably for the purpose of having his head punched!

Nobody seriously contends that fifteen dollars a month is too much for the maintenance of a motor cycle; nobody disputes that two inspectors, by using motor cycles, can perform work that would require three without motor cycles. The objection is that the inspectors will "wear out the tires and other parts of the machines on Sundays and holidays, when not engaged in public business."

That is how Uncle Sam runs his national capital. Day after day and page after page of the Record are taken up with jangling over the different items of the city's budget. Hundreds of cities have adopted the commission form of government and found that a small, select body can run the municipality much more efficiently and economically than the old-fashioned council containing anywhere from a score to a hundred members. Washington, however, is run by a council containing four hundred and eighty-three members—a considerable part of whom feel in duty bound to stick a finger in the pie. Five men, whose recommendations Congress would ratify without division and without debate, would give far better results.

Doing Nothing About Strikes

IN 1905 a quarrel occurred between the National Erectors' Association, comprising the leading concerns in steel construction, and the principal labor union in that field. The "labor war" that ensued continued with growing bitterness up to the time of the McNamara confession. Newspapers have published lists of sixty or more destructive explosions alleged to be incidental to this war. We don't recall that, prior to the Los Angeles explosion, anybody representing the public did anything about this war except to make some more or less desultory efforts to find the persons responsible for the explosions.

Usually a strike in the United States settles nothing whatever except the question as to which side, in that particular place and time, can starve out the other.

In the latter part of December a strike and lockout of a hundred and sixty thousand cotton-mill operatives in Lancashire occurred. It lasted only about three weeks, the mills reopening and the men returning to work under a six months' truce, during which the differences are to be worked out by arbitration. Meanwhile six hundred thousand Welsh and Scottish coal miners voted to strike on March first; but the Conciliation Board of the Board of Trade intervened, with good prospects of a peaceful settlement. The railway strike of last August was soon ended, and the investigations that have been going on much of the time ever since promise to furnish a better basis of understanding between employers and workmen.

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Poet's Corner

ONE might think of Jim Guffey as a poet—that is, one might think this hard thing of Jim if one based one's thoughts on a superficial examination of Jim's regalia, contented oneself with the testimony of the outward and visible signs, with the insignia and portents, so to say.

You see, Jim makes up for a poet. He wears a Byronic collar, a Tennysonian tie and a wistful Keatsistical smile. Also, he has an eery look in his eyes—at times—and a sad and soulful expression, not mentioning a poetic slouch hat and some poetic hair. He has all the outcroppings of a poet. A stranger would pick him for a bard almost every time.

Poetry, as all must know, consists largely of imagination and elision. You first get your imagination and put the language that is the natural striving for the expression of the same down on paper, carefully eliding syllables here and there to make the language conform to the rules of prosody, which are very strict. Now, albeit Jim is remarkably strong on both imagination and elision, he is no poet. That might just as well be understood at the beginning. He produces no poetry. Instead, Jim produces oil and reduces politics. And in his case, as elsewhere, oil and politics go hand in hand—and so does Jim; meaning, of course, that when anybody hands it to Jim he hands it right back again. On this point, Mr. W. J. Bryan is qualified to testify expertly.

Let us not stray away from these imagination and elision leads, however. When you come to test Jim it really is surprising how much imagination he assays to the pound. Roughly figuring, I should say Jim weighs about one hundred and sixty-five and that about one hundred and forty-two pounds of the whole is imagination. One hundred and forty-two pounds of imagination is a heap—more, indeed, than is possessed by any other politician extant, except John Hays Hammond, who imagines he will be nominated for vice-president.

Years ago Jim sate him down in his cozy Pennsylvania home and let that imagination run riot. He started with an imaginary proposition—the Democratic party in Pennsylvania—and imagined himself as boss of that mirage. Now it takes a great deal of imagination to imagine a Democratic party in Pennsylvania, and about all there is to dope out any nourishment in being boss of that party; but Jim had the required ideality and he made the boss-ship a reality. Year after year he turned up at Democratic National Conventions with his flock of hand-picked delegates, just as happy as if he were participating with them in a convention that was going to lead to something more tangible than oratory and obliteration—and always safe and sane. Mark that!

Coincidently with his flights of political imagination, Jim flew a few in the oil business. Nothing ever was more satisfying, from the viewpoint of imagery, than Jim's oft-repeated statement that he was—maybe is—the largest independent oil producer in the United States. Analyzing that statement for its beauties, we come first to the word "largest," which, of course, is absurd; for there's Barnsdell, for example, who weighs twice as much as Jim. So we must pause with that second descriptive term—"independent." There is a wealth of imagination in that musical word—a wealth of it! It fairly drips with imagery, picked out with idealism; albeit Jim is accustomed to say "Fie! Fie!" to those who insist he has close-enough connections with the Standard Oil to respond promptly at 26 Broadway every time the buzzer buzzes.

A Refined Specialty at Denver

HOWEVER, that is neither here nor there. This is an essay on certain aspects of the imaginative qualities of a man who seems to be a poet, dresses like a poet, has the fancy of a poet—but is not a poet. It also is an essay on a few other things. Reverting, therefore, to that leadership of the Democracy in Pennsylvania, I have pointed out that it required a remarkable development of the powers of conceptualism to find anything nourishing in it. Jim found the nourishment. Not in a material sense—oh, no! Jim is rich and doesn't need the money. The advantages came, however, in the gratifying position in which it placed him. He, being a man of the finer emotions and tendencies, was enabled to extend to certain of his friends, also rich, some of those pleasing little political attentions that help so greatly to smooth the rough pathway along which many of our captains of finance are compelled to pass through this worrisome world. Jim saw that by annexing the Democracy of Pennsylvania he could be kind to his friends, and Jim is of a kindly nature. Never let it be said of him that he refused to offer a helping political hand to any friend, especially a friend who had his habitat in the lower end of Manhattan Island—never let it be so said!

Thus Jim's life proceeded pleasantly. He never held an office or wanted one. Modest, self-effacing, he was content to be Democratic National Committeeman from his beloved Pennsylvania—there to labor unobtrusively for the good of the cause. He enjoyed politics. He contributed liberally. He attained a place in the inner councils. Had he been a Republican—had he allied himself with that Grand Old Party—he might have had almost any honor within the gift of the people, for Pennsylvania Republicans have been wont to be grateful to men like Jim, as a list of those who have been elevated to office will show. Jim did not so ally himself. He continued as a Democrat—not, of course, without friendly relations to the rulers of the Republican party in his state, but still a Democrat.

Then came the advent of Mr. Bryan. Naturally Mr. Bryan was on terms of no particular friendship with those on whom Jim had been lavishing his pleasant little political attentions; nor did Jim embrace Mr. Bryan within the scope of his vision. He could not see Mr. Bryan at all. So it culminated at the Denver convention, where Mr. Bryan went down, with a low, gurgling cry, for the third—and last?—time. Jim was there, at the head of his hand-picked delegates; but others, jealous, mayhap, or non-imaginative—or possibly highly imaginative—were there also. And came the clarion cry from Lincoln, Nebraska: "Throw him out!"—meaning Jim.

To hear was to obey. They threw him out—again and yet again. Each of several sessions of that noteworthy convention was marked by the rough ceremonies of ejecting Jim, casting him without the pale—the convention hall at Denver having a new, modern and fireproof pale among other conveniences. It came to be that the spectators in the galleries murmured and protested they were being deprived of the show if there was a session when Jim Guffey was not hurled through the portals. Every wire that came from Lincoln said the Peerless Leader was sitting on his porch with his thumbs inexorably turned down for Guffey; and they put the boots to Jim oft and oft again, alleging that Jim represented the special interests—in short, that he was a creature of the predaceous plutes.

So Jim remained out until a time ago. Then came a meeting of the Democratic National Committee; and then came Mr. Bryan also—and Jim. "Throw him out!" demanded Mr. Bryan; but times change and the hurling facilities of the committee were not being demanded by a candidate to be, but asked by a candidate that was.

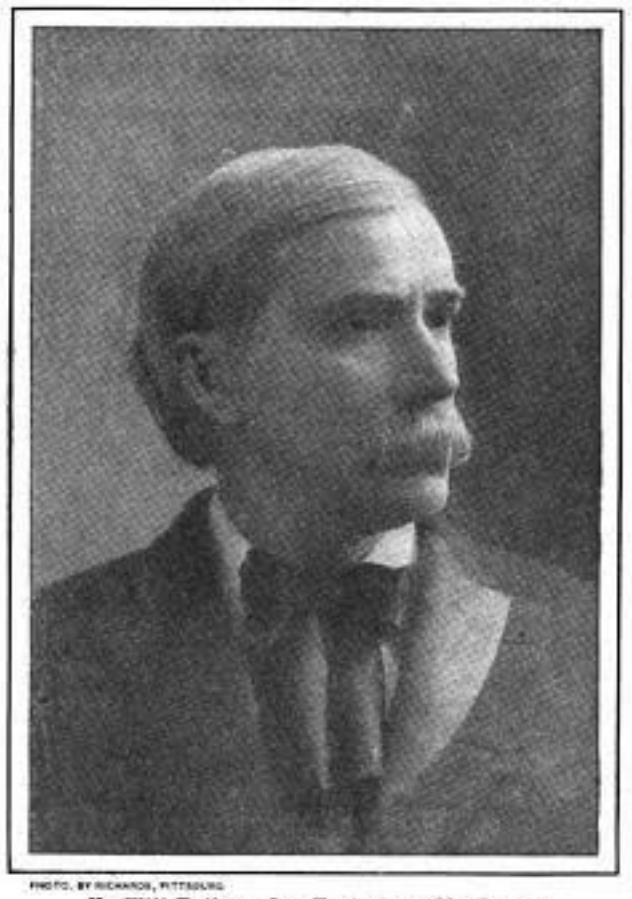


PHOTO. BY RICHARDS, PITTSBURG

He Will Talk on Any Topic Save Mr. Bryan

The National Committee listened to Mr. Bryan, listened to others and listened to Jim. "Good old Jim!" said a sufficient number—and Jim remained. Still, the spectators at the next Democratic National Committee need not despair. Mr. Bryan will be there, and again he will insist that Jim be expelled; and those pleasing ceremonies, now so completely a part of the ritual of a Democratic National Committee, may be observed again by the fortunate holders of tickets.

During all these years Jim, who was born in Pennsylvania in 1839 and who went into the oil business in the early seventies, has had his fun in politics—and he is still having it. Likewise, he has accumulated oil wells, gold mines and other nutritious appendages coincident with the membership of the committee. A kindly and genial man, he will talk pleasantly on any topic save Mr. Bryan. He has had his fights and he is as good a loser as he is a winner. And his powers of compensatory imagination are almost beyond belief.

The Last Straw

A COUNTY KERRY man, about seventy years old, who had spent most of his life in Ireland, finally came to Chicago. He had a job as night watchman at a North Side house.

One day the daughter of the house had a talk with the old man. He told her his life story. He longed for Ireland. "Why, miss," he said, "I'm so lonesome I can't even go to a funeral and enjoy it!"

The Cardinal and the Terrapin

CARDINAL GIBBONS was once a guest at a dinner in New York where there was much restraint among the other guests because of his presence. The dinner promised to be a dreary affair, for all the guests were evidently in awe of the Cardinal and none thawed out, but each spoke in subdued tones to his neighbor.

Things were at a desperate pass when the terrapin was served. The Cardinal rapped on the table with the handle of his knife.

"Friends," he said, "the present situation and this terrapin remind me of a dinner I attended in Baltimore at which an Englishman and his wife were also guests. The Englishman rather balked at the terrapin, not knowing what it was. 'Eat some of it, John,' urged his wife. 'It is not so nasty as it looks!'"

And after that everybody cheered up.

Not Afraid to Fight

WHEN the fleet went round the Horn to the Pacific and had reached that ocean there was great interest concerning it in the City of Mexico. A local prizefighter, half Mexican and half American, was in a resort one day and listened for a long time to what was being said about Fighting Bob Evans. "Huh!" he said. "What about this man? Who is this Fightin' Bob Evans? Wot does he weigh? Bring 'im down here and I'll lick him!"

The Greatest Show

ARCHIE BELL, of Cleveland, went South one time as a guest of one of the advance men of the Ringling Circus. The advance car spent two weeks in Alabama, where the Robinson Brothers Circus, which is a Southern institution, is a great favorite.

The car was covered with pictures and the negroes came down in droves to gape at them. There was a flagstaff on top of the car and on it was a pennant which bore the words: The Greatest Show on Earth—Sept. 1.

"Mammy, w'at dat sign mean?" asked one of a bevy of children a negro woman had with her.

The woman studied it for a time.

"It mean," she answered, "dat dis yere is de greatest show on earth 'cept one—Mistah Robinson's!"

A Sad Prospect

ONE of the St. Paul hotels has a porter who likes to use big words. Not long ago two guests were discussing a St. Paul restaurant that has an uptown place and a downtown place.

"I saw an obituary notice on the downtown place today," said one man, "but I didn't see any on the uptown place."

Not long after, Herb Meyer came along and asked the porter which of the restaurants was the better.

"Well, Mr. Meyer," said the porter, "the uptown place is good; but I understand that lately the eating at the downtown place has got to be very obituary!"

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American Patriotism and Europe

By HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

I HAVE just come back from a splendid year abroad. I was sent out by my university as exchange professor to lecture on psychology and philosophy; but I always felt that I should not be living up to the real meaning of my mission if I did not do my best to spread on the European continent reasonable ideas about true Americanism, as plenty of absurd ideas prevail there. Whenever associations or universities invited me to give general addresses I laid my psychology and philosophy aside and preached America. I tried to overcome prejudices and to foster healthy sympathy. Hence I spoke of American progress and achievements, of American art and literature, of American education and scholarship, as well as of my favorite topic, the American woman; and whenever a trump was needed I became enthusiastic over American patriotism.

I believe sincerely that no European country knows a patriotism of such fervor and explosiveness. The foreigner who approaches the land gets a foretaste on shipboard. He may have heard the Marseillaise, or God Save the King, or *Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles*, or the Russian Hymn, sung by deeply devoted masses; but when at the captain's dinner on the steamer the band plays Dixie, a frenzy breaks into the feast such as he has never seen in the Old World. There is something jubilant and something final in American patriotism, and every outsider must feel what a tremendous power for the good of the country is generated by such triumphant confidence.

Foreign News in American Papers

TO BE sure, probably no other country has so much needed such highstrung patriotic emotion for the fulfillment of its mission. None has combined on its soil such a number of different races and naturally divergent elements. Only a passionate patriotism could hold them together to secure a unity of convictions and actions. None has had to work out its destiny on such a gigantic area, with such intense contrasts of local conditions, of economic demands and of cultural level. Only an unquestioning patriotism could make the millions forget their provincialisms and wield them into a world power; but, whatever the social necessities for this national over-emotion may have been, it stands out as an inspiring symptom of American idealism. A people that loves its country with such exuberance must have a heart and a mind open to anything for which enthusiasm may be worth while.

When I spoke in Europe this was the whole of my story. I did not care to add there that a disproportionate part of this fine patriotism draws its strength from a glaring ignorance of the rest of the world. This instinctive feeling has never impressed itself so strongly upon me as since my return. The typical American does not know and does not care to know Europe, with the exception of England, the mother country. To be sure, it may be granted that a highstrung patriotism in days of conflicts and excitement demands a certain unfair prejudice against all other lands. "My country, right or wrong!" ought to remain superior to all others; but happily there is no struggle and no excitement, and the quiet days rather invite fairness and expansive interest.

There was, also, once a time when the Americans naturally took an unfriendly attitude toward the older nations as a kind of defense against their ill-tempered haughtiness. But that belongs to a distant past—for a long while the great nations have welcomed the United States as an equal and have held open to her a place in the front rank. The American ignorance as to Europe which prevails today is simply carelessness and a poor habit, like bad spelling or shiftless arithmetic. For most Americans, the ignorant indifference as to Europe no longer grows from their prejudices; the prejudices grow from their indifference. They do not take any trouble to inform themselves. If they know their own country and reserve for England a certain respectful interest they feel that everything is all right. Too few begin to feel that such a platform of the modern Know-Nothing party is, after all, impossible at a time when the United States has become a world power, the serious needs of which demand most subtle adjustment to the events of the globe.

The whole misery of the situation discloses itself in the kind of news which the American papers print about the European continent. There is no lack of material, and the sensation of the day is cabled with such an abundance of detail that, at least, the reader of the large and leading papers has a general feeling that he is getting plenty of information from Rome and Constantinople, from Paris and St. Petersburg. It is only necessary, however, to sift all this news for some months, as a scholarly historian would sift his material, and the vague admiration for the cable expenses of the newspapers soon turns into a sincere pity for the misinformed reader.



I took considerable pains during the last year to study day by day the international news on both sides of the ocean. For instance, I examined carefully the number of lines devoted to American news in certain important European papers and to continental European news in leading American papers. From the mere counting of the quantities I went on to a detailed analysis, comparing so far as possible the so-called facts, which the American correspondents in Europe confided to the wires, with the actual events as they were known on those same dates to the careful peruser of European journals—and vice versa. There was no reason to be proud of the achievements of the European papers. Their so-called information too often emphasized the sensational. Yet their work appeared almost like a thorough study compared with the looseness and carelessness with which European news is gathered for the customers on Broadway. The most trivial incidents are picked up and magnified into important events, and happenings of momentous consequence are ignored; the facts themselves are distorted because essential features are carelessly omitted and their connections are presented with the irresponsibility of gossip. Of course the American reader is beyond the stage in which everything printed is taken as true, but whatever is cabled still comes to him with a certain right to be believed. After those months of serious inquiry, I am sure the pictures the American reader accepts as exact photographic reproductions are, on the whole, hasty sketches by careless and often unskillful draftsmen, poorly suited to the American of today.

The newspapers are, after all, only one element in the relations between civilized nations. We are so proud of the international character of our art and science, and all the cultural and social endeavors of mankind, we are too little aware that this internationalism can easily lead to chaos if it is not planfully directed and supervised. We no longer travel in mail-coaches and sailing-boats from land to land, and yet we too easily forget that the intellectual intercourse of the nations also demands ever new modernizations. If left to the casual and haphazard influences of mere commercial interests, even those cultural values may be of little avail for making the nations of the earth really acquainted with one another.

I have tried systematically to study the selection of European books that have appeared in translation on the American market. The result gave me a pitiful showing, as much by the glaring omissions in the list as by the preposterous inclusions. This seems to be true of the literature of all countries so far as I was able to discover. Often a book finally lands in America when it has become entirely antiquated at home and has lost all significance for the country in which it originated. The German book which stirred some leading critics most deeply this year, and was accepted as the last symptom of German movements, produced the same heat of emotion a decade ago in the Fatherland and there has long been covered with dust. It is well known that the persistent efforts of a few great art dealers have created in the American market a monopoly for French paintings through artificially awaking a taste, then a fashion and finally a craving for an art which originally did not lie at all in the line of American instincts. In a similar way accidental factors have determined the most recent prevalence of Italian opera in the operatic life of the nation. It is to a high degree just as accidental that in the field of scholarship Germany for a long while was the only place of pilgrimage for American students, though no American ever sees a painting of Böcklin or hears an opera of Mozart or Beethoven. At the same time America herself does not make any effort to bring to the other nations her own spiritual products. From Paris to Moscow, the bookstores have almost given up the effort to import American books when their customers order them. They feel utterly helpless; they do not know how to reach the American publishers, who do not take the slightest trouble to accommodate themselves to European needs.

All these questions of arbitrariness and prejudices in the cultural field are so earnestly before my mind because I spent my last year in the organization of a new institute in Berlin which was crystallized about such interests. The American public still knows so little about this new Amerika-Institut that it is indeed worth while to point out its significance. Its program is to further and to expand the cultural relations between the United States and Germany. This sounds almost trivial, and it appears as if just this labor were being performed in many places; but in the whole history of civilization probably no such enterprise has ever been recorded, and what it aims at may truly be the model for future developments. Here we have, at last, that desirable modernization of international intercourse—a kind of efficiency management in the world of ideals. The relations of civilized countries have always been carefully organized in political, legal and economic affairs; but in the fields of education and scholarship, of art and literature, of moral and social purposes, the international exchange is nothing but disorder. Energies are wasted, efforts are scattered, the cheapest elements often rush into the foreground, the best impulses remain inhibited—in short, disorganization prevails. Though the national work might become a stimulation and an inspiration to the neighbors, it too often becomes a source of irritation and contempt.

Hands Across the Sea

THE purpose of this new German institute is to improve the situation so far as Germany and America are concerned. A scholar, for instance, who desires connections with universities or libraries, museums or archives, laboratories or industrial establishments, municipal or political offices, finds the doors opened through the agency of the Institut. Care is taken that the best and most characteristic works be translated; that the art of one land be made known to the other; that teachers and students be helped; that congresses and exhibitions be supported, and that truth about the foreign land be disseminated. Statistics are gathered, investigations are carried on, and every day brings new and important tasks to the Institut, which occupies seven rooms in the magnificent structure of the new Royal Library, in Berlin. No rivalry is possible between this new Amerika-Institut and any society or establishment that works toward the mutual understanding of the two nations. Such rivalry can no more exist there than between a chamber of commerce and any business undertaking. The chamber of commerce is not doing business, but it organizes and regulates and helps business all round. The Amerika-Institut, too, sees its aim in helping and

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adjusting and harmonizing the scattered efforts which have arisen and may arise on both sides of the ocean.

Our modern civilization demands such systematic help in the field of unpolitical and uncommercial endeavors, but this effort of Germany must be only the beginning. If the principle is once recognized in its value, it must lead farther. On the one side, Germany must develop similar institutes for the relations to all the other civilized nations; on the other side, all the great countries must create such institutes of cultural organization for their own exchange with the important peoples of the globe. All the nations will then become interrelated in their cultural work as they are related politically by the diplomatic agencies; but none would gain more through such national establishments of the government than the United States, in which, as I have insisted, the cultural relations to the leading fellow countries are more accidental and disorganized than any great European country would tolerate. I do not say this as the result of a vague impression, but as the outcome of a full year of directorship of the Amerika-Institut, in Berlin, which has its sources of information all over Europe. True patriotism cannot possibly demand that the nation care for nothing from foreign countries except what comes floating on the waves of chance.

It appears strange that there is no more intimate acquaintance when we consider how many thousands of American tourists land every summer in Cherbourg and Rotterdam, in Hamburg and Bremen, in Naples and Genoa. Yet is their method, and still more their attitude, in traveling really adapted to ideal purposes? To be sure, most of them look on it as a gaudy vacation. They have an "awfully good time" or they are terribly bored; but in any case they do not feel obliged to make deep researches and sociological investigations or to work hard as unofficial delegates of their country for the cultivation of international friendship. Of course no one demands that from them. And yet every one who travels is practically a kind of unofficial delegate of his nation and has a certain influence on the general relations of the peoples. Moreover, though he may be out only for irresponsible fun the traveler gathers information after all and picks up impressions; and they help to shape the views of his fellow countrymen. Everything that he might gain and achieve is spoiled from the start if he comes with the wrong attitude.

An Open Purse But a Closed Mind

THERE are plenty of exceptions, but the great mass of American travelers nowadays go through Europe with a social haughtiness and with an air of superiority which practically preclude a sympathetic understanding of the national life about them. No doubt they like quite well the quaint old towns and the medieval architecture, but the people who live there are considered more or less as stage supernumeraries whom the countries must keep in order that visitors may get a romantic impression. The mountains in Switzerland are delightful, too, and the inhabitants serve well as waiters and curiosity dealers. Every one enjoys the picture galleries of Italy, but the Italians are just good enough to kneel picturesquely in their old churches.

More than four decades have passed since Lowell wrote, not without resentment, his famous essay On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners. The tables have been entirely turned. The most touchy American may be satisfied with the admiration that Europe has for the strong side of this great republic and with the unspoken flattery which it offers by its overzealous imitation. Those many thousands of American tourists who flit through the older lands in their automobiles find nothing but deference among the foreigners with whom they come in contact. It is the average European who today gets the taste of a certain condescension in foreigners who hang small silk flags, with the Stars and Stripes, out of their hotel windows. They come with their minds made up that Italians do not know how to cook and that their railways are intolerable for a decent American; that the French are perverse in their morality and that they never take a bath; and that the Germans have no other thoughts than lager beer and the policeman—in short, they look on continental Europeans with about that wisdom with which the man on Broadway sometimes speaks of Bostonians when he grins and simply says: "Baked beans!"

Whatever improvements are made in those obsolete countries seem to them to have been arranged not by general progress but from the natural desire to satisfy the well-tipping tourist. They have no idea in what a wonderful rhythm of internal development the leading countries of the European continent move on the common road of social ideals. They do not see how much in the labor movement, how much in the struggles for women and children, how much in the educational world, how much in the civil service and in a thousand other fields, would be suggestive and helpful—yes, truly inspiring—to the American who would come not to look down but to take part in a sympathetic mood. It is simply depressing to find out on the returning steamer what third-class opinions these first-class passengers have really brought home. True patriotism cannot possibly demand that the American visit foreign lands with his purse open, but with his eyes shut!

Is not this condescension to foreigners even a part of the political creed for the American on the street? The old stump-speaking on the rotten monarchies of Europe has probably died out; but when the average politician scrambles for some reasons why the Monroe Doctrine ought to be upheld he will not forget the moral argument that the governmental system of the republics stands on a level much higher than that of those monarchies which are seeking a foothold in South America. Fortunately there is at present no state in Europe which has the remotest idea of violating the traditional Monroe Doctrine; but comparison of the sham principles of some of those operetta republics with the ethical values of the historic monarchies is worse than bad politics—it is bad education.

Can it be denied that even all the modern discussions on peace and disarmament, on arbitration treaties and the causes of righteous wars, get a good deal of their steam from the confident belief that it is the duty and mission of America to be the preceptor of Europe in the department of higher morality? Arbitration treaties seem welcome to the whole nation, and certainly a number of the friends of peace believe in them without restriction; but so much has surely been shown by the discussion—the crowd considers them welcome only up to the point where, according to their feeling, fighting is necessary after all. Hardly any American doubts that no written arbitration treaty would hinder the American nation from fighting against any European country if it believed that its just interests were at stake.

In other words, the Americans take it for granted that, whatever agreements may be made, American public opinion must remain the supreme judge of the world's affairs. For this reason, in fact, not a few attack such treaties as necessarily insincere and proclaim that just wars ought not be suppressed, and that a righteous war in a good cause may be better than a peaceful endurance of injustice; but is there not lurking behind this argument, too, the feeling of national superiority? In modern times the dire burden of war does not fall upon nations because there is justice on the one side and injustice on the other. The ultimate pretext for the war may be some quarrel which might be looked on as if right must be with the one party and wrong with the other party; but what boots the pretext? The powder barrel that explodes is war, and not the match that sets it off.

War finds its natural condition when the wholesome growth of two rivals has reached a point at which there is no longer any room left for the expansion of both. If two men love the same girl there is no chance for a compromise and for arbitration, nor is there justice with the one and injustice with the other. Japan was in the right and Russia was in the right too—or rather the question of right and wrong was not involved when the two giants were wrestling for supremacy in the East. A true respect for the historic energies by which the destiny of the nations becomes fulfilled demands that the spectators value the noble ambitions on both sides instead of posing as judges who decree that one side is just and the other unjust; but throughout the public discussion the American tone is that some one is surely in the wrong and that America will discover the culprit.

True patriotism cannot demand from Americans that they flourish the big stick across the Atlantic!

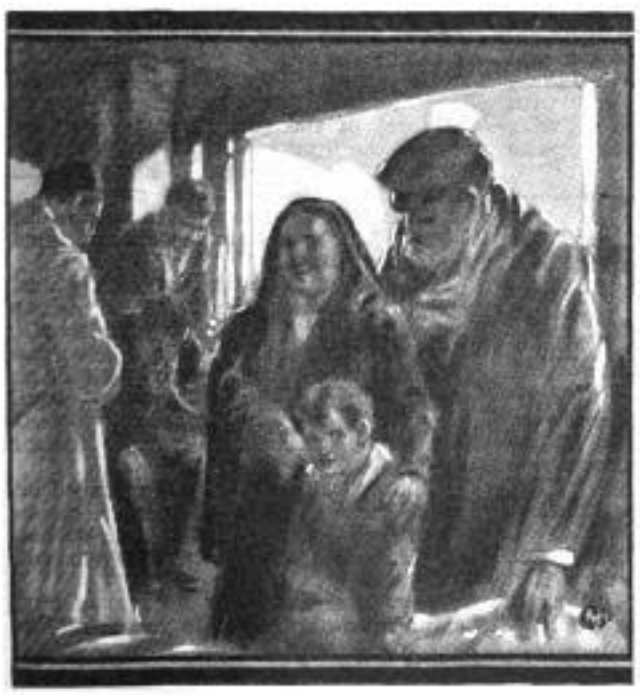
Is not this careless, haughty, condescending, unfair behavior toward the European nations ultimately the residue of a patriotic view that really already belongs to the past? While all this unfriendliness survives, can it be overlooked that recent times have slowly changed American ideas as to their own national life? The American nation has grown up with the idea that it is an English nation and that, just as its language is English, its life character and its heart's blood are Anglo-Saxon too. The Anglo-Saxon is the true American, England is the country of kinship; the immigrants who come from other countries are useful fellow workers and desirable guests, but they remain guests and the countries from which they are derived remain foreign countries. They may be the home countries of the guests, but no ties of kinship connect the countries with the American nation. Has the American nation, however, really any need for persistently ignoring the fact that this whole theory is an artificial construction based on an untenable illusion?

Malicious critics of Europe like to present the national life over there as if all were held together by willful theories of the aristocratic classes forced on the suggestible masses and finally accepted by them with enthusiastic ignorance; but what must be said, then, of the dogma preached by an aristocratic minority of the country here, through which the non-Anglo-Saxon majority is delegated to the position of guests and hyphenated citizens? The Irish and the Scotch, the Germans and the Dutch, the Danish and the Swedish, the Austrians and the Italians, the French and the Russians, have heard the story believingly for a long while; but finally their patience has come to an end and their non-English consciousness has awakened. They have studied the history of their ancestors in this country and have become proud of their contributions to the development of this great nation. They have discovered how the traditions of the schoolbooks and the teachings of public opinion unfairly and grotesquely ignore that wonderful coöperation, and they suddenly feel like children who discover that the story of the stork will not do, after all.

The Melting Pot

THOSE seventeen million German-Americans know that the blood of their ancestors was offered for the unity of this nation; that the brawn and the brain of their fathers helped to build its prosperity; that their education and their character have given tremendous momentum to the glorious work of the nation, and that they themselves are just as good American citizens as the Anglo-Americans. Those Germans who sought their homes in Pennsylvania in the seventeenth century are to the millions of modern German-Americans what the Pilgrim Fathers are to those descended from English stock. The time has passed when the children felt ashamed that their parents were not of English but of Teuton origin. Exactly the same change has come to all the other peoples. The one man who is the idol of the nation has never lost a chance to tell how Dutch and Scotch and Irish and French bloods are mixed in his veins.

This new feeling and attitude of the majority necessarily demand a fundamental revision of the antiquated national theory. The American people are not an English people, nor a Dutch, nor a French, nor a German, nor an Irish. The American nation is an entirely new people which, like all the other great nations of the world, has arisen from a mixture of races and from a blending of nationalities. The ties of kinship do not connect it with England more than with Ireland or Holland or Germany or Sweden. All these races are united and assimilated here—not by a common racial origin, but by a common national task.





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They must work out in unity the destiny of a nation to which all the leading countries of Europe have contributed their most enterprising elements as bearers of their particular traits and ideals. A new patriotism has sprung up that does not aim toward the conservation of an English people, but hopes for the highest development of a unique nation in which the finest qualities of all Europe will be blended.

This new patriotism alone can be a true stimulus for all the healthy elements in this great country. The old kind of patriotism has been really holding back the non-English elements, as it forced on them the artificial task of imitating something which was not in harmony with their inmost nature. The new patriotism inspires every one to his duty of contributing the very best of the ideals of his home country to the happiness of the whole. The new patriotism of tomorrow will not know hosts or guests among the citizens of this country. The nation is one solid whole; and whatever European country has contributed to its inheritance must have its share in the gratitude of every inhabitant.

The Irish or Dutch or Swedish or German or French-American would indeed be utterly ungrateful if he were to forget how endlessly much England has given to this nation which is now his own. And the Anglo-American would be no less ungrateful if he were to forget what the European continent has poured out for the strength and the beauty and the blessing of his beloved land. Since the people with all the manifoldness of elements feel themselves one, the nation cannot have a diversity of ancestors—all Europe is the mother country. To see this mother country's achievements will be every American's pride, to visit its soil will be his inspiration—the intercourse will never be without respect and even the rivalry never without sympathy. The Anglo-American resentment of yesterday and the condescension of today toward continental Europe will yield to friendship. True patriotism cannot demand that the American people crumble and fall asunder when they begin to think lovingly of their ancestral homes! There ought not to be civil war on the battlefields of European memories.

HIGHGRADE LINES

(Continued from Page 13)

"You've chosen a fine program to introduce your friend to good music with," he said; and therewith began a lively conversation that lasted until a round of applause signalized the appearance of the conductor. The next moment he raised his baton and the celli began to sigh the mournful phrase which ushers in the symphony. Milton leaned back luxuriously as the woodwind commenced the next phrase; and then, while the introduction ended with a sweeping crescendo and the tempo suddenly increased, Elkan sat up and his eyes became fixed on the trombone and trumpet players.

He maintained this attitude throughout the entire first movement, and it was not until the conductor's arm fell motionless at his side that he settled back in his seat.

"Well," Milton asked, "what do you think of it?"

"A-Number-One!" Elkan answered hoarsely. "It would suit me just so well if it would last the whole evening and we wouldn't have no singing and dancing at all."

"What, no singing and dancing!" Milton exclaimed.

"Sure!" Elkan continued. "I wish them fellers would play the whole evening."

The conductor tapped his desk with his baton.

"Don't worry," Milton commented as he settled himself for the next movement. "You'll get your wish all right."

Elkan looked inquiringly at his mentor, but Milton only placed his forefinger to his lips; and thereafter, until the conclusion of the symphony, the pauses between the movements of the symphony were so brief that Elkan had no opportunity to make further inquiries.

"Well, neighbor," asked the gentleman on his right, as the musicians filed off the stage for the ten-minutes intermission, "what do you think of your first symphony?"

Elkan smiled and concealed his shyness by clearing his throat.

"The symphony is all right," he said; "but, with all them operators there, what is the use they are trying to save money hiring only one foreman?"

"One foreman?" his neighbor cried.

"Sure—the feller with the stick," Elkan went on blandly. "Naturally he couldn't keep his eye on all them people at once—ain't it? I am watching them fellers, which they are working them big brass machines, for the last half hour, and except for five or ten minutes they sit there doing absolutely nothing—just fooling away time."

"Them fellers ain't fooling away their time," Milton said gravely. "They ain't got nothing to do only at intervals."

"Then I guess they must pay 'em by piecework—ain't it?" Elkan asked.

"They pay 'em so much a night," Milton explained.

"Well, in that case, Mr. Jassy," Elkan continued, "all I could say is if I would got working in my place half a dozen fellers which I am paying by the day, understand me, and the foreman couldn't keep 'em busy only half the time, *verstehst du*, he would quick look for another job."

Elkan's neighbor on the right had been growing steadily more crimson, and at last he hurriedly seized his hat and passed out into the aisle.

"That's a pretty friendly feller," Elkan said as he gazed after him. "Do you happen to know his name?"

"I ain't never heard his name," Milton replied; "but he is seemingly crazy about music. I seen him here every time I come."

"Well, I don't blame him none," Elkan commented; "because you take the Harlem Winter Garden, for instance, and though the music is rotten, understand me, they got the nerve to charge you yet for a lot of food which half the time you don't want at all; whereas here they didn't even ask us we should buy so much as a glass beer."

At this juncture the short, stout person returned and proceeded to entertain Elkan and Yetta by pointing out among the audience the figures of local and international millionaires.

"And all them fellers is crazy about music too?" Elkan asked.

"So crazy," his neighbor said, "that the little man over there, with the white beard, spends almost twenty thousand a year on it!"

"And yet," Milton said bitterly, "there's plenty fellers in the city which year in and year out composes chamber music and symphonic music which they couldn't themselves make ten dollars a week; and, when it comes right down to it, none of them millionaires would loosen up to such new beginners for even five hundred dollars to help them get a hearing."

The short person received Milton's outburst with a faint smile.

"I've heard that before," he commented, "but I never had the pleasure of meeting any of those great unknown composers."

"That's because most of 'em is so bashful they ain't got sense enough to push themselves forward," Milton replied; "*aber* if you really want to meet one I could take you tonight yet to a café on Delancey Street where there is playing a trio which the pianist is something you could really call a genius."

"You don't tell me!" Elkan's neighbor cried. "Why, I should be delighted to go with you."

"How about it, Mr. Lubliner?" Milton asked. "Are you and Mrs. Lubliner agreeable to go downtown after the show to the café on Delancey Street? It's a pretty poor neighborhood already."

Yetta smiled.

"Sure, I know," she said; "but it wouldn't be the first time me and Elkan was in Delancey Street."

"Then it's agreed that we're all going to hear the genius," Elkan's neighbor added. "I heard you call one another Jassy and Lubliner—it's hardly fair you shouldn't know my name too."

He felt in his waistcoat pocket and finally handed a visiting card to Elkan, who glanced at it hurriedly and with trembling fingers passed it on to his wife, for it was inscribed in old English type as follows:

Mr. Joseph Rammerman
Festoria Hotel
New York

VI

"ONCE and for all, I am telling you, Volkovisk, either you would got to play music here or quit!" Marculescu cried at eleven o'clock that evening. "The customers is all the time kicking at the stuff you give us."

"What d'ye mean, stuff?" Max Merech protested. "That was no stuff, Mr. Marculescu. That was from Brahms a trio, and it suits me down to the ground."

"Suits you!" Marculescu exclaimed. "Who in blazes are you?"

"I am *auch* a customer, Mr. Marculescu," Max replied with dignity.

"*Yow*, a customer!" Marculescu jeered. "You sit here all night on one cup coffee. A customer, *sagt er!* A loafer—that's what you are! It ain't you I am making my money from, Merech—it's from them *Takeefim** uptown; and they want to hear music, not Brahms. So you hear what I am telling you, Volkovisk! You should play something good—like Wildcat Rag."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Marculescu," Max interrupted. "Do you mean to told me them lowlife bums in front there, which makes all that *Geschrei* over Dixerlie and such like *Narrischkeit*, is *Takeefim* yet?"

"I don't want to listen to you at all, Merech!" Marculescu shouted.

"I don't care if you want to listen to me *oder* not," Merech said. "I was a customer here when you got one little store *mit* two waiters; and it was me and all the other fellers you are calling loafers now what give you, with our few pennies, your first start. Now you are too good for us with your uptown *Takeefim*. Why, them same *Takeefim* only comes here, in the first place, because they want to see what it looks like in one of the East Side cafés, where they got such good music and such interesting characters, which sits and drinks coffee and plays chess *und Tarrok*."

He glared at the enraged Marculescu and waved his hands excitedly.

"What you call loafers they call interesting characters, Mr. Marculescu," he continued, "and what you call stuff they call good music—and that's the way it goes, Mr. Marculescu. You are a goose which is killing its own golden eggs!"

"So!" Marculescu roared. "I am a goose, am I? You loafer, you! Out of here before I kick you out!"

"You wouldn't kick nothing," Max rejoined, "because I am happy to go out from here! Where all the time is being played such *Machshoves* like Wildcat Rag, I don't want to stay at all."

He rose from his chair and flung ten cents on to the table.

"And furthermore," he cried by way of peroration, "people don't got to come five miles down to Delancey Street to hear Wildcat Rag, Mr. Marculescu; so, if you keep on playing it, Mr. Marculescu, you will quick find that it's an elegant tune to bust up to—and that's all I got to say!"

As he walked away, Marculescu made a sign to his pianist.

"Go ahead, Volkovisk—play Wildcat Rag!" he said. Then he followed Max to the front of the café; and before they reached the front tables, at which sat the slummers from uptown, Volkovisk began to pound out the hackneyed melody.

"That's what I think of your arguments, Merech!" Marculescu said, walking behind the cashier's desk.

Max paused to crush him with a final retort; but even as he began to deliver it his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, for at that instant the door opened and there entered a party of four, with Elkan Lubliner in the van. A moment later, however, Milton Jassy pushed his guests to one side and strode angrily toward Marculescu.

"*Koosh!*" he bellowed and stamped his foot on the floor, whereat the music ceased and even the uptown revelers were startled into silence. Only Marculescu remained unabashed.

"Say," he shouted as he rushed from behind his desk, "what do you think this joint is?—a joint!"

**Takeefim*—Aristocracy.

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"I think what I please, Marculescu," Milton said, "and you should tell Volkovisk to play something decent. Also you *should* bring us two quarts from the best Tchampanyer wine—from French wine Tchampanyer, not *Amerikanischer*."

He waved his hand impatiently and three waiters—half of Marculescu's entire staff—came on the jump; so that, a moment later, Jassy and his guests were divested of their wraps and seated at one of the largest tables facing the piano. It was not until then that Milton descried Max Merech hovering round the door.

"Merech!" he called. "*Kommen sie 'r uber!*"

Max shook his head shyly and half-opened the door; but Elkan forestalled him. He fairly bounded from the table and caught his assistant cutter by the arm just as he was disappearing on to the sidewalk.

"Max," he said, "what's the matter with you? Ain't you coming in to meet my wife?"

Max shrugged in embarrassment.

"You don't want me to butt into your party, Mr. Lubliner!" he said.

"Listen, Max," Elkan almost pleaded; "not only do I want you to but you would be doing me a big favor if you would come in and join us. Also, Max, I am going to introduce you as our designer. You ain't got no objections?"

"Not at all," Max replied, and he followed his employer into the café.

"Yetta," Elkan began, "I think you seen Mr. Merech before—ain't it?"

Mrs. Lubliner smiled and extended her hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Merech?" she said; and Max bowed awkwardly.

"Mr. Kammerman," Elkan continued, "this is our designer, Max Merech; and I could assure you, Mr. Kammerman, a very good one too. He's got a great eye for color."

"And a good ear for music," Milton added as Kammerman shook the blushing dilettante by the hand.

"In fact, Mr. Kammerman, if he has got such taste in designing as he is showing in music," Milton went on, "he must be a wonder! Nothing suits him but the best. And now, if you will excuse me, I'll get Volkovisk he should play you his sonata."

He left the table, with his leather portfolio under his arm, and for more than five minutes he held an earnest consultation with Volkovisk and the cellist, after which he returned smiling to his seat.

"First Volkovisk plays his sonata, Opus 30," he explained, "and then he would do a little thing of my own."

He nodded briskly to Volkovisk and Kammerman settled himself resignedly to a hearing of what he anticipated would be a commonplace piece of music. After the first six measures, however, he sat up straight in his chair and his face took on an expression of wonder and delight. Then, resting his elbow on the table, he nursed his cheek throughout the first movement in a posture of earnest attention.

"Why," he cried as the musician paused, "this man is a genius!"

Max Merech nodded. His face was flushed and his eyes were filled with tears.

"What did I told you, Mr. Lubliner?" he said; and Jassy raised his hand for silence while Volkovisk began the second movement. This and the succeeding movements fully sustained the promise of the earlier portions of the composition; and when at length Volkovisk rose from the piano stool and approached the table Kammerman jumped from his chair and wrung the composer's hand.

"Sit in my chair," he insisted, and snapped his fingers at Marculescu, who fumed impotently behind the cashier's desk.

"Here," he called; "more wine—and look sharp about it!"

Marculescu obeyed sulkily and again the glasses were filled.

"Gentlemen," Kammerman said, "and Mrs. Lubliner, I ask you to drink to a great career just beginning."

"Lots of people said that before," Max murmured after he had emptied his glass.

"They said it," Kammerman replied, "but I pledge it. You shall play no more in this place, Volkovisk—and here is my hand on it."

Max Merech beamed across the table at his employer.

"Well, Mr. Lubliner," he said, "you lost your chance."

Elkan shrugged and smiled.

"Might you could find another of them genius fellers for me maybe, Max?" he said.

And therewith Kammerman slapped Milton Jassy on the back.

"By Jove! We forgot your trio," he said. "Play it, Volkovisk, as your valedictory here."

Again Volkovisk sought the piano, and after whispered instructions to his assistants he began a rendition of Jassy's Opus 47, from the manuscript Milton had brought with him; but, allowing for the faulty technic of the cellist and the uncertainty that attends the first reading from manuscript of any composition, there was little to recommend Jassy's work.

"Very creditable!" Kammerman said at the end of the movement. "Perhaps we might hear the rest."

Max kept his eyes fixed on the table to avoid looking at Jassy, and even Volkovisk seemed embarrassed as he swung round on the piano stool.

"Well?" he said inquiringly.

Jassy emitted a bitter laugh.

"That'll do, Volkovisk," he replied hoarsely. "I guess it needs rehearsing."

At this point Max attempted to create a diversion.

"Look at that lady sitting there!" he said. "She puts on a yellow hat to an old-gold dress. She's committing murder and she don't know it!"

Kammerman seized on the incident as a way of escape from criticising Jassy's trio.

"That reminds me, Lubliner," he said. "Give me your business card if you have one with you. I must tell Mr. Dalzell, my cloak buyer, to look over your line. I'm sure, with a designer of Mr. Merech's artistic instincts working for you, you will be making up just the highgrade line of goods we need."

VII

ONE year later, the usual crowd of first-nighters lounged in the lobby of the Siddons Theater during the intermission between the second and third acts of M. Sidney Benson's newest musical comedy, Marjory from Marguery's, and commented with enthusiasm on the song hit of the show—My Blériot Maid. A number of the more gifted even whistled the melody, skipping the hard part and proceeding by impromptu and conventional modulation to the refrain, which had been expressly designed by its composer, Milton Jassy, so as to present no technical difficulties to the most modest whistler.

Through this begemmed and piping throng, Kammerman and Volkovisk elbowed their way to the street for a breath of fresh air; and as they reached the sidewalk Kammerman heaved a sigh of relief.

"What a terrible melody!" he ejaculated.

"But the plot ain't bad," Volkovisk suggested, and Kammerman grinned involuntarily.

"To be exact, the two plots aren't bad," he said. "It's made up of two old farces. One of them is Embrassons nous, Duval, and the other Un Garçon de chez Gaillard."

"But the costumes are really something which you could call beautiful!" Volkovisk declared.

"Merech approved the costumes too," Kammerman agreed with a laugh. "He left after the first act; and he said that if you endured it to the end you were to be sure to tell Jassy the colorings were splendid!" He lit a cigarette reflectively. "That man is a regular shark for coloring!" he said. "It seems that when I first met him that night he was only an assistant cutter; but Elkan Lubliner made him designer very shortly afterward—and it has proved a fine thing for both of them. I understand we bought fifteen thousand dollars' worth of goods from them during the past year!"

"He deserved all the good luck that came to him," Volkovisk cried; and Kammerman placed his hand affectionately on his protégé's shoulder.

"There's a special Providence that looks after artists," he said as they reëntered the theater, "whether they paint, write, compose, or design garments."

YOUNG MEN WHO RISE

THE question of self improvement is the serious concern of many business men. The following incidents illustrate how two different firms secured satisfactory results from their employees.

One of the very greatest of our corporations, whose capital runs into hundreds of millions, recently planned improvements which, its engineers estimated, would cost something like two million dollars. To the man in special charge of the work, however, there came the thought that much might profitably be learned from Germany. He had gathered what ideas he could as to which country could aid him; and, though he knew that, on the whole, Germany was behind the United States in regard to it, he at the same time believed that there was much of value to learn over there.

So he selected two men—chose them heedfully, with a distinct eye to the qualifications for the investigative task in hand; and, sending for them, he first explained just what they were to do.

"You are to go together to Germany, get into the mills over there and learn all you can that may be of help to us in the big improvements we are planning to carry out, and which both of you know about."

Then he told them why it was that he had selected them for the trip of discovery.

"You are both," he said, "experts in the technical details of our work—if you weren't you wouldn't be earning your big salaries; but I am going to speak very frankly to you, for I have picked you out for a very important service.

"You, X, are a good mixer. You meet people well and always make a good impression. You make friends. Now I want you to use this good quality to special advantage. Always you will keep your eyes and ears open for suggestions, and help your side partner—just as he, though I will give him a special province, always must be ready in turn to help you.

"And for your part, Z," he said, turning to the other man, "I expect that you, too, will help in making friends and use tact and discretion, and knock off as much as you can of the stiffness and aloofness that you've been allowing to grow on you. Now don't get offended; this is just business—and very important business."

The two men sailed for Europe and were away six months, during which time they piled up a tremendous bill for expenses; but the total was neither criticised nor questioned, for they got the goods! They went to various cities, got into the biggest mills in just the right way and saw everything that was to be seen—the two making an admirable team, playing into each other's hands just as their superior had expected them to do. Their report was so admirable, and they had used eyes and judgment to such good advantage, that the corporation saved fully a quarter of a million dollars by carrying out the suggestions that came from their seeing what was worth while in the German methods.

"I try to look at my own establishment in the same spirit with which I look at that of a rival," said a rising Chicago man. "I walk through my own place, judging, estimating, silently praising or criticising, as nearly as I can, in the same spirit as if it were not my own. I know I can't give myself quite the same viewpoint toward my own place of business any more than a man can look at his own personal character precisely as he does at the personal character of a neighbor. The idea of it first came to me some years ago when I was in a similar establishment down in New York, and suddenly found myself looking very disparagingly at the way goods were displayed in one of the important departments, and thinking very disparagingly of all the clerks—for there was a certain air of looseness, of slackness, of ineffective arrangement and of general lack of snap. And I thought: 'How does it happen that the proprietor doesn't see all this just as I do?' And instinctively the answer came that it must be precisely because he was the proprietor! That set me thinking, and I began to realize just how easily a man may miss seeing things that are right in front of him. Now I know that pretty nearly every man watches his own establishment closely—of course that's true in the case of any successful man; but there isn't any man, no matter how wise or successful, who can watch to the very best advantage until he has got into the way of looking at his own establishment just as if he were looking at another."

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Working to Save Wood Waste

By FORREST CRISSEY

AN IMPORTANT investigation concerning supply and demand was instigated, not long ago, by the wood-pulp manufacturers of Wisconsin, who began to wonder how long their supply of spruce would hold out and what they would do about it when it began to shrink. Their appeal was promptly acted upon by the Office of Wood Utilization and a thorough investigation made, with results that astonished all concerned. It revealed the fact that just as much wood is wasted in Wisconsin as there is material cut. In other words, more than a billion feet of lumber was cut in Wisconsin in the year covered by the investigation and more than a billion feet of lumber went into waste. Now a series of experiments are being carried forward to demonstrate what soft woods from this waste are capable of being converted into acceptable pulp and at what cost. Already the investigation has told the pulpmakers the amount of standing pulp timber now in the state, the size of the possible supply from all kinds of waste at mills, the varieties comprised in this supply and the relative proportion of each variety—what proportion of the supply is in slabs; what in edgings and in other forms—and how much it would cost to sort the different species and forms of the waste. On the completion of the experiments that are being carried out coöperatively, the pulpmakers of Wisconsin will have a fairly comprehensive bird's-eye view of the present and immediate future of their industry.

The Oaks From Little Acorns

It is altogether possible, if not entirely likely, that the result will be the utilization of millions of feet of waste stuff that now goes into the burners at the mills. The demand for cheap paper of the pulp type is tremendously on the increase; and if any considerable part of the immense waste now going on at the lumber mills can be turned into pulp the result will be hailed as little short of a national benefaction.

Not long ago a lumberman from the Pacific Coast came into the Office of Wood Utilization and asked:

"How long after Douglas fir has been fire-killed is it good to log and manufacture? How long will Western red cedar, Western spruce, and woods of that character, remain good for lumbering and manufacture after the forest has been swept by a disastrous fire? And will the standing or the fallen timber in such a forest be found in the better condition?"

The men who were sent to the Pacific Slope to answer this question located a five-year burn, a ten-year burn and a seventeen-year burn, and began to work out the comparative problem in a definite, scientific and businesslike way. They met with many surprises in their results which can hardly fail to make their investigations almost invaluable. For one thing, they established the fact that fallen or "down" cedar is more durable than standing cedar, especially when located in a moist and cool situation. Also the fact was established that insect attacks on fire-killed Western cedar are remarkably few and generally confined to the workings of the smaller bark weevils. Not only did the investigation answer the questions asked by the West Coast lumberman, but it established facts worth thousands of dollars annually to the lumbering interests of the West.

Incidentally this work in the great redwood forests brought the investigators face to face with an aggravated form of waste. They found that thousands of tanbark oaks, from which the bark had been previously peeled, were being burned in the process of lumbering the great redwoods. The tanbark oak grows among the redwoods and the lumbering practice has been for the owners of redwood tracts to sell—for a small sum—the tanbark privilege of a tract about two years in advance of removing the redwood. The amount of money received by the owners of these forests for the tanbark privilege is nominal and trifling; in fact, the giant redwoods so completely fill the eye of the lumberman that he looks over the tops of the smaller tanbark oaks and comes to consider them as mere cumberers of the ground. If these oaks stood in a forest by themselves, where they were not overshadowed by the gigantic redwoods, they would appear to be magnificent trees, many of them showing clean boles of from sixty to eighty feet to the lowest limbs.

After these splendid trees are felled and stripped of their bark, they are left as useless. By the time the redwood cutters are on the ground these oak trees are generally well seasoned. Then some of them are used for pillows with which to break the fall of the redwoods. The green trunk of a redwood from which the bark has been removed will not burn, even in the fiercest forest fire. Therefore, after the redwoods have been felled and peeled, circles of forest fires are set to clear the woods of all undergrowth and thus leave a clean floor for the logging operations. In these clearing fires thousands of tanbark oaks are reduced to ashes.

The investigators from the Office of Wood Utilization no sooner saw this appalling waste than they tackled the problem of preventing it. The lumbermen merely said that if the timber of the tanbark oak was good for anything they would like to be told to what use it could be put. Shipments of these oaks were sent to the timber-testing station at Berkeley, California. From there convenient quantities of the lumber were sent to wagon factories, cooperage concerns and furniture manufacturers in San Francisco. Practically all of these manufacturers reported that this timber was well suited to their purposes and they could use it to advantage.

This investigation and its experiments have demonstrated to the timber-owners that the tanbark oaks in their redwood forests are worth more for timber than for tanbark. The oaks can serve both of these uses, but only at the expenditure of considerable effort; for unfortunately the bark, if used for tanning, must be peeled in the spring, which is the most difficult of all periods of the year for lumbering operations. If the tree is allowed to lie where it falls, and be exposed to the soaking rains and the hot sun, it is spoiled for timber use. However, by hauling the trees into piles, this deterioration is largely overcome.

Timely Destruction of Tradition

Hard wood of any kind is extremely scarce on the West Coast and most of the finishing woods are brought from the East, from the Philippines, Mexico or Japan. As a consequence, through this investigation, the "snap" of the tanbark contractor has been destroyed; the timber-owners are themselves taking the tanbark and afterward cutting the tanbark oaks up into lumber for wagon-rims, furniture, cooperage materials and other uses. The utilization of one-half of the annual waste of tanbark oak timber under the old methods will amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars. And as the public learns better to appreciate the value of this wood it is bound to command an increasingly higher price. The real achievement in this matter, however, as seen by the eyes of the Office of Wood Utilization, is the fact that millions of feet of hard-wood lumber have been rescued from the bonfire and given to a locality that is so destitute of hard woods that it is obliged to import practically all of its supply.

Perhaps no waste-saving enterprise ever undertaken by the Office of Wood Utilization is more important than the campaign against the sawmill tradition that all lumber must be cut into lengths of an even number of feet. The first question which the office undertook to answer was this: How much lumber does this tradition, that flooring, ceiling, siding and finished lumber must be cut into an even number of feet, waste at the mill? A very complete investigation of this kind of waste at the mills in the Southern states demonstrated that more than thirty million feet, or approximately six hundred thousand dollars' worth of material, was being annually wasted simply because contractors and carpenters figured in even lengths and did not consider an odd length as a possibility. For example, it was found that when a sixteen-foot board came up to the trimming saw at the mill, and there was a small knot near the sixteen-foot mark, the board was cut to a length of fourteen feet—and a foot and a half of clear lumber thrown into the waste.

Meantime another force of investigators was busy taking the frame house of the ordinary type apart to see what "made it go." Many of these houses in various parts of the country were examined and measurements taken of the boards and timbers entering into their construction. Then an average was struck—and it was found that more than forty per cent of the boards entering into the construction of the ordinary frame dwelling house were of odd lengths or were nearer the odd foot than the even. These findings were so conclusive that the Forest Service urged the Southern mills to stop this waste and, whenever possible, to produce materials in odd lengths. Today both the Southern and Western mills are turning out large quantities of odd lengths and are having no difficulty whatever in marketing them. Wideawake contractors and carpenters are found to be entirely willing to save money at the sacrifice of the old and almost sacred tradition that boards are born in lengths of an even number of feet.

Doing Business With Uncle Sam

Uncle Sam is in the lumbering business himself in a big way. He has one hundred and ninety-three million acres under the supervision of the Forest Service. Of this total, one hundred and sixty-six million acres are in the United States and the remainder in Alaska and Porto Rico. In the United States there are one hundred and sixty-five national forests, which give to each supervisor and his eight or ten assistants the care of about a million acres. This keeps them fairly busy looking after the upkeep of the property without giving any thought to the matter of selling stumpage. The total stand of timber on the national forests, exclusive of Alaska, is approximately five hundred and thirty billion feet. In the fiscal year of 1910 there was sold from the national forests five hundred and seventy-five million feet of timber at a valuation of one million four hundred thousand dollars—an average stumpage price of two dollars and forty-four cents a thousand feet.

There has been a general impression among lumbermen that it isn't worth while to attempt to do timber business with Uncle Sam. They have held stoutly to the notion that he is all tied up with red tape, and that many practically impossible conditions are imposed upon the buyer.

Now it occurred to the national forester and his assistants in Washington that the Office of Wood Utilization was distinctly a business office that kept in close touch with the lumbering trade. So Mr. Sackett, the head of the office, was given an additional job. He was assigned the work of furnishing detailed information to inquirers concerning the stumpage which the Government has for sale on the national forests. Incidentally he interpreted this assignment to mean that it was up to him to remove from the minds of lumbermen the tradition that it is hard to do business with Uncle Sam. Today any lumberman who walks into the Office of Wood Utilization can get, straight off the bat, all the detailed information concerning a Government timber tract that the biggest timber-owner could furnish regarding any of his holdings. Any lumberman can get complete data on definite sale areas—embodying location, estimate by species, markets, estimated logging cost, millsites, and every essential detail that the prospective buyer demands before making a personal investigation of a timber proposition. This information can be supplemented in many cases by accurate maps, photographs, personal reports and other means calculated materially to assist in forming an intelligent decision.

Altogether, the Office of Wood Utilization is a busy place. As a specialist in the disorders of the wood trade, Uncle Sam keeps a crowded consultation room and is making a growing reputation with his patients. It is, perhaps, not too much to say he has not another office that is of greater practical service to his people than this.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Crissey on the subject of wood waste.

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How's Business and Why

HALF the battle consists in getting used to things; and it would seem as if the *business* men of this country might by this time have become accustomed to the pace they have been for some time following and *be able* to adhere to it for a while longer without uttering loud complaints. True, the pace has been irksome to a degree; and *if it proceeds* from an avoidable handicap, which some of them probably think it does, the irksomeness is the more accentuated. *Whether* the handicap is avoidable, however, is debatable. That which the individual can control is about the only thing that is avoidable to him; and in this instance it is uncertain how far the individual business man or business men collectively can now or could have originally controlled the conditions comprising the handicap. What those conditions are or were are points on which men might not agree. This much may be asserted—that the avoidable conditions are those for which men themselves were to blame if blame attached anywhere. And as regards those conditions it is for business men to correct them so far as it is in their power to do so.

These remarks are general, but they have an object—to wit, to encourage men to accept the existing situation and make the best of it; and it is probably not nearly so bad as it might be, and it will surely be better by-and-by. One cannot look at the statistical information regarding general business affairs in the United States at the turn of the year without being impressed with the magnitude of the undertakings and achievements of the people of the country, even in an unsatisfactory year.

Bank Clearings Analyzed

Volumes would be required to give far less than the whole of this information, and but little of it can be reproduced here. Conspicuous among the more important items is that of bank clearings. Bradstreet's gives the clearings of all the leading cities of the country for 1911 as $157,769,230,440, compared with $162,027,883,852 for 1910, showing a decrease of three per cent from 1910, and 4.6 per cent from 1909, when payments made were of record proportions. Compared with 1908 there is an increase of nineteen per cent, and an increase of nine per cent over 1907. When contrasted with that other active year, 1906, the decrease for 1911 was but one per cent. The contribution of the city of New York to the decrease in 1911, compared with 1910, was the determining factor; for clearings outside the metropolis for the twelve months were greater than in the previous year by $643,000,000—the exact returns being $65,396,417,705 in 1911 and $64,753,383,760 in 1910. New York clearings for the year were $92,372,812,735, a decrease of five per cent from 1910, 10.8 per cent from 1909, eleven per cent from 1906 and one per cent from 1905; while, compared with 1908, there was a gain of over thirteen per cent, and of 5.7 per cent compared with 1907. Outside of New York in 1911 there was an increase of one per cent over 1910 and three per cent over 1909. New York's share in the total clearings of 1911—60.5 per cent—was the least since 1897, and should be attributed to the decline in stock speculation, share transactions amounting to 22.8 per cent less than in 1910.

Perhaps the story of clearings in different sections of the country for the last months of the year is as interesting as any chapter. It includes the period from September 1 to December 31 and comparison is with the corresponding months of 1910. The facts can best be told in tabular form:

Localities	Percentage of Increase September	Percentage of Increase October	Percentage of Increase November	Percentage of Increase December	Percentage of Increase 12 months
New England	4.4	*2.2	3.4	2.3	.4
Middle	13.5	*4.7	2.9	1.3	*6.5
Western	3.5	3.2	*.2	2.2	1.8
Northwestern	2.9	1.7	1.9	2.3	*1.1
Southwestern	2.5	1.4	*.1	*.8	.8
Southern	16.6	7.3	6.1	1.9	8.7
Far-Western	5.1	5.8	11.6	5.7	2.6
Total United States	10.3	*2.3	3.0	1.8	*3.2
New York City	15.2	*4.9	3.1	1.0	*5.0
Outside New York	4.2	1.5	2.7	2.4	1.0
Canadian	9.0	19.4	24.7	21.6	17.8

*Decrease.

It will be noticed that there was an increase in every section of the country during September, the city of New York being rated as a section—also in Canada; that there was an increase in five of eight sections during October, an increase in six during November, and in seven sections during December. The declines in October were in New England, the Middle states and the city of New York.

In November they were in Western and Southwestern states, while in December they were in Southwestern states only; and the declines were less than one per cent in the two sections last named during November and December. For the year as a whole, a decrease in clearings was shown in the Middle and Northwestern states, in the city of New York and the United States, though not in the United States outside the city of New York. In New England, for the long period, there was an improvement in clearings of four-tenths of one per cent; in the Western States of 1.8 per cent; in the Southwestern states of eight-tenths of one per cent; in the Southern states of 8.7 per cent; in the Far-Western states of 2.6 per cent, and in the country outside of the city of New York of one per cent. The best ratio of gain was in the South, where the cotton crop the previous year—two years, in fact—was favored by its high price.

Looking across the Canadian line, the story is far better than for the United States. Bank clearings there were not less than nine per cent in excess of the previous year in any month—as much as 24.7 per cent in November and 17.8 per cent for the year 1911 considered as a unit. The reason for this is in plain view. Canada was favored by a remarkable real-estate and railroad development, immigrants from the United States and other countries arriving by hundreds of thousands, occupying and developing farms and swelling the products of the country, while the railroads were being extended without interruption. The crops there were likewise in excess of those of the previous year, while in parts of the United States there was a deficiency of crops.

Cotton Crop Figures

Reference must be made to the dimensions of the 1911 cotton crop, which confound all early estimates whether they portrayed honest convictions or the wish of men who naturally wanted a yield that would sustain the high prices that accompanied the small crops of the two previous years. It will be recalled that, when the new season was young, estimates ran about twelve million to thirteen million bales, and it was solemnly resolved that cotton should sell at fourteen cents a pound, and then at fifteen, which it never did thereafter and probably will not again until crop shortage shall once more furnish the occasion. On the contrary, cotton fell to less than nine cents a pound for future delivery and to a small fraction over that for immediate delivery; and the reasons for this decline were manifest all the autumn as statistics of ginning came to public notice and the Government estimates of yield were made known. Ginning statistics by the Census Bureau, as of January 1, 1912, showed 14,332,756 bales already ginned against 11,084,515 bales on the same date in 1911 and 9,647,327 bales on January 1, 1910. In each of the eight ginning periods, beginning with September first and ending with the first day of this year, there was reported a larger amount ginned than on the corresponding date of the two previous years.

It is confidently declared that the Government's last estimate of the cotton crop of 1911—to wit, 14,885,000 bales of five hundred pounds each—will be shown to fall three hundred thousand to five hundred thousand bales short of the final yield. It is calculated that less than two-thirds of the crop had gone to market in early January, and that 5,500,000 bales of spinnable cotton remained on Southern plantations yet to be marketed. The South no doubt keenly felt the fall in the price of cotton as evidenced in other ways and in the declining percentage of increase in bank clearings as the year 1911 drew to a close. Those increases were 16.6 per cent in September compared with the previous year, 7.3 per cent in October, 6.1 per cent in November and 1.9 per cent in December; while for twelve months there was an increase of 8.7 per cent, as quoted above. It is quite possible that clearings have been somewhat



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unfavorably affected in the South by the holding back from market of a large amount of cotton; for it is obviously essential that a proportionate part of a large crop shall be sold at a reduced price to equal the gross receipts of a smaller crop sold at a high price.

However, there is compensation in the abundance and cheapness of cotton, since it has stimulated the cotton manufacturing industry North and South and in foreign countries deriving their raw material in part from this country. The coarse cotton industry of the South and the fine manufactures of New England received a decided impetus from the opportunity to obtain raw cotton at a relatively low price. There is chance still for large improvement in the mill-sections of the United States, a chance to which the labor troubles in the large manufacturing centers of Great Britain may add. Offsetting this factor is the practical closing of China by internal revolution to the cotton trade of the world. Still, the fact of cheap cotton will remain as a foundation for activity in the textile industry at least until another cotton crop shall become operative as a price factor.

The Iron and Steel Trade

The status of the iron and steel industry continues encouraging, and the greatest of the manufacturing concerns in that line of business can show the longest list of unfilled tonnage upon its books that has been there since the end of March, 1910, when the orders were 5,402,514 tons, compared with 5,084,761 tons on the thirty-first of December, 1911. There was an increase of 942,000 tons in December and of 1,473,000 tons since the close of September. The increase in twelve months is about two million four hundred thousand tons—averaged, say, at the rate of about two hundred thousand tons a month. It chanced that the least tonnage on the books was at the close of 1910—2,674,757 tons. The contrast between the growth of unfilled tonnage from an average of two hundred thousand tons monthly for the year to 942,000 tons in December is indeed encouraging. The increase has been fairly steady, with slight lapses in April, May, June, September and October. Two factors appear to have accentuated the favorable trend in orders—a somewhat radical cut in prices of products and the exhaustion of supplies of rails and equipment; and perhaps there should be added an amount of building activity at Chicago, on the Pacific Coast and at some other points. The new orders received suggest that the plant of the greatest of the steel corporations could be kept busy at something like full capacity for a brief time, and at, say, eighty-five per cent of capacity for several months.

Whether the railroads will enter upon a period of active construction is not known absolutely; but, judging from remarks of prominent men in the management of the properties, there is no present intention of pursuing that policy. Reason enough for this is seen in the indisposition to borrow largely for construction or other purposes at the commencement of the new year. There was plenty of borrowing by railroad and industrial and public-utility corporations in the year lately passed. An estimate puts the total at almost two billion dollars—to be more exact, $1,946,028,450 compared with $1,195,000,000 the previous year. Of the total for 1911, railroads stand charged with $479,350,000 in bonds and $255,699,000 in general and equipment notes compared with $399,112,000 in bonds and $179,201,000 in notes for 1910. The amount classed as industrial bonds was $200,333,000 bonds compared with $129,858,000; and there were $268,903,000 called public-utility bonds against $176,844,000 in 1910. And, again, there was $123,960,000 put down as industrial and public-utility notes compared with $75,150,000; and lastly there was $556,374,850 under the title of industrial and public-utility stock against $143,377,000 during 1910.

The exceptional increase was in industrial and public-utility corporation borrowing. The railroads did their heaviest borrowing in the earlier months of 1911, while the corporations classed as industrial and public-service were borrowing about equally the season through. Toward the end of the year the latter corporations showed a trend toward bonds instead of stock in their financing. The corporations engaged in industry appear to have had quite as prosperous a year in 1911 as did the railroads. To what extent the securities issued in 1911 have found lodgment with investors it is impossible to state; but the impression is that they have been largely placed and that there was a far better demand for investments last year than was thought to exist at the time.

Another industry in which improvement was shown is the copper industry, though it cannot be said absolutely that the improvement is in the statistical position of the metal. The stock of metal on hand in America at the beginning of 1912 was the least since the American Copper Producers' Association began issuing monthly reports—to wit, 89,454,695 pounds; showing a decrease of 22,330,695 pounds in a month, and some nine million pounds below the previous low point of 98,463,339 pounds, on February 1, 1910. The decrease in stock for the year 1911 was 32,575,500 pounds, or considerably less than the decrease from the maximum stock of the year—165,995,932 pounds on the first day of June. World stocks of copper have decreased quite as fast as domestic stocks. The copper industry abroad has, in truth, improved faster than in this country.

The uncertain element in the case of copper statistics is the credit that ought to be given to speculation. There is no doubt that speculators stimulated the buying sentiment if they did not actually inaugurate it, the purpose being to secure a profit on the advance, to stir consumers and to start a movement in the copper-mining share market. Whatever the cause or the motive, the result was pronounced in these several directions. December exports of copper were the largest for a month during the year, amounting to 79,238,716 pounds. In December, 1910, however, they were materially larger, or 88,104,075 pounds. Domestic deliveries were not the largest for twelve months in December, though total deliveries, including exports—145,227,190 pounds—were the record for the year. Production for the year, including imports, was 1,431,938,338 pounds, while deliveries were 1,464,513,838 pounds. On commercial and speculative demand, copper advanced all of two and one-half cents a pound in the last weeks of the year.

A Look Into the Future

Business at large in the country is not at its best by considerable, though still tremendous in volume because the wants of consumers at home and abroad are so enormous. Exports are very large; credits are considerable and are earning good interest according to reports regarding the rates German borrowers have been willing to pay of late. It is again to be said that the chief complaint regarding business relates to profits. These are very irregular. Here and there a concern amounting to a practical monopoly, like Standard Oil, American Tobacco or the American Telephone Company, seems to be prospering about as usual; and the concerns exceptionally situated, like the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad, seem to have no trouble in earning prodigious amounts—forty per cent, more or less, on the capital stock. On the other hand, concerns that have been overweighted by capitalization and bad management in the past, and have continued to carry that legacy, have found it difficult to keep out of the hands of receivers. These need not be named in order to be identified. Thus is the situation checkered. There is satisfaction here and discontent there—and a general complaint of politics.

Money need merely be referred to. If it were in very large request it would either be scarce or a good many loans would be disturbed in trying to meet the demand. Since it is not in very large request, and since debtors are not pressed, and since no one seems to look for marked business revival and mercantile demand until politics and legislation are made clearer, nobody appears to think that money will give any bother to deserving borrowers. Loan rates are comparatively easy the country through. Collections are spotted—and so are business conditions, for that matter. The uneven crops gave rise to uneven general conditions as to locality, and the developments of another crop year are awaited with concern. Given good crops in 1912, given a satisfactory banking and currency law, and given a satisfactory outcome of the presidential election next autumn, there will be hope—though not positive assurance—of more active and more satisfactory trade conditions.



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The Senator's Secretary

IS THERE any Democrat in the audience who has not had a boom for president started for him? If so let him step forward and call his name and we'll see to it at once!

The dearly beloved Democrats certainly have the bug! They think it is all over but the vote-counting; and every man who has had his name in the paper other than as a party to a foreclosure suit, who is more than thirty-five years old, and of good, merchantable character, has aspired, is aspiring or is getting ready to aspire. Booms are growing everywhere. There will be ten hundred and seventy-two delegates, or thereabout, in the Democratic National Convention, and from the looks of it at this writing there will be about ten hundred candidates. So, if it could be arranged that the odd seventy-two delegates might present their own claims for the office, and make it a candidate for each delegate, there would be a situation in Baltimore that would be about as logical as the present one.

The Democrats sniff the battle from afar, sniff the victory and, what is more sustaining, sniff the jobs from which they have been debarred since 1897. And with every sniff a new candidate develops. As it stands now, it will take about a week in Baltimore to present the names of all the candidates at present in the field, for there must be a speech for each candidate and a second, and no convention-rules committee ever was hard-hearted enough to put a time limit on nominating orators. That was well enough emphasized at Denver four years ago where, though it was a certainty that Mr. Bryan would be nominated as soon as the ballot was taken, the convention sat from eight o'clock in the evening until daybreak and heard the orators orotundly place him in nomination. If it hadn't been that Jim Faulkner and Eddie Riggs found a Swiss-cheese place near by a large number of rising young journalists would have died of exhaustion, notwithstanding the fact that, at 3:27 A. M., Ollie James had King Edward taking off his jeweled diadem and casting it at the peerless feet of the peerless leader, and at 4:19 Gus Thomas could see the dawn breaking for the Democracy—which was no joeh, as it was breaking at exactly that moment, and a fine view of it was had from the Swiss-cheese place.

On the Democratic Altar

Which remarks are presented here because of several things—one being a news paragraph that the leading Democrats of Wilmington, Delaware, held a meeting the other day and took steps—"took steps"—a delightfully indefinite manner of procedure—to secure the nomination of that noble countenance, Alton B. Parker. Mr. Parker, it will be remembered by some, was the gentleman who was defeated unanimously in 1904, and who, since that time, has delivered many masterly after-dinner addresses on The Duty of the Democracy in the Present Crisis. It may be that Mr. Parker knows what the duty of the Democracy is at present, but it is a sure thing the Democracy neither knew nor did its duty on the sad occasion when Mr. Parker himself took a few steps toward the White House—but only a few!

Also, we learn that Senator John W. Kern is being urged for the place. The Senator is coy and does not say his boomers nay; but he should beware. After a lifetime of trying to get on an official payroll he is now reposing in the Senate. Divorced from that, even for the glittering prize of a nomination for the presidency, he might never get back again. Another is Mayor William J. Gaynor, of New York; and still another is Senator O'Gorman, of New York. And they are coming in from all parts of the United States. Their name is legion—as we were taught to say in our youth. Any Democrat who is not mentioned for the presidency may well doubt his Democracy.

Still, there comes an occasional one who astonishes the country by withdrawing. Take the case of Senator Newlands, of Nevada, who issued a letter a time ago, in which he took himself out of the contest. To be sure, there were not many persons who knew the Senator was far enough in the contest to withdraw; but it seems he thought he was and he pulled out—at a considerable sacrifice too; for it was stated he had the promise of the delegates from Nevada, amounting to six votes and quite a start toward two-thirds of ten hundred and seventy-two. However, the Senator refused to let his name be considered further. He sacrificed himself on the altar of Democracy. He gave back to those six Nevada delegates their promise of support and told them to go whither they might. As for the Senator, he declared for Wilson. And there is this to be said: If the Senator really had those six votes he had six more than a good many men who are getting their names into the papers as possible candidates will have at the showdown.

Many Are Called

It is the simplest thing to start a boom for yourself or for a friend. All that is necessary is to hive half a dozen men in a room for a few minutes and then hand the reporters a political statement beginning like this: "At a meeting of prominent Democrats of this city, held last night, it was decided to take steps to promote the candidacy of William Q. Magoosh for president. Mr. Magoosh is the well-known ——" That is positively all that is needed. It is cheap, and if necessary can be kept up for several days by the simple expedient of hiring a few typewriters and writing letters to all parts of the country, soliciting support. Of course no support will be forthcoming, but the game can be carried on so long as the two-cent stamps hold out, and it is certain the papers will carry a paragraph now and then if the letters and the press flimsy are assiduously distributed.

The presidential situation on each side is getting into the opera-bouffe stage. Heaven only knows what will be the result on the people if the symptoms now apparent develop into the hysteria that, by all the rules, should be the outcome. We'll all be stark, staring mad by November. Nor is all the comedy on the Democratic side—not all. Take, for example, the case of Carroll Smalley Page, United States Senator from Vermont. This Senator is a Republican. It is his firm opinion that the only logical solution of the present difficulties of the Republican party is the selection of a good, conservative Eastern man who would be a rallying point round whom all factions can gather, and who would unite a disunited party and lead the forces of Republicanism on to a glorious victory. Pressed to name this man, Senator Page modestly but firmly mentions the name of Carroll Smalley Page. As the Senator sees it, there is nothing to it. He is the Moses to lead the perturbed Republicans out of the wilderness. He is the man to whom all can turn. Thus far he has the support of one United States senator—Carroll Smalley Page.

It would be ungenerous to leave Vermont in the lopsided condition of having a Republican candidate for president, and it must be said for John Barrett, chief of the Pan-American Union, that he is not an ungenerous man. Nobody can claim that about John. Hence, if the situation shall rise whereby Carroll Smalley Page shall be named by the Republicans, John is willing to march to the front for the Democracy and give them the equal advantage of a candidate from Vermont by taking the Democratic nomination. It cannot be claimed he is in any sense an active candidate, but he is as receptive as the Grand Cañon. John, you know, came from Vermont and Oregon—thus uniting the Orient and the Occident; and he is thoroughly bipartisan, having held office under both Republican and Democratic Administrations. At heart, though, John is Democratic—at heart and in view of the fact that there are fair prospects for Democratic success next fall. The real solution, I should say, would be for both parties to unite and name Page and Barrett for a joint ticket. It has a winning sound.

As foretold, the minute the Democratic leaders discovered their presidential situation had evolved into Woodrow Wilson against a large and variegated field, Wilson became the mark for the sharpshooters on all sides. There was a great howdy-do over the story that Wilson refused to let Colonel George Brinton McClellan Harvey support him any longer, and Marse Henry Watterson shed many bitter tears over it. So also did the old-line Democratic leaders, all of whom are supporting Harmon. This was held up to be a frightful case of ingratitude; and the spectacle of Jim Dahlman, Tom Taggart and a lot of other case-hardened politicians deploring ingratitude as the basest of political crimes was very affecting. A large number of bankers and trust magnates and other captains of finance were deeply touched also—melted to tears. Everybody cried!—that is, everybody who is against Wilson.

Meantime there are other rods in pickle for that eminent political schoolmaster. Though it is true that the Democrat who beats him will be the nominee of the Democracy for president next June, it is also true that the professor will have sore spots on him from head to heels before he gets through. They are after him with every known political weapon, and they will keep lambasting him up to the last moment. They may get him too. Whether they do or not, the scholarly governor of New Jersey will have many an unpleasant quarter of ar. hour before the bands begin on the unending rendition of Maryland, My Maryland, at Baltimore next June.

So far, oddly enough, nobody has proposed that sterling statesman, Senator Weldon Brinton Heyburn, of Idaho, for the Republican nomination. This is odd, for the Senator qualifies almost every day. He should be named and should run on this platform: The war is not over. Recently the Senator has deemed it necessary to break into the proceedings of the Senate each day as soon as the chaplain has concluded his prayer.

Behind Closed Doors

One day not long ago he was in particularly fine form. There had been a discussion in the Senate on the previous day concerning the debate of the arbitration treaties in open session. The rule has been to debate treaties in executive session, with closed doors and cleared galleries. The question of how these treaties should be debated was finally decided in favor of open debate, but the decision was arrived at in a discussion of the question with the doors closed.

On the following morning Senator Heyburn bobbed up with a copy of the Congressional Record in his hand. The Senator is a large and ponderous man, and speaks in a large and ponderous manner. He said:

"I find on page 1006 the heading, Session With Closed Doors; and then follow the proceedings in session with closed doors. I did not understand those proceedings were authorized to be published as a part of the Record."

"What is spread on the record?" asked Senator Lodge.

"The proceedings and discussions seem to be in the record. If they are to remain in the record there should be some authority for it, because there is no authority for it under any rule of the Senate."

Senator Heyburn is very strong on the rules of the Senate, and he spoke in a tone of evident reproof to Mr. Lodge.

"Where is it?" asked Mr. Lodge in a puzzled manner; and Heyburn read.

Whereupon Mr. Lodge showed Senator Heyburn that the only reference to the discussion with closed doors was the line, "The doors were thereupon closed and at the expiration of one hour and five minutes they were reopened"; and that not a word of the discussion behind closed doors was printed.

Then, with great dignity, Senator Heyburn said:

"My attention being called to it, I now understand it."

Can you beat that? I ask you: Can you beat it? Rising to berate the Senate for allowing the proceedings behind closed doors to be spread on the record, and prepared to deliver a most instructive admonition to the Senate as to how its affairs should be conducted, he found he didn't know what he was talking about, hadn't read the paragraphs he claimed offended, and was totally at sea. Thereupon he said: "My attention being called to it." His attention having been called to it!—but not until he had called the attention of others to himself! And some still claim the Senate is as powerful as it used to be!



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Judged by the chemical analysis alone, we should give beans the very highest place among foods. Beans, remember, are 84% nutriment. They contain protein, the strength-making food element that builds bone and muscle, in greater quantity than the best cuts of meat, also a large percentage of fat, besides a considerable amount of starch.

"Pound for pound, they would thus be more valuable than meat or our best cereals." Thus states "Uncle Sam," of beans, in one of his special bulletins on "The Nutritive Value of Foods."

Growing children should eat Snider's—the *right* kind of Pork & Beans—at least two or three times a week. They may even take the place of meat, at dinner, and they are the universal favorite for the after-school luncheon.

Snider's Tomato Catsup whets the appetite and aids digestion. Use it upon meats, hot or cold, on fish, oysters, and in gravies.

Snider's Chili Sauce is delicious on all meats and fish.

Ask your Grocer to send Snider's —the kind of superior quality.

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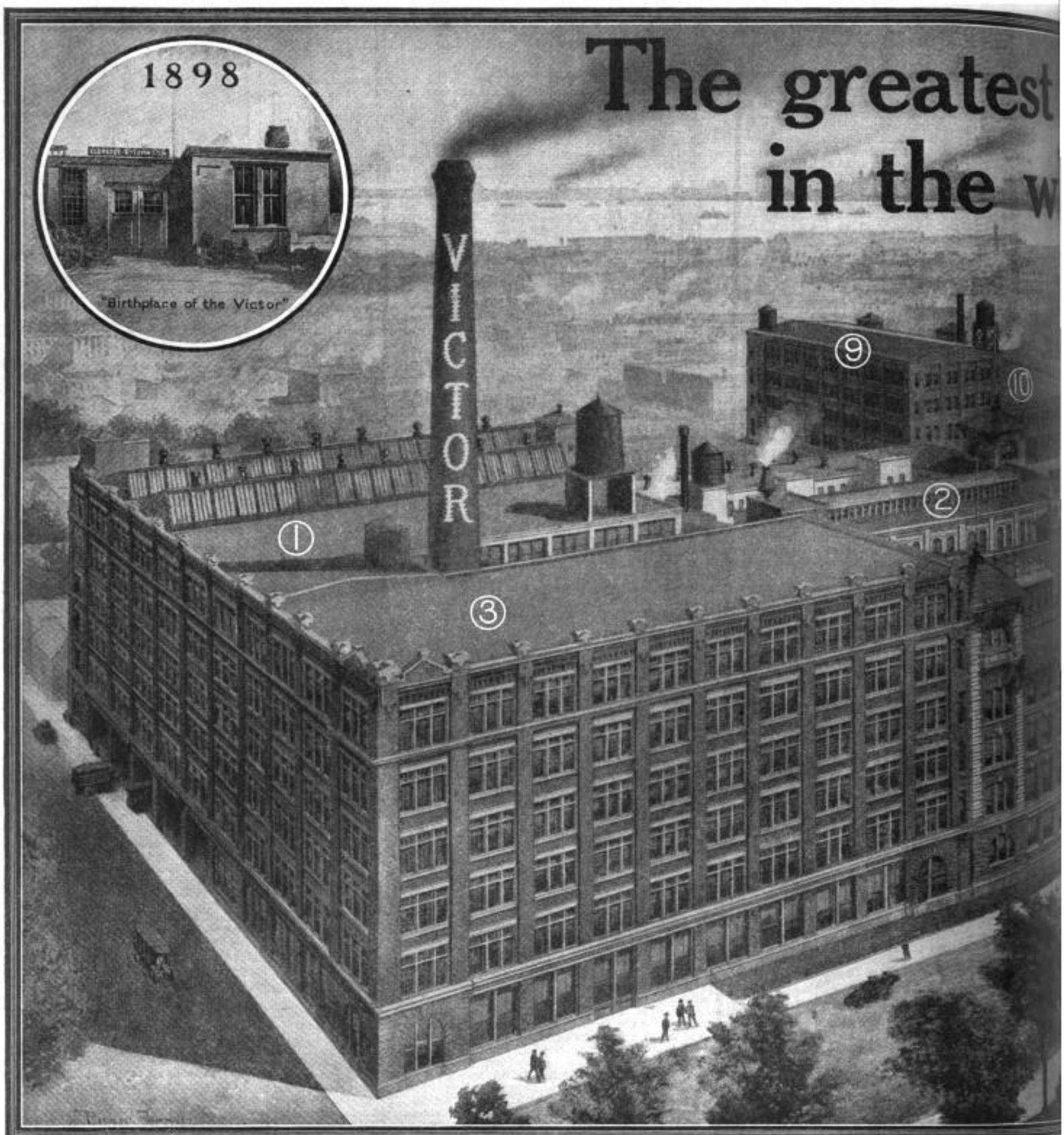
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Greater than the Metropolitan Opera House; greater than Covent Garden, where the royalty of England is entertained; greater than La Scala at Milan, the Grand Opera House of Paris, and the Royal Opera of Berlin; greater in fact than all the opera houses and places of entertainment in the world, is the seventh floor of Building No. 5—the center of a city in itself formed by the modern structures of steel and concrete that house the giant industry of the Victor and Victor-Victrola.

To this building in the city of Camden, just across the historic Delaware River from the city of Philad very greatest artists in the w and tomorrow it may be Melb or it may be several of them a the "Sextette from Lucia". C or Harry Lauder, or Blanche his band, or Victor Herbert

But whoever it is or wha

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a never-ending procession of the
Today it may be Caruso or Amato,
ni, or Schumann-Heink, or Farrar;
unite in making a masterpiece like
Paderewski, or Kubelik, or Elman,
then again it might be Sousa and
stra.
anization, rest assured that within the four walls of this building is heard, day in and day out, year in and year out, music in all its forms such as no other place on earth has ever heard.

And unlike music that is heard in any other place, which is only a momentary pleasure ending with its rendition, Victor music lives forever. From its beginning in Building No. 5, it goes through the various processes necessary to its perpetuation and eventually leaves the shipping department (Buildings Nos. 9 and 10) to be heard again and again in hundreds of thousands of homes, just as it is heard in the sacred precincts of the recording room on the seventh floor of Building No. 5.

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Own a Town!

You Can Control the Typewriter Business of Your Own Town

New Local Agencies for The Oliver Typewriter in unoccupied territory are now ready for assignment.

Hundreds of men now have the opportunity of their lives—the chance to *own a town*.

The lure of the overcrowded cities has blinded thousands of young men to the greater opportunities that exist in small towns and villages.

The Oliver Typewriter Company has inaugurated a nation-wide Local Agency System which makes these *towns* loom large on the Opportunity Map.

The company will soon open up a *larger* number of *smaller* towns to Resident Agents, who will have Exclusive Control of all sales of new Oliver Typewriters in their respective territories.

This important move has been under consideration for months. The success of the 15,000 Local Agencies already established has conclusively proved the wonderful possibilities of the small town, as well as the large town and village field, as a market for Oliver Typewriters.

We have carefully tabulated the results shown by every Local Agency.

These sales sheets show to a *penny* the net profits of each Local Agent.

The sales possibilities of all communities, from cities down to villages, have thus been accurately figured out.

We find that even the *smallest town* is a very profitable field for a wide-awake Local Agent.

Hundreds of Local Agents in such towns make very handsome incomes.

"Every Typewriter in Town an OLIVER!"

At a surprisingly large number of points *every typewriter in the town is an Oliver.*

So far as the sale of typewriters is concerned the Oliver Local Agent OWNS THE TOWN.

Printype OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

Think what it means to *control the sale* of a great business necessity like The Oliver Typewriter in a certain, definite territory.

The man who holds the Local Agency has *a business of his own*, which pays in direct proportion to the time and effort expended.

Spare Time or Full Time

We do not require Local Agents to give their exclusive services.

Many Oliver Local Agents who took up the work in connection with other business have more than *doubled their earning power.*

Some have disposed of other business interests so as to give all their time to the agency.

If you secure a Local Agency for The Oliver Typewriter, the company will give you every possible assistance.

We train you in actual *Salesmanship.* Where necessary, we even help you *close sales.* You get the *full profit* on every sale in your territory during the lifetime of your agency.

Exceptional ability wins promotion to more important positions.

Our "OPPORTUNITY BOOK" Free to Applicants

This book explains our Agency System and gives you a "bird's-eye view" of the remarkable field for energetic, ambitious men in towns and villages. Whether you are "footloose" or permanently engaged in business or professional work, it will be worth your while to investigate our Local Agency proposition. Applicants are requested to state their qualifications and present employment.

Selling experience is not so important as the ability and determination to *succeed.*

Address all communications to

Agency Department

The Oliver Typewriter Company

358 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago



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BELOWSTAIRS IN A HOTEL

(Continued from Page 11)

retain so that the chief's ideas shall pervade kitchen, pantries and dining room. The heads must somehow be sure of a permanent corps, and constantly their nerves are strained to the breaking point by the natural tendencies of those under them. It is not strange that a man with the gift of managing other men can always sell it to advantage.

It is an unwritten law that these chiefs in a hotel must never let any difficulty come to the notice of the guests, whether it be a death or a battle royal over a plate of salad. They must make their men pull together; they must be braced for the constant, sometimes unconscious, trial of strength between them and their subordinates; they must know their own work thoroughly and the work of their men. Human issues are always rising up for them, complicated by race problems. They must deal out justice, arbitrate when it is safe, be diplomatic if there is time and secure smoothness at any cost. The general manager and the maitre d'hôtel deserve the name of statesmen. Never would these smiling persons admit that friction could occur in a hotel. Whether they have charge in "back" or in "front"—as the two divisions of a hotel are technically called—these masters of men conceal from the outsider their processes.

Perhaps the two people who come most closely in touch with the human element belowstairs are the steward and the housekeeper. A typical steward is a man of wide experience in dealing with facts, circumstances and people. His eye is usually compelling, his mind is swift and sure, and his patience as ample as his salary, which sometimes reaches ten thousand dollars

Economy Their Watchword

"The first thing a man must have to hold down a job like this," said a big steward whose hard work had not reduced his bulk, "is vitality without limit. There are days when I work twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four. Last week I was four days without seeing my family. I got home after they were all in bed and left in the morning before they were up. There isn't a head of any department in a hotel that doesn't expect to work overtime. If they don't the hotel doesn't last, and neither do they. If you aren't on your job and something goes wrong, the general manager will ask why you weren't on the floor at the time.

"I guess the world thinks of a hotel steward as they do of the white-coated persons you see on shipboard. Why, the only difference between an average big business man and us is that we have ten details to look after to his one. The only difference between myself and a great continental buyer is that he knows his hats or model gowns, while I have to know all my staples and human nature besides. I'd get on pretty well if it weren't for the human nature.

"The great problem in my work and in the work of all of us is to please the patrons. That isn't because we are charging them a great deal—we don't, considering what we give them. There is about a servant and a half to every roomer in a big hotel. Did you ever stop to figure on the intricate machinery you set going when you order even such a simple thing as toast and coffee? You have twenty people working for you before you are through. You pay more than your toast and coffee cost, but you don't begin to pay for what the service costs. However, we have to please you and the five thousand other 'yous' who eat here in a day, because if we don't succeed we soon go to the wall in this day of competition.

"Every observant visitor in our kitchens wants to know why we throw away all that is left on the guests' plates—why we don't give it to the poor. Well, I've often wished the poor could have it—there ought to be something for them out of all the waste; but from our point of view it is cheaper to throw it away than to take the time of men to sort it over, to say nothing of the space they would occupy on the floor. Not that we throw everything away; anything that is left on the serving plates is passed on to the servants' dining room. Besides that we sell this refuse to a firm for two or three thousand dollars a year—and don't ask me what they do with it! One thing I know—they pick a lot of oyster forks and other small silver out of it, for the dish scraper cannot always be careful when the dish cleaner is yelling for plates. It's not all loss to us; and, indeed, it's cheaper, as I said, than time.

"Economy is the watchword; that's the main problem next to pleasing the guests—and, I tell you, we look after it! The little bits of potatoes left over from crimping and cutting fancy shapes for the patrons are used in the servants' hall. The minute the seasons begin to change and the business to lessen we cut off our men. Those we keep never have an idle minute. Our two shifts are arranged so that every man is busy every minute, even when it isn't what is technically called a rush hour. When the cooks are not busy at the ranges they are polishing their pots and pans.

"We have to guard against leakage too. We'd like to think every one is honest, but we can't. We have to have timekeepers or watchmen on the lookout to see that no one goes away with bulky pockets. Every department keeps its eyes open. Why, a certain big New York hotel lost ninety thousand dollars in one year because the waiters and checkers got together and beat the auditing department. We know what goes on in the other hotels, for when we fellows at the top have a minute of time we study them to see what we can learn. Every big hotel imitates the others in some respects. One hotel may have a house superintendent to look after the bellboys and the male help in front, though another may dispense with him. The shape of our white caps may be different, but our general policy is the same.

"Most outsiders think there must be a good deal of waste in the ordering, but there isn't. Of course with all the coming and going there must be a lot of chance and a lot of guessing; but the successful steward guesses right. I know pretty well how the seasons run and I am in conference with the chef every day, and he tells me just how much he has used the week or the day before. In this business the chef and the steward have to be as close as brothers, or closer; if they can't work together one of them has to resign, or else the hotel had better go out of business. And a chef has to be manager, cook, artist and business man in these days. Our man can tell to the fraction of a second how long it takes to cook anything, and how long it takes to eat it too. He can turn from giving a lesson in cooking to taking account of his stock; from that to jacking up an assistant with a swelled head; and from that to making out a bill-of-fare that is a triumph of combination and taste. At that he is not better than several others in this country who are worth the eight or ten thousand dollars they receive. Together he and I see to it that we are never overstocked and never run out of perishable goods—to say nothing of staples and dishes. He makes his report to me in the morning; by noon I have my lists made out and next morning everything is ready for work."

How Guests are Pampered

"Another of my problems is to get the best of everything. We stewards study the home market and go after the best as we see it. I have a place in Pennsylvania where I get my head lettuce; another place on the Eastern Shore of Maryland where a man puts in his time growing tomatoes for me. A woman in South Carolina sends me sugar-cured hams—the real thing. Even my apples I get from a special orchard. Now and then there comes a year when I go abroad to get some special French wine and to keep an eye on what is going on in the French hotels. Patrons may not send out a song of praise when things are right; but if they are judges their palates are pleased, and that helps the custom of the place. We are always on the alert to find out what a guest wants, and if it isn't on the map we put it on the map. Every hotel is like that, whether it serves *à la Française, à la Russe* or *à l'Américaine.* We make a heroic effort to minister to comfort and luxury and we are always bucking against some obstacle. It may be a hue and cry against size and gorgeousness and superfluous servants—just as if we'd spend a superfluous cent if our custom didn't demand it! Anyhow, it's dollars to dimes that something is always coming up to keep us on the jump. You guests are the spoiled darlings of a wonderful organization and you take it as a



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God-given right. I'd rather be a steward than anything else; but I think I'll make a farmer of my son."

A large part of the success of the "front" of the hotel depends on the housekeeper.

"I began the way I suppose most girls do," said an expert housekeeper, a woman of gentle voice and mild eyes with a glint of fire in their depths. "I got tired of helping mother with the housework. When I was at school I took all she did for me for granted; but when I left school and began to slave for my little brothers and sisters I didn't like them to take all I did for granted. I felt abused, so I got a job in a factory. I was only sixteen, but in a week the boss had made me forewoman. I guess he noticed the other girls used to stop and listen when I spoke. I don't know why, for I never yelled the way some do. Well, then the man I was engaged to and I broke off and I didn't want to stay in the town, so I went to visit a friend in Fall River, whose aunt was housekeeper in a small hotel. That got me interested and I took a job as chambermaid under her to learn all she knew. Then I heard of a job in New York in one of the uptown hotels and I went there; but I got tired of the guests changing all the time, and there wasn't so much money in it as you'd think. This was a hotel where women came chiefly; and, you take my word for it, the first person on whom a woman begins to save her tips is the chambermaid. I got the experience and I went West and was housekeeper in a little hotel where I really learned my business."

A Housekeeper That Knew How

"You see you've got to have experience; you've got to have what the managers call a method. One break in it and you're lost. If when one of my maids goes to the laundry for clean towels she didn't turn over a corresponding number of soiled ones the whole system would get out of gear. I went from hotel to hotel, learning something in each place and being able to bluff the proprietor or manager better every time and make him think he had the best housekeeper in the country.

"You have to adapt yourself constantly to new conditions; you have to steer constantly between saving the girls under you and getting enough work out of them to suit the management. Some small hotels won't let the girls use the elevators; they have to climb five or six or seven stairways maybe four or five times a day. I never could see that it would injure a guest to ride in an elevator with a nice, clean girl. I'd rather ride with the girls than with some of the guests I've seen! Some of the hotels want a girl to take care of twenty-eight rooms where twenty-five are more than enough. Of course the bigger the hotel the less you can save the girls. Why, sometimes I've come home from supper after the theater and stepped past my scrubwomen with no more feeling than I have for the sewing machines in the linen room. They were all machines and I simply took a look to see that they were getting their floors perfectly clean and wondered if I hadn't better see about a new supply of scrubbing cloths. It's natural; the bigger an institution gets the less human are the relations between the man at the top and the men at the bottom. In a family hotel you have time to be good to your help and the guests both; in a big place you can think only of the guests. And we do think of them in every way—little subtle ways that take a lot of them in and that all of them have to pay for. Some of the best hotels, for example, make a practice of having the servants learn a guest's name. A chambermaid or a floor-waiter will not say 'Madam,' but 'Mrs. Brown.' It is the same with the waiter and omnibus driver and captain and head waiter. It makes the unsophisticated feel as if the whole hotel had been waiting for them to come; and even the guests who know it's only a part of the game like it and are even flattered by it; but after you've helped run a hotel for a while you don't wonder at anything in human nature."

The real marvel is that a few masters of men can impose control on hundreds of untutored or stupid or restless or undisciplined human beings; that they can teach deftness and mechanical skill, order and self-control under highly abnormal conditions. There is something fine about belowstairs—generals and soldiers both; if there were not, pampered abovestairs might be led to reflect on the nature of its rights and privileges.



Madam, will you try a package of Heinz Preserves at our risk?

WE KNOW our Fruit Preserves equal the finest product of the home kitchen—and we are willing to prove it to you at our risk.

All we ask you to do is to get a package of Heinz Preserves, Fruit Butters or Jellies from your grocer. And if you think you have ever eaten better preserves, return them to the grocer and he will refund your money.

We can make such a guarantee because Heinz Preserves are actually made the home way. We use a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. We use as great care as the most exacting housewife; every berry is hand picked and thoroughly washed. Our kitchens are models of cleanliness—as any one of our 40,000 annual visitors will tell you—and our cooks are experts, with years of experience. And last, but not least, we have unequalled facilities for obtaining the best fruits—selected, fresh and luscious.

These are the reasons why Heinz Preserves, Fruit Butters and Jellies are unequalled in flavor, goodness and quality.

Heinz Preserves

Cherry, Damson Plum, Red Raspberry, Peach, Strawberry, Black Raspberry, Pineapple, Blackberry

Heinz Fruit Butters

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Heinz Jellies

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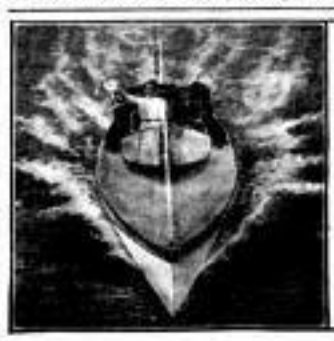
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THE CALF-PATH

(Continued from Page 19)

the hitherto impassive face of the listener relaxed more and more, until a well-defined grin extended across its broad expanse and the plaited-leather watchguard became agitated by the mirthful heaving of the vest below.

"You leave my part of it to me and tend to your own part yourself, and I guess there won't be any slip-up to it," said Lucas joyfully when Rickey had finished. "Just between you and me, Rickey, there's some of my wife's relations that I like a whole lot better than I do this man Cruser; but he certainly ought to have that road after all the trouble and expense he's been put to to build it. What's right s right!"

"Them's my sentiments too," declared Rickey. "At the same time, you can expect to see me put up an interesting fight. We can't lay down and let folks walk all over us!"

"Sure not," agreed Lucas with an appreciative chuckle. "Do your darndest; but if you're that ugly and sot you and me ain't going to be on speaking terms!" And so they parted.

. . . . . .

The following morning Mr. VanOpdom, the mining engineer employed by the Top-Notch Company, reported to his chief at the breakfast table.

"Things aren't going along quite so well, I'm afraid," he said. "Curran is down here with Raymond and they've been hustling to some purpose already."

"I could have told you that," snapped Mr. Paul Jarley Cruser. "I saw that rascally grafter, Lucas, last night and he gave me the pleasing intelligence. When you've quite finished your breakfast I want you to get out and hustle to some purpose. It's a good thing to do if you only knew it."

VanOpdom stiffened. "If you are dissatisfied with me ——" he began.

"I am!" said Cruser, turning on him the full glare of his tortoise-shell-rimmed, gold-bridged eyeglasses. "I'm dissatisfied and disgusted with the whole infernal business. I don't say you're particularly to blame—if that's what you want; but I don't see what you've accomplished. On Monday I could have closed up the whole deal—dammit!—if I'd been willing to stand for plain highway robbery. Now I expect I'll have to. One thing"—Mr. Cruser removed his glasses and shook them at his lieutenant with a threatening roll of his head—"One thing, I'm going to have that charter!"

"I suppose you'll get it, then," remarked VanOpdom, sipping his coffee. "What does Lucas say?"

"Says he's willing to do the best he can for me on the terms he mentioned, but I can expect there will be more expense attached to it before it goes through. That depends on how active Raymond and Curran are. The ——" Mr. Cruser attached a number of lurid adjectives and nouns to the article and pushed his plate away.

VanOpdom looked a little disgusted and Mr. Cruser, perceiving this, shook his glasses at him again.

"I want you to keep track of these fellows," he observed. "If they talk to anybody find out who it is and what they talk about. Take this list; and if it's any of those men send me word—and keep your eyes and ears open. Mix in! Get busy!"

VanOpdom beckoned to a waiter. "Take my breakfast over there," he requested. Then to Cruser: "What you want is a combination of errand boy and private detective," he said. "I'm neither; and you have my resignation as engineer right now—to take effect at once. I've been contracting stomach trouble ever since you struck the Basin and I'm through. I guess I've told the committee all there is necessary to tell about the road. Good-day."

Without waiting for any reply Mr. VanOpdom rose and, carrying his napkin with him, walked over to the table he had indicated and proceeded to eat a hearty breakfast.

Mr. Cruser did not linger over his own meal. He was too near choking with anger and righteous resentment to take any chances with food. Here was a serpent that he had nourished in his bosom to the tune of two hundred and fifty a month—and it had turned and stung him! And for absolutely no reason! All he, Cruser, had asked for had been loyalty—an interest in furthering his interests—the service he had a right to count on—and he had received wanton insult and desertion! He left the dining room with all the dignity of his bulk and presence—and almost collided with his old guide, Rickey Raymond, in earnest conversation with one Juan Trujillo, member from Taos. Rickey smiled and nodded in an absent-minded way; and then, taking Trujillo by the arm, he led him a little apart.

Mr. Cruser made his way to the cigar stand and, after a contemptuous appraisement of the stock, selected a panatela, lit it, strolled to the door and looked gloomily out. The line of chairs on the unevenly flagged pavement was nearly all occupied; so Mr. Cruser continued to block the doorway. Presently he heard from the chair on his right:

"It was thisaway, Bob; I was in Juarez at the time and you can't tell me no different. His name was Bolton and he wasn't no friend of Ben's at all. He got into a difficulty with this yere Cavitt and he killed him; but Cavitt had drawed his gun, mine you. That didn't cut no grass. They took and threw him into jail and kep' him there—just calculated to keep him until he'd spent all his money and then take him out and shoot him. Well, Ben allowed he'd get him out; so he goes over to Fort Bliss and gets four or five of the musicians and a spare uniform ——"

"I reckon maybe that was the way of it," interrupted a deep and gentle voice. "But this White Crow Pass road incorporation bill, Al. What are you going to do about it?"

"Do?" said the historian. "I'll vote against it if you say so. Well, sir, Ben gets a *secretario* to forge an order ——"

Mr. Cruser craned his neck as well as he could, for it was not a neck formed for craning, and saw that the chair on the right was filled by another legislator and that his companion was Curran of the Lady Lou mine; whereupon he jammed his hat well down upon his forehead and fared forth in search of Pappy Lucas.

Mr. Lucas was not encouraging. He had just heard of the defection of Fernando Barca, of Rio Arriba County, upon whom he had counted; and he shook his massive head gravely when informed of the late occurrences at the hotel.

"It's the way I told you, Colonel," he said. "It's a-going to cost you money."

"How much?" asked Cruser.

Lucas told him and he hesitated a few moments.

"I'll pay it, by thunder!" he said. "You get the bill passed and I'll pay it."

"You've got the order wrong, Colonel," suggested the Power. "You pay it and I'll get the bill passed. There might be a little tagged on at that; but, if you want, any further sum I'll make conditional on the bill going through. How much it will be depends on how close we're run in the next two days. There's the Agua Dulce water matter and the Socorro county-seat grab to take time, and there's a fight on a land-grant confirmation before we get to you; but I'll try to get things shoved along lively. And if I succeed it won't cost you much extra—maybe nothing."

"I put myself confidently and unreservedly in your hands," said Cruser. "I trust to you entirely."

Nevertheless, Mr. Cruser thought it advisable to be, as far as possible, on the safe side; and, to this end, after certain preliminaries upon which Lucas insisted, he engaged the services of an acute and pleasant-mannered young clerk of the House to keep tab on Pappy Lucas and things in general. He also established confidential relations with the genial and general Arch Beach, a judge of probate and an avowed enemy to the Lucas methods. These gentlemen furnished the capitalist with much information that might have been valuable if its source and wellspring had not been the Machiavellian Pappy himself.

However, it quieted Mr. Cruser's mind and inspired him with such confidence that encountering Rickey the following afternoon, he returned that gentleman's greeting in grim fashion.

"I suppose you think that you are making Cain with me, Mr. Raymond," he said, "but let me tell you, we're going to have our road in spite of you."

"Is that so?" queried Rickey. "And what are we going to do with our road when we get it, P. J.?"

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We'll sew you up in a sack so tight you 't make a wiggle," Cruser replied, red- ing at the other's air of amused con- pt. "You'll see what we'll do with bless you!"

Put that finger down!" commanded key sharply; and as Mr. Cruser obeyed h precipitation the young man laughed. you only had as much sand as you've bad temper you'd be a holy terror, P. he said, and turned and limped away, ring the Top-Notch magnate dazed.

nother day passed and the Agua Dulce er matter and the Socorro county-seat iness were disposed of. There remained y the land-grant tangle to be straightened , and meantime the act to incorporate mpany for the construction of a wagon- d from White Crow Pass to Garnet in had passed all the preliminary gradа- s, for all the strenuous efforts in oppo- on by Messrs. Raymond and Curran, ntly, imperceptibly and irresistibly it l moved along, brushing aside all obsta- s—a very glacier of an act—until nothing s before it but the vote of the House lf. Curran had appeared before the nmittee, urging limitations of the com- y's power to close any part of the road repairs and a stipulation of its immediate ning to public use; but even these con- sions were denied and the company was owed the space of twelve months to com- te what was already completed. A sorry took for the Lady Lou!

There was a partial gathering of the Lady u forces in Rickey Raymond's bedroom the night preceding the vote. Robert Curran occupied the solitary chair, ckey was stretched on the bed and half dozen other gentlemen were perched on rious articles of furniture or squatted out the room, which was hazy with to- cco smoke. The general sense of the meet- t was that the fight was lost.

"It won't be anything like a close vote," ujillo said. "It will be unanimous, with couple of dozen exceptions or so. Let's ake it unanimous, friends."

"I'm going to catch the early morning in to Lamy," Curran announced de- tedly. "I'm not going to attend my m funeral when I don't have to! You'd tter pack your grip, Rickey."

"I'm going to stay till the last dog's ng," replied Rickey. "I've got a hunch. d I'm surprised at any gentleman who s down his hand at this stage of the me." Here he winked at Trujillo, and rran looked up in time to catch him— d upon this the meeting adjourned.

Curran went to his room pulling both ds of his drooping mustache with one nd, as was his wont when especially oughtful; but he had decided to post- one his departure. At seven o'clock he s awakened by a lively tattoo performed the panels of his chamber door with a out walking stick and Rickey's voice in itation of a bugle reveille:

I can't get 'em up!—I can't get 'em up!—
I can't get 'em up in the mawnin'!"

"If you're round here when I do get up u'll be right sorry!" growled Curran, owling at the door. Nevertheless he se and, after a hurried toilet, joined his iend, whose gayety in the face of defeat ruck him as ill-timed and in strangely d taste. He was still brooding on this ought, unresponsive to Rickey's flow of eerful conversation, when they seated emselves in the crowded gallery of the ouse and the Speaker's gavel struck its teful blows.

"Cheer up!" whispered Rickey, encour- gingly; "the worst is yet to come!—and may be a long time a-coming."

"I wish I could look as happy as you do bout it," Curran muttered savagely; "but reckon this means more to me than it es to you."

Rickey took the reproach meekly.

"Try to look happy, anyway," he turned. "See who's watching you!"

It was Mr. Paul Jarley Cruser, immacu- te in a faultlessly tailored gray suit, ashing with diamonds and flushed with sured success—grinning with malice like ginger-muzzled demon as he turned his yeglasses on his defeated adversaries.

Rickey winked at him and Curran forced a really creditable smile, though the clerk was beginning to read the act which gave Top-Notch a monopoly of the White Crow Pass road.

A moment's pause and the interpreter rendered the Spanish version; that con- cluded, the sallow gentleman from Rio Arriba moved the passage of the act. A shifty-eyed gentleman from Bernalillo was a prompt second and there were no re- marks—only a shout or two of "Question!"

"Those in favor of the passage of the act will signify the same by saying Aye."

A roar of assent.

"Contrary, No."

A scattering fire of dissent, and the ayes had it and it was so enacted. Trujillo arose to demand a rollcall, but thought better of it and sat down. Cruser violated the proprieties by a short laugh that echoed through the chamber and then got up and began to make his way to the exit. Passing within a few feet of Curran and Raymond, he grinned again and permitted himself an undignified and derisive gesture. Curran started up; but Rickey's grip was on his arm—and it was a remarkably strong grip for a convalescent.

"Sit down, you long-legged border ruffian!" commanded the young man. "There's something a right smart better than homicide on tap." He nodded to Pap Lucas, who saluted gravely in return. The clerk was unfolding another document.

"Be it enacted by the Legislative As- sembly of the Territory of New Mexico: Section One—That Robert V. Curran, James Marshall Orr, Ricardo Raymond, and all other persons who are now or may hereafter be associated with them and their successors and assigns, are hereby constituted into a corporation ——"

"What does this mean?" gasped Curran.

"Hush, Bob!" said Rickey. "We're getting a little old toll road of our own!"

. . . . . .

It was an explanation that took Rickey some time.

"You leave the old packtrail where it takes the jog south at the broken ground east of Snag Tooth and follow straight on, tracking a wandering wall-eyed buckskin mare, same as I did about five years ago—and what do you suppose you'll come to? Three guesses. If you guess a thirty-foot straight up-and-down drop into a gully twenty foot across you won't be more than five foot out. Well, when you come to that you naturally turn back, unless you're an extra good jumper; but if you are some on the jump, and you land the most of your heft on the other side of the gulch and keep agoing, you'll hit a narrow draw that winds into the range so you can't see it till you ride up to it. That draw takes a straight shoot to the back of Joe Harper's claim on the ledge running into the Caneguilla; and from there it's a rough half mile to Garnet Basin. A hundred dollars' worth of lumber for a wagon bridge, gentlemen, and a week's pick- and-shovel work for four or five men, and we've got a road that's five miles long to the eight that it takes to corkscrew through White Crow Pass—and all level as the top of a billiard table. I found that out by starting from both ends. Most folks haven't lost no wall-eyed buckskin mares and most folks would sooner follow along a broke trail, no matter how crooked it is. They're like the crowd that done tagged along after a calf in some poetry I was reading the other day. First come a dog and then a buck sheep, with the flock after him; and finally everybody was awobbling after that doggone calf a hundred years after he had been shipped for beef."

Curran gulped.

"Rickey," he said, "I've got to say that I've had doubts about you the last day or two—you seemed so plumb indifferent. But why didn't you tell me, son?"

"I was afraid you'd get plumb indifferent too," explained Rickey. "Well, we've got our road and P. J. Cruser's got his. That's what I call a fair deal—only I know P. J. won't be satisfied when he hears about it! And now, gentlemen, I'll trouble you to clear out and let me pack my collar and tooth- brush; for I don't mind owning I'm getting anxious to see Mrs. Raymond once more."



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The Wonder of The Pianola Piano

Written for *THE AEOLIAN COMPANY* by E. S. Moffat

WHAT MODERN invention that you enjoy compares with the Pianola Piano for sheer wonder? Today, we will say, you have neither piano—music, nor ability to play. Save for a natural appreciation of music, you are, musically, no different from the cave dweller of ten thousand years ago. Yet, tonight! After the day's work! You—who could not even hum a tune—can sit down at a Pianola Piano in the same house that yesterday was silent—and play anything you want to play! Frankly, every other consideration aside, doesn't this strike you as a perfectly wonderful thing?

THE WONDER OF YOUR REPERTOIRE

WHAT shall you play first? Airs from the musical comedy, first sung only last night? You can have them—or those of foreign successes, not yet heard in this country.

What next? The old airs you've known since childhood? You can play them, every one—from Silver Threads to Sweet Evalina and The Mocking Bird.

Then what? A venturesome excursion into wonderful Concert melodies, whose haunting fragments tantalize your ear? Right here, the Pianola Piano begins to lead you into Music's Wonderland.

Not one, but hundreds of exquisite conceptions ring out from under your hands—crisp, brilliant, rich with the precious surcharge of human feeling. Before you are half aware, you are enjoying your own masterly renditions of splendid creations that you once thought far beyond your reach.

Play them all. Play 'Faust' and 'Carmen' and 'William Tell.' Play 'The Moonlight Sonata'—the 'Ballade in A'—the 'Melodie in F.' Play Grieg and Moszkowski. Play Liszt. Play Chopin and Mendelssohn—Mozart and Beethoven. Play them boldly and strongly—exaltedly—for their divine harmonies will sweep you up from earthly things and bear you into Music's Secret Garden, with the first glimpse of its boundless reaches breaking on your sight.

And how you have changed! For the same timid step that took you beyond the Gates also swept aside the veil. You grow with your new power, and exult! You hear at last—and understand! You have been released from deafness. You have won a new language over night. You have added a cubit to your stature with your purse.

How wide is this thing—'Music'—that you have won? For you have won it, not in part, but in entirety. Wider than you can see. Deeper than you can feel. Farther stretching than your years will span.

For, look you! By this one admirable step you have gained a greater ability than the most prolific Composer known to Music or the greatest Interpreter ever born to translate it.

You have obtained absolute command over the archives of music.

There is nothing that you cannot play—no piece too intricate—no fingering too difficult.

Not ten pieces—and not a hundred. Not hundreds—but thousands. Not ten thousand—but nearly twice ten thousand. The music of two centuries!

You—the non-musician—have been enabled, by the Pianola Piano, to play all the good music ever written.

THE WONDER OF YOUR SKILL

THINK again of your untrained fingers. Is it possible that your unknowing touch can make notes to ripple like running water? Can those unskilled hands be thistle down? Can they be steel?

Feel the soft push of the air against the keys as you pedal gently—already you sense its flexibility. Pedal faster—a loud note is coming—strike it hard. Build up a crescendo—louder—and louder—and louder! Strike a crashing chord!

And—while its splendid echoes ring—ease hand and pedal, till the next note falls as softly as a breath.

The Melody is next. It ought to sing—to soar above the accompaniment like the meadow lark safe above the storm. Here the Themodist chooses the theme notes for you, out of bass or treble, and gives them the delicate emphasis of the human touch. Here, too, the Graduated Accompaniment saves your playing from monotony—and the Sustaining Pedal Device makes the wonderful vibrations hang in air.

How many wonders so far? Four—and all of them your own accomplishment. For entirely by yourself you have struck the right note—sustained it with the pedal—raised it above the accompaniment—and subdued the chords around it. Unskilled you may have been, but no one can say it now for you have suddenly gained the touch of a Master Pianist—sensitive, delicate and unerring.

And his mind—what of that? Can you have his knowledge of expression—his keen intel gence—his welling sympathy?

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This expression you will reproduce! Correctl delicately. No nuance too faint, no change tempo too swift, no enchanting "swing" to elusive. You will know how long to hold yo notes, how fast to make your runs, how slowl to approach a rest. And you will have the grea est minds in the world of music to teach yo What else remains?

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The Ride of the Valkyrs

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ON MAIN STREET

(Continued from Page 30)

enthusiasm of a tired moo-cow, ay make only mumbling sounds s—it is unethical for a principal to know his lines or to admit that them while behind the scenes, ffect would be half spoiled at the erformance, when he will pull the promptu wheezes, known as ad-lib ch he has been privately memo- weeks; but he never openly with the stage manager during . As for the rest of the cast, this ives them like workhorses; but himself still harder. They rest, them, at far intervals; but he s. He gets a big price and he He must be dancing master, aster, teacher of elocution, judge, utioner, court jester, prompter, creator, guardian angel, father and Simon Legree, all together. of that—and then some.

ng the usual custom, he appar- s everything backward. Instead rough the numbers in the order in y will be offered to the audience, out first one and then another, at random but all according to Queen Rosamond's Mystic Maze ent that he is carrying in the back is skull. When in doubt, how- en the principals sulk and the showgirls malinger and pout—he he dancing broilers and puts them heir heart-breaking paces over and n. Too small of size to be show- plain of face to be featured in the , having only stout hearts, end- rance and knobby, tireless legs— y-built little creatures, who draw st salaries and do the most work, the backbone of every musical hind the scenes they have a cruelly te pet name for these homely ones. them trainwreckers; but it is the kers who tumble out of the wings up the flagging interest of a audience when everything else ey carry the burden; they work y.

very person connected with the n is ready to drop from exhaus- when every raw nerve in every- dy is standing upon end screaming here comes, on some Walpurgis t revel of the Brocken known as a rehearsal. The stage is one vast ie Winds, full of terrific gushes of hot and cold air. Against the , scenery is piled, looking like except what it will look like when ice sees it. Lights are sputtering l steampipes are doing an anvil their own. Everywhere is the behind-the-scenes smell which, t, is never forgotten—a kind of of a skating rink, a paint shop, aiting room, a junk store and a tent.

Ile the Audience Pays For

drobe mistress is in one corner it over a lot of misfit costumes. carpenter is in another corner prop" that has been needed at the nt. A capable property man is wonder of the world and he's all even too. The manager calls him words tells him what he wants; roperty man says "Sure!" and with a pot of glue, a kit of tools, aint and a few scraps of canvas and leather; and presently he aring the thing that was wanted— or a trick elephant, or a train of cars.

nbers of the orchestra are in their aring because the music cues are The leading lady, being a per- erament, is fainting and coming id going into it again with great hile her maid works over her and else leaves her strictly alone— ing stage ethics. For the twen- the leading comedian has just aded from walking out. And in of everything stands the stage unning it all.

out the showgirls for their big Some of them are pretty certain inners—new faces are popular w York audience that is used to and there is always a market for press agent will later proudly dainty society recruits to lyric drama. These beginners are either overly anxious or else they are awkward and self-conscious beyond words, and at the call of the stage manager they come a-running, falling over themselves and each other; and on their faces are expressions of desperate earnestness, they being greatly bewildered by the conditions with which their veteran sister showgirls are familiar.

"Smile!" yells the stage manager at them. "Don't forget the old property smile! Smile like you would if you were seeing me hung. The audience is paying good money to see you smile. Smile if it kills you!"

They look toward him, stretching their dismayed faces into the affected simper which, pointed up and edged with grease paint, will look from the front almost like a real smile. Viewed close up it is a ghastly imitation, but it seems to satisfy him. He turns and signals to an accompanist, who can play any air on the piano, roll and smoke cigarettes, eat a sandwich, trim his fingernails and carry on a conversation with a friend—all at the same time.

"Hey, Vince; give me that entrance number once more. Come down stage, ladies."

They come halfway down and pause hesitatingly.

"Not way up there," he entreats them. "Don't stay up yonder in Sullivan County all winter. The old folks at home are expecting you. Come on down inside the city limits."

Thus encouraged, they come with a rush which almost carries the stage manager backward over the footlights.

"That'll do! That'll do!" he orders. "Stay inside the orchestra seats if you can. Don't go clear out on the sidewalk—you might be mistaken for ticket speculators. Now go back and try that again."

Patience Incarnate

Then he comes over and leans wearily against a wall. "They call them society girls!" he states in a bitter whisper. "What society? Whose society? Give me little Rachel Goldstein, from Second Avenue, or Maggie McCarthy, from Number Steen Hundred and Steen Dumpty-Dump Street, rear flat, two flights up, ring Finnegan's bell, and in three weeks I'll have her sweeping across the stage so you'd think she had been raised a pet by one of the first families. But these society dames!—gosh! They can't even keep out of the way of their own feet." I am able to quote him literally, so to speak, because these remarks were made in my hearing at a rehearsal recently. The stage manager, however, didn't let the young women hear his vain laments. He merely turned round and started in all over again, drilling them until they had the right thing—and then, if I remember correctly, he decided at the last moment he didn't like the idea anyhow, and killed the whole number and thought up a brand-new one on the spot. All along, though, he kept his temper and used decent language. The old style of stage manager, who cursed everybody in sight, has gone out of fashion here of late; and this man belonged to a newer, decenter school. And as for patience!—Well, when it came to being Patience on a Monument, he had the original holder of the title pushed off her pedestal and backed clear out of the cemetery.

Presently a demand rose for a few new lines. A scene which had been laboriously learned during long weeks was cut out and there was need of some connecting dialogue to link the remaining fragments together. The stage manager beckoned to the nearest author.

"Hey, Louie," he yelled; "write me about six or eight lines, will you, to make this thing hang together?"

Right there an amateur musical comedy librettist would have gone soaring; but Louie was an old bird. He yanked a block of paper out of one pocket, a pencil out of another and made a writing desk out of his right knee. In two minutes the job was done—and the dreadful night's work went on. It probably wasn't literature, but it surely was art!

One time I sat through part of the dress rehearsal of a big, pretentious musical show. It was four o'clock in the morning then, and the company had been rehearsing since noon the day before and would keep right on rehearsing until broad daylight.

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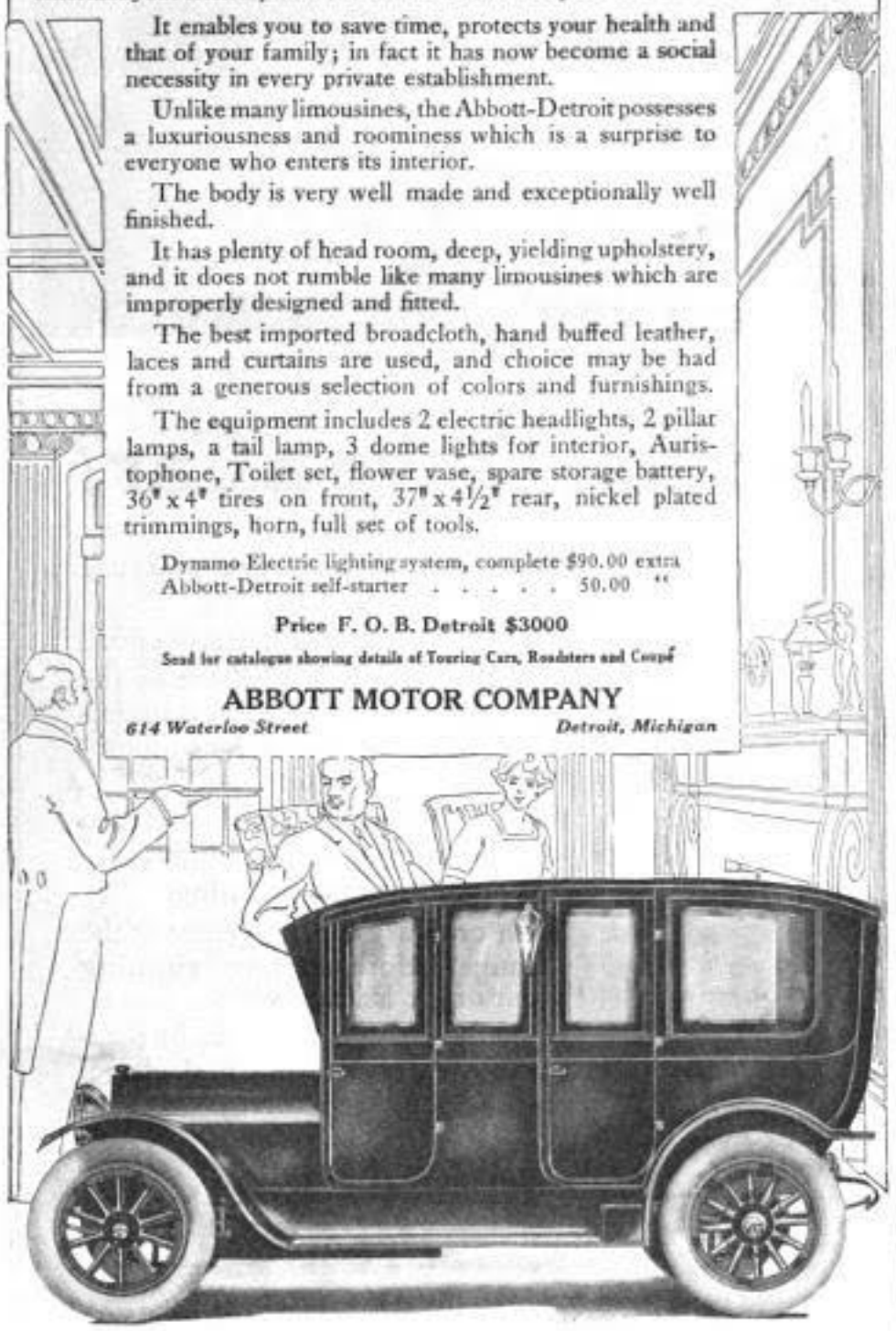
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The owner of the show—one of the biggest men in the business—sat in a front seat of the orchestra, with his secretary alongside him taking notes. Within the next few hours—for the opening performance was scheduled for that coming evening—he stood to make or lose heavily on an investment of perhaps forty thousand dollars. Disasters, big and little, had been piling up round him in mountains. By rights his hair should have turned snow-white in a single night, but he seemed quite calm and collected. Behind him stretched the empty, echoing, half-lit cavern of a theater. All the seats were covered over with white cloths, so that from the stage the chair-backs suggested rows of graves in a soldiers' cemetery after a snowstorm. 'Twas, indeed, a cheerful sight! In one of the boxes six little dancing girls were sound asleep. Their costumes were duplicates—on a smaller scale—of the Weary Willie outfit of the principal comedian, with tomato-can hats and all that; they were made up to look as much as possible like small editions of him. They were huddled together like tired kittens in a basket. The light from the wings shone down full upon their small, wearied faces, which were painted grotesquely with wide, exaggerated mouths and red noses.

A group of larger girls, dressed in green velvet gowns, came on for a dance. For the first time, then, the owner realized that these gowns jarred with the stage setting to an absolutely painful degree. He roused himself and called for the costume designer, who in this instance chanced to be a man-member of his staff.

"Billy," he said, "what possessed you to think out a color scheme like that? These gowns look absolutely poisonous against that background."

The designer, worn to a frazzle like everybody else, only waggled his aching head hopelessly.

"All right," said the owner; "cut the number out—this show is going to be about nine hours too long as it is."

"What'll I do with the costumes?" queried the designer plaintively.

"What do I care?" answered back the harassed owner. "Wear 'em yourself! Give 'em to the poor! But chuck the whole number out—it's no good anyhow."

And chuck it out they did, then and there, and bridged over the gap in some makeshift fashion and went ahead—incidentally chucking out an outlay of perhaps a thousand dollars for gowns and properties; but nobody batted an eyelash. In musical comedy productions things seem to be built up laboriously, an inch at a time, in order to be torn down in a minute. The writer heard of a case lately where, almost at the last minute, several hundred dollars' worth of specially made high russet leather boots for the choristers were thrown away without ever having been worn, and new ones were ordered to take their place—the wardrobe mistress having suddenly remembered that they were laced boots, whereas the fashionable feminine boot of the moment was a button boot; and she knew that every woman in the audience would take note of this crime against fashion and probably dislike the piece on that account. In the mounting of every big show there are about half a million of such details to be remembered—and somebody has to remember them.

Hoodooed by Success

This particular four A. M. rehearsal went on and on, while milk wagons clattered through the empty streets outside and dawn began to redden the sky over the East River gastanks. The prima donna came forth to sing her big solo. Above her and behind her a gang of carpenters and riggers were working like mad, putting the last touches upon a set of scenery that had come from the scene-painter's lofts only the afternoon before and which was still sticky with fresh paint. Certainly it was not done by intent, but every time she opened her mouth to reach for her best chest note one of the workmen would let something fall or turn something over. She tried three times to get under way. The third time a sleepy rigger dropped a heavy hammer and, in trying to catch it, fell off a ladder and lit on a pile of tin breastplates and helmets with a crash that sounded like a switch-engine hitting a junk wagon and knocking it through the front window of a dairy lunch.

The prima donna's nerves snapped and she burst into loud lamentations; but even in this extremity she didn't forget [illegible] obligations to her profession—she [illegible] over as she cried, so that her tears, [illegible] ing downward through her [illegible] wouldn't stain the front of her white [illegible] frock. And thus she stood and sobb[illegible] from the very bottom of her anguish[illegible] heart, which was a good distance to [illegible] from, seeing she was a quite large prima donna, even as prima donnas run, and [illegible] as to weight.

The little broilers, however, with [illegible] Happy Hooligan faces, slept right [illegible] through it all—slept through that explo[illegible] and half a dozen other violent erupti[illegible] which followed it. Everything appeare[illegible] was going to eternal smash, and yet [illegible] night, at eight-fifteen, when the curt[illegible] went up on a gorgeous first act, fifty [illegible] ingly fresh and confident faces [illegible] across the footlights at the audience; [illegible] next day the critics all agreed that it w[illegible] smooth and entirely finished performa[illegible] All of which goes to show that, a[illegible] matter of theatrical propositions, you [illegible] can tell.

Along Broadway they tell of one [illegible] ducer who, like most men of his trade [illegible] acutely superstitious. He was putting [illegible] a musical show and for the first time [illegible] his experience the rehearsals ran al[illegible] smoothly from the very beginning. [illegible] stead of being cheered by this, the [illegible] ducer got so low in his mind that [illegible] friends and associates began referring [illegible] him behind his back, of course, as [illegible] human Dismal Swamp.

However, at the last rehearsal the w[illegible] thing blew up. Principals forgot [illegible] lines and mixed their cues. Chorus [illegible] were guilty of frightful stupidities, [illegible] piling on top of the other. Costumes [illegible] fit and couldn't be made to fit; steps [illegible] didn't match and wigs wouldn't go [illegible] else wouldn't stay on. A courier ran [illegible] the owner with these and other distress[illegible] tidings.

"The ingénue has quit again; [illegible] orchestra has gone on a strike because [illegible] there's a scab playing the slide trom[illegible] without a union card; the comedian [illegible] downstairs getting soused to the [illegible] the chorus is fainting away in relays; [illegible] scenery won't work; the properties [illegible] wrong, and the prima donna is up [illegible] dressing room, going out of one of [illegible] hysterics into another."

Little Helen's Great Pie Jose

"Fine and dandy!" said the [illegible] "You go back and tell the soubrette [illegible] quit resigning or I'll accept her resigna[illegible] and break her young heart. Let [illegible] orchestra go—all this show needs is a [illegible] ist and a trap drummer, and I can play [illegible] drum myself! Throw water on the [illegible] donna; and if there's no water handy [illegible] scenery on her—or vitriol. And [illegible] worry about the comedian—I'll go [illegible] and let him buy me a few drinks, and [illegible] stop rather than spend any money on [illegible] body else. I was afraid for a while [illegible] this show was a bloomer, but now I [illegible] I've got a hit."

And, as it turned out, he was right [illegible] seems to take this eleventh-hour trying [illegible] properly launch a show down the [illegible] There has been an unusually large [illegible] musical shows turned out in New York [illegible] season; and nearly all of them, it [illegible] predict, passed at least once through [illegible] eleventh-hour period. There are [illegible] points of resemblance about them. [illegible] of them as do not depend upon a [illegible] tune running through the piece have [illegible] back upon the turkey trot or the [illegible] gallop or the rabbit hop or the bunny [illegible] or some one or other of those dancing [illegible] chorean fantasies that have been given, [illegible] perhaps unjustly, to San Francisco's [illegible] bary Coast dance-halls. And the [illegible] of acting in any one of them has been [illegible] by a child actress named Helen [illegible] playing in Lew Fields' show, The [illegible] Homes. She is not the wizened, [illegible] prematurely wrinkled little old woman [illegible] nearly every child actress is. She's [illegible] round-eyed, round-faced, round-[illegible] round-tummied kiddie, who is [illegible] years old going on seven; and she [illegible] much to do except in one scene, [illegible] successfully wheedles a pie away [illegible] boy and eats it.

The way little Helen Hayes eats [illegible] pie is worth the price of admission [illegible] the one best thing musical [illegible] produced this winter. Sarah Bernhardt [illegible] couldn't stand up before an audience [illegible] eat a pie any better than that!

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THE fragrant, cheery *quality*-aroma of Lucky Strike Tobacco is a friendly introduction for the pipe-user to *any* company of smokers.

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Costs More — WORTH IT

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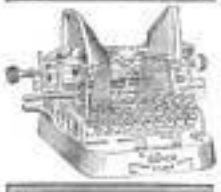
If so, send for Polk Miller's great illustrated book on "DOGS." Tells how to successfully care for them from puppyhood to old age. Also how to secure Free Medical Advice; it may save your dog's life. Contains Senator Vest's "Eloquent Tribute to a Dog," and the celebrated Poem "The Yaller Dog's Love for a Nigger." This 56 cent book for 10 cents just to advertise

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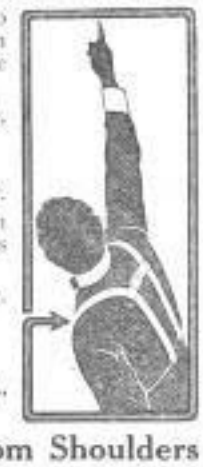
Send your name and address on a postal-card—we will mail you a copy of this book free. It will tell you about the high prices—the reason for them. About the so-called rebuilt typewriters—the value of "second-hands."

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Can't Slip From Shoulders

THE RECORDING ANGEL

(Continued from Page 5)

path his feet trod. He was in love and knew it. It is a sensation that a man recognizes and admits, and that a woman fears and denies. He was murmuring "damns" and other profane terms softly to himself, as a monk recites his prayers. He knew that a disaster had overtaken him, that from this moment his life, his aims in it, would be controlled, not by his will but by his passion.

It is the same predicament that a wolf experiences when, while loafing carelessly near a sheepfold, he suddenly feels his hind-leg snatched in a trap. If he is wary, however, he keeps silent. He does not howl till the owner of the sheep comes and kills him. This was why the man whispered his "damns." He still hoped to escape, as every man does when he first falls in love.

Night had fallen when he again entered the square and made his way to Bilfire's saloon, leaned across the bar and held up three fingers to a white-aproned, poppy-faced youth behind it. The dog was anxious to introduce him to the four other men present, all friends of the hound; and he intimated the fact with his friendly tail, as he wagged himself from one to the other in the hound's deprecating fashion. But the stranger refused to know that any one else was present. He drank in a sort of thundering silence. He set down the glass with a scowl, obviously designed to be his comment upon Ruckersville liquor. As a matter of fact, it was very good; but he was in pain, the peculiar pain of knowing the nature of love and yet of having fallen into it. Involuntarily love phrases belonging to innocency and youth leaped up in his memory, like maidens long imprisoned— suddenly escaping with candles in their hands—running about in his inner darkness.

He had loved so often he was tired of loving. Now here it was again, the old unrest. Therefore he was furious, and not being of a nature to kick the adoring dog he scowled at the whisky and turned his very impressive back upon young Colonel Fanning-Rucker, the rising attorney of Ruckersville, who stood listlessly near scanning the Ruckersville Star, and upon old Mr. Clark Story—the Storys had the misfortune of not being even distantly related to the Ruckers—who, being very poor, had the miraculous gift of being able to figure out upon his cuff how he could and might become immensely rich at any time, if cobalt or copper or, to be more hopeful, gold should be discovered on his plantation. This lay in red undulating hills upon the edge of the town. He always carried a pocketful of lying, ill-digested stones whose ugly surfaces hinted of sparkling interiors.

If Mr. Story had had only one drink he was willing to calculate his fortune tediously upon the copper basis, but if he had had as many as three he would be content with nothing less than a two-foot vein of pure gold, which he believed lay halfway down his innocent old well-shaft. But, as I have written, this was June, his cotton was ankle deep in grass and his corn needed rain. He was discussing the future humbly upon the cobalt expectation in his cow pasture with Mr. Elbert White and Captain Alexander Rucker-Martin. The three were seated at a deal table in a retired corner of the saloon, with all of Mr. Story's specimens spread out before them, when the stranger, who is threatening to become the hero of this tale, entered and cast the gloom of his love affairs over the situation, although the victims, of course, did not know the nature or cause of this gloom. They took it as a personal affront—the outer darkness of an impudent stranger who had no right to cast them into it.

Mr. Story paused in his calculations, lifted his childish, rheumy blue eyes at the interruption, which was psychic rather than real, and began to comb his straggling gray beard with his fingers. He was offended. The broad negative back of the man at the bar seemed to deny every hope he had in the world. It was the back of reality turned upon the sweet old-whiskered face of romanticism. Colonel Fanning-Rucker lowered his newspaper so that he also contemplated the same offensive back.

After explaining to every one in the room that he had chosen a new master, the dog



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at down on one hip, braced himself with his orelegs, poked out his other hindleg, turned his body sideways and began to sniffle diligently in search of a flea. Not a word was spoken until the stranger straddled out.

"Who is he?" quavered old Mr. Story, indignantly gathering up his specimens and dropping them into the sagging pockets of his alpaca coat.

"Stchranger within our gates, Stchory, thast who he is," hiccoughed Elbert White in that mewing voice peculiar to inebriation.

"Looks like the cross between Satan and a Shanghai rooster to me," laughed Colonel Fanning-Rucker.

All this time Captain Rucker-Martin had been sitting braced against the wall with a drawn-dagger expression upon his little gray shell of a face, his eyes spitting fire as he batted the lids rapidly.

"He—he is an insult!" he exclaimed now in great excitement.

The captain had a fine treble voice and talked through his nose, but he was known to be a brave man in spite of it. This was all that could be said of him. He belonged to that great class of Southern men who were made and tempered too quickly in the red furnace of war, and finished up only for battle-line purposes. He had retired from business without entering it, owing to a gunshot wound received in the back, from which he suffered tortures. He was very sensitive, as was everybody else in Ruckersville, for that matter. But the difference was that the captain had once knocked a man down for saying in his presence that Robert Toombs was "no gentleman." This happened long ago, but upon the reputation accruing to him from the incident he had walked the streets of Ruckersville for nearly forty years, dragging first one wing and then the other, so to speak, and thrashing his gamecock spurs in them. He was so emaciated from his sufferings that his mustache and goatee seemed to bristle from his skeleton. And he would have died happy fighting any day. He had an amiable thirst for blood glory. This fate being denied him he refused to give up his ghost peacefully in bed, as the doctor predicted whenever he came down again with the old wound. What time he was not seeking a "difficulty" he spent in Bilfire's saloon, explaining how he came to be shot in the back instead of in front, where every gentleman is entitled to receive his bullets.

"I tell you, sirs, it was damnable! It was contrary to all the ethics of proper warfare! While we were taking the enemies' breastworks one of their blackguard regiments charged us from the rear, and I was shot down from behind."

At this point in the narrative he invariably appealed to Elbert White.

"You were there, White. You know how I came to have this wound, where no gentleman ought to be insulted with a wound."

"I wash, Captain! I wash right there," White would sob. "Wherever the red rim of battle blazed there you might have scheen Corporal White leadin' the Confederate Army. I lost four of m' legs at Gettysburg and all m' arms at Appomattox."

As a matter of fact he had never been wounded, but when he was drinking it was his hallucination that he was a centipede and his occupation to lament the different members he had lost in battle.

Colonel Rucker folded his paper, arose from his chair and sauntered out. He remembered that he had an engagement to call on Sylvia Story that evening and that he had no time to lose. The Storys lived on the old Tinny Bone place, beyond the town. He recalled with some irritation that he must pass through the pasture where the bull was kept. This always made him nervous—not that the animal had ever noticed him. Still, he wished that shiftless old scamp, Clark Story, would at least make a front gate to his place and save visitors the inconvenience of being possibly gored to death when they came in the back way.

But the three old Gracchi determined to follow the stranger and discover who he was and what business brought him. They had been messmates in the army of Virginia, and messmates ever since in Bilfire's saloon. They had no affairs of their own, so they took a vital interest in those of other people. They borrowed animation and returned it in gossip.

III

THEY entered the wide doorway of Daddisman's Hotel half an hour after the stranger had disappeared through it—three abreast, Elbert White being in the middle owing to the fact that he did not carry his liquor well. It opened immediately into what was called the office. This was a large square room of one color all over. The walls were gray, but decorated with flaming lady's-legs calendars. The ceiling was gray and the floor was covered with an ashy, wornout oilcloth. The stove had not been cleaned since the winter fires died down in it. But this was a convenience. It served as a spittoon. The ashes were long since packed down with tobacco juice. The pipe made an ugly elbow halfway up to the ceiling and, as high as the tallest drummer could reach, was plastered with advertisements setting forth the merits of everything from chewing gum to breakfast cereals and corsets. A corner of the room was boxed off for the innkeeper's desk and for a counter, upon which rested a glass showcase and the register for the names of guests. Under the glass were exposed several boxes of cigars, little square nickel bags of smoking tobacco, a glass jar of pink and lavender-colored "breath pills," another of striped sticks of clove and peppermint candy. That which corresponded to the "breath pills" above was concealed in pleasant, gleaming, golden bright rows below the counter. Altogether it was one of the most alluring spots in the town, because it so completely, and at the same time so discreetly, filled the natural cravings of its male citizens. On the opposite side of the room stood a wide table, long enough to reach past both front windows. The chairs in the room appeared to be humbly related to it. They were always in the position of having been dragged up to it, or dragged away from it, or of having been kicked under it, owing entirely to the time of day when you observed them. This table had another distinction. Twenty years ago a duel was fought on top of it—an impromptu duel without seconds. It was fought to a finish over a game of cards, with pocket knives, by Tony Adams and Jim Bone. They were both drunk at the time. And Tony had remained drunk ever since. But young Bone, believing that he had killed his friend, disappeared that same night and had never been heard from—a good riddance, everybody said.

"He was born with an open knife between his teeth, same as you say somebody was born with a gold spoon in his mouth," commented old man Adams, who would have been glad if his own son had been able to follow Bone's example in evacuating Ruckersville for the far unknown country of lean prodigals.

Tony was the only person who had ever grieved for his friend. He was like an overgrown, fair-haired child that time has jerked off the wagon and left sitting tearfully in the sand. He recovered from his wounds, consisting of various slashes across the arms and breast, but he refused to survive the departure of his friend.

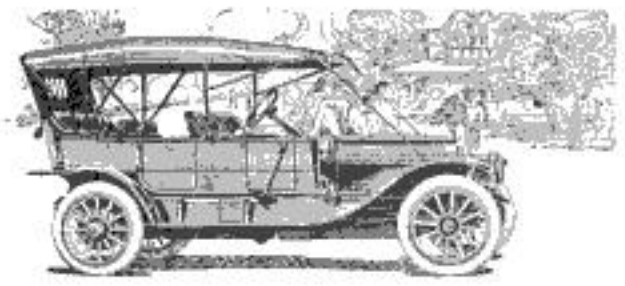
"He might have known I'd have forgiven him. 'Twa'n't his fault, nohow. There were five queens in that deck of kyards, and nary one of us knowed it till it was too late to keep him from fightin' me for drappin' her on him in the wrong place."

When Captain Martin and his two companions entered the hotel they saw Billy Daddisman, the keeper, standing behind the counter, staring at the open page of the register with horror and amazement clearly depicted in every line of his white, pop-eyed face. The three gentlemen from Bilfire's immediately braced themselves with their stomachs against the other edge of the counter, hurriedly took out their respective spectacle cases, adjusted their glasses upon their noses and peered at the same page. But here an unexpected circumstance delayed them. It seemed that after they had examined Mr. Story's new specimens at the saloon Captain Martin had accidentally placed Elbert White's glasses in his case, and White, who was near-sighted, had got the captain's, who was slightly cross-eyed in his left eye. The two old roosters cocked their heads in vain this way and that at a name written in flaming headline chirography entirely across the page. They could make nothing of it. And Story was scuffling with equal futility for even a chance to see what they were looking at. He was very small and timid and always came last, never saw anything first, and lacked the Zaccheus energy of most small men. Martin and White each lifted their eyes to the other, but even then White had to turn his face sideways

(Continued on Page 48)

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Seven Passenger Mitchell-Six		Five Passenger Mitchell-Six	
Horse Power	60	Horse Power	48
Cylinders	6	Cylinders	6
Ignition	Splitdorf dual	Ignition	Splitdorf dual
Lubrication	self-contained in crank case	Lubrication	self-contained in crank case
Transmission	selective, 3 forward, 1 reverse	Transmission	selective, 3 forward, 1 reverse
Rear Axle	full floating	Rear Axle	full floating
Rims	Standard Universal	Rims	demountable
Tires	36 x 4½	Tires	36 x 4
Wheel Base	130 inches	Wheel Base	125 inches
Tread	56-inch or 60-inch if desired	Tread	56-inch or 60-inch if desired
Body	7 passenger, fore doors	Body	5 passenger, fore doors
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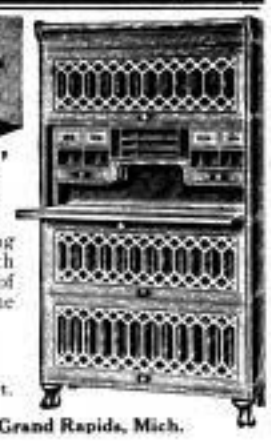
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(Continued from Page 45)

and cross his left eye before he could make out the features of his friend:

"Damme, sir, you have appropriated my glasses!" exclaimed the captain, snatching at the little steel-rimmed spectacles he saw on the other man's nose, which were entirely too small for his large eyes. At the same moment White snatched his own twin moons from the captain's nose. They were both furiously red—two very old cocks, facing each other with their heads drawn and their neck feathers bristling.

"Hist!" whispered Daddisman, putting out his hands and gently parting them as he would have parted two children. "Don't fight, for God's sake! I've got the devil in this house and am likely enough to have disturbance without your breaking loose!"

Mr. Story had taken advantage of the confusion to duck under the arms of his companions and to get at the register.

"Jim Bone, New Mexico," he read in his high, piping voice.

"Hist!" warned Daddisman; "he's just three doors down the hall. He might hear you!"

"Well, 'tain't cussin', jest to call his name, is it?" demanded Story, aggrieved.

"I don't know, but I'll take no chances on it. I've never forgot the night he carved Tony Adams like a raw turkey up there on that table, twenty years ago. And he wa'n't more'n sixteen then. If he's kept on the way he started he won't take nothin' offen nobody by this time. I reckon, too, he'll light on you first, Story. You got his pa's place and you've never paid for it."

This was horrible. Story faded gently into the outer darkness and was seen no more that evening.

"Did he have anything to say?" demanded the captain.

"The queerest thing he could have said," replied Daddisman. "He asked me where was Tony Adams.

"'In there,' I says, pointing to the trunk room where 'Tony always lays when he's sleepin' off his drunk.

"He went in. Then I got uneasy, not knowin' but what that old queen of hearts was still ranklin' in him and that he might be carvin' Tony again. So I stepped to the do' to see what was goin' on."

"Well?" demanded the captain, as Daddisman paused.

"Well, sir, Tony was layin' on the flo' as comfortable as a pig, dead asleep with his head throwed back and his mouth open, and Jim was squattin' down starin' at him as if he was lookin' at a man that had changed to a maggot since he seen him last. There wa'n't no danger in his expression, so I tipped back. Presently he came out and give orders for Tony to be put in the bridal chamber till he was sober, and for me to charge it to him. Cost him somethin', too."

Suddenly there was the sound of a heavy body striking the floor above and a yell that pierced the evening air like a distracted calliope.

The three men stiffened with horror as a crash of glass followed and the yells increased. Daddisman ran out into the street, looked up at the window, dashed back into the house and up the stairs.

"It's Tony tryin' to fall out of the winder in his shirt tail," he exclaimed to Elbert and the captain, who followed him up the steps.

The door of the bridal chamber had been locked, to insure the invalid's remaining where he was put till he could make a creditable appearance. Daddisman fumbled desperately with the key in the lock, while the screams of the prisoner became more and more distressing. A crowd was gathering outside. Every one in Ruckersville knew which was the bridal chamber in the hotel, and it was the last place from which such sounds of distress could be expected. At last the door yielded and the three rescuers entered.

They beheld a scene of the wildest confusion. The brilliant covers of the bridal bed lay upon the floor. Ornaments designed to appeal to the happy, romantic illusions of the newly married were scattered and shattered. And in the midst of all stood the erstwhile maggot in merely an abbreviated shirt. His thin, blond hair was erect with horror, his face pallid, his blood-shot eyes distended, and he was perfectly sober.

"What is the matter?" demanded the hotelkeeper.

"Oh, Daddisman! I always knew I'd do it some day when I was drunk! But which one did I take?"

A Step in the Right Direction



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He bent forward, resting one hand upon each naked knee, wagged his head from side to side and wept uncontrollably.

"What are you talkin' about?"

"Don't tell me it was Leonora! And if it's Mary Yancey I'll kill myself. I never could live with a woman as thin as that!" he moaned.

"Look ahere, Tony, are you seein' snakes?" said Daddisman, advancing and laying a gentle hand upon him.

"I wish I was. I'd prefer 'em. But where is she?"

"Where is who?"

"The bride!"

He straightened himself with an effort and gazed fearfully about the room.

"You ain't married. Git back in bed, you durn fool!"

Tony permitted himself to be shoved down upon the mattress and covered with the flowered spread. He pulled it up to his chin, looked confidentially from one of his attendants to another, and explained:

"I've been always afraid I'd yield to matrimony when I didn't know what I was doin'. And when I woke up in this here bridal chamber I was plumb distracted."

"You shet up!" said Daddisman in deep disgust.

"Oh, don't leave me, gentlemen," cried Tony as the three men withdrew and the door closed.

Daddisman opened it, thrust his head in and said:

"You been put in here to git sober. You ain't married. Shet up!"

"But this ain't no place for that. Lemme go!"

The sound of his voice died away as Daddisman, Elbert and the captain tramped downstairs, utterly serious.

An hour later, when all was quiet, the two old men still sat in the office discussing the arrival of Jim Bone. It appeared, by his air of duello dignity, that the captain had something on his mind. They went over to the table and examined the ancient blood stains in it. Next they stood at the door that entered the hall, hesitating.

"You go," said White. "I'm afraid I might sthumble and dishturb him. I ain't stheady on my pegs tonight."

The captain straightened up, threw his shoulders back, smoothed his outer front with his two thin hands, assumed his bugle charge expression and stepped briskly but noiselessly down the dimly lighted hall to where a hound lay curled before the third bedroom door. The dog walled his eyes up at him, worked his ears in a complimentary manner, and patted his tail softly upon the floor. The only other sound was that of smothered thunder, which issued from the door and filled the hall like rude, somnambulent music. The captain paused just long enough to realize the nature of this rhythmic noise. Then he returned to the office with an air of privacy and intimacy about him.

"He sleeps, he snores like a gentleman. I will not disturb him. Doubtless he will explain in the morning."

"Explain what?" demanded Daddisman, who had been making entries in a book and whose attention had at last been attracted.

"Your guest insulted three gentlemen in Bilfire's saloon this evening," answered the captain.

"He did? Well, you wait till he goes over there before you ask him to explain. I don't want a man like that to explain nothin' in this house," exclaimed Daddisman.

. . . . . .

On this same night Miss Mildred Percey could not sleep. She was not nervous, she was just tender-minded. She could not decide whether to write a sonnet or to choose a design by which to make her new summer silk. The inspiration was the same. A woman's gown is always the poetical expression of her feelings, hopes and desires. If it is becoming it rhymes with her; if it does not become her the meter is wrong—a hexameter lady wearing a pentameter muslin. At last Miss Mildred put out her light, leaned her face against the window casement, and sighed. The starlight glistened upon the broad leaves of the magnolia tree outside; the air was perfumed with a thousand blossoms. Her eyes filled with tears and she began to whisper softly, as if she were afraid the angels would hear her:

"Oh, God! Oh, God!"

You would have thought that she was dying, at least that she was in mortal agony or that she had a deep secret grief. As a matter of fact she was only giving vent to



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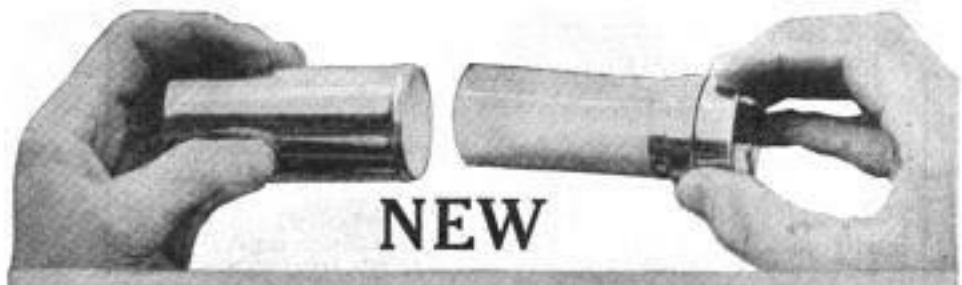
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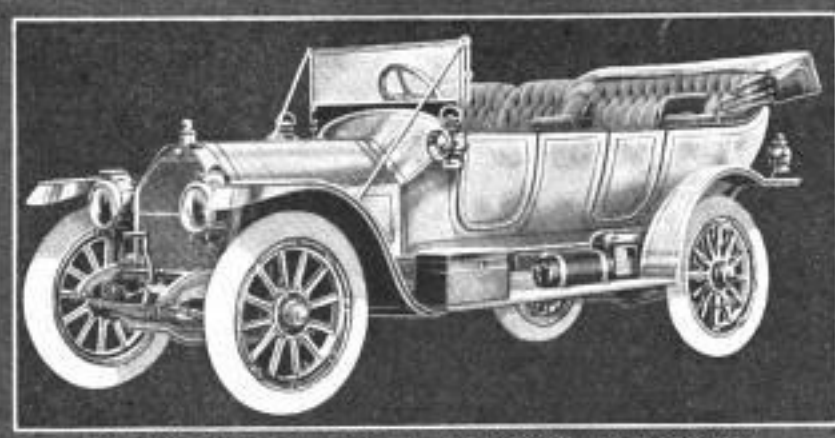
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the same feelings that make other animals cry or sing. The difference is that other animals are naïvely, innocently open about expressing themselves, but a gentle, virtuous maiden of thirty-five has no more liberty in such matters than a mummy. This was why Mildred called secretly and timidly upon her Maker. He was probably the only One in the universe who thoroughly understood the situation, whether He meant to do anything about it or not. She saw clearly before her three things as she went on weeping. The first was the awful-looking stranger she met that day, the second was the first line of her sonnet, the third was her muslin, fashioned into a ravishingly pretty frock. Her literary ambitions lay in the background. Still she thought drearily, as she rose, wiped her eyes and crept between the sheets of her snowy bed, that what she desired above everything in the world was to become an author—one of those brilliant men and women who come trailing their amazing clouds of glory into fiction every year, tarry just long enough to "make a name," and then disappear.

It was also on this same night—or, rather, about two o'clock in the morning—that Miss Mary Yancey sat up in bed and listened. Miss Agnes Yancey also sat up in her bed in the next room and listened.

"Sister Mary," she called softly, "did you hear that?"

"Yes; what was it?"

"Sounded like a man creeping upstairs!" moaned Agnes.

"I knew it would happen," quavered Mary, "when I saw that awful creature leaning over the gate this afternoon. We must get up and see what it is."

She leaped from the bed and struck a match and lighted the candle upon the dresser.

"But if it is a man why should we get up and go to meet him?" chattered Agnes, who was getting the chill of terror.

The next moment, however, they appeared in the hall and passed solemnly in review before the portraits of their ancestors, which hung upon either side. Both were ghostly pale and wore absurdly ruffled gowns. Their hair was rolled upon hairpins, the points of which stuck out, and their bare feet looked funny and old as if they had ceased to arch themselves. Miss Mary advanced, carrying the candle in one hand and the garden shears in the other. Agnes clung to her, peering into every corner and closet, behind every door, under every bed. Suddenly they heard it again, the stealthy movements of something living which seemed to be approaching them from the kitchen stairs.

"Oh, my hair!" gasped Agnes, throwing up her hands to cover her head as she sank down upon the landing.

The next moment a large gray cat padded up the remaining steps, tail erect, purring, and prepared to rub himself against anybody's legs that were available.

"Scat!" screamed Miss Mary before she thought. The candle went bumping down the stairs. She had never spoken harshly to Thomas a Kempis before in his life. She snatched him from the floor before he could recover from his astonishment, ran to the back door, unlocked it, dropped him outside in the soft summer rain, slammed the door, then slowly climbed the stairs to her room. She could hear Agnes' staccato sobs. Both sisters were disappointed, although they were far from suspecting such a thing. Nothing is more ludicrous, if you want to look at it that way, than the longing of maidens for lovers, which changes later to an old maid's fear of a man hidden in the house. Really it is pathetic. And men should be prosecuted to the full extent of the law for allowing any good woman to remain unwed till this romantic neurasthenia develops.

Far out beyond the town a mocking bird was singing in his sleep, high up in an old elm tree before an ancient house; and inside a woman slept with the windows open wide, secure, locked within that serene assurance of her own beauty and power. Beautiful women never are afraid of men, never look for robbers under their beds.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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For the gears I use the most perfect alloy ever worked out for this purpose.

To test these gears, which others test with a hammer, I have built a crushing machine of 50 tons' capacity. There I submit the gears to a crushing test, to measure exactly what each gear will stand.

The Nickel Steel axles are much larger than necessary. Every year I have built them stronger. Now my margin of safety in this vital part is considered extreme by most makers.

For the bearings on axles and on the transmission I use Timken Roller and Hyatt High Duty. Lesser bearings have led to trouble.

I have found that magnetos differ immensely. So I devised a test where, for ten hours a day, the magneto must act under tremendous compression. I have found only two makes which stand it.

Half the troubles with cars are due to a carburetor incapable of dealing with low-grade gasoline. So I adapted a carburetor to the commonest grades. And I doubly heat it—with hot air and hot water—to facilitate evaporation.

I add about one-fifth to the power of my engine by putting intake valves on top.

The long-stroke motor, the cylinders in pairs, the dust-proof transmission, the system of oiling, all simply accord with the best modern practice.

I carry inspection to the farthest extremes. Every part is inspected—every vital part tested. That is essential. Without it, flaws will creep in which only use can discover.

Good Measure

Another thing I have learned is that buyers enjoy good measure.

My wheel base is long, my wheels extra large, my tonneau is roomy. The car is over-tired. The springs are much stronger than necessary.

The design of the car, as each can see for himself, has the last touch of up-to-dateness.

The upholstering is deep, the filling is hair, the covering is genuine leather. I avoid all the petty economies.

The body finish consists of 17 coats. The lamps are enameled, as per the latest vogue. Even the engine is nickel trimmed.

The most perfect car will fail to satisfy buyers unless its appearance is perfect.

Exclusive Features

In addition to all this, Reo the Fifth has two or three features found in no other car.

One is the center cane-handle control. See the picture. All the gear shifting is done by moving this handle not more than three inches. It moves in four directions—for low speed, intermediate, high speed and reverse.

Another unique feature is the absence of brake levers. Both of the brakes operate by foot pedals. One of the pedals operates the clutch and the service brake as well.

So the front of the car is clear. The driver dismounts on either side as easily as you dismount from the tonneau.

This arrangement permits of the left side drive. The driver sits, as he should sit, close to the cars which he passes. He sits where he can look back in making a turn. He is on the up side of the road. This has only been possible heretofore in electrics.

These are features to which other cars must come. But you find them today only in Reo the Fifth.

Price—the Only Sensation

The only sensation in this Reo the Fifth is the price at which we shall sell it.

All the rest results from an earnest desire, in this my final achievement, to give the best that a car can give.

If I have done that—and I believe that I have—the price of $1,055 is both unique and sensational.

Most other features are found in some other cars, but the amazing fact is the price of this car in which you find the best of everything combined.

Now I wish to explain the reason.

Paring Down Cost

For the past several years, my chief effort has been to cut down the cost of my cars.

I have felt that my place in the future depended as much on paring of cost as on skill in designing.

I have been helped in this by an enormous demand for my cars. Our multiplied output has cut overhead cost.

I have also been helped by the good-will these cars created. Each has helped to sell others. So selling cost is a fraction of what it was.

I have helped myself by inventing special machinery. The parts are now made by automatic machines, invented and built in our shops. Labor cost, on some parts, has been divided by fifty. And we get the utter exactness which hand work never gave.

Fixed Month by Month

We now make in this whole shop only one style of chássis. That saves in itself nearly $200 per car.

We have standardized the car, so that changes aren't necessary. Our tools and machinery last until we wear them out.

The whole car is now built in this one model factory, so we pay no profits to parts makers.

This year, in addition, we have cut a big slice from our profits. This new car, we figure, will more than double our output. And our profit hereafter will be a trifle per car.

Price Not Fixed

We have also adopted a changeable price. The price of today is based on today's price for materials—the lowest they have been in years. But our contracts with dealers provide for instant advance.

The price of $1,055 is the minimum. It can certainly never go lower. But, if cost advances, the price must be advanced. Price cannot be fixed for six months in advance without leaving big margin, and we haven't done that.

This initial price is the minimum. It is the lowest price, in my estimation, which an equal car ever will cost. But that is today's price only. I very much doubt if Reo the Fifth can long be sold that low.

My Supreme Effort

A hundred makers will argue that their higher-priced cars offer more than does Reo the Fifth.

I don't wish to dispute them. Judge that for yourself. It isn't hard to make actual comparisons.

Whatever the verdict, I can only say that this car marks my limit. I would not know where to add a single iota if paid a doubled price.

Better materials I know are impossible. Better workmanship is out of the question. Better features and devices, if they exist, are still unknown to me.

More power is possible, but not economical. More size, room and weight can be had, of course, if one thinks them worth the price. But more of care or skill or quality is totally out of the question.

This Farewell Car is my finest creation. If others do better, they are better men than I.

Ask for Catalog

This car with roadster body sells for $1,000. With close-coupled body or touring car body the price now is $1,055. Our catalog shows the various body designs.

It also gives complete specifications. It enables comparisons, part by part, with any other car.

The book is ready for mailing. Ask for it now, as this car at least is worth investigation. When we send the book we'll tell you where to see the car. Address

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THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

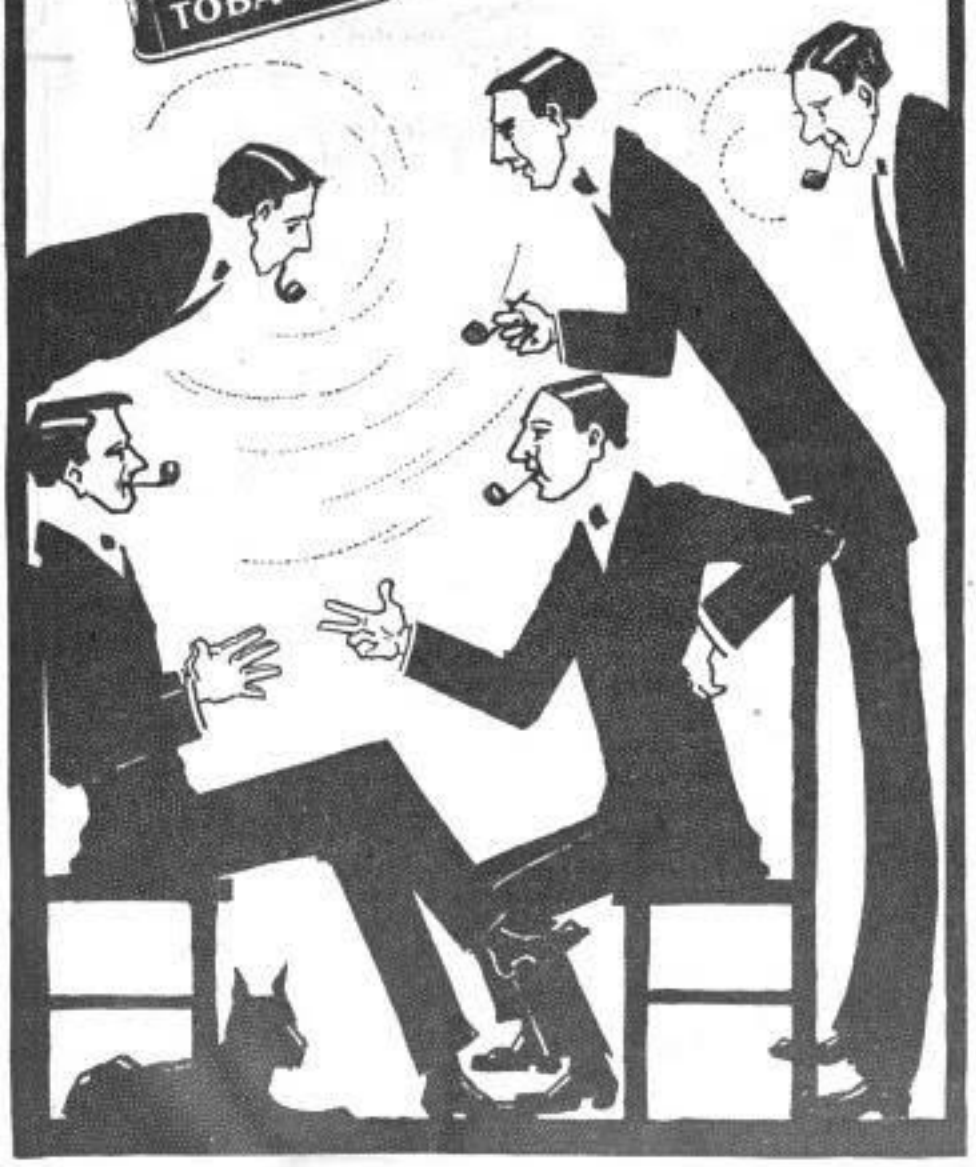
Velvet has countless friends and they all tell you that it's "The best you ever tucked in your pipe!" Velvet is Burley—the finest middle leaves—aged for two years in the warehouse—a mellowness rarely found—a taste that is ravenously good—never a bit of irritation. Time has evolved this smoothest of smokes and every care has been exercised to insure that this smoothness gets to you in all its goodness.

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Full size 2-ounce tins

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The A B C of Unscrambling Eggs

(Concluded from Page 17)

of interstate commerce, with added sanction to enforce that law. He suggested that Congress say: "By restraint of trade we mean every obstruction of trade, including limitations upon the liberty of individuals who engage in trade as defined"; and then write into the statute the following definition from Baron Parke's decision in the case of Mallan versus May:

"The rule . . . is, that total restraints of trade . . . are absolutely bad, and that all restraints, though only partial, if nothing more appear, are presumed to be bad. . . . Contracts in restraint of trade are in themselves, if nothing show them to be reasonable, bad in the eye of the law. . . . But if there are circumstances recited in the instrument . . . it is for the court to determine whether the contract be a fair and reasonable one or not, and the test appears to be whether it be prejudicial or not to the public interest."

There could be no reasonable objection to the first proposal made by Senator Cummins. Such definition as he proposes would constitute a glossary of terms of the Sherman Law; and it is the legislative practice in England—and one that is growing all over the world—to add to public acts such a glossary. This clarifies the legislation and, in addition, reduces the burden imposed on the judiciary. Senator Cummins also recommends: That Congress describe certain combinations that are already in existence and that are likely to be organized in future, and then declare them to be a type of reasonable or unreasonable restraints of trade.

We should then be able to speak by the statute-book of good combinations and bad combinations, and be reasonably certain of congressional approval for our opinions. In times past the expressions "good trusts" and "bad trusts" have found their way into the public utterances of statesmen and near-statesmen. But analysis has usually disclosed the fact that the speaker's party friends were prominent in the "good trusts," whereas the "bad trusts" were officered with "enemies of the republic."

Senator Cummins further recommends the organization of an industrial commission composed of men of the highest fitness. This commission would have authority to pass upon a proposed combination of existing independent concerns, and to determine whether or not such a combination was in itself objectionable under the law. If, in the judgment of the commission, a monopoly was threatened, then the combination could by process of the courts be arrested. If, on the other hand, the commission should satisfy itself that no restraint of trade or monopoly would result, then—in the opinion of Senator Cummins—this preliminary determination ought, without doubt, to preclude any future inquiry into the questions of restraint of trade and monopolization.

It is not the senator's idea, however, by this process to preclude a prosecution for violation of the law if the combination pursue dishonest or oppressive trade methods. If this liability to prosecution could be carefully guarded in a statute the objections of many to a trade commission would be met.

The spectacle of trust promoters like Gary and Perkins rushing to the Capitol and advocating an industrial commission is unsettling to the nerves of the radical member of Congress.

"What those fellows are after is an immunity bath!" exclaims the congressman with the black soft hat. "There will be no trade commission if I have anything to do with it."

Senator Cummins would be the last to favor a trade commission whose "certificates of character" to combinations would result in immunity from prosecution for unlawful acts in restraint of trade. But the senator would meet business men halfway. He would take Mr. Gary at his word when he said:

"No decent man is desirous of violat the laws of the country or of doing thing which is inimical to the public ests. . . . Give us a commission which we may go and say: 'Here are the facts; here is what we would like to here are the results—the probable we do not want to antagonize the la do not want to do anything that we not to do. We want your advice.'"

And the senator from Iowa would vide a bureau to which business men go in the spirit proposed by Mr. Gary from it obtain the advice needed. Gary has made his proposal with a reservation he will get a legislative brick, provided Senator Cummins way about it.

Commissions are necessarily of growth. Congress delegates its grudgingly, and any commission must its worth before it is given added For an illustration one may turn to Interstate Commerce Commission. It far back in 1888 that this commission created. Relief from the oppressions of railroads was the guiding motive, posedly, in its creation by Congress. the legislative job was badly done, decisions of the courts finally divested commission of what authority it was possess, until it became nothing but a crying in the wilderness. But if it could nothing else this impotent commission tainly emitted loud and long cries. Interstate Commerce commissioners regarded in Congress as a joke and treated with scant respect these guardians of the shippers' rights were tinually demanding more authority—more power. If Congress was deaf to their the country heard, and so in 1906, public opinion led by President Roosevelt the Interstate Commerce Commission recreated and given the club it needed—the authority to fix rates. By the tion of 1910 this authority was and today we have a regulation of charges and service by commission protects the rights of the shippers—and public—and is just to the railroads. the people were eighteen to twenty getting it!

Query: If Congress created an commission in 1912 should we have istrative control of trusts before 1912?

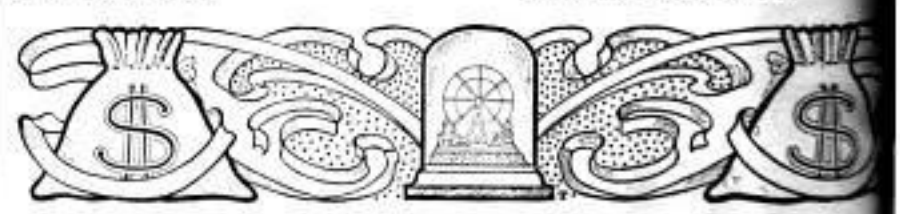
That would depend very largely personnel of the commission. It say that the commission's powers have to be pried loose from the tional prerogatives of Congress by force of public opinion.

Congress could well look to Cummins for leadership in the tion. But Congress won't. Of we may be reasonably certain specific proposal to amend the law there will be 90 objections Senate—one Colorado vacancy—objections in the House—one vacancy—with one member pro "open mind"—Victor Berger, the And if by any odd chance a bill both houses, then it must meet Objector. He would probably sisting that Congress wait for of an "expert board" of politi mists—or conconists—drafted cloistered halls of learning. In and after a generous expenditure money, a commission of this book-learning would very possibly as follows:

"In view of the vast extent of the trial system of this country and the nitude of the financial interests both on the part of the trusts and who pay the freight, your commission lieves that the possible consequences a system of regulation are too warrant its adoption at the present

Notwithstanding this bleak Senator Cummins will urge legislation in this spirit: "I would far rather issue settled right than settled my way is wrong."

That's the A. B. C. of it.



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and **Almanac for 1912** has 224 pages with many colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their prices, their care, diseases and remedies. All about **Incubators**, their prices and their operation. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's an encyclopedia of chickendom. You need it. **Only 15c.**
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THE SHIP'S JESTER

(Continued from Page 8)

The skipper came running up on the bridge and the crew saw him take the stairs three at a time.

"No fire drill this time," bawled Mr. Nye—"it's the real thing!" The grim smile was gone from his mouth, his glittering eyes snapped savagely as he raced aft and, under the skipper's directions, opened the main hatch. A blast of flame and smoke belched out and drove him back half fainting, while the men, without awaiting orders, quickly battened down the hatch.

"I'm afraid it's all off, Tom," said the skipper quietly. "She's an old whaleship and her bones are oil-soaked. She'll burn like a stack of hay—and God knows how long she's been smoldering belowdecks! Nothing to it but to keep the hatches on and starve the fire for lack of oxygen. If we run for it she may last until we get to Skagway."

Mr. Nye nodded.

"If we can beach her on the flat off the mouth of the river we might save her," he suggested. "There's a nineteen-foot tide there; and if we drive her hard aground at low water she'll be awash at the flood, and—we might save the engines."

"I believe you're right," the skipper replied. "When a whaleship catches fire at sea she's gone! We'll run for it. Meantime take as many men as you can use and cut through the bulkhead between the engine room and the after hold. We've got to get a stream into that hold without letting a blast of fresh air in too."

A minute later the engines of the Shandon Belle were running wide open and the column of black smoke belching from her funnel gave ample evidence that the stokers were not sparing the coal. The ship gathered headway at once; and within an hour after the discovery of the fire Tip McCune, walking aft to read the log, noticed that the ship was doing better than thirteen knots.

It was a silent, desperate battle that Tom Nye fought with the flames belowdeck. With his crew he succeeded in cutting through the bulkhead—but a rush of noxious gases drove them back; and in order to save the engine-room crew the opening was quickly boarded up and the attack on the flames abandoned in that direction. On through Chilkoot Inlet and into Taiya Inlet swept the doomed Shandon Belle.

"Ten miles from Skagway," panted Mr. Nye to Tip McCune as they came on deck together and the mate noted a familiar patch of coastline. "Ten miles more—and the bloody deck so hot it's burnin' my feet! I doubt if we'll make it."

As if in answer to his prophecy a muffled report, as of an explosion, came from below. The Shandon Belle trembled violently and the covering of the main hatch burst upward.

"Can of powder somewhere in that blasted cheap little jag of freight!" snarled Mr. Nye. "Turn the stream into the hold!" he shrieked to a little knot of seamen standing by with a hose and raced below to give the word to the engineer to start the pumps. When he came on deck a few minutes later he found the hose ripped and split in a dozen places, and a feeble stream playing into the smoking hold. The hose, old and rotten, had not been equal to the pressure of water from the steam pumps—and the last hope of the Shandon Belle was gone!

From that moment it became a race with the flames to beach the ship and try, if possible, to save the engines. Up through the inlet they raced, with the smoke and flames bursting through the splintered hatch and the molten pitch in the deck-seams tugging at the feet of the crew as they shrank back from the fearful heat. A mile and a half to starboard the town of Skagway loomed in the light of the late afternoon; but the flames were spreading rapidly and the skipper knew that it was useless to keep his engineers below any longer. He rang for full speed astern; and as the Shandon Belle pulled up in her stride the engines were stopped. Three minutes later two boats, filled with men, dropped from her blistered sides and shoved off. A third boat trailed astern, her long painter fast to the stern railing of the ship.

"Lash the wheel, Mr. Nye," commanded the skipper when he found himself, the chief mate and the chief engineer the last men



Everywhere we go the lesson of good teeth is told

What more common than our admiration of a pretty face turned to disappointment when that face smiles!

True, the clever woman whose teeth are not attractive, when she must smile, never lets us see.

But how delightful when the open smile, in features beautiful or plain, suddenly dazzles us with the glory of perfect teeth.

You who have fine teeth, whether through good fortune or through wise care, or through the dentist's skill, *safeguard* them by daily *night* and *morning* use of

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

Prepared for almost half a century by a doctor of dental surgery



What Dr. Lyon's does not do should be entrusted only to your dentist to do.

Sold Everywhere

Begin early to make the use of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder a life habit with your children, and thus insure them perfect teeth and consequent fine appearance and health.

The great virtue of Dr. Lyon's is that it provides a perfect dentifrice *in powder form*, having no gelatine, glucose or honey to leave sticky masses between the teeth to encourage decay. It polishes, thoroughly cleanses the teeth, removes discoloration and tartar and imparts a natural fragrance to the breath.

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If you contemplate the purchase of a motor car, does not self interest advise you to investigate why FORD Model T cars are in such tremendous demand? Immediate delivery.

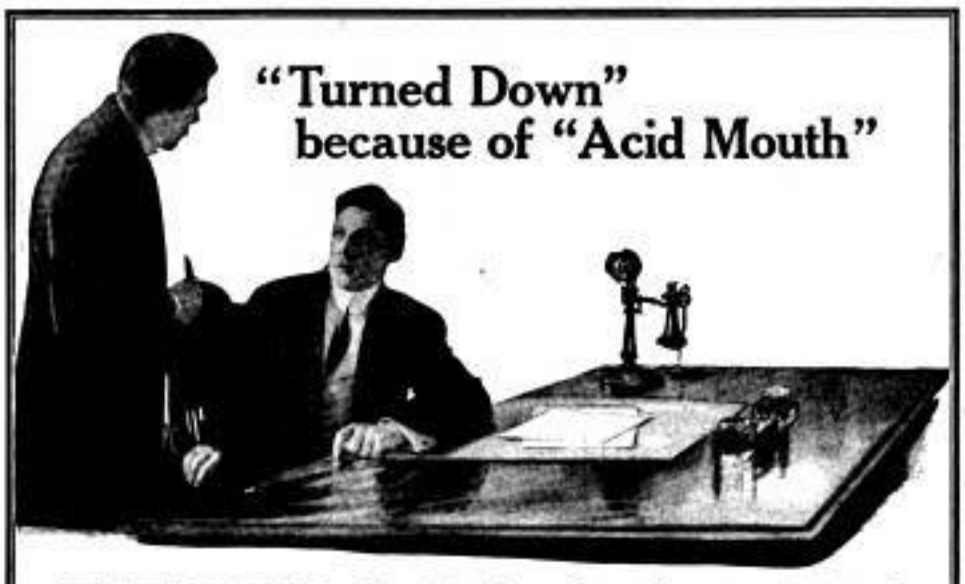
Ford Model T Touring Car, 4 cylinders, 5 passengers, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit	$690
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Pebeco is the one dentifrice that preserves as well as cleanses, for it counteracts the great cause of decay and discoloration—"Acid Mouth."

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remaining on the burning ship. "I'll head her for the flats, kick her wide open and let her go to glory!"

For answer Mr. Nye damned the Shandon Belle from keelson to truck—for he loved her. The skipper rang for full speed ahead and pointed her nose for the beach. Mr. Nye was lashing her helm when the skipper and the chief engineer hailed him from the bridge.

"We'll jump for it!" they called. "The trailing boat will pick us up."

Mr. Nye stepped out of the pilot house and joined them on the bridge.

"This is what comes o' stealing that boy Tip McCune," he said bitterly. "There ain't no luck in shanghaing—and I always said so."

With this parting shot Mr. Nye dove off the speeding vessel. The skipper and the chief hit the water beside him a second later, and the Shandon Belle, blazing and abandoned, continued at full speed for the beach. Her steam was pretty well exhausted before she struck the first time. Tip McCune, seated beside Mr. Nye in the boat, saw her hesitate as if fearful of going to destruction; but the demon in her vitals spurred her on. She lifted to a long roller, shook her forefoot free of the sand and swept grandly up on the beach. She rounded up, bows on, and lay over on her port side, while the waves broke over her. A vast cloud of steam supplanted the smoke as the flames died within her; and at the sight the skipper gulped and two big tears started across his cheeks.

Mr. Nye, observing these mute evidences of sorrow, leaned over the thwart and nudged the ship's jester in the short ribs.

"The Old Man's all broke up," he whispered hoarsely, albeit sympathetically. "Raise a bit of a chanty, Tip, and make the skipper laugh."

"I—I can't," replied Tip McCune—"I left my best pair of silk tights behind me."

"You must," reiterated Mr. Nye. "I can hit you if you don't make the skipper laugh. He never needed you before, Tip; but he does now."

In the face of such earnest pleading from the honest Nye, Tip McCune could not refuse. So he cleared his throat and in his nasal falsetto he sang:

"Strike up the band! Here comes a sailor,
Cash in his hand, fresh off a whaler.
Stand in a row,
Don't let him go;
Jack's a cinch, but every inch a sailor!"

When a skipper has just been relieved of his command by the blind force of circumstances, and his ship lies a smoldering hulk on a lee shore, sympathy is very sweet indeed. There was a subtle compliment in Tip McCune's choice of the ditty—"Jack's a cinch, but every inch a sailor!"—and the skipper was quick to perceive it. Moreover, they were, one and all, exceedingly "fresh off a whaler," and, despite his tears, the skipper had to laugh.

"Well, Tip, my lad," he said kindly, "we're all out of a job now; so suppose you let bygones be bygones. You ain't nursin' any grudge, are you, Tip?"

"Gwan, Tip; let sleepin' dogs lie," said Mr. Nye; so Tip McCune lied and said he'd had a bully good time, and that he desired to be friends with everybody—whereat the crew cheered and Mr. McCune abdicated forever his office of ship's jester.

It was late in the afternoon when they landed at Moore's Wharf. Mr. Nye, Tip McCune and the skipper ate supper together, and the two mariners accompanied Tip on a round of the combination gambling houses, saloons and variety theaters so prevalent in Skagway in those days. Before they retired in one of the alleged hotels that night Tip McCune had a job in the Northern at five hundred dollars a week—and blessed the day he was shanghaied.

Early the following morning the crew of the Shandon Belle were aboard the charred hulk. It appeared that the vessel had been beached at high tide, and with the coming of low tide she lay high and dry. Under her port quarter and just above the Plimsoll mark a great hole—nearly six feet in diameter—had been burned. She was completely gutted, a few charred uprights showing where her house had stood before the flood tide had washed most of the wreckage away. Save for the hole burned in her quarter, however, the shell of the vessel was still staunch and tight; and, beyond the damage which was bound to occur by reason of their contact with the salt water, the engines were not injured.



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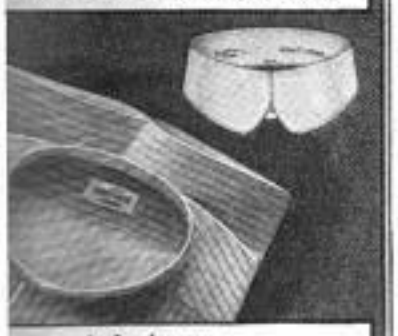
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"We'll get the old girl off and have her rebuilt," exulted the skipper after a brief examination.

"But she's full of water," protested Mr. Nye. "The sea comes in through that big hole in her quarter when the tide rises, and when the tide is out the water stays in the vessel."

"Well, what's to prevent our pumping her out?" snapped the skipper. "Then we'll patch that hole, have her hauled off at high water and towed down to Seattle."

The sagacious Nye shook his head.

"Easy enough if there are any pumps available in Skagway," he said; "but I don't figger there are. It's goin' to take some pumpin' to lift ten thousand gallons of water out of this hulk and patch the hole between tides. And she must be pumped out and patched before she'll float. At high water she'll be submerged."

Mr. Nye's point appeared to be well taken, as the skipper discovered an hour later. Moreover, the weather was threatening, and to await the arrival of pumps from Seattle was out of the question. The Shandon Belle could not stand many days of battering by that nineteen-foot tide, and the skipper knew it.

"Total loss," he said sorrowfully, addressing himself to Mr. Nye and Tip McCune. "I'm going to wire the owners and tell them the exact conditions."

He did. Next day he received a reply from the owners stating that the Shandon Belle had been abandoned to the underwriters, who would sell the wreck at public auction on the floor of the Merchants' Exchange at noon the following day.

"What do you suppose the wreck will bring?" Tip McCune inquired of Mr. Nye, who called to see him that night in his dressing room at the Northern.

"Fifty or a hundred dollars," replied Mr. Nye. "Nobody will make an offer for a wreck in Alaskan waters."

"Suppose one should buy that wreck, float it and haul it off the beach into deep water, what would it be worth?" inquired Tip.

"Easy twenty thousand dollars," said Mr. Nye. "The engines alone are worth that."

"Very well, then," replied Tip McCune. "I've been working here three days at five hundred a week, and I guess it's up to me to hit the boss for a couple of hundred and buy the wreck of the Shandon Belle."

"What will you do with it when you get it," demanded Mr. Nye indulgently—"use it for a watch-charm?"

"No," said Tip McCune dreamily; "I'll sell it and buy an interest in Sholto's Circus. The Old Man's awfully hard up and I could get in on the ground floor cheap."

Mr. Nye grinned and turned the conversation into other channels.

The following day Tip McCune drew two hundred dollars on account of his week's salary, wired one hundred and fifty of it to a San Francisco attorney recommended to him by the cashier of the bank, and instructed him to bid in the wreck of the Shandon Belle at the lowest possible figure. The following morning he received a wire stating that the Shandon Belle was his property at a net cost of one hundred and twenty-five dollars; so he strolled down to the beach to look at his property. It was flood tide when he arrived and the masts and top of the smokestack of the Shandon Belle were all that showed above the water; so Mr. McCune went back to town to await the ebb tide. During the interim he rounded up three carpenters and purchased a quantity of lumber sufficient to patch the hole in the wreck temporarily; after which he called on the owner of a powerful little steam tug and arranged to have the tug on hand at high water to haul off the Shandon Belle when she floated.

The moment the tide had receded sufficiently to permit of Tip McCune and his men walking out to the Shandon Belle, the work of salving her commenced. During the afternoon they labored at the wreck until the returning tide drove them shoreward.

That night Tip McCune met the skipper and Mr. Nye at the hotel.

"Come down to the beach at high tide tomorrow," he said, "and watch me float the Shandon Belle."

"Hark to the ship's jester!" said Mr. Nye compassionately.

"She'll float at four o'clock," said Tip McCune. "Be on hand."

Having nothing else to do, they were both on hand. And when the tide finally came thundering in across the flats and



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swept up round the wreck the Shandon Belle floated!

A steam tug got a line aboard her and took her in tow before she could be driven farther up the beach; and within an hour the wreck of the Shandon Belle was moored hard and fast to the wharf!

"This is the first time on record," said Tip McCune as he joined the skipper and Mr. Nye, "that a ship's jester has ended up by owning the ship. What do you think of my vessel?"

Both mariners stared at him, fascinated and amazed.

"Rot me and grind my bones!" murmured the skipper.

"Shoot me for a junk-thief!" said Mr. Nye. "How in blazes did you do it?"

"It's very simple," replied Tip McCune modestly. "Up at the Northern the other night I got the idea from rubbering at a seltzer bottle. You know, if you've ever been in vaudeville or traveled with a circus, you will learn a whole lot of things they don't teach you in school. For instance, you learn to take a chance—and if you're broke it doesn't worry you. If you can't find a cleaner and presser to put a crease in your Sunday pants you fold them and slip them under the mattress and sleep on them. People say, 'Beware of substitutes'; but I tell you if it wasn't for substitutes we couldn't get along. Consequently, when we found there were no pumps in Skagway I looked round for a substitute—and discovered it in a seltzer bottle."

"You're a liar by the clock!" said the skipper.

"Shut up and listen!" roared Mr. Nye rudely. "Go on, Tip. What did you do next?"

"Well, you remember there was some of that up-freight piled on deck. Part of it consisted of forty-four fifty-foot lengths of three-inch iron waterpipe. The deck burned away under this pipe and the fire was so hot that it heated the pipe; and when the burning deck gave way one end of those pipes fell into the blazing hold and the other end leaned against a part of the deck that was badly burned, but did not fall through. Result: The iron piping became heated and bent in the middle at almost right angles without affecting the carrying capacity of the pipes where they were bent.

"I took these forty-four pieces of pipe and ran them out through that burned hole in the hull. One end projected into the water-filled ship and the other end projected out on to the beach. Then the tide came in and submerged the whole business—but the tide went out again, and as the tide receded the water in the Shandon Belle was siphoned out until the hold was practically free of water. Then I had the pipes withdrawn; the hole was patched and when the tide came in again the Shandon Belle floated. There was a steamship man in Skagway who said he'd give twenty-five thousand dollars for the wreck, delivered alongside the wharf—and I've just come from closing with him.

"I don't think I'll ever go to sea again," continued Tip McCune plaintively. "It's a hard life! I'll clean up here tomorrow and buy me a first-class passage back to San Francisco Saturday, on the City of Pueblo. I wired Sholto—he's the fellow that owns the circus that went broke, and he says the show is going under the hammer in two weeks if he can't make good. I'll get back just in time to bid it in for myself. You know, there's good money even in a one-ringed, one-elephant circus if you play the pumpkin circuits. It's death to go into the big cities with a show like that; and the Old Man ought to have known ——"

"Oh, say, Nye!" gasped the skipper. "And I thought all along he was just a plain damned fool!"

"Tip," said Mr. Nye humbly, "you're a smart man; and me and the skipper we ——"

He broke off suddenly ashamed—and Tip McCune held out a hand to each.

"Thank you for shanghaing me," he said, and laughed. "And, remember, if you ever happen round where my circus is making a stand I'll shill you through and give you a ride on the elephant!"



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THE LIGHTED WAY

(Continued from Page 33)

She shrugged her shoulders. "You are lways so gloomy, my young friend," she aid. "We will have luncheon together, ou and I, and I will try to teach you how o be gay. Tell me, then," she went on, s they reached the landing and she waited r Arnold to open the door leading into ie private room, "how is the little invalid rl this morning."

"The little invalid girl is well," Arnold plied.

"She was not too tired yesterday, I ope?" Fenella asked.

"Not in the least," Arnold assured her. We both of us felt that we did not thank ou half enough for our wonderful day."

"Oh, *là, là!*" Fenella exclaimed. "It as a whim of mine, that is all. I liked aving you both there. Some day you ust come again, and if you are very good may let you bring the young lady, though 'm not so sure of that. Do you know that ıy brother was asking me questions about er last night until I thought my head vould swim?" she continued curiously.

"Count Sabatini was very kind to her," Arnold remarked. "Poor little girl, I am afraid she is going to have rather a rough ime. She had quite an alarming experience last night after our return."

"You must tell me all about it presently," Fenella declared. "Shall we take this little round table near the window? It will be delightful, that, for when we are tired with one another we can watch the people in the street. Have you ever sat and watched the people in the street, Arnold?"

"Not often," he answered, giving his hat to a waiter and following her across the little room. "You see there are not many people to watch from the windows where I live, but there is always the river."

"A terribly dreary place," Fenella declared.

Arnold shook his head.

"Don't believe it," he replied. "Only a short time ago the days were very dark indeed. Ruth and I together did little else except watch the barges come up, and the slowly moving vessels, and the lights, and the swarms of people on Blackfriars Bridge. Life was all watching then."

"One would weary soon," she murmured, "of being a spectator. You are scarcely that now."

"There has been a great change," he answered simply. "In those days I was very near starvation. I had no idea how I was going to find work. Yet even then I found myself longing for adventures of any sort—anything to quicken the blood, to feel the earth swell beneath my feet."

She was watching him with that curious look in her eyes that he never wholly understood—half mocking, half tender.

"And, after all," she murmured, "you found your way to Tooley Street and the office of Mr. Samuel Weatherley."

She threw herself back in her chair and laughed so irresistibly that Arnold in a moment or two found himself laughing too.

"It is all very well," he said, "but I am not at all sure that adventures do not sometimes come even to Tooley Street."

She shook her head.

"I shall never believe it. Tell me now about Mr. Weatherley. Was he very sorry when he arrived for having caused you so much anxiety?"

"I have not yet seen Mr. Weatherley," Arnold replied. "Up until the time when I left the office he had not arrived."

She set down the glass she had been in the act of raising. For the first time she seemed to take this matter seriously.

"What time was that?" she asked.

"Ten minutes past twelve."

She frowned.

"It certainly does begin to look a little queer," she admitted. "Do you think that he has met with an accident?"

"We have already tried the hospitals and the police station," he told her.

She looked at him steadfastly.

"You have an idea—you have some idea of what has happened," she said.

"Nothing very definite," Arnold replied gravely. "I cannot imagine what it all means, but I believe that Mr. Weatherley has disappeared."

XXVI

FOR several moments Fenella sat quite still. She was suddenly an altered woman. All the natural gayety and vivacity seemed to have faded from her features. There were suggestions of another self zealously kept concealed. It was a curious revelation. Even her tone, when she spoke, was altered. The words seemed to be dragged from her lips.

"You have some reason for saying this," she murmured.

"I have," Arnold admitted.

Just then the waiter entered the room, bringing in a portion of the lunch they had ordered. Fenella rose and walked to a mirror at the other end of the apartment. She stood there powdering her cheeks for a moment, with her back turned to Arnold. When the waiter had gone she returned, humming a tune. Her effort at self-rehabilitation was obvious.

"You gave me a shock, my friend," she declared, sitting down. "Please do not do it again. I am not accustomed to having things put to me quite so plainly."

"I am sorry," Arnold said. "It was hideously clumsy of me."

"It is of no consequence now," she continued. "Please give me some of that red wine and go on with your story. Tell me exactly what you mean."

"It is simply this," Arnold explained. "A few days ago I noticed that Mr. Weatherley was busy writing for several hours. It was evidently some private matter and nothing whatever to do with the business. When he had finished he put some documents into a small safe, locked them up and, to my surprise, gave me the key."

"This was long ago?"

"It was almost immediately after Mr. Rosario's murder," he replied. "When he gave me the key he told me that if anything unexpected should happen to him I was to open the safe and inspect the documents. He particularly used the words: 'If anything unexpected should happen to me or if I should disappear.'"

"You really believe, then," she asked, "that he had some idea in his mind that something was likely to happen to him, or that he intended to disappear?"

"His action proves it," Arnold reminded her. "So far as we know there is no earthly reason for his not having turned up at the office this morning. This afternoon I shall open the safe."

"You mean that you will open it if you do not find him in the office when you return?"

"He will not be there," Arnold said decidedly.

Fenella's eyes were filled with fear. Arnold went on hastily:

"Perhaps I ought not to say that. I have nothing in the world to go on. It is only just an idea of mine. It isn't that I am afraid anything has happened to him, but I feel convinced somehow that we shall not hear anything more of Mr. Weatherley for some time."

"You will open the safe, then, this afternoon?"

"I must," Arnold replied.

For several minutes neither of them spoke a word. Fenella made a pretense at eating her luncheon. Arnold ate mechanically, his thoughts striving in vain to focus themselves upon the immediate question. It was she who ended the silence.

"What do you think you will find in those documents?"

"I have no idea," Arnold answered. "To tell you the truth," he went on earnestly, "I was going to ask you whether you knew of anything in his life or affairs that could explain this?"

"I am not sure that I understand you," she said.

"It seems a strange question," Arnold continued, "and yet it presents itself. I was going to ask you whether you knew of any reason whatsoever why Mr. Weatherley should voluntarily choose to go into hiding?"

"You have something in your mind when you ask me a question like this. What should I know about it at all? What makes you ask me?"

Then Arnold took courage. Her eyes seemed to be compelling him.

"What I am going to say," he began, "may sound very foolish to you. I cannot help it. I only hope that you will not be angry with me."

Her eyes met his steadily.

"No," she murmured, "I will not be angry—I promise you that. It is better that I should know exactly what is in your mind. At present I do not understand."

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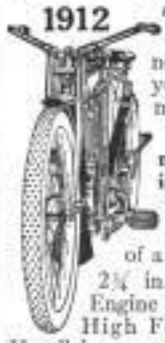
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The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

His manner acquired a new earnestness. He forgot his luncheon and leaned across the table toward her.

"Fenella," he said, "try to consider how these things of which I am going to speak must have presented themselves to me. Try, if you can, to put yourself in my position for a few minutes. Before that evening on which Mr. Weatherley asked me to come to your house nothing in the shape of an adventure had ever happened to me. I had had my troubles, but they were ordinary ones such as the whole world knows of. From the time when I went to school to the time when I had to leave college hurriedly, lost my father and came up to London a pauper, life with me was entirely an obvious affair. From the night I crossed the threshold of your house things were different."

There was a cloud upon her face. She began to drum with her slim forefingers upon the tablecloth.

"I think that I would rather you did not go on," she said.

"I must," he declared fervently. "These things have been in my mind too long. It is not well for our friendship that I should have such thoughts and leave them unuttered. On that very first evening—the first time I ever saw you—you behaved, in a way, strangely. You took me into your little sitting room and I could see that you were in trouble. Something was happening, or you were afraid that it was going to happen. You sent me to the window to look out and see if any one was watching the house. You remember all that?"

"Yes," she murmured, "I remember."

"There was some one watching it," Arnold went on. "I told you—I saw your lips quiver with fear. Then your husband came in and took you away. You left me there in the room alone. I was to wait for you. While I was there one of the men who had been watching stole up through your garden to the very window. I saw his face. I saw his hand upon the window-sill with that strange ring upon his finger. You have not forgotten?"

"Forgotten!" she repeated. "As though that were possible!"

"Very well," Arnold continued. "Now let me ask you to remember another evening only last week—the night I dined with your brother. I brought you home from the music hall and we found that your sitting room had been entered from that same window. The door was locked and we all thought that burglars must be there. I climbed in at the window from the garden. You know what I found."

All the time she seemed to have been making an effort at listening to him unconcernedly. At this point, however, she broke down. She abandoned her attempt at continuing her luncheon. She looked up at him and she was trembling.

"Don't go on!" she begged—"please don't!"

"I must," he insisted. "These things have taken possession of me. I cannot sleep or rest for thinking of them."

"For my sake," she implored, "try to forget!"

He shook his head.

"It isn't possible," he said simply. "I am not made like that. Even if you hate me for it I must go on. You know what I found in your sitting room that night."

"But this is cruel!" she murmured.

"I found a dead man—a man who to all appearance had been murdered there. Not only that, but there must have been people close at hand who were connected with him in some way or who were responsible for the crime. We left the room for five minutes and when we came back he had disappeared. All that we can judge as to what became of him is that this same night a dead man was left in a taxicab not far away by an unknown man whom as yet the police have failed to find."

"But this is all too horrible!" she murmured. "Why do you remind me of it?"

"Because I must," he went on. "Listen. There are other things. This man Starling, for instance, whom I met at your house and who is suspected of the murder of Rosario—both your brother and you seem to be trying to shield him. I don't understand it. I can't understand it. Your brother talked to me strangely the night I dined with him, but half the time I felt that he was not serious. I do not for a moment believe that he would stoop to any undignified or criminal action. I believe in him as I do in you. Yet if Starling is guilty why do you both protect him?"

"Is there anything else?" she faltered.



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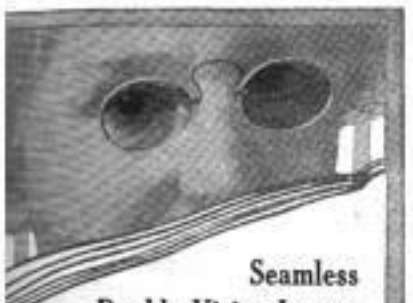
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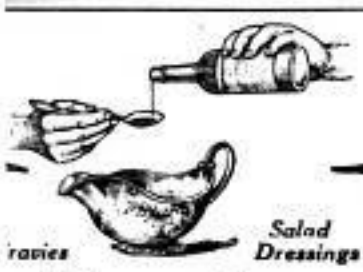
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"There is the final thing," he reminded her, "the reason why I have mentioned these matters to you at all—I mean the disappearance of Mr. Weatherley. Supposing he does not come back, how am I to keep silent, knowing all that I know—knowing that he was living in a house surrounded by mysteries? I hate my suspicions. They are like ugly shadows that follow me about. I like and admire your brother, and you—you know ——"

He could not finish his sentence. She raised her eyes and he saw that they were full of tears.

"Help me," he begged. "You can if you will. Give me your confidence and I will tell you something that I think even you do not know."

"Something concerned with these happenings?"

"Something concerned with them," he assented. "I will tell you when and by whom the body of that man was removed from your sitting room."

She sat looking at him like a woman turned to stone. There was incredulity in her eyes, incredulity and horror.

"You cannot know that!" she faltered.

"I do know it," he asserted.

"Why have you kept this a secret from me?" she asked.

"I do not know," he answered. "Somehow or other, when I have been with you, I have felt more anxious to talk of other things. Then there was another reason that made me anxious to forget the whole affair if I could. I had some knowledge of one of the men who were concerned in taking the victim away."

"Listen," Fenella replied. "I do not ask you to tell me anything more about that night—I do not wish to hear anything. Tell me instead exactly what it is that you want from me."

"I want nothing more nor less," he answered gently, "than permission to be your friend and to possess a little more of your confidence. I want you to end this mystery that surrounds the things of which I have spoken."

"And supposing," she said thoughtfully, "supposing I find that my obligations to other people forbid me to discuss these matters any more with you?"

"I can only hope," he answered, "that you will not feel like that. Remember that these things must have some bearing upon the disappearance of Mr. Weatherley."

She rose to her feet with a little shrug of the shoulders and walked up and down the room for several moments, humming a light tune to herself. Arnold watched her, struggling all the time against the reluctant admiration with which she always inspired him.

"And it was for a luncheon such as this," she protested, "that I wore my new Paris gown and came all the way from the country. I expected compliments at least. Perhaps I even hoped," she whispered, leaning a little toward him, with a smile upon her lips that was half mirthful, half provocative, "that I might have turned for a moment that wonderfully hard head of yours."

Arnold rose abruptly to his feet.

"You treat men as though they were puppets," he muttered.

"And you speak of puppets," she murmured, "as though theirs was a most undesirable existence. Have you never tried to be a puppet, Arnold?"

He stepped a little farther back still and gripped the back of the chair, but she kept close to him.

"I am to have no other answer from you, then, but this foolery?" he demanded roughly.

"Why, yes!" she replied graciously. "I have an answer ready for you. You are so abrupt. Listen to what I propose. We will go together to your office and see whether it is true that Mr. Weatherley has not returned. If he has really disappeared and I think that anything that I can tell you will help, perhaps then I will do as you ask. It depends a great deal upon what you find in those papers. Shall we go now or would you like to stay here a little longer?"

"We will go at once," he said firmly.

She sighed and passed out of the door.

"It is I who am a heroine," she declared. "I am coming down to Tooley Street with you. I am coming to brave the smells and the fog and the heat."

He handed her into the car. He had sufficiently recovered his self-control to smile. "In other words," he said, "you mean to be there when I open the safe!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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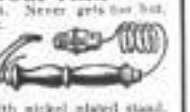
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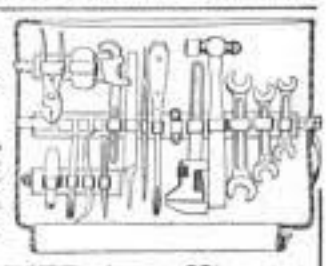
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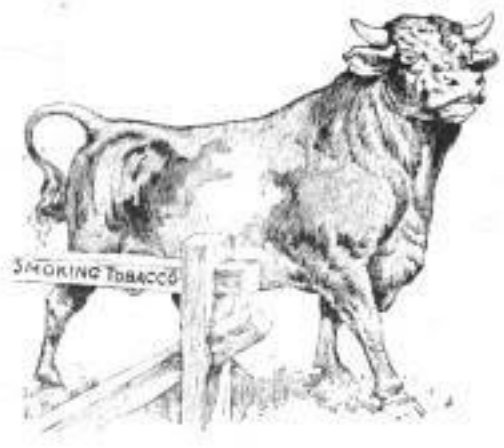
"And if you want to know, I like this good old "Bull" Durham best of all—it *agrees* with me. This is *tobacco*, this is. Of course you could pay more if you wanted the frills. Don't ask me to stand for the frills. *I* don't get the package. It's the *tobacco* that counts with me.

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"I guess you could pay a little less, too. But don't you think you'd be mighty foolish to lose the pleasure you are getting now to save a cent or so?—for something *that isn't "Bull" Durham?*



"I met some old pipes the other day who told me they smoked it fifty years ago. I don't wonder they were enthusiastic if "Bull" Durham was as good then as it is now.

"More? Yes—thank you! That *does* taste good!"

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THE PANAMA PLUM TREE

(Continued from Page 9)

When the Pacific-Hawaii freighters began to run as clippers round the Horn, a few years ago, they handled less than twenty-*five thousand* tons a year. Last year they handled seven hundred and fifty thousand tons; and by the time Panama opens they expect to be handling a million and a half tons a year. The fleet has grown to more than twenty steamers, and they are building five more for Panama traffic. At present they use the Tehuantepec route.

Over seventy million dollars' worth of American traffic passed over the Tehuantepec route in 1911. This will all come by Panama when the canal opens.

"Then the fact that Tehuantepec is one thousand miles nearer than Panama—or four days nearer New York than Panama—will not affect the canal?" I asked President Dearborn, of the Pacific-Hawaii. Certain engineers have declared that the Panama route can never overcome the natural advantage of nearness which Tehuantepec possesses.

"Never!" he answered without a moment's hesitation. "We use the Tehuantepec route now; but, as soon as Panama opens, we shall use the canal—and Tehuantepec can never compete with Panama. The transfer of freight across the railroad at Tehuantepec requires from eight to ten days. Ships will pass through the Panama Canal without breaking bulk—that will more than make up the longer time at sea."

The Board of Trade and Transportation of New York has put itself on record out and out in favor of free tolls for American ships.

The Hansa Line, of Bremen—the third largest German steamship company—with a fleet of more than sixty steamers, is now putting on Panama ships.

It looks as if the East were alive to Panama's possibilities, all right—doesn't it?—and unanimous at least on the fact that there is a prize worth trying for? Curiously enough—but it is not surprising—though the American shippers, the American transportation men, talk freely of Panama, the foreign steamship men are as mum as oysters! I had a curious experience of this in a European line of big freighters. A friend, who is one of the leading agents, had happened to tell me of the two big freighters they were having constructed in anticipation of the Panama trade.

"Freighters for Panama traffic!" exclaimed their general manager, not knowing I had already seen photographs of the architect's prints. "Not a ton! We have no plans whatever as to Panama." Yet this line already has an agent on the field in every city on the Pacific Coast. The reason for this reticence is too plain for comment. Leave affairs exactly as they are, let American navigation laws stand just as they exist, and, tolls or no tolls at Panama, the foreign carriers will continue to handle ninety-one per cent of American commerce.

A Treaty That Ties Our Hands

When you have said that the shippers of the Eastern American seaports are unanimous on the fact that Panama presages one of the biggest trade revivals America has ever known—you are at the absolute limit of their agreement. On the subject of navigation laws, tolls or no tolls, ship subsidy and the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, there is the same conflicting, contradictory opinion as on the Pacific Coast. In proportion to his breadth of view, a man usually recognizes the reason for the violently contradictory views; and, in proportion to the microscopic animalculæ of his gray matter, he considers the other fellow "a liar" and "a fool." There doesn't seem to be anything halfway in views on Panama. It was the same when Spain set out for treasure on the high seas four centuries ago. They fell to breaking heads at once. That is the case with Panama today.

"No tolls—no tolls at all; free tolls to the whole world. Such a policy will inaugurate the greatest activity in preparations for the canal that the world has ever known in the history of shipping and commerce!" declares John Barrett, director-general of the Pan-American Union.

"I don't know what Hay was thinking of in that Pauncefote treaty, to put us at a disadvantage with nations that already have an advantage over us in building and operating cheaper than we can!" declared the editor who was close to Theodore Roosevelt's confidence during the negotiations; "but I do know that, Hay-Pauncefote treaty or no Hay-Pauncefote treaty, having spent four hundred million dollars on the canal I don't believe in making a present of it to the steamship companies of the world! Let them pay tolls for what they get; and if that throws our world traffic into the hands of foreign carriers let the foreigners act as carriers. These draycarts in the street act as carriers for us; and it doesn't impoverish us to let them do the carrying——"

"But wait!" says Lewis Nixon, who has had much experience in American shipping. "But wait! That freighting of foreign vessels and the use of foreign capital, insurance, brokerage and other charges has drained us in thirty years of six billion dollars in gold—two hundred millions a year it has cost. So long as a foreign octopus has a tentacle fastened to every one of our seaports, sucking our financial lifeblood, so long will legislation be futile to build up the system of a patient bleeding to death. The one thing our foreign rivals fear is a preference for our own ships in tonnage taxes. The regulation this way is constitutional—subsidies are not!"

"Yes; the navigation laws are utterly obsolete and unworkable! They date back to 1789 and 1812 and 1840. They must be abolished!" declared a Maritime Exchange man.

"But if you abolish the laws, and let Americans build and buy and equip abroad, won't the abolition of those laws let foreign ships in on your coast-to-coast trade? And, because they can operate cheaper, won't that swamp the American completely?"

Free Toll and Free Trade

"Of course it would. It would put us Americans all out of business as long as protection keeps the price of material so high; but, when you abolish the old laws, pass new ones! What American shipping needs is a free toll for coast-to-coast trade—not free tolls for international trade. Then pass a law closing our port-to-port traffic to foreigners—and our merchant marine will take care of itself, without any subsidies."

"As a steamship man, of course I want free tolls," declared the president of one of the big companies; "but as a member of Congress I don't know whether I think I should support that. Traffic could stand a toll lower than Suez, which began at two dollars and is now under one dollar and thirty cents, without any detriment."

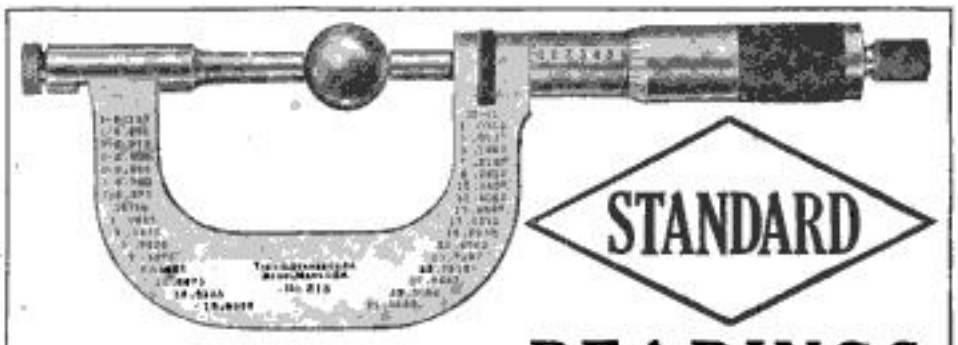
Right against that advocacy of the Suez policy stands the resolution of the Suez directors themselves, when they made their last reduction to six francs plus: "Each alleviation of the burden borne by the shipping trade constitutes a stimulus for the activity of maritime commerce. The reduction from the higher to the lower tariff has been compensated by the increased tonnage."

"What would be the effect of Senator Bristow's bill for the operation of a Government steamship line through Panama?" I asked President Dearborn, of the Pacific-Hawaii, which cannot be accused of being "a little brother" to any railroad system or having any affiliation outside its own directorate.

"What would be the effect of a Government-operated line?" he repeated. "The Government's Panama Line is being run at a loss now. Put the American merchant marine, with its high cost of building and high cost of operating, in competition with a Government line run at a loss—why, such a project would put us all out of business—that is all! It may be good politics, but it would simply kill what there is of our American merchant marine. We have built up, without subsidy, fear or favor, our present fleet of more than twenty ships. Why put us out of business?"

"So long as the law which denies American listed companies the right to go abroad for their boats remains in effect, any scheme for a merchant marine must fail to command the necessary capital," said President Hepburn, of the Chase National Bank.

"There is little inducement for the investment of capital in steamships under our present navigation laws," declare Nelson Cook & Company, of Baltimore. "Under the laws, a citizen of the United



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States is positively forbidden to purchase a ship built in a foreign port. Furthermore, he is so restricted by the laws governing maintenance and operation as to be unable to compete with foreign-owned vessels. Ships can be built in foreign countries at about forty per cent below the cost here. It costs twice as much to run a steamship in this country as it does the foreign owner. Foreign ships are prohibited from trading in our intercoastal trade. There seem to be only two sides to this question—either our navigation laws must be changed so an American citizen can buy his ships in the lowest market; or the Government should protect the American owner by a subsidy. What we should prefer is that the navigation laws be repealed."

"Panama will cause a great revival of the merchant marine because the time is ripe for it," said President Dearborn, of the Pacific-Hawaii. "Free tolls are the best kind of subsidy—free tolls for the intercoastal traffic, and a toll beneath that of Suez for international traffic, either American or foreign. This will not violate the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. A great change is impending in transportation on this continent, and I do not think the railroads will oppose it. What they lose in continental traffic they will make up many times in local freight. We want free tolls for intercoastal trade if we can get them; but if you abolish all the navigation laws and let foreigners engage in our intercoastal trade, that will put the American marine out of business; for foreigners can build at half we can and operate cheaper; and they are satisfied with two or three per cent on capital where American capital will not venture unless sure of more. Without the coastwise laws we should be helpless in competition; and it is very doubtful, indeed, if a subsidy is legal under our laws. Reserve to us the coastal traffic and give our coastal ships free toll—and our merchant marine will prosper when Panama opens."

Eastern and Western Views

And now, comparing views regarding Panama on the Atlantic and Pacific, how do they stand?

Both demand the repeal of the old navigation laws; but the East says, "not all" the navigation laws. Reserve to the American marine the coast-to-coast trade.

Both declare that free tolls are all the merchant marine needs for prosperity; but again the East says, "free tolls, but not for all"; free tolls only for intercoastal trade—and tolls on international traffic, whether in American or foreign bottoms. This, certain authority contends, would violate the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. The exact words of the section of the treaty in question are:

ARTICLE III. The canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations observing these rules in terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation, nor its citizens or subjects, in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic or otherwise. Such conditions and charges of traffic shall be just and equitable.

Both East and West alike seem lukewarm or indecisive on the subject of a subsidy. It will be noticed that both Mr. Dearborn and Mr. Nixon, authorities on shipping, contend that a subsidy might be held to be illegal or unconstitutional. It will be remembered, when tenders were opened for the Panama postal subsidy, there was only one offer—that of the Pacific-Hawaii; and the Pacific-Hawaii found itself utterly unable to conform to the terms of the post-office requirements. This was not because the bankers and railroads conspired to crush a subsidized Panama line, but simply because the speed demanded for untried waters and the small amount of mail available to earn the subsidy rendered the scheme, as outlined by the Post-Office Department, financially impossible. Panama, in these days of express fliers and aviators, will never be a great mail route but a great freight route. The two types of ships are different—one for speed, one for space; and the amount of mail available does not justify the outlay of capital needed for the speedy ship.



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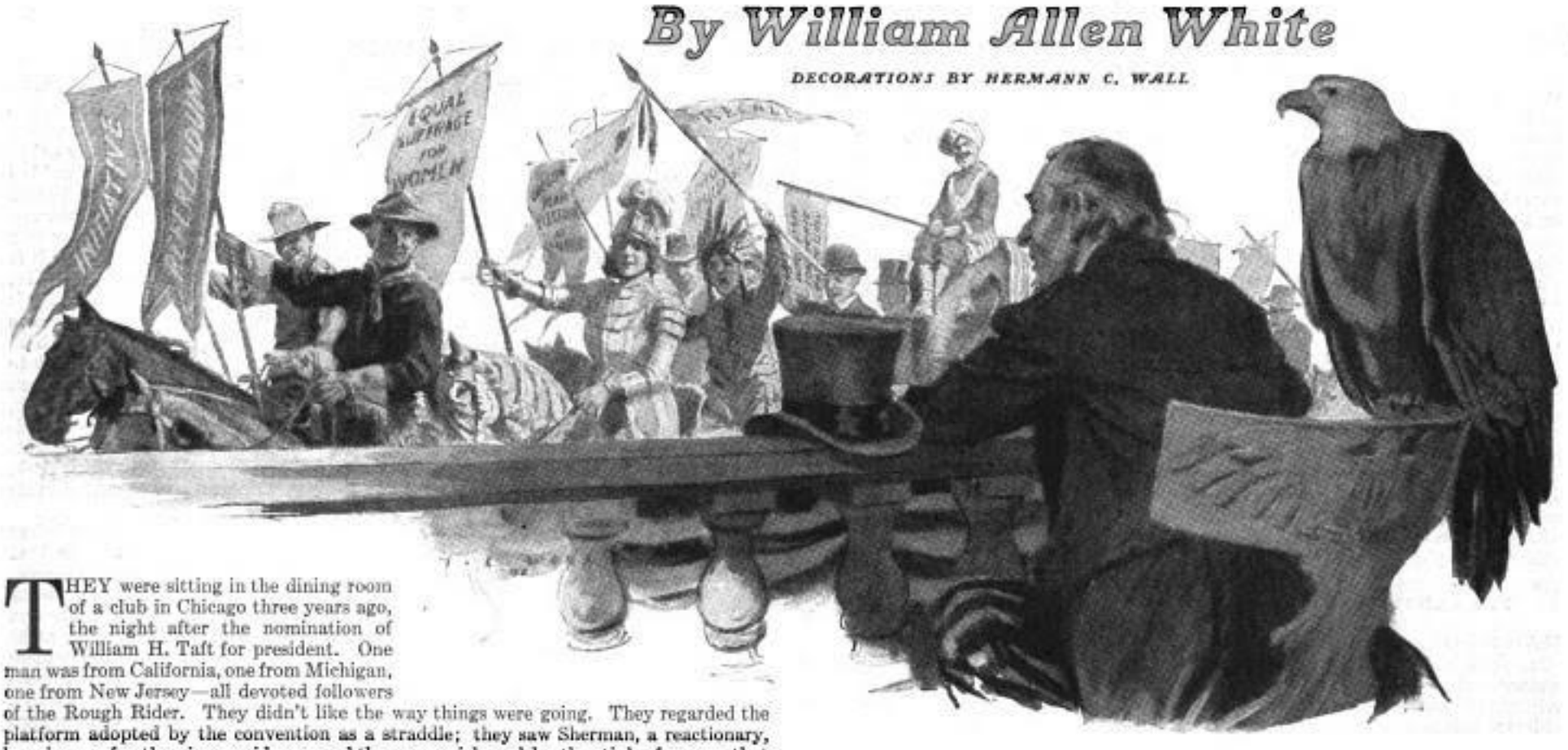
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THREE YEARS OF PROGRESS

The Ground Covered During Three Years of Political Skirmishing

By William Allen White

DECORATIONS BY HERMANN C. WALL



THEY were sitting in the dining room of a club in Chicago three years ago, the night after the nomination of William H. Taft for president. One man was from California, one from Michigan, one from New Jersey—all devoted followers of the Rough Rider. They didn't like the way things were going. They regarded the platform adopted by the convention as a straddle; they saw Sherman, a reactionary, looming up for the vice-presidency, and they were sickened by the stink of money that was permeating the proceedings. The California man was inclined to think that perhaps Roosevelt's friends had made a mistake in permitting him to keep out of the race. The New Jersey man believed that things were headed wrong and was willing to make any sacrifice of Roosevelt's name and fame in history to turn the tide of reaction that seemed to be flowing in. When up spake the Michigan man.

"No," quoth he, "not on your life! If the people of this country can't buck this thing themselves, if they can't run this country as they would like it run, they will deserve all the misgovernment they get rubbed into them. It's merely a question of who is boss here—whether property is going to own the people or the people are going to own property. I'm for the Rough Rider bigger'n a wolf, but the time has come when we have got to do business without him. We must hustle for ourselves. Four years more of spoon-fed reform will ruin us. If the people desire to progress—and they do or I'm all wrong—they must get out and fight for it; stand on their two legs and go after it tooth and nail. I'm glad to see Theodore Roosevelt go—we've got to fight it out in this country ourselves sooner or later without him, and the sooner the quicker."

What it Means to Get a Finger in the Pie of Politics

AND so Theodore the First, sometimes called the Brash, "sailed away for a year and a day to the land where the palmtree grows," along with other tropical flora; and the spoon-fed people stood up on their legs and began that contest which Mr. Paul D. Cravath, certainly a qualified witness, has seen fit to call "the contest between the people, through their Government, and organized wealth, through the corporations." For three years the contest has been waged with some asperity. In every city, in every state and in the Federal Government, some form of that struggle has been manifest. In caucuses; in primaries; in conventions; at the elections; in legislatures; in Congress; in the White House; in the minor courts, state and Federal; and in the Supreme Court itself, the political contest for the ownership of the United States has been raging. The battle has not been drawn; the "people, through their Government," have won—not finally, of course; but they have made substantial gains.

It is doubtful if any other three peaceful years in American history have seen more substantial changes in the attitude of the people toward things fundamental than the past three years have shown. These changes have appeared in the state governments of some of the commonwealths of New England and in the Pacific Coast region, in the rich sagebrush principalities of the Rockies and in the industrial and agricultural states of the Mississippi Valley. Whatever is moving the people is, of course, but a continuation of the impulse that carried them so far during the first years of the century; and naturally during the past three years they have used the experience that the earlier years of the contest under President Roosevelt gave them—and they have had the accumulated momentum of those years. The important thing, however, is that there has been no let-up in the struggle begun ten years ago. The wave of reform has not ebbed.

Moreover, the political purpose remains stronger than the economic motive. The movement is institutional at base. It began with the primary, which was designed to break the alliance between business and politics; and, now that the primary is operating in three-fourths of the states, it is used as a lever for giving the individual more direct control of the other institutions of government.

To this end the people are creating new institutions—nothing but a rebuff from the United States Supreme Court can stop the spread of that institution called the initiative and referendum. It is now in force in two hundred and nine cities in twenty-five states and is a part of the fundamental law for state purposes in eleven commonwealths. These eleven are Maine, Missouri, South Dakota, Arkansas, Oklahoma, California, Colorado, Arizona, Montana, Nevada and Oregon. The legislatures that adjourned this spring submitted it to the people of eight other states—Washington, Idaho, Wyoming, North Dakota, Nebraska, Florida, Wisconsin and Indiana—where it is incorporated in the new constitutions. In Ohio it was granted to all cities. The urban population forms a major part of the people of that state; and, moreover, a working majority of the delegates to the constitutional convention are pledged publicly in writing to put the initiative and referendum in the new Ohio constitution. In three other states the initiative and referendum passed both houses of the legislature—Kansas, Massachusetts and Illinois—but lacked a constitutional majority in one house. In Minnesota and Michigan it passed one house of the legislature by the required majority and lacked but a few votes in the other house.

New Political Ideas and Forms of Government

HERE are, all told, twenty-five American states where the fundamental relation of the people to the state government is being changed. If, during the next decade, direct legislation gains as rapidly as it has gained since 1908, three-fourths of the American states will be made over. The initiative and referendum today are exactly where the primary was in 1906. The recall has been adopted by the people of Oregon, California and Arizona; it has been submitted to the people for a vote in 1912 as a constitutional amendment in Nebraska, Wisconsin, Indiana, North Dakota and Washington, and by initiation it will go before the people of Colorado. It is a live political issue, for in the cities also it is spreading. It will be found in about one-third of the cities that have adopted the initiative and referendum as parts of their charters.

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The legislatures of the states were busy last winter with municipal grants of these weapons of fundamental democracy. We find the right to adopt the recall was granted to cities in Idaho, Montana, North and South Dakota, Washington, Wisconsin, Wyoming and California; and the right to adopt the initiative and referendum was granted to cities adopting the commission form of government in Illinois, Louisiana, Virginia and Michigan.

Coincident with the feeling that the powers of government should be extended to the individual voters, there seems to be a well-defined tendency toward widening the suffrage. Four states last year submitted the question of equal suffrage for women to the voters as constitutional amendments—California, Kansas, Oregon and Wisconsin. California adopted the amendment. This is the largest number of states that ever had this proposition before the people in any one year. Heretofore the suffrage movement has been successful only in the Far West, where men exceeded the women in numbers. The states having woman suffrage are Washington, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, California and Utah. If the people of Wisconsin, for instance, should adopt woman suffrage in the election of 1912, the question would cease to be sectional and become part of the national democratic movement; for Iowa, Michigan and Massachusetts are regarded as good fighting ground.

Another evidence of the closer relation growing up between the people and their servants is the growth of what is known as the Oregon plan for the election of United States senators. It is the direct development of the primary. After the party candidates for United States senators are nominated at the primary in the summer, the names of the successful candidates of all the parties are put upon the ballot at the general election in November for an advisory vote. To make that advisory vote binding, every legislative candidate is given an opportunity to sign at option one of two statements: First, that he will vote for the United States senator designated by the advisory vote of the people of his state; second, that he will not vote for the candidate chosen by the people. Naturally most of the legislative candidates agree in writing to obey the people, and the advisory vote becomes binding. Thus, in 1909 the Republican legislature in Oregon elected a Democrat, and in 1911 a Democratic legislature in Nevada elected a Republican, and a Democratic legislature in Nebraska elected a Democrat—all because the people so voted in an advisory vote. In 1911 three United States senators were so elected. In 1913, as the result of the work of the legislatures of 1911, a dozen senators will be elected by the Oregon plan of a direct advisory vote.

The Latest Creation in Democracy

IN ADDITION to the three states named above, Idaho, California, Colorado, Arizona, Kansas, Minnesota, Ohio, Montana and New Jersey will elect senators by a direct advisory vote that will be all but mandatory. The Iowa legislature indorsed this plan; but a reactionary governor thought Iowa people were not so capable of choosing senators by a direct vote as the people of Kansas, Nebraska and Minnesota—and he vetoed the bill. However, with twelve states electing senators by a practically direct vote and with the fourteen states of the South, wherein there is but one party, electing United States senators at the primary, it is easy to see that if the constitutional amendment to the Federal Constitution legalizing a common custom should happen to lag it will make little difference.

In a few years more, if the tendency is not checked, most of the states will have the direct vote for senators under the Oregon plan, and those that do not have it will probably be of a type whose electorate is so sluggish that it will make little difference how they choose their senatorial representatives. The people of a state deserve about what they get in the way of representation. If they are not willing to sacrifice their time and their money for the common good they will get the type of senator that represents a selfish, sordid people.

The amendment, by avoidance, of the Federal Constitution in the election of United States senators by a direct vote is not the limit of the cheerful audacity of these reformers. The Constitution provides that the president and vice-president shall be chosen by the electoral college. It has suited the purposes of politicians in practically all of the American states to ignore this constitutional provision by placing the names of the president and vice-president on the ballots at the general elections; and now the reformers are going one step farther and are seeking to place the candidates for party nomination for president and vice-president upon the primary ballot. This permits the Republicans to choose at the primary in their states between Mr. Taft and Mr. La Follette, and the Democrats to express their choice by direct primary vote as between Mr. Woodrow Wilson, Mr. Harmon, Mr. Folk and Mr. Clark. In six states this idea has been legalized: in Oregon—where the people initiated the law—California, Nebraska, Wisconsin, North Dakota and New Jersey. In a number of other states—notably Kansas, Ohio and Michigan—the idea will be adopted probably without warrant of law.

The presidential primary may be called the very latest creation in fundamental democracy. It is as untried as the primary was ten years ago and stands about where the initiative and referendum stood five years ago. It is only about two laps behind the recall; but the idea appeals to the common-sense of the people, for the reason that if they are wise enough to vote for president they are wise enough to choose presidential candidates. And it is likely the conventions which nominate presidential candidates in 1920 will be composed of spectacled, high-browed gentlemen of sedentary temperament, who will register the choice of the people on an adding machine while the delegates devote themselves to the nice points of verbiage in the platform. By that time, perhaps even the platform planks will be submitted to the people by a primary initiative system such as Texas now has, in which case the national political conventions may be run by correspondence or by long-distance telephone.

What a crowd of candidates for post-offices, and for United States district marshals and attorneys and revenue collectors, will be put out of commission by the change! The conventions will not be so dramatic as they are now, but they will be representative—which, after all, is a more or less important point. Prophecies are dangerous, but analogies are harmless. And we may look back a little over a century and surmise how Alexander Hamilton and the dear old Fathers would have smiled superciliously if they had been told that their well-laid plans to put the choosing of a president in a few hands would be laid low by a party system which gave every voter in all the land a direct vote in the election of a president! The electoral college, however, went into atrophy before the demands of the people for a closer grip upon national affairs, and the national party convention may follow the electoral college into disuse during the present decade—for all over the country the convention system is passing. It is passing because the people have found that the system offers to a few men great power to work their selfish ends in national politics. In working those ends these few men open a clear way for the forces amenable only to property to enter American politics and corrupt it.

It is against the perversion of American politics to selfish ends that the whole strength of the so-called Progressive or reform movement is directed. No one cares for the primary because it is the primary; or the initiative and referendum because of the name, or the Oregon plan for electing senators because it belittles the legislature; or the presidential nomination law because it would destroy the national convention's prestige. It is because money gets into conventions and legislatures and turns the will of the people into a byword that these institutional changes in our form of government have risen during the past ten years. All that the people demand is self-government. And it is interesting to note that, coincident with the growth of the primary system and its logical development in fundamental democracy, in nearly every state of the North and West a corrupt-practices law has been passed.

The Ten Backward States

THREE years ago more than half the states north of the Ohio River and west of the Alleghanies had laws requiring publicity of campaign expenses after the election. These laws in general have been amended or replaced by other laws going a step farther. It is now generally provided that there shall be publicity of campaign expenses before the primary or before the election, or both; so that the voters may know how much money a party committee or a candidate is spending, where it comes from and where it is going. In several states, notably Oregon and Wisconsin, the amount of money that may be spent by a candidate is limited. The legislatures of 1910-11 in the various states overhauled their corrupt-practices acts and amended them to provide for publicity of campaign expenses, both as to source and disbursement, before the election. This was done in Idaho, Indiana, Maryland, New Hampshire, Ohio, South Dakota, Wisconsin, New Jersey, Wyoming and California. Colorado is to vote in November upon a corrupt-practices law initiated by the people. In New York, North Dakota and Maine stringent acts or amendments have been added to the present law.

Democracy is almost cynically frank; it acknowledges that without rigid restrictions it will be as easy to beat the game of self-government through fundamental democracy as it was to beat self-government through representatives. Three years ago a state's rank in the Progressive column might have been estimated by the breadth of its primary law and the rigor of its anti-pass law; today these laws are nearly universal, and a state's stand is best measured by the kind of a corrupt-practices law it enjoys. Before leaving the political activities of the forward movement in the country it may be worth while to set down the states that do not have the primary law, in some of its forms, covering practically all important offices and generally providing for the nomination of United States senators. These backward states are Connecticut, Vermont, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Delaware, North Carolina, West Virginia, Utah and Montana—hardly a respectable minority; and even Montana provides that the party convention nominees for United States



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senators shall be put on the ballot in November for a direct advisory vote, which the legislature, in advance of its election, pledges itself to follow. In some cases, as in Oregon, South Dakota, Maine and Colorado, the primary came after the initiative and referendum; but generally direct legislation and the recall follow the primary as a natural development of a self-governing people.

Democracy seems to feel a need to mend economic conditions; for, all over the country, in all the courts, in Congress and in the White House, we are tinkering away at this job—cheerfully withal, even though we know what a task it is. Speaking broadly and ignoring a wide neutral zone, in the state legislatures the economic activities of those states in the forward movement are divided into efforts of two kinds—to curb the encroachment of those who have and to ameliorate the conditions of those who have not. Perhaps this is robbing Peter to pay Paul; but there is a feeling among the people that certain artificial conditions that make some men rich and keep others poor must be changed, and that by taking away special privileges in one direction we may establish justice in another; that in some way unearned increment shall be distributed in wages.

So, all over the nation, and particularly in that group of states which have adopted the primary and its accessories, we find the legislatures devoting themselves to the two branches of the problem as they are revealed—first, in the control and regulation of public utilities, and second, in securing for labor compensation for trade accidents. The endeavor is definitely to take from capital employed in the manufacture and sale of public utilities—transportation, water, light, fuel, power and communication—everything but a decent rate of interest, with reasonable managerial salaries, and to make capital bear the sickness and accident expenses due to any trade as a charge against the trade—to be passed on to the consumer of the manufactured article if it seems necessary, but to be taken off the back of labor in any event.

During the past three years a sort of tacit agreement seems to have been reached between the people and the railroads that much of the regulation of railroads, as to rates at least, may be safely left to the Interstate Commerce Commission and to the railroad commissions of the states appealing to that central body for aid. The legislation of 1910-11 has shown a distinct tendency away from state regulation of railroads and toward the centralization of regulation in the Interstate Commerce Commission. In the place of stringent state railroad legislation, about which there is some dispute, we find the state legislatures in the more intelligent and progressive of the states devoting themselves to local utilities—to the electric company, the interurban railroad, the gas company, the telephone company, the waterworks and the town street cars—touching the larger transportation problem only in dealing with express companies, whose business is more or less local, and with telegraph companies in connection with their local rates and service and taxes.

The public-utility commission is the old railroad commission enlarged. This public-utility commission, with powers over practically all public utilities as above designated, is found now in Kansas, Maryland, Connecticut, Michigan, Ohio, New Jersey, California, Washington, New York, Wisconsin, Massachusetts, South Dakota, Oregon and Nebraska; and North Dakota has given cities the right of initial action in fixing rates and securing service from local utilities. The control of the issue of stocks and bonds—to prevent overcapitalization—is given to public-utilities commissions in Kansas, Maryland, Michigan, Nebraska, Ohio, New Jersey, California, Wisconsin and Massachusetts; and, as a corollary of the right to control the issue of stocks and bonds, the commissions are empowered to make physical valuations of the properties of public utilities in Kansas, Maryland, Nebraska, Michigan, Ohio, Oregon, South Dakota, Washington, Wisconsin, California and New Jersey. Except in New York, Wisconsin, Massachusetts and Nebraska, these powers over local public utilities have been given to the commissions by the state during the past three years; and even in the states just named, within the year the powers of the commissions have been extended either by judicial confirmation or legislative action. *(Continued on Page 38)*

THE GRIP OF THE LAW

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING



"Great Scott! Say, I'm Sorry! Let Me Help You Pick 'Em Up"

THE Great January Sale was on at the mammoth People's Store of Shodiwell, Tultrate & Markum. Paymaster, who in his profession of versatile adventurer with other people's money had suffered the boredom of a month's inactivity, leaned over the cut-price fiction counter, where literature, dressed in the clothing of a brazen flirt, appealed to the market, hysterically beseeching readers, readers, readers!

Suddenly a hand, small and white, delicately shaded with the pink of life, coming within the rascal's vacant stare, picked up a detective story, the cloth cover of which was besmirched with huge imitation thumbprints. On one finger of the lady's hand which held the book was a diamond that seemed at first glance to be of the size of a cut-glass stopper from a decanter.

The gleam of the stone may have hurt Paymaster's eyes, but an unprejudiced observer who noted Paymaster's lids narrowing down into two slits as he lifted his gaze to the woman's face would have said, had they known him, that the wily Paymaster scented game.

No observer, however, would have been so unfair as to say that the woman was not pretty. To be sure, she was attired in black from head to foot; yet the mourning she wore was of that doubtful character which enhances rather than detracts from the mischievous charms of a diminutive but active body, a well-poised head of fluffy golden hair and a chin so rounded that maturity, almost due in the record of time, seemed postponed indefinitely.

It might well have been expected that the combined charms of the vivacious little woman and the scintillating diamond would have led Paymaster to plan a pursuit of her, either to satisfy his vanity or his leaning for illegal acquisition. She might not have seen him at all and he might have followed her through the crowds unseen, following her golden trail—or, when that had faded from sight for a moment, then the strong wisps of violet perfume which she left on her way. Had this, however, been the sequence of the scene at the book counter, the chronicle here set forth would never have been written. What happened, in fact, was much more surprising.

The girl raised her eyes, looked into Paymaster's face; then, stifling a gasp, beckoned toward the store entrance with a subtle little jerk of her head and a lowering of one delicate eyelid. The lady had introduced herself as one who, however lacking in refinement, was in no wise delinquent as to observation, self-control or power of expression. Her one movement had spoken the equal of a paragraph of words. She had said: "Heavens! It's you—Paymaster—come out of the past! On the level, I'm not sorry to meet you. See this black dress? My husband died several months ago. Do you remember when I was bookkeeper for the Coöperative Dividend Syndicate, Limited, on Nassau Street? I haven't seen you since the postal inspectors got us; and Jim Tholpin married me because I wouldn't testify against him at the trial. Meet you outside. I want to tell you something."

Paymaster, always gallant, strolled toward the entrance, complimenting by little glances of surprise which apparently recognized each time the charm—whether she had it or not—of any salesgirl who chanced to be idle. He had enjoyed, in his thirty odd years of life, lingering for five minutes in the memory of many thousands of frivolous feminine minds. The compelling carefree air was his; he wore it as he met Mrs. James Tholpin—*née* Natalie Murphy—where the swinging doors, like mills, took in their grain on one side and discharged their chaff into the roar of the street on the other.

"So you've kept out of jail!" whispered Natalie.

"My dear girl," Paymaster answered carelessly, "my work is too various. It's scattered in too many cities. I keep changing my game. A month ago I took a round of the drug stores in Boston, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore and Washington. I'd go in and suggest that the soda clerk had short-changed me a dollar the day before. They'd look up their cash. You know about four out of five days they run over two or three dollars. No reason why they should have it any more'n me—is there? Thirty stores a day—thirty or forty dollars. Works best when you take a taxicab. Nice little trip."

Mrs. Tholpin's dangerous violet eyes danced with naughty delight.

"Say, you're just the same as ever!" she exclaimed with a shiver of enjoyment.

"I made love to you once," Paymaster replied, producing a sheepish grin to order. "You didn't like me then."

"Yes, I did. It was platonic."

"You can't prove it by me," the rascal answered. "Words like that would have given you a convulsion in the old days when you used to order fried eggs and batter cakes at Hormel's Lunch."

Natalie sniffed.

"He made me do a lot of reading," she asserted. "Things have changed. There's an Englishman at my boarding house now who's as refined as you ever saw. And he doesn't notice nothing wrong with my education. That's what I wanted to talk with you about—I don't mean education—it's love."

Paymaster sprang into a defensive attitude and then extended his fingers, palm downward, in one of the impressive oratorical gestures of the streets.

"Nix on love, my proud beauty!" said he, smiling. "It's too late. You're a good girl all right, and all that, and your being a widow don't figure with me; but—nix on love!"

"Oh, I ain't talking of you and I ain't in love with anybody, you boob!" said Natalie blithely, adjusting her large hat with the aid of her own reflection in the store window.

"It's the Englishman. He's in love with me, or so close to it that it hurts him. He's got money already and more coming to him too. He's in this country to collect it. Only what a poor fool! You never seen such a sheep. He's got to be sheared, Paymaster. He's a fruit, and such a chance! It's a shame not to pick him. 'Aw, reelly,' he says, 'Mrs. Tholpin, you are very chawming—oh, truly!—this mawning, I assuah you.'"

She turned up her little nose a trifle farther than Nature intended the normal uplift and allowed her arms to fall helplessly to her side to display utter weariness.

"It should be killed—quick," she added. "It oughter be put out of its own cute little misery. I don't want it bothering me."

"I don't quite see where I fit!" Paymaster yawned as his eyes took a quick tour of inspection over the neat little personage with the long eyelashes. "Can't you complain to the police?"

The girl bit her pink under lip.

"It's queer business for an honest, respectable girl like me," she said. "Only I thought of it the minute I seen you. You're the one to do it. It's a shame for somebody not to get it."

"Get what?"

"The fifty-eight thousand."

Paymaster's smile disappeared as if it had fallen into the brown snow-slush under his feet.

"What's the answer?"

"It's name is Rutherford Abbott-Ewan," she explained. "It's about our own age and wears clothing that looks like

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burlap and costs money. It has a package of letters of introduction and it has a pigskin leather case for everything it owns, from cigar cutter and fountain pen up to shoes and umbrellas. It stares at me when I talk to it as if it was going to fold up with love and wither away."

"Write that in your diary," urged Paymaster impatiently. "It's great. But what's the business end of this anyhow?"

"Well, there was an old brother he hadn't seen for eighteen years. He died two years ago in Whiffletree Forks, Minnesota, and left some sort of a will, and so on—and they've just settled things; so Ruthy has the only claim, and he's here waiting for his—what do you call 'em?"

"Credentials?"

"Yes, dear; that's the word. And he's ready to go any day—as soon as they come. Only you look a good deal like him. That's what put it into my head the second I saw you. And if you had the papers ——"

"And got there first ——"

"And I kept him here by wearing my lavender gown and smiling at him at breakfast—the kind of smile I can throw when I want to ——"

"Then ——"

Paymaster looked at Natalie—a little doubtful possibly, but grinning at the prospect of the sport; Natalie looked at Paymaster—a little frightened perhaps, but thrilled with the mere wickedness of the conspiracy. Both laughed aloud.

"But now suppose I went out there with a checked suit, and all that," suggested Paymaster; "and then while I was in town he wrote a letter to the people out there—the lawyer—whoever has been looking after the business for him. Well?"

"Nothing to it," Mrs. Tholpin replied with her sweetest tone, glancing down at her diamond. "Mr. Rutherford Abbott-Ewan left the name of the lawyer in England, and—will you believe this?—until his papers come he can't remember it. It hurts its little head to think. It expects its papers at general delivery this afternoon. Do you see the bright light? The only thing that gets me is how I'm going to dodge going to church with it while you're gone; if my friends see me with it they'll think I'm payin' an election bet."

Paymaster strolled out toward the street-crossing with her as she walked; the unlighted cigarette in his mouth bobbed about merrily with the shrewd expressions that played round his thin lips.

"Are you going to get the papers for me?" he asked.

Natalie was much insulted. Her little figure bristled.

"What's the matter with your getting 'em?" she exclaimed angrily. "I'm only giving you a tip. I'm not a thief—and don't you forget it! All you've got to do is to go to the window before he gets there and ask for 'em. The steamship gets in at noon—at high tide."

He smiled again. His sense of humor was not dull or his feelings sensitive.

"Why don't you say something?" she asked. "What are you thinking about?"

"Just thinking," said he, "that your bally-bally friend had been to the general delivery window enough for the clerk to call the inspector's desk the minute I began to play the title part in this Abbott-Ewan production. But the matter is simple after all."

"How?"

Paymaster placed his two hands on his forehead, palms outward, fingertips meeting, in the manner of a Hindu mystic. Without a word he walked over to a newspaper stand on wheels, where were displayed daily journals from thirty big cities widely scattered over the country.

"Hany Hinglish papers?" Paymaster demanded.

The brisk newsboy whisked out an assortment.

"How much for the armful, separately wrapped?"

"Two dollars."

"Wrap 'em up!" said Paymaster grandly. "As a friend of mine named Blowther would wheeze: 'Let's do things in a real big, broad-gauged way.'"

"How much are the souvenir postcards?" he asked, stepping into the entrance of a vacant dilapidated store.

"Two for five on those."

"What'll you take for fifty all stamped?"

"Dollar-sixty."

"Start the factory. We'll come back for the papers and the cards. I want some stamps. Come on, Natalie."

"The money's gone to your head," cried the girl, clutching his arm, but confident that, after all, Paymaster would reveal at the next moment one of his characteristic strokes of genius.

"Just for that I won't tell you what I am going to do," he answered.

"You're addressin' 'em all to Ruthy!" she cried, looking over his shoulder as he began to write.

"Why not?" asked he, looking up at her when his work was finished and he had deposited his huge consignment to the mailboxes.

Her curiosity showed in a pout which had appeared on her pink lips, but Paymaster gave her no time to speak.

"I start for Whiffletree tonight," he said gleefully, "with muh passports and a new suit of clothes made out of a steamer rug. Do you get me? And you stick to the Englishman. Let's see the smile again. That's good. I'd fall for that myself. You're prettier than ever and I'm just as square as I ever was. It's a sure go we divide on this or my name isn't R. Abbott-Ewan. This is my rush season. We're turning applications away. Time is money. Goodby."

Natalie watched him as his lean, agile body, lithe as a cat's, squirmed away through the crowd; then she stamped her well-clad little foot with the vexation of a woman who has not been told.

"English newspapers and postcards," she repeated. "Ain't he a regular cut-up!"

So far as Paymaster regarded a clever idea with more intimate, personal, fatherly affection than one that was merely profitable, the widow of the deceased James Tholpin, promoter of the Coöperative Dividend Company and the Electric Nitrogen Corporation, was right. If, however, she had been at the post-office at four that afternoon she would have seen a diverting little drama which to her eyes would have had a significance not apparent on the surface.

For at the hour when winter dusk begins to fill the corridor in front of the incoming division of the post-office, where the bust of Alexander Hamilton glances down superciliously on the common run, a strange-looking individual walked up and down the tiled floor, kicking scraps of paper, cigarette ends and hairpins with the deliberate, preoccupied manner of a great philosopher. This man wore a long overcoat the color of a lioness, which would have done justice to a character part of an English tourist in a musical comedy. Subsequent happenings indicated strongly its fitness as a costume for a comedy not musical. Now and then the head of the coat's wearer rose from the spacious collar, like the head of a ferret from a rathole, turned in a rapid survey of the individuals passing and then fell back under its broad-brimmed hat into the obscurity of the garment.

At five minutes after four, when the bust of Alexander Hamilton had sneered visibly at modern life for the seventh time, the figure in the coat suddenly seemed to become more active, and from the sharp and hawklike nose which protruded above the upturned lapels came a little explosion of satisfaction. The corridor being almost deserted, the emotions of the wearer might well have been attributed to a single newcomer who was approaching the middle section of the division.

This stranger walked with a military step which was in keeping with the accuracy of his dress. His hat was adjusted without a tilt to right or left that could be measured by a micrometer; his nose was in the exact center of his ruddy, rather expressionless face; his tie, in which a pin was fixed halfway between the right and left edges, dropped into a precisely buttoned, green-knitted waistcoat, as if the point had been predetermined by the use of dividers. Accuracy stood out in his gloves, in the set of the spats on his right foot and on his left. He strode over the tiles up to the delivery window with clicks of his soles beautifully measured with the intermittent clacks of his yellow Malacca cane. He drew out a linen handkerchief with a blue-checked border.



"Why Didn't I Study Law? That's What Gets My Goat!"

"Rutherford Abbott-Ewan. Many thanks," he said into the A to M general delivery window; "and, by-the-by, I'm rawther in a 'urry—if you don't mind."

At these words the head of the bystander came out of the big coat again long enough to say half aloud: "Natalie was right—now that food and clothes are so high it ought not to live any longer."

Almost immediately the clerk within thrust forward a bundle of mail matter that would have staggered the post-office collector for an antifat-medicine house.

"My word!" exclaimed Ewan. "Postcards and letters all together! And papers! I wonder what 'as 'appened at 'ome. My word!"

He gathered the confusing mass into his arms and attempted to carry them to the wall desk, where he might separate them. When halfway across the corridor, however, the waiting stranger, having cast a furtive glance all about, threw himself viciously against the Englishman's back, causing the latter to sprawl forward on the tiles with a great clatter of the Malacca cane and derby hat, and a wide scattering of the papers.

"Great Scott!" cried the rascal in the ulster. "Say, I'm sorry! You didn't hurt yourself? I never saw you. It was just bump and over you went! Let me help you pick 'em up."

He had already undertaken this unselfish task, gathering newspapers, postcards and letters with swift, deft motions of his hands.

"There you are," he said at last, interrupting the brushing the furious Englishman was giving himself. "Now you're all right. I'm sorry."

Yet, for the sake of truth, it must be denied that Paymaster, as he hurried out into the crowd, was sorry. For in the pocket of the ample coat which would have infolded him twice and which he had bought for the express purpose of causing a sensation in Whiffletree, Minnesota, was the envelope containing the identification and legal documents for which Mr. Rutherford Abbott-Ewan had waited so long.

. . . . . .

Those who have never passed a day in Whiffletree do not know the sadness which settles upon that distributing center for the mining and timber country as a winter night begins to creep through Main Street, and the last rays of sunset linger, perhaps with reluctance, on the tower of the Opera House and Home County Bank, photographs of which building may be obtained by those whose architectural tastes permit, at "Joe Ford's, the Foto Man," two doors below the Grand Hotel and this side of Commercial Block. The wind wails through the ten motheaten pines which were spared by the lumberjack's ax to make Smith's Park in the center of the town, and dim lights begin to burn in the palatial and gloomy brick and pillared residence of Amos Wearing Joy, whose huge plate-glass windows overlook the expanse of buildings which degenerate into wooden shacks, as the land drops off to the eastward, and end abruptly in the smelter which discharges noxious hisses and gases, like a peevish reptile chained to a dumpheap.

Paymaster, with his English coat and English bag and English spats and English cigarettes, from which he had torn the United States customs stamps, having walked up half a block from the railroad yard, caught some of this atmosphere of depression.

"Look here!" he said to the last solemn-looking individual whom he met on the corner of Main Street, "what does a man do here evenings? Is there a moving-picture show?"

"No," said the man suspiciously. "Are you going to start one?"

"Maybe," Paymaster replied craftily. "Who are the lawyers here?"



"Nix on Love, My Proud Beauty! It's Too Late"

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"Lawyers!" the man whimpered. "Lawyers! There aren't lawyers. One's too many, I say, and I ought to know. There's only one and that's Lawyer Joy—Amos Wearing Joy—with offices in the Ore and Lumber Building across the way."

"Thanks," said Paymaster. "I'll take a chance."

He left the native shaking his head sadly, as if to say, "There goes another!" and, still carrying his bag, climbed the creaking wooden stairway of the brick block; observing the dirty hallways, he rejoiced that there were none of the marble corridors and mahogany anterooms with which he had believed he might be awed into nervousness and perhaps some calamitous slip from his presence of mind. He knocked on the ground-glass pane at the end of the passage.

"Come in!" whispered a timid voice and Paymaster opened the door.

The man within was six feet two and smelled of bay rum, but his size and aroma were the only positive qualities which seemed to remain in him. When he spoke, his voice was timid and halting; he cast his dull eyes to the floor and extended a hand which felt like the under side of a slice of cold blueberry pie.

"Mr. Joy?" began Paymaster.

The huge Insignificance giggled with silly pleasure and made other noises in his throat which sounded like air in a steam radiator.

"I'm not Mr. Joy. He's terribly busy in the inner office. I'm his secretary—for eighteen years. Sit down and wait."

Five minutes passed, during which the clock that advertised an insurance company ticked so mournfully that Paymaster concluded that ill luck was in store for him. Suddenly the door flew open, slammed against a case half occupied by law books and filled with agricultural reports, and a shockingly powerful voice roared: "Timmy, who's next? Tell the others to wait."

"Go in," whispered the vast Creature of Humiliation in an awed tone. "That's Mr. Joy. He's all through his last conference."

Paymaster had seen no one go out or any other clients waiting. He stepped into the room.

A little man, who could not have stood shoulder-high to Napoleon Bonaparte, was seated behind a flat-topped desk. Though he must have been in middle age, his hair was black as crows' feathers and as disordered as that of a Western senator who has been thinking. He had two little, tight and not over-clean fists, one of which he was using to dash off words on a block of paper and the other to make inexpressive thrusts toward Paymaster. His face, like his hands, looked undersized and cramped.

"Well!" he roared like a bull. "What now? What now?"

"You're the lawyer that has my property," said Paymaster.

"Haven't got it! Haven't got it!" bellowed the other. "Who are you? Who are you?"

"Rutherford Abbott-Ewan," said Paymaster.

The little man dropped his papers, pulled out the ends of his four-in-hand tie, flapped them up and down on his fingers, and, adjusting a formidable pair of eyeglasses, with black, hard rubber rims, stared at Paymaster.

"So you're the brother of poor George Abbott?" he shouted. "Sad death! Sad death! Nearly broke my heart. Write your name here. Timmy, get out the Abbott probate files."

Paymaster shuddered, but wrote a signature. He felt certain that he had met real trouble at the outset of his infamous undertaking, and he was tempted to fly through the door and down the narrow stairs when he saw the massive Inconsequence bringing in a pile of folders, maps, letter files and drawers of card catalogues.

The attorney looked at Paymaster's writing. The attorney scowled a terrible scowl. He shook the paper. He leveled his crooked little forefinger at the man before him.

"That your hand?" he roared. "Eh? Eh?"

The rascal nodded.

"Then who signed these letters?" Joy screamed, dancing about in a paroxysm of cross-examination.

Paymaster, at bay, invariably does at least one thing—he lights a cigarette. This he succeeded in performing with leisurely grace. Then he looked up.

"My secretary," he replied coolly.

Joy seemed to collapse. He fell back into his chair, wiped his forehead and seemed utterly exhausted.

"I have my papers with me," said Paymaster. "Yes. Letter of introduction—letters from you, written when you took up the case at my barrister's request—letters from my brother George. Here they are. And let me offer you an English cigarette."

"More like it! More like it!" muttered the lawyer, having read the exhibit. "Why, Mr. Abbott-Ewan, what else would you have me do than be suspicious? Would you have me fail to conserve—conserve!—preserve!!—preservate!!!—my client's interests? The responsibility—the gravity, sir, of my position is tremendous, especially in a case when the beneficiary of my labors is at Wellmouthstoke-on-Battersall, ten thousand miles away! No, Mr. Abbott-Ewan, the ethics of the law are rigid. It was necessary for me to identify you before paying you a penny."

"The money——" the adventurer began, with an eager smile.

Mr. Joy clapped his little paws together for an interruption and then rubbed his sandpaper palms in noisy satisfaction.

"We will come to the adjustment of the final rights in the case as soon as the proper procedure permits. Let me do my full duty as attorney. Let me acquaint you with the steps I have taken. Timmy, hand me those papers in file one."

"I'm not a lawyer myself," Paymaster ventured.



"What Did the Lawsuit Cost—Us?"

Joy nodded sympathetically as if to say that he was sorry, but on a pinch could forgive his client the delinquency.

"Now these are the papers in Nordquist *vs.* Abbott's Executor *et al.*," began the attorney.

"I thought George died without owing a cent."

The lawyer smiled.

"This was a case of a Norwegian farmer for damages and personal injuries, owing to your brother's automobile frightening a horse the plaintiff was leading. It was brought into this office after your brother's death, but before you engaged me to act. Of course professional honor forbade me to act on both sides. Therefore I turned the matter over to Jenkins Plumtaster, who used to be my partner. Here is the complaint. Let's see—'Said plaintiff was thereby rendered, made and created sick, sore, lame, wounded and injured, and subject to great mental agony.' And let's see—'Said automobile aforementioned, calculated, purposed and designed to terrify, terrorize and otherwise frighten animals of the nature, kind and species of the horse.' There it is. Read it over! At the risk of being considered conceited, I say that my defense of that case was most ingenious. I never believe in a compromise when there is a good chance in a fight."

"Ha!" exclaimed the impostor. "You won!"

"Won!" roared the little man. "Certainly not. We lost. It was too bad. Here is the decision and copy of executed judgment and satisfaction—three hundred dollars."

"That isn't much in an estate of fifty-eight thousand," Paymaster exclaimed cheerfully.

"Legal expenses and costs, of course," said Joy. "Typewritten evidence, service of detective, Doctor Marrow, expert testimony—seventy-eight hundred dollars. Appeal on agreement to pay all counsel fees, court work, Jenkins A. Plumtaster, four days—four hundred dollars. Appeal referred to referee on facts and law, transcription of record, counsel fees—total, four thousand two hundred and seventy-eight dollars and—and—what's that figure?—and thirty-five cents!"

"What did the man sue for?"

"Eight hundred dollars, if my memory serves me," said Joy. "Now, Timmy, let's have those papers in the prayer in equity for partition of the joint ownership in the Abbott-Blackall timber piece. Blackall, Mr. Ewan, did not want to sell; but your representatives indicated you wanted quick assets to close the estate. Blackall's a client of mine and asked my advice. I told him, of course, not to sell unless forced to do so. What other course could I take?"

"I can't see," muttered Paymaster.

"Certainly not!" said Joy, dumping a load of documents on the desk in front of the adventurer. "That meant showing our teeth. I say it meant showing our teeth! I'm a fighter in such cases—the servant of my client. Of course a prayer to compel a sale is tedious. We need the best of men to confirm titles. He ran into a snag. He was up in Harlan County twelve days—sixty-five dollars. Just look over these items. We pressed the matter over a period of eighteen months. Timmy, is the total right?"

"Sixteen thousand three hundred and forty-two dollars?" sang the secretary. "Yes, that's correct."

"How about the hundred dollars we paid the timber surveyor?"

"I forgot that."

"Add it in when you revise this record. We want it accurate," commanded the lawyer, savagely biting the end off his cigar. "Now give me file three."

Timmy trembled.

"File three is still with the clerk of probate."

"Pah! Where are the papers in that breach-of-promise claim we settled?"

"They're here."

"Who brought the breach-of-promise?" asked Paymaster timidly.

"Timmy's daughter," snapped Joy. "I certainly was sorry for that girl."

"But how can a breach-of-promise be held up against a dead man?"

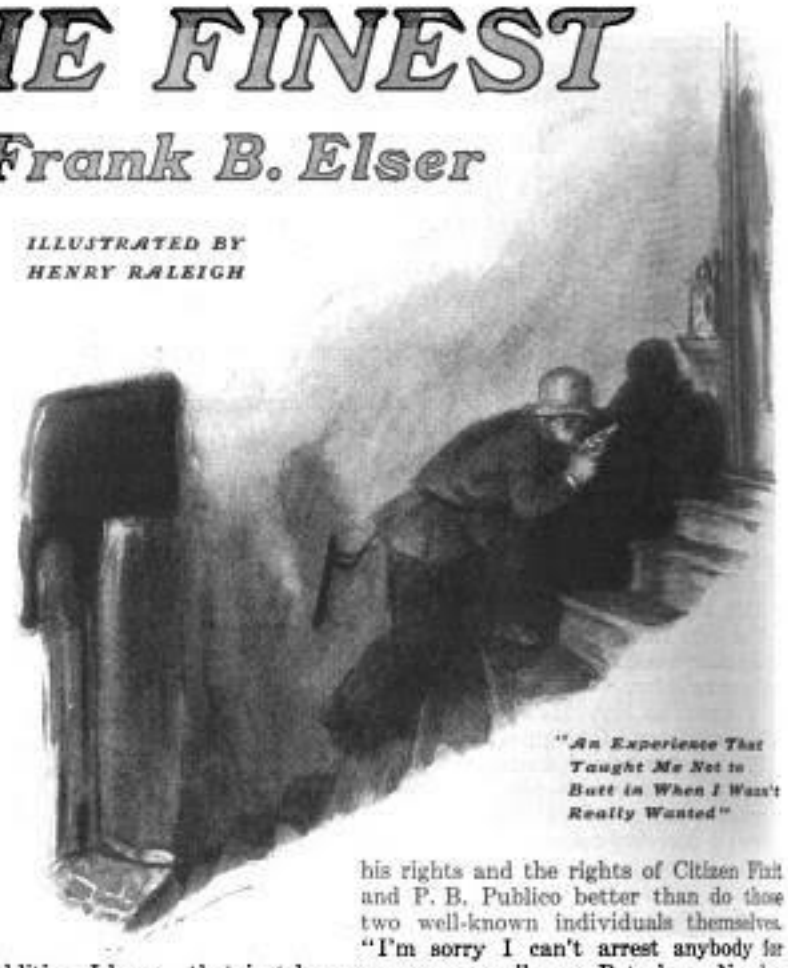
"The breach was a refusal to marry long before death. Friends of your brother say he never saw the girl except at the Knights' Annual Ball; but then—what could I do? I wrote you. You said to use discretion. A dead man's memory, you know. And, besides it looked as if we would have to take it 'way up to the Supreme Court on a fine point of law. Personally I'm a compromiser. Furthermore, it was just at the time that Slattery, a minor, twelve years old, to whom your brother had left five thousand dollars under his first will because he was fond of the child, brought suit through his guardian to contest the validity of the second will. I wrote you about it. I drew that second will myself—drew it myself! I knew that old man Slattery was wrong. I could have told him so and made him mad as apoplexy. I couldn't do that! You know how that is? Slattery has been a good client of mine. Why, he wanted me to fight the case for him! But I said, 'No; I owe my efforts to Mr. Abbott-Ewan. I'll call up

(Continued on Page 34)

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GAYNORIZING THE FINEST

A Policeman's Story Told to Frank B. Elser



ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"An Experience That Taught Me Not to Butt in When I Wasn't Really Wanted"

PROBABLY you are an average American citizen—or, if not, an average citizen of the city of New York. Whichever you are, if you have ideas about the Black Hand, about Tong wars in Chinatown, about gang fights, and about other things for which New York is famous and infamous, I will lay you ten to one that, on snap judgment, you will say that being a policeman on the metropolitan force is a pretty dangerous occupation.

In this you are more or less wrong. I am one of over ten thousand policemen in New York, and I am putting it straight when I say that the risk of injury or death isn't one, two, three with the real problems of the game. By the real problems I mean the little things under the helmet and behind the brass buttons, about which the public, in New York or elsewhere, seldom reads or hears—the little things and William J. Gaynor. Being a policeman is, of course, more of a hazard than, say, superintending a misses' school on Riverside Drive or doing night-watchman duty at a home for the aged; but it can't compare as a taker of life and limb with structural steelwork, tunnel-boring and many other occupations less picturesque. Alongside of such work, twirling a club with the "Finest"—otherwise the second largest police force in the world, in the second city in the world—is as safe as tatting.

As I write this, the year 1911 has just closed—and only four men out of 10,200 odd in the department have died during this twelvemonth. Of these four, only one—Patrolman Michael Lynch, who was shot by a negro—met a violent death in the performance of duty. Of the other three, two died of commonplace heart trouble and one was struck by a trolley car.

Show this record to your family if they object to your becoming a policeman because of imagined dangers, and I think they will change their notion.

Brains Mightier Than Clubs

IT IS true that willingness to meet death or have a leg twisted in a mix-up with a runaway is requisite to a successful cop's make-up; but this isn't what worries him. Rather, the policeman's troubles in New York today are the things not on the schedule, to meet which he has got to think. The day of the husky piece of beef, surrounded by a blue uniform and topped off with a helmet, is past. Brains have come to be mightier than the club. The men who are getting the promotions are the thinkers, not the bruisers and the grafters.

The Irish still predominate, but they no longer have a strangle-hold on the force. There have been German-Americans and Italians among us for a decade or more, and now Jews are turning out onto the sidewalk in greater numbers every year. The Jewish patrolman or detective is so common today that he attracts no attention—there are Jewish lieutenants galore; and over in Brooklyn you will find Henry Cohen—whose name is not Irish—an inspector. Only the other day, to meet changing conditions, they added a Jewish chaplain to the department. When I first came on the force a Jewish cop was a curiosity. I am an Irishman, forty-one years old, and I have been a policeman for seventeen years. My first year's salary was eight hundred dollars; and, assuming for the sake of convenience that I am still a patrolman, it is now fourteen hundred dollars. Out of my first year's pay I bought my own uniforms, my clubs, my revolver—a matter of about two hundred and twenty-five dollars; in fact I bought—and have bought—everything in the way of equipment except my shield. The city furnishes that absolutely free. I lend carfare out of my own pocket to stranded old ladies who have lost the handkerchief with the dime knotted in it; I tote sticky foundlings to Bellevue; I lead to the station house for examination stray dogs suspected of rabies; I settle family quarrels rather than hale man and wife to the Domestic Relations Court; I try to be polite to unreasonable and overzealous members of the S. P. C. A. who unjustly accuse a driver of cruelty to his horse and insist upon his arrest—and sometimes I pursue and shoot a mad cat in the tenement quarter, or pick up, in true country pound-master style, a small red pig wandering in the theater district.

These are some of the little things. In addition, I have a few routine duties as prescribed by the regulations. Referring you to these, you will note that, among other things, I am empowered and expected at all hours of the day and night to prevent crime; detect and arrest offenders; preserve the public peace; suppress mobs, riots and insurrections; direct traffic; arrest all street beggars; provide police attendance at fires; assist, advise and protect immigrants and travelers; and carefully observe and inspect all places of public amusement, down to and including cock-pits and ratpits.

Personally I have never observed or inspected a ratpit, but I have been asked by a little girl where she could bury a pet white rat. What's more, I told her. This all may sound like a joke; but, take it from me, the business of being a cop is some job—if I do say it myself.

Conditions in the city are becoming more complex every day and the policeman with all muscle and no brains no longer fits in the scheme. Gray matter under the helmet is what is wanted. A patrolman recently won a difficult booklovers' contest conducted by a newspaper; and though Commissioner Waldo is not looking for bookworms as a general thing, he is emphasizing that—to succeed—a cop must study. And as a student the cop is making good. The "Finest" are getting wise.

Today the policeman who is on to his job knows the penal code and the corporation ordinances better than the taxpayer who accosts him; he can put it all over your so-called man-about-town when it comes to street-corner diplomacy; and in a pinch the chances are that he knows his rights and the rights of Citizen Fiat and P. B. Publico better than do those two well-known individuals themselves.

"I'm sorry I can't arrest anybody for that just because you say so," says Patrolman Number 753 to the indignant citizen who complains that hoodlums are snowballing pedestrians at a nearby corner. "I'll stroll over that way and try to catch 'em at it; but I'll be thrown out of court if I arrest anybody for a misdemeanor on hearsay."

"But I saw them throwing," insists the citizen.

"Were you hit?" asks Number 753. "And will you appear as complainant?"

Seeing Things at Night

THE citizen shakes his head. He wants the boys arrested, but he doesn't want to be bothered with court procedure.

"I saw them; that's enough," he argues.

"Sorry, sir; but nothing doing," says the policeman. Then to clinch the matter he pulls forth his green rulebook and reads something like this:

You are authorized to make arrests—

1. On a warrant;
2. When you have seen an offense committed;
3. When a felony has, in fact, been committed and you have reasonable cause to believe that the person to be arrested committed it;
4. In the nighttime, when you have reasonable cause to believe that the person to be arrested committed a felony, though it afterward appears that a felony has been committed but that the person arrested did not commit it.

Having recited this as if he knew it, Number 753 walks toward the corner and the indignant citizen mutters something about a "smart cop," with nasty emphasis on "smart."

Naturally the policeman hates to go into court with a case he can't support, to be made a monkey of by a keen magistrate with a sense of humor. So, next time one appears a bit diffident in taking action in a petty case, pause a minute before calling him a boob and get his view. Court is the bane of the cop's existence anyway. How eager would you be to make an arrest for a trifling offense fifteen minutes before it was time to go off duty in the evening? If you look the other way it means go home to the wife and supper on time; make an arrest and it's wait in night court until perhaps two o'clock in the morning—then be on the job early the next day.

Some policemen strike it unlucky this way and have an epidemic of little arrests extending over a period of a week or more. They may live in Flatbush or Staten Island; but it's up to them to hang round the courts until their cases are disposed of. Moreover, it is convictions and not arrests that count on your record. Under these circumstances wouldn't you look the other way now and then, and let a couple of street fighters separate before you arrived on the scene? I think you would.

"When I was new in the game," a veteran of the force was saying not long ago, "I used to think that every arrest I made was a step nearer promotion. I'm not so energetic now. I try to be there with both feet when anything big is doing;



Moral: Be a Wise Cop, Know the Law, Wink and Gaynorize

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Asked for a Loan—Not of a Dime or a Quarter—But of Five Dollars

but if I see a crowd cheering on a pair of fighting bootblacks I usually slow up a bit until some one has time to holler, 'Cheese it!—the cop!' If I were to run in everybody who broke a law I wouldn't eat a meal at home three times a month.

"I'll never forget an experience I had about ten years ago," he continued; "an experience that taught me not to butt in when I wasn't really wanted. I was as green as grass and was walking along, just looking for trouble, on a beat on the lower West Side. Scraps were frequent in the district; and as I approached a place known as the Corned-Beef Flats I heard a noise upstairs that scared me—even though a cop. There was a terrific crash of crockery and furniture and a series of wild yells, suggesting riot and murder.

"Pistol in hand, I went up the steps three at a time and broke in the first door I came to. As I did so, some one who was apparently waiting pasted me square in the eye with a beer bottle. I rolled down the stairs, picked myself up on the landing in a daze and, with blood streaming down my face, blew my whistle for assistance.

"In a minute an old warhorse of the precinct came loping up; but, instead of dashing up the stairs as I had done, he just stood and looked at me.

"'What's the matter?' says he at last.

"'A terrible fight in the flats,' says I.

"'Did you start it?' says he.

"'Of course not,' says I, wiping the blood off my face.

"'Then come along,' says he, 'and don't be interrupting a family celebration. It's dangerous!'"

A Dramatic Dismissal

NO ONE except a panicky youngster ever whistles or raps for assistance unless the situation demands it. For this reason the response from fellow officers is instantaneous. The signal is never ignored. The shrill of a whistle or the tattoo of a night stick on the sidewalk has an ominous and sinister sound, and every man who hears it is on his toes at once. Only three times in more than thirty years have there been cases of dismissals from the force for cowardice. These cases made profound impressions.

The last occurred in August, 1907. A patrolman, whose name it would be cruelty to mention, faltered and showed a yellow streak when a murderer he was pursuing darted up a stairway. The man had a gun and he threatened to use it, and the cop simply didn't have the nerve to go and get him.

Like the hanging of Danny Deever, this poor fellow's dismissal from the force in disgrace has the young recruits "a-shakin'" to this day. And it was terrible! Bingham, then Commissioner, stood him up before the crowd at headquarters and delivered a denunciation that made even the veterans shiver.

"My God, men," said the Commissioner, "don't ever let this thing occur again while you and I are together! A man is not a man who is not physically brave. That poor devil is not a man; he is a poor, weak thing! It is thirty years, they tell me, since there has been such a charge; and in thirty years only one man out of about nine thousand is a mighty small percentage. It won't dilute the water much. Take his shield and his buttons—and let him go!"

While the man to whom this was addressed stood trembling and ashen-faced, they unclasped his shield from his breast and began to take his buttons; but the buttons were bradded on and there was no getting them off without a pair of pliers. After a moment of fumbling, agonizing to all who witnessed it, he was allowed to go; and he staggered from the room with his buttons still on. The two other cases of cowardice on record occurred in 1877. The men dismissed flinched from an armed maniac.

Failure to make petty arrests may sound like neglect of duty, but it's seldom that a policeman gets in trouble for it. On the other hand, it is the wise cop who knows that this policy will not only lessen the arduous duties of sidewalk-pounding, but that it is in harmony with the pronounced ideas of William J. Gaynor, Mayor of New York, and the most eccentric and original commander-in-chief—that is the title—the department has ever had. You may remember that Gaynor, as a Supreme Court Justice, had decided opinions on how the city should be policed, and he and General Bingham had a set-to about the case of a boy in Brooklyn who, Gaynor said, was the object of police persecution. The police arrested the boy with remarkable perseverance notwithstanding Justice Gaynor's protest; and also, notwithstanding his protest, the boy was mugged for the Rogues' Gallery, though he had never been convicted of anything.

When Gaynor took office his mind was all made up about what a policeman should and should not do, and he set about putting these ideas into effect at once. Ask any man on the force and he will tell you that Gaynor has alternately heckled, puzzled, discouraged and encouraged the police of New York more than any influence in their history. Rhinelander Waldo, whose name correctly suggests Knickerbocker aristocracy and whom the mayor has described as "a catch—for he's rich," is the latest commissioner and an able one; but the mayor, with power to remove a commissioner over night—or over minute, for that matter—is the Big Boss, and the force doesn't know just what to think of him yet. However, he knows what he thinks of the force.

The mayor has always held that there are too many arrests; and, more than any one else, he has made it clear that a cop must know when to wink and pass on. A few weeks ago His Honor said, in addressing a gathering at a banquet on the East Side, that he was proud to announce that there were fifty thousand fewer arrests in the city during the first year of his administration than there were in the year preceding.

"Your chairman has alluded to the fact," said the mayor, "that since I took office I have relieved you from undue interference from the police. I have tried to do this. I had a hard time doing it. Some people think that the nicest thing in the world is to let the police knock every one on the head. No policeman has a right to put even so much as his little finger on you except by law.

"In the first year of my administration the number of arrests without warrants was fifty thousand less than the year before. The public cried that there was a 'crime wave'—that these fifty thousand fewer people arrested were burglars and thieves; but I took the figures myself and analyzed them, and I showed that the falling-off in arrests was in petty things. We don't need police in this free country. The police now understand that it is their business to deal with criminals and not with decent people."

Moral: Be a wise cop, know the law, wink and Gaynorize.

Carrying out these ideas about non-interference with decent people, it was the mayor who caused to be put into effect the summons system, under which, instead of haling Bill Jones to court instanter for a trifling misdemeanor, the cop says: "Tag! You're it! Come to court in the morning!"—or words to that effect. Likewise it was the mayor who insisted that growing children must have a place to exercise their bodies—in the streets if necessary. He made this plain in one of his characteristic letters. Answering a communication from a little girl who complained that she couldn't roller-skate on the sidewalks, he suggested that she try again, for he was sure that every policeman would "wink very hard" when she clattered by on her skates.

Thus, the New York cop must know when to wink and when not to wink—but it's not so easy as it sounds. Make a silly arrest and he will be criticised as a bonehead or worse; neglect to make one and P. B. Publico, heretofore mentioned, will go all the way to headquarters with a complaint. To meet these complications, knowledge of the city ordinances and the penal code is a lifesaver; and you would be surprised to know how glib some of the police are in the technicalities of the law.

Almost to the point of shouting, the mayor has demanded that the East Side shall live as the East Side wants to; and to avoid trouble the policemen on duty there must use the most delicate judgment. Strictly speaking, it is against the law for Jewish merchants on the East Side to keep open their stores on Sunday. Go down there next Sunday and see how the law is not obeyed. Everything is wide open; Sunday is the big shopping day. The cop who would try to enforce the law would be nothing short of a lunatic. Many persons harbor an idea that these Jews do business on Sunday by legislation authorizing those who worship on Saturday to keep open their places of business on the Christian Sabbath. Such a law was passed, but it was knocked out as discriminatory by the State Court of Appeals. Hence, the Jew on Hester Street has no more legal right to sell you a pair of trousers on Sunday afternoon than has the big merchant in the uptown shopping district; but, under a policy that it is inexpedient to enforce any law with which the majority of the citizens of a district are not in sympathy, he does it just the same. By this system the shrewd and unorthodox merchant of the Ghetto may peddle his wares on both Saturday and Sunday with little fear of molestation.

The Complexities of Pushcart Law

THE lower East Side lies in the First Inspection District, as that geographical division of the city is called for police purposes; and in this district there are approximately forty-five thousand pushcart pedlers. As the typical resident of the East Side feeds and clothes himself and family largely from the pushcart—both as merchant and purchaser—you can see that the industry has complexities worthy of consideration by an Interstreet Commerce Commission.

To regulate these pushcarts and their pushers, the city of New York has adopted a set of ordinances almost as minute in their provisions as the Constitution of Oklahoma. If the poor pedler were held amenable to one-fifteenth of these regulations he would spend about an hour a week on the street and the rest of his time in court or jail. Gaynorization saves the day.

If Aaron, with the fruit cart, violently assaults Nathan, who peddles suspenders, of course an arrest is made; but if he fails prominently to display his license; fails to have a number painted plainly on both sides of his cart; fails to stand ten feet from his nearest brother in trade—in short, if he breaks any such petty rules the policeman is more than likely to pass on. He may speak to the pedler who hasn't shown any license and perhaps arrest him if he is without one; but making an arrest for other infractions, too numerous to mention, is decidedly out of the question.

Enforcing the ten-feet-apart rule is physically impossible. The city fathers who passed the ordinance might

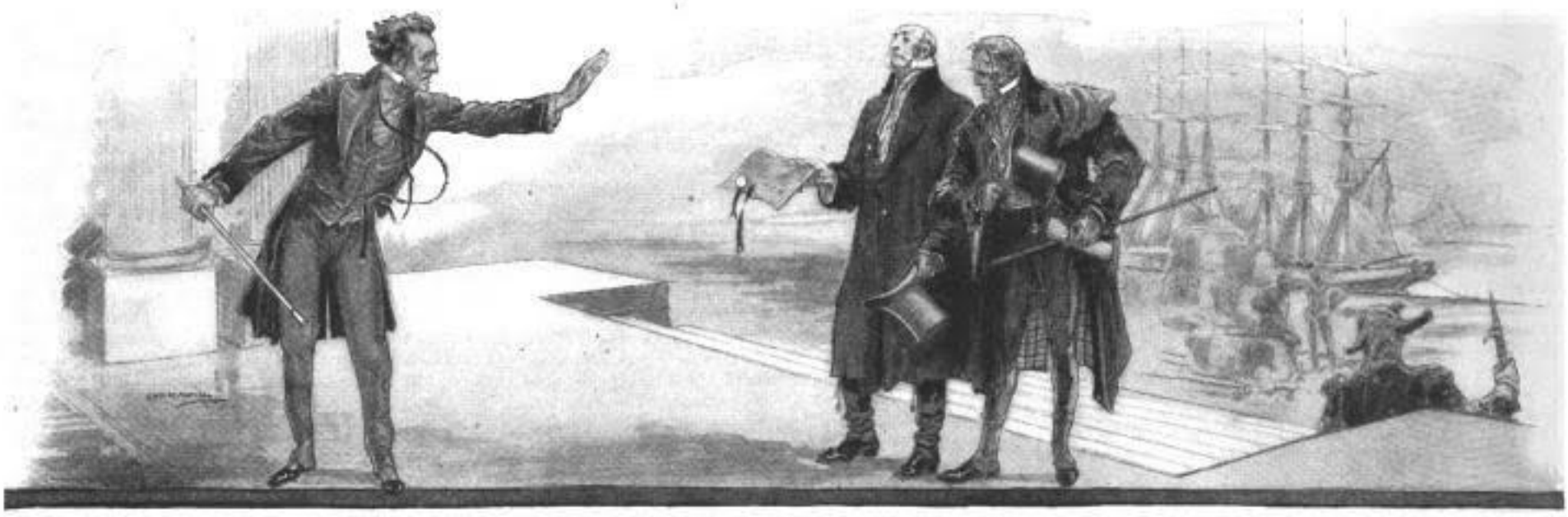
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"In the Hand Was a Five-Buck Note"

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GOVERNMENT AND BUSINESS



A Very Clear-Cut Exemplification of the Club Theory

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL

A BUREAU in the Government of the United States is charged with the promotion of domestic and foreign commerce. This bureau employs a force not so large as that employed for the same purpose in a single state of the Union by one foreign Government. I am indebted for that item to a speech made in Kansas City not long ago by Secretary Nagel, of the Department of Commerce and Labor. It furnishes a convenient illustration of the fact that when Governments in the United States deal with business at all they pretty generally use a club.

There are people still living in this country who admire Andrew Jackson for smashing the Bank of the United States—a very clear-cut exemplification of the club theory. Few episodes in American history have been more thoroughly raked over by competent scholars. Every circumstance has been brought to light.

We know, then, that the bank under Biddle's management was really conducted ably and honestly; that it brought about resumption of specie payments, which had been suspended during the War of 1812; that it furnished the country a sound, uniform currency, of which there was great need; that it performed very valuable services for the Treasury; that it assisted materially in the development of the South and West—in short, that it was a highly useful institution. We know also that the charges brought against it were either trivial or poppycock. Two committees of Congress, after Jackson began his attack, investigated the bank and reported favorably upon it. The bank was not a political machine, though most of its directors were personally opposed to President Jackson. Professor R. C. H. Catterall, who had access to Biddle's private letters and papers, in addition to many other sources of information, found no evidence whatever that the bank ever spent a dollar corruptly.

The political atmosphere, however, was filled with vague, unprovable charges, mostly that the bank was a "monster"—"octopus" apparently not having been invented at that time; that, in some mysterious manner, it "made the rich richer and the poor poorer"; that it was "the scourge of the common people"—in short, it was what we now call Big Business and Wall Street.

Laws That Hinder But do Not Help

PRESIDENT JACKSON succeeded handily enough in smashing the bank, thereby precipitating a brisk little panic and opening wide the door for that flood of depreciated or worthless "wildcat" state-bank currency which plagued the country for years and involved it in immense losses.

This episode is still admired by people who imagine President Jackson as another St. George slaying the dragon; but what he did actually slay was the family cow! In spite of protests to the contrary, there is still rather too much disposition to stick a knife into any large horned beast that comes within reach—without adequate inquiry as to how harmful or useful the animal really is, or how far any objectionable characteristics may be removed.

As an illustration: We lead the world in banking power, and our foreign trade, running neck and neck with Germany, is decidedly exceeded only by England; but our banking system is so circumscribed by law that American banks cannot finance American foreign trade. Our great rivals, England and Germany, have branch banks where they have important trade. Besides directly facilitating business, these banks are constant and persuasive advertisements of their respective countries. Some years ago a group of financiers proposed to establish an American bank for the special purpose of dealing with foreign trade, with branches in the East and elsewhere. The best they could do under our banking laws was to incorporate by a special charter in Connecticut; but a Connecticut bank cannot do business at first hand in New York. So this concern was obliged to do its business in our financial capital and chief port in a left-handed way, through an agent.

Again, our national banks are forbidden by law to employ the credit instrument by which a great part of all international trade is moved—namely, the accepted bill of exchange. The result is that American importers in many lines are obliged to go to England for the credit instrument with which they do business. When Uncle Sam buys coffee, for example, he must get his credit in London and go to the foreigner with an English O. K.—which scarcely tends to increase the foreigner's respect for him.

We buy nearly seventy million dollars' worth of coffee in South America. The Brazilian exporter doesn't wish to sell us coffee and wait for his money until the cargo reaches New York and is sold. The American importer doesn't wish to pay for the coffee in Brazil and have his money tied up until the cargo gets to New York and is sold. To avoid this long tying-up of either party's capital, the importer gets his bank in New York to arrange with a London bank so that bank will accept ninety-day drafts drawn by the Brazilian exporter against actual shipments of coffee, bills-of-lading showing that the coffee has been shipped to accompany the draft.

The Brazilian exporter then puts his coffee on shipboard and gets bills-of-lading for it. He takes the bills-of-lading to his own bank in Brazil and attaches them to a ninety-day draft for the price of the coffee. The Brazilian bank will at once discount that draft at a low rate of interest because the London bank has agreed to accept it—that is, to guarantee payment at maturity. The Brazilian bank can immediately rediscount the draft by cable in London, and practically not lie out of its money a single day. At this writing the London discount rate for these "to-arrive" bank-accepted drafts is three and a half per cent. By the time the ninety-day draft falls due, the coffee has reached New York, been disposed of, and money to meet the draft has been remitted to London.

Now there is scarcely any chance of a loss in this transaction. The actual coffee has been shipped, as the bills-of-lading show. It is, of course, insured against loss at sea. The responsibility of the American importer is guaranteed to the London bank by a bank in New York; but if the exporter drew directly upon the importer and then sought to discount the draft he would find only a limited market for it and have to pay a correspondingly high interest rate. Any bank that discounted it would want to know the reputation of the exporter and of the importer, and something about the coffee trade; but when the London bank steps in and stamps its acceptance upon the draft, then any bank will discount it without further inquiry, relying simply upon the sufficient name of the London bank. Thus there is a very wide market for the draft. Year in and year out, in fact, these bank-accepted drafts, by which a large part of all international trade is moved, can be discounted in London and Paris at the rate of three to three and a half per cent, or even less, always commanding the lowest rate.

Our national banks, however, cannot accept time drafts. Nobody seems to know just why that restriction was put in the bank act, nor does anybody know a sufficient reason for keeping it there. We say to a national bank in New York: "You may extend credit freely to a coffee importer; but you must not extend it in the form in which he can directly use it. You may virtually stand responsible to a London bank that accepts his drafts; but you must not accept them yourself." Which illustrates the point that it is easier with us to get laws that restrict business than to get laws that promote business.

One result is that our foreign trade has to get an English or a French O. K. and pay well for the privilege. Another result is that the banking reserve of this country continually feeds stock-exchange speculation.

Foreign banks keep a cash reserve against deposits, and a secondary reserve, consisting of paper upon which they can realize at any moment. This secondary reserve is largely in the form of bank-accepted drafts drawn against actual commercial transactions. Consequently, in Europe commerce gets the lowest-going interest rate and the secondary bank reserve is employed largely in legitimate commercial transactions.

Having no bank-accepted drafts, and no discount market for them, that resource for employing secondary reserve is denied our banks. Our big city banks, however—especially those in New York and Chicago—need a secondary reserve quite as much as European banks do, because lesser banks all over the country deposit reserves with them; and if a pinch occurs the whole country is drawing upon them at once.

Feeding Speculation and Starving Trade

TO BE safe, these banks must always have, in addition to their reserve of actual cash, a secondary reserve, consisting of loans that they can realize upon at any moment. The only available loans of that character in this country are call loans on collateral—that is, loans payable upon demand and secured by pledge of stocks and bonds; in short, loans to stock-exchange brokers and operators.

Because they are quickly convertible and the banks must have them for secondary reserve, these stock-exchange loans almost always get the benefit of the lowest going interest rate—commonly two or three per cent, or about half what the merchant and manufacturer are paying. Thus speculation and not legitimate trade gets the benefit of the lowest interest rate; thus, also, our bank reserves are constantly feeding the stock exchange instead of feeding commerce.

There is no reason to doubt that the European system, with its benefits to legitimate trade and independence of stock-exchange speculation, would have developed here if our bank legislation in the last two generations had been shaped with a view to the needs of business.

Probably, in the United States, a dozen laws to restrict business are passed or proposed for every law to promote business that is passed or proposed. It seems time to redress the balance a bit.

True, our foreign trade flourishes, for which thanks are due first to Nature and next to the very trusts we are trying to disorganize. Forty per cent of our exports are raw material, far and away the biggest item being cotton, which the world buys of us because soil and climate have given us almost a monopoly of growing it. Fifteen per cent

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Inside Ball in the Church League

By GEORGE FITCH

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

REGULARLY about the middle of October, when the championship baseball games are over, I begin to worry about the destruction of our birch forests. To cut up a nice, innocent birch tree and leave a whole lot of little birch trees fatherless in order to make print-paper, and then to plaster that paper over with golf scores and horse gossip, and the kind of stuff the college correspondents send out to keep football alive between Saturdays, looks almost like a crime to me. For weeks after the baseball scores disappear I just take a hasty look at the piazza of a morning newspaper to see whether any one has stolen the Capitol at Washington or whether any aviator has gone up so high that he has lost the way down; and if there isn't any type bigger than an ink bottle in the headlines I let it go. I know the nation's safe, and I'm afraid if I read on I'd turn over to the hay they call the sporting section in the winter and get homesick for spring.

There are two kinds of fans—bleacher fans and newspaper fans; and I've been a newspaper fan ever since the year after Cap Anson won his last pennant. I learned to read in the newspapers that fall, and the next spring I began to steal the sporting page away from my father while he was reading the heavy artillery on the editorial page. All that summer I read about Anson and his champions with as much pride as if he were an uncle of mine. I remember how shocked and paralyzed I was that fall when Anson's team blew up in the stretch and lost the pennant. In my childish way I supposed that Chicago always would win—that it was so provided in the Constitution—and I didn't see how the country was going to adjust itself to the new state of affairs.

I've followed the Chicago team by the morning mail ever since. Anson, Burns, Pfeffer, Williamson and Hutchinson were all early heroes of mine, though I never saw them play; and many a morning, at a critical point in the race, I've gotten up early and helped the Homeburg newsdealer chase the Chicago paper sack as it rolled down the platform after being dumped from the fast mail, which merely slowed down to about fifty miles an hour through our town. It took twenty years of devoted reading on my part to land a pennant for the team, but I never faltered. I never yelled "Rotten!" or "Take him out!" or "Give us a beam, bartender!" It wouldn't have done me any good, anyway, at that distance. I just read pluckily on until Captain Chance finally turned the trick; and I'll bet I was as proud of the team as if I had had baseball for a supper appetizer instead of for breakfast all those years.

You'd be surprised to know how many newspaper fans there are anyway. Take our own town of Homeburg, for instance. Probably not ten men in a year see the Cubs play; but most of us are red-hot fans just the same—mail-order fans, so to speak. There's a little informal gathering every morning in front of the State Bank, where we Cub fans talk the whole thing over acrimoniously with the White Sox supporters after we have read the papers, and discuss the previous day's doings of the Homeburg boys in the big leagues.

There are two of them now—Adams in the National and Dewey in the Three-Eye; and, though we might take our eyes off the President for a whole week and never once hunt up his doings on the first or fifth or ninth page, you can bet we don't neglect Adams and Dewey. We look their record over every morning; and when Adams cops a Bleriot out in right, or Dewey doubles and drives in the winning run, we're suffocated with pride.

Seems to me, take it all in all, baseball's a lot more fun in a small town anyway. It isn't so formal. There's not such a financial atmosphere about it. We just go out and play ball. We make more errors and we do more mahogany-headed work on the bases than they do in the big leagues, but we get just as much fun out of it; and as for excitement—well, I'll venture to say there never was so much interest a head over baseball during a world's series as there was in our church league which we pulled off three years ago. That's one of the things that makes me content to stay at home and read about the big-league games. I've seen the church league finish. I've played on the Congregational team, which won the pennant by one game and one run and one cussword—and there really isn't anything more thrilling in baseball for me to look forward to on this sphere.

Our church league was the achievement of Sanford Carroll. Carroll is a young college graduate who came to Homeburg one summer to run our weekly paper while the editor was on a trip. He was an all-round man and a great addition to our little city. He made the band, on the first practice night, with his trombone; and a little later he organized an orchestra and got appointed choirmaster of the Congregational church. They'd had one basso and about half a tenor in the choir for some time, but inside of two weeks they had no less than ten men toiling away on the anthems; and as for girls—well, Carroll was a handsome chap and the trustees were really embarrassed. There wasn't room for everybody in the choir loft. That's what hustle and personality will do anywhere—in Homeburg same as in New York.

All this time, however, baseball was Carroll's first love. He was an eleven-thousand revolution fan—newspaper, bleacher and padded-glove sorts combined; and it was his ambition to organize a league between the various churches. I think he thought of it first because the Congregational church had a crackerjack pitcher, and a catcher who was pretty fair—but that is neither here nor there. He talked to a lot of the Methodist boys; and, as they had a shortstop with some talent, they fell in with the idea at once. There were two Swedish churches in Homeburg and they volunteered to organize one team from both churches. That left only the Baptists on the fence. The Baptists are not very strong numerically, though they have a church so big that you are always afraid it will cloud up and rain inside it when you are there, and their baseball material was—to put it mildly—phenomenally punk; but by a good deal of persuasion we prevailed on them to come in.

The ministers were pretty skittish at first, and we had to talk a good deal about exercise and the value of pure air and pure sport before they would warm up to the proposition. Even when they did consent, they unanimously insisted on a cast-iron rule expelling from the game and from the park any player using a word which assayed even the slightest trace of sulphur. Rule One was a no-swearing rule, and the Baptist minister nearly kicked over the whole league at the last minute by insisting on another rule, prohibiting the stealing of bases. We argued and argued, but he was firm. We had to promise to score them as "appropriated" bases before he would relent.

It was evident, however, that the league was going to be a howling success from the start. The way the various teams jumped into the game was beautiful, but I don't think any one was so eager as we Congregationalists. It was our big chance to get the jump on the Methodists; and if you don't know it I'll just tell you there had been a genteel but decided rivalry for twenty years between the Methodists and the Congos—that's what we call the Congregationalists in Homeburg, life being short. The Congos had begun strong. They had built a big church; and, just about the time the Methodists had put up a nice brick church about half its size, we had put in a pipe organ and taken the wind entirely out of their sails—but there was no drowning those Methodists. They stuck at it and revived and revived—I mean had revival after revival—and grew and got almost sacrilegiously enterprising.

Our Christmas celebrations in the church were admired by every one for their beauty and splendor; but the Methodists hired the opera hall and had two Christmas trees every year—one on each side of the stage, with a fireplace between, out of which Santa Claus came sometimes and other times had to wait until the fireplace could be taken off of him, things not always working smoothly. We used to have annual steamboat excursions on the Mississippi River—grand affairs too; but the Methodists chartered a bigger steamboat and sold four freezers of ice cream to our one. Little by little they pulled away from us, and finally they enlarged the church and fitted it with new oak pews in the up-to-date arena style. After that they put in a better pipe organ than ours, which was pretty old and inclined to be rheumatic by that time, and hired our organist, who had played free for us for fifteen years. Then we gave up and settled down to take their dust on the long, weary journey through this vale of sorrow.

However, the baseball league seemed to be our chance to get even for a lot of the past. There was no use denying it—our team looked mighty good. We had a pitcher with curves and a catcher who really knew how to catch, and I was some considerable little shortstop in a modest way, while Carroll was one of the best fly exterminators I ever saw outside of the profession; so it was with feelings of sublime confidence that we faced the Methodists on the first day of the season before a crowd of a thousand eager citizens, half of whom were embroidery and mission-circle experts who had never seen a baseball game before.

It was a glorious day. It made up for years of grief. As a church, the Methodists were early risers and hard workers, but when it came to baseball they were agnostic to excess. Randolph Blinn was on the first base for them. He was a mighty fine fellow, who led the choir and was superintendent of the Sunday-school, and he enjoyed the game immensely—but he wasn't much comfort to the team. When Alf Saunders, who shortstopped clear from right field to the home plate, dug up a grounder and hurled the ball at him, Blinn would watch it in the most eager and friendly manner; and as soon as it had zinged past him he would turn and chase it as industriously as if he were getting a dollar a step. Roy Collins, on second, was nearly as bad, while A. W. Bunscomb, who had caught a game back in the early neolithic age, wouldn't stand up behind the bat after the first inning, but took balls on the bounce. We almost ran ourselves to death, for the bases were only flag stations and the basemen conversed pleasantly with us as we tore by. "Let the fielders do the work!" was their motto. A grounder is lots easier to handle after it has plowed out through the grass to a fielder anyway. There isn't so much chance of getting it on the end of the thumb with a cruel concussion.

Twenty-six to one was the score and life was perfectly rosy! What did we care for the Methodist pipe organ or their two-ring Christmas tree, or their brand-new parsonage and their paid choir? We walked round the streets all the next week and hunted up Methodists to talk to. We'd talk about the weather or the crops, or the nerve of the Q. Railroad in taking off the four-twenty-three train; but eventually the conversation would sneak round to the subject of baseball, and shortly after that the Methodist would get up and go home, no matter where he was. Then we would saunter out after another Methodist and begin another conversation. Life was just one gloat after another!

The Baptist and Swedish churches went at each other the next Wednesday; and, as champions to date, we sat by and watched them with a bored air. It wasn't so much of a game as it was a dodging-match. Both teams kept their eyes on the ball very carefully and did not allow it to get near enough to bite them. The Swedes finally won, 31 to 19 or thereabout; but they weren't proud about it, because they had averaged five errors apiece.



He Was Superintendent of the Sunday-School, but He Wasn't Much Comfort to the Team

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The Deacon Stood Watching it With Fascinated Awe

As for the Baptists, they were real martyrs to the game. In spite of their utmost efforts, they couldn't dodge the ball all the time, and the number of contused palms, telescoped fingers and dented features they accumulated was appalling! Deacon Hexton's case was particularly pathetic. He was a partly petrified old chap, with a forty-year stand of whiskers and the spirit of a boy; and he tried to play shortstop because no one else dared to do it. He stopped almost a dozen balls that afternoon and only used his hands twice. After that he kept them behind him out of harm's way. He was knocked down by baserunners; he had a finger cracked; he was hit in the ribs with a pitched ball—and, worse than all, he made a home run.

It was his crowning misfortune. He didn't mean to do it in the first place. He had struck out four times and had gotten so he sort of liked the wild swing of the bat, when he hit the ball accidentally just on the belt. It soared over Lars Sjodeen's head and the deacon stood watching it with fascinated awe.

"Run! Run!" a thousand voices yelled. The captain of the team pushed the deacon off and he trotted to first where he stopped, it looked safe there and he had no wind left anyway; but Sjodeen couldn't find the ball in the thick weeds in right field and a committee of Baptists ran down and pried the deacon off first. He sprinted to second and after great persuasion was encouraged to start for third. He was making good time when Ellery Cain, the town nuisance, yelled "Slide!" from the bleachers. With one despairing look, Deacon Hexton slid. He landed twenty feet from the bag and, clawing desperately for it with hands and feet, finally crawled to it amid cheers that rocked the solar system. The ball was still lost—they never did find it; and after the deacon had been brushed off and pinned up, and his glasses had been found, he walked home like a Roman conqueror—though, as a rule, Roman conquerors didn't rub their faces in the dirt before parading. He struck out more carefully than ever after that and walked with a cane for days afterward.

It looked like the Congo first and the rest were nowhere after that game, and we filled our coats more tightly than ever that week. We took the Swedes on the following Wednesday, and to our grief and amazement went up against Andy Lung, a heady little pitcher who had worked some with the town team. His regular catcher, Bengt Bengston, was there too. We had never held a very high regard for the piety of these two young men and were surprised to meet them in such select company; but it seems that they were Lutherans technically—they had been confirmed about fifteen years before—and we were compelled to associate with Lung's curves for nine innings.

It would have been a sad day for us if it had not been for the young Swedish Methodist pastor, the Reverend Leander Ringborg, who played shortstop and threw industriously at eagles and sundogs all the afternoon. I never saw a man throw at a first baseman and miss him in so many directions. Twice he overshot him by a good forty feet and once he hit the official scorer, while the other seven times, having failed to calm down the ball until the runner was well on his way to second, he threw it toward first base, anyway, and got it entirely out of circulation, thereby allowing us to score profusely. He enjoyed the game immensely and worked with all his might, but he was not what you would call a cool-headed player by several thousand degrees Fahrenheit. However, he was the pastor, and his team never thought of asking him to retire to the field, where he would have been more useful. That is the disadvantage of standing too much in awe of your pastor.

As a result, we beat the Swedes, but hardly enough to notice it—twelve to eleven was the score—and we didn't feel so chesty by a good deal. Our team work didn't loom up so brilliantly this time. We had two or three awful holes. Duffield had four flies in right and didn't get near enough to any one of them to wish it good afternoon; while Lord, on second, achieved five errors on five chances, and might as well have been made of mud when the catcher pegged a ball down his way. We saw plainly that we should have to plug up those cavities; and that, I suppose, is what started all the trouble.

I blame ourselves for the whole business, though we didn't mean it—honestly. There was Lord, on second base, as useful as a mountain of mud; and there was Archie Holbrook, a perfectly good second baseman of civilized habits, going to waste on the sidelines because he had never investigated a church from the inside. We liked Archie and we loved those broad adhesive hands of his. The more we thought of them the more we thought of Archie's welfare. It was distressing to see him growing up far, far from the best influences. We yearned to give him a lift and set him on the right path. I can't see anything wrong in it even now. One should always help a brother; and it was with feelings of the purest philanthropy that we went to Archie and suggested that he enroll himself at once in the Congo Sunday-school and join the choir.

Archie had been watching those church games until his arms had almost twitched themselves off. It had also been terrible for him to see a nice second-base job going to waste while he was lingering idly by. So he accepted with great speed, though nervously; and after he had gotten seated in the choir the next Sunday and had sort of warmed up to the occasion, you'd have been surprised to hear how his voice came out above the rest. Archie had a good voice, but it didn't have any particular throttles or mufflers or check valves on it, and some of the people in the congregation looked sort of wild during the anthem. However, as I said, it was the very best second-bass voice in the city—and, anyway, the anthem wasn't very long.

We spread the news of Archie's reform as vigorously as we could during the next few days, and he played with us against the Baptists a week from the following Wednesday—played one of the finest little second-base games I ever saw. The Baptists had strengthened up a little by not letting their second baseman play at all—but, of course, they had no chance. They played in a sort of foreordained and indignant manner, and it was plain to be seen the game was a bore to them. We were as easy on them as we could be—only made about sixteen runs in five innings—and we gave them a couple of runs, too, by bringing Duffield in and letting him play short for an inning; but that didn't ease matters much, and after the game it almost seemed as if they considered Holbrook had done the whole thing—though goodness knows we could have beaten them without any one at second. We were just perfecting our teamplay and laying for the Swedes. That was all—absolutely all.

The slight hard feeling among the Baptists wasn't a marker, however, to what the Methodists were saying. They had been sailing right along and had beaten the Swedes themselves the week before—Lung and Bengston having been called out of town on parochial work at a baseball tournament in the next county; and from the way they commented on our second baseman you would think they regarded evangelistic work as nothing less than a crime. They fairly boiled with indignation—and we weren't surprised at all, when we met them two weeks afterward, to find the crack Homeburg juniors, Kelley and McGuire, on the team. They had seen the error of their ways, the Methodist captain sarcastically told us, and had decided to attend the Methodist church.

We were pretty indignant, but we didn't say anything, there not being anything particularly pat to say. It was as pretty a game as you would care to see. We could only hit the red streaks Kelley's shoots left behind them and no one on the Methodist team could bat except McGuire, who tried for a home run every time and got as far as third twice, only to die a lingering death while his awestricken teammates pecked timidly at James' sizzers. It might have gone on forever if I hadn't caught a good one accidentally and lifted it for two bases in the twelfth. I took a long lead and McGuire thoughtlessly threw to the Methodist second baseman to catch me. The look of disgust on his face when the second baseman hastily drew himself out of range would have withered a bronze statue! I ambled in while the Methodist centerfielder was carrying the ball in to where he thought he could throw it to the second baseman; and McGuire threw his glove about two hundred yards as he took off his harness—but he didn't swear. I listened with all my might. He swelled visibly—but he didn't swear! It was a wonderful feat of self-control.

After that it was perfectly plain to every one that the baseball season would be fought out strictly on its baseball merits; and that, if any one had any kind word to speak in connection with any one else, it would be done outside of business hours, so to speak. The Methodists and Baptists went after each other the next week and the revivalists just toyed with the high divers, Kelley striking out twenty-two men. On the following Wednesday we tackled the Swedes; and Lung and Bengston, having finished their missionary tour, were right in the middle of the game. Moreover, Albert Alberson and Swan Hedine had discovered their confirmation papers after a long search, and they worked at short and on third. The game was settled in advance. We were a nice little team and played a good parlor game; but did you ever try to reason with the projectiles that four or five husky young Scandinavian coal-miners were batting? I played short and considered myself lucky to get out alive. We couldn't touch Lung—and the score was seven to nothing—a real ball game! The next day little groups of Methodists came round to the various places where we were trying to make our living and leaned over the desks and counters, and talked baseball—baseball—baseball! It was enough to drive you mad, they were so sneery about it. By that night there wasn't enough good feeling in Homeburg to hold a love feast round a pinocle table.

In other ways, though, the season was certainly a success. The whole town turned out to the games, and the noise was so thick and continuous that a cannon hardly would have found a chance to edge in and make its remarks heard. It was mighty hard on the regular county league team, which was playing fourth out of a possible fifth that season. We played Wednesdays to an overflowing field. They played Thursdays to the score boy and the umpire; and along in August they disbanded, after putting a pathetic little piece in the paper telling how hard they had fought for the honor of Homeburg, with no support at all!

By that time we were going down the toboggan at a horrifying rate. The Swedes had cleaned us again; and after a terrific Homeric struggle, in which I might say we represented the dying Trojans, the Methodists got our goat about the last of August, with the aid of three college team visitors who had attended an ice-cream social given by the church and were therefore held to be eligible, and the same old demons, Kelley and McGuire, who were now going to church with such careless grace and precision that you might almost have supposed they had been born that way. We had decided to stand or fall with our one recruit, Archie Holbrook; and this time we fell with a series of heart-wrenching bumps. We perspired and we wrangled. We cut off two base hits and ran bases as if catamounts were behind us—but it was no use! The sun was dying in a bloody sky when our last man was run down between third and home, with the score eight to five against us;



Archie Had a Good Voice, But Some of the People Looked Sort of Wild During the Anthem

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and the next day I wished heartily that baseball had never been invented. I never heard so much baseball talk in my life, and absolutely there wasn't a thing to talk about either!

Our only comfort in that hot, tragic month was the *Baptists*. They had plodded sulkily along with their regular team, and when we met them, just after the fatal Methodist day, we fell on them with long-bottled fury. We three-baggered and home-runned until the concussions sounded like a bombardment; and we taunted and guyed them as we fanned them out, threw them out, worked the hidden-ball trick on them and put them into the joke class generally. The sewing-circle demons was what we called them. It wasn't a happy afternoon, but it was some relief anyway. We shut them out thirty-seven to nothing, and tauntingly declared that old Deacon Hexton was their only real player, he having stopped a batted ball by accident—though he lost it in his clothes and Holbrook got a home run off of it. Poor Deacon Hexton had suffered heavily all through the season. It was such a temptation to make him dodge at the plate that every pitcher in the league had winged him at least once; and, what with colliding with liners and baserunners, he was getting into such a dismantled condition that it looked as if he would have to finish the season in a wheeled chair. Why, he even lost a handful of whiskers in this particular game when he fell down on second while trying to stop a throw and James, our pitcher, slid in and spiked the deacon's chin shrubbery; but what there was left of the deacon was certainly game. He didn't assay an ounce of quit to the ton; and he made the last out that day by running wildly up to an infield ball, clapping his big straw hat down on it as if it had been a butterfly and then fishing it out and tossing it to first.

The final series began the next week amid a tension that practically paralyzed business in Homeburg. Every one had a fighting chance but the Baptists; and when their game with the Swedes came, on Wednesday, and the latter trotted out their hereditary and hypothetical church-workers, along with two new home-run specialists who, it seems, had been baptized while they were too young to object, we began to make bets on whether or not the score would reach three figures. When the Baptist team came out we suspended all occupations, including that of breathing, and stared, bug-eyed, at the aggregation!

It was the Homeburg regulars—the whole team from Franklin, the star pitcher, down to Petie Berg, a five-foot whirlwind, with the home-run record of the league! At their head was Deacon Hexton, with a quiet but perfectly noticeable smile extending from horizon to horizon on his face; and in his hand he held a sworn statement that the Homeburg baseball team, having met on the church steps the night before and having contributed a nickel apiece to the foreign-mission fund, were entirely eligible and were considered to be Baptists of whom the church was particularly proud—not one of them having broken any laws or backslidden in any way durjng his entire church connection. Having read this to the multitude, Deacon Hexton withdrew to a comfortable seat in his old surrey and the doings began.

It was a game to be embalmed in ball history! Those Swedes didn't care for Franklin or Berg, or the whole Homeburg regulars, with a few big-leaguers thrown in; and they tore off two runs in the very first inning with a batting streak that sent the entire light-haired section of the bleachers into hysterics, and made old man Hexton get out and walk nine times round his surrey, chewing a stalk of timothy as he did so. No wonder he was agitated! It had cost him one hundred cool dollars, we learned afterward, to convert the Homeburg regulars to the Baptist faith on Wednesdays—one hundred dollars a game, win or lose! And the deacon was the kind of man that wanted to see good fruit brought forth from the seed he had sown.



"He Said You Were a Superimposed Parallelepiped!"

He needn't have worried, though. Franklin was about to break into league baseball, anyhow, and after the first inning you would have thought the Swedes were batting at X-rays. Meantime, Berg was concussing and detonating, and the rest of the team were straightening out Mr. Lung's inshoots with businesslike regularity. The score that day was eleven to two in favor of the Baptists. A week later they took on the Methodists, and they never have computed the score with any degree of exactness. The Methodists had hard luck owing to the violent backsliding of Kelley and McGuire, who tried to introduce cigarettes into a lawn social and got on their dignity when it was mentioned by some hundred and nineteen people. They quit the team cold; and, it being only the day before the game, no other battery could be located and herded into the fold. It wasn't a game. It was a Marathon on the bases. The Baptists pounded in about forty runs, and after each one Deacon Hexton would rise and wave a big white handkerchief and shout: "Hooray, boys! Hit it again!"

That night the town was one hornets' nest. The Methodists were furious; the Swedes were sulky—as for ourselves, we were desperate. Our turn was coming on the following Wednesday. On that date we would march out on the diamond and provide a summer day's amusement for the Baptists of Homeburg and surrounding towns.

That wasn't what was bothering us the worst however. The Methodists and ourselves were tied for first place. The Wednesday game was the last one; and if we were defeated that darned old church, which already had the biggest membership and the biggest Christmas celebrations, and a church with an auditorium and a three-manual pipe organ, would take the pennant and hang it from the steeple—after which the members would come round and lean on our counters and desks and talk baseball until murder was committed or the Angel Gabriel called time with his big horn!

Wasn't that a pretty prospect? It just ruined our health to think of it. I had never hated anything so badly in my life as the job of going out there and getting batted off the planet—and all on account of a fool idea we'd started ourselves. Every man on our team would have stood up and taken a good beating with a club to get out of it—but there didn't seem to be any hope. I went to Deacon Hexton, accompanied by Ambrose West, the banker, who is a member of our church, and pleaded with him to play the regular church team, promising to leave out all of our good players if he did, and even to play the solo alto of our choir in right field—but he just chortled at us.

"What, let those bright young fellers backslide after me spending so much money bringing 'em into the church!" he said indignantly. "What do you think I am? Here I see a chance to bring light into nine young souls. It's costing me a lot of money, but I don't begrudge that. You ought to see them boys at service! They listen to the minister just as careful as if he was talking baseball; and now you want me to boot them out of the church because you're afraid they'll beat you next Wednesday! Dear, dear!—but this is a wicked world!"

He talked on that way as long as we would stand it—wouldn't listen to reason or anything else; so we went home and began taking quinine in preparation for the sad event, in the midst of which disagreeable process Sim Bone and Pang Byers came to us and asked permission to play. They are beloved members of our church, but what they know about baseball you could print in scarehead type on a postal card; but they argued that we were going to be annihilated, anyway, and they had contributed to the expenses of the team and wanted some of the fun—and besides, they said, they had a scheme. So we let them play; but it almost caused a row, because every member of the regular team wanted to have one of the recruits take his place. You could judge from this that we weren't approaching the festivities with anything like joy.

I have never seen so many people in one place in Homeburg as there were on the baseball field that Wednesday—and the Baptists had a big majority. Every Baptist within forty miles was present, and most of the Methodists, too, they having figured out that the pennant was going to be batted into their clutches that afternoon. The pseudo, hypothetical and temporary Baptists got a reeking cheer when they burst out on the field, and a little knot of Congregationalists chirped loyally at us as we went gloomily out on the diamond.

Sim Bone played first at his request. Sim is the best catch-as-catch-can talker in our town. He is as sarcastic as tabasco sauce, and witty, too, and he had the emergency Baptists on the team mad before the game began. Carroll played second and I stuck to short, while on third base we had Pang Byers. Pang is about forty, and whenever he goes into the gas office to complain about his bill they ask him how much he wants off before he starts. He is the most destructive conversationalist I know of. He is a regular verbal griddle. They still tell in Homeburg how a smart traveling man began to josh Pang in the restaurant one night about his straw hat, it being later in the year than the traveling man allowed the world to wear straw hats. Pang let him talk a minute—and then started in with a few general allusions to the wonderful advance in microscopy and the science of detecting the infinitesimal. From there he wandered on, speculating on how long it would be before science would be able to discover a traveling man's brain. Then he began discussing a traveling man's neck; then his mouth, and then his ears; but he didn't finish, because the traveling man went away. And, Pang following him, the traveling man didn't wait for the train, but walked out of town and over to the junction, where he sat four hours all alone and glad of it.

We went on to the field, and Andrews, the temporary Baptist third baseman, hit the first ball so hard that both the pitcher and I had to jump for our lives to get away from it. Andrews stopped at first, being kind of weak from not having had a chew of tobacco for over an hour, and Sim Bone turned on him with a glare.

"What do you mean, you unfumigated, unmitigated quintessence of undesirability, by trying to kill our pitcher?" he hissed. "Why, you scarified protoplasm, if you do that again we'll transmogrify you!"

Andrews roared like a bull. Sim had been talking to him that way before the game too.

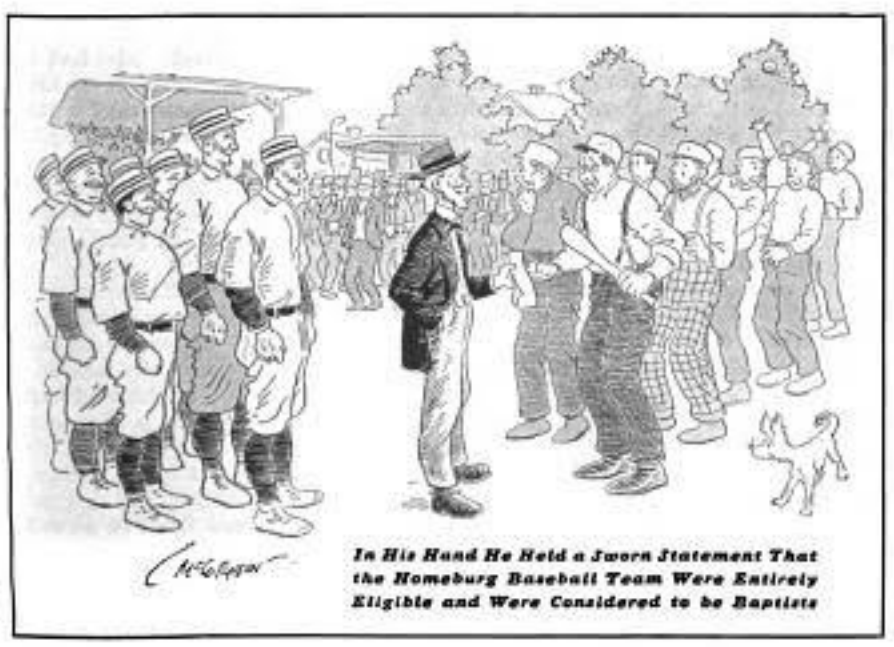
"Say, do you want your damhead knocked off?" he shouted. "I'll ——"

"Excuse me," said Corwin Jones, who was umpiring for us, "but you're out of the game and off of the field for swearing!"

The row that followed made big-league baseball sound milksoppy. The whole super-Baptist team crowded round Jones, and before they got through talking he managed to get two more—the third baseman and the right fielder. They threatened, roared and threw their gloves round for ten minutes. It was blissfully tumultuous. Deacon Hexton came down and said he really didn't think the boys meant to swear; but we were firm. Besides, we were inexpressibly shocked at the deacon. Maybe they didn't mind little things like profanity in his church, but we certainly could not permit it. That fixed the deacon and evened up for a previous evening he had given us.

Presently the three debaptized players shouldered their bats and went out of the park, while the grandstand seethed and growled and bubbled and muttered like a retreating thunderstorm. They saw the whole wicked plot and besought the rest of the regulars to stand firm. They called on them, with tears in their eyes, to be calm and patient; and the three miserable weaklings who went out to plug up the holes came up to us and asked us if we couldn't kindly play the game out without sarcasm!

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In His Hand He Held a Sworn Statement That the Homeburg Baseball Team Were Entirely Eligible and Were Considered to be Baptists

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The Box-Office Value of Tears

By MARY SHAW

ILLUSTRATED BY HANSON BOOTH

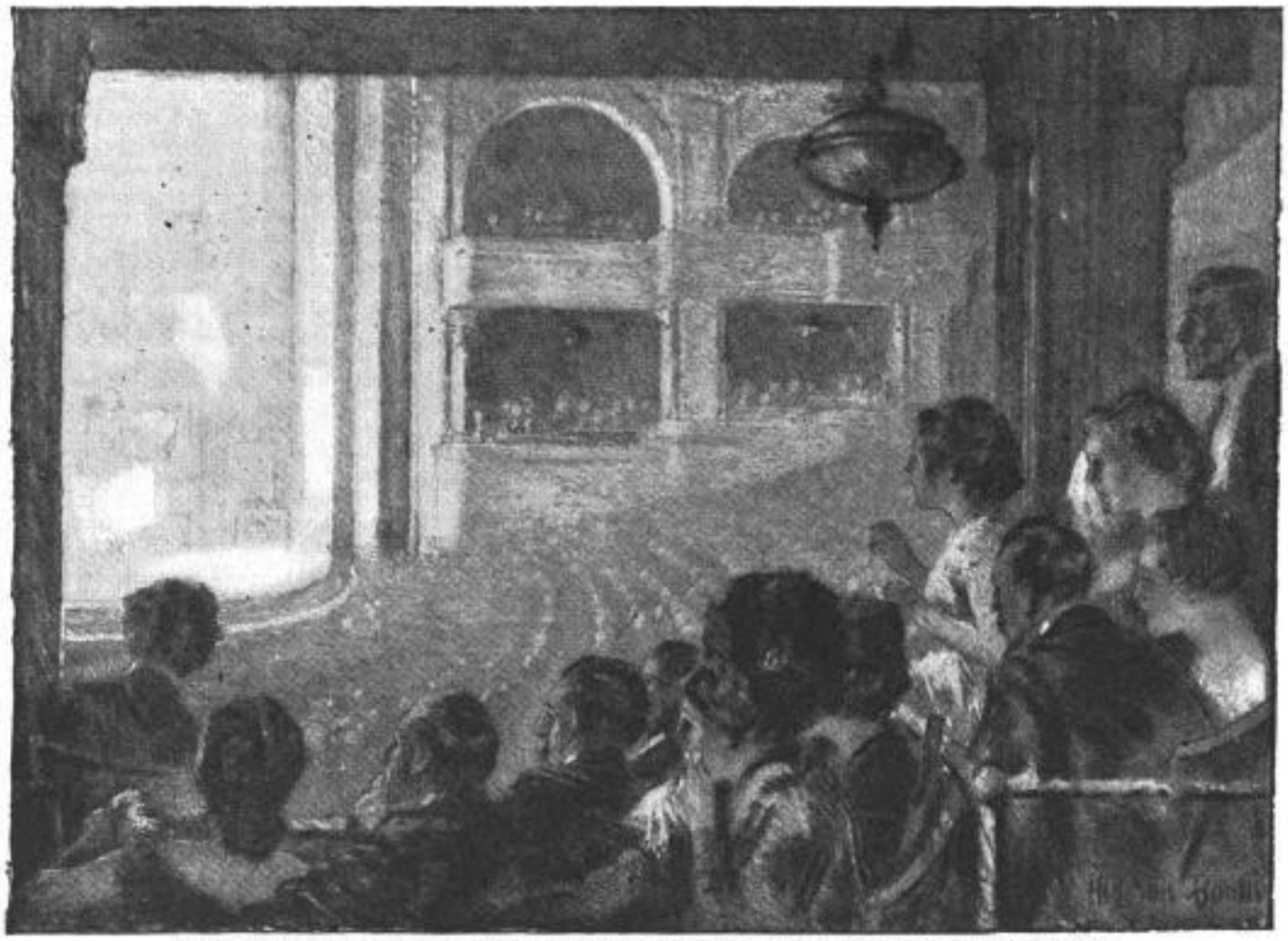
TEARS—idle tears!" sang the poet.

"It does no good to cry, darling," we teach the children. All the maxims and platitudes preach the uselessness of tears; but ask a manager of a theater about the actual value of tears and, undoubtedly, he will show you that millions of dollars have been made by this amiable and general human weakness.

It is not so easy to make persons in an audience weep as it is to make them laugh. The general impression that the emotional actor has a finer kind of talent than the comedian is borne out by experience. Playwrights who understand the nature of things strive to get telling situations—that is, to bring tears to an audience in the makeup of the play itself. There are fundamental things in human nature which, properly placed in the drama, will bring tears from the audience. They are very few in number, but they can always be relied on for this effect. The surest one is the relation of the mother and the child in unhappy situations. A large proportion of women and an average number of men are very quickly touched by any trouble in the relations of these two.

It does not matter how indifferently such scenes are played; the audience can always be relied on to bridge over any gaps in the performance.

In these days, when there seems to be a kind of dread of plays that touch upon the tearful emotions, superficial reasoning would indicate that the temperament and nature of the public at large are different from what they were in former days. In America the desire to be amused, which shows so great a change from fifteen to twenty years ago, when audiences equally enjoyed being moved to tears, might lead us astray if we did not remember that there is a fashion in tastes in the theater just as much as there is in clothes and in sports.



This Otherwise Impossible Play Was Swept Into Stupendous Financial Success on a Flood of Tears

Thirty years ago in this country such plays as Camille and East Lynne, which depended for their vogue almost wholly upon tears, were the greatest money-makers that the American stage had ever known. And in their wake came a series of plays such as Froufrou and Led Astray, modified somewhat in character, but still dependent largely on the same element that won the entire approbation of the theater-goers.

Careful observation of the successful plays on our stage during a long period shows this constant changing from one type to another. There was a period in which melodrama was in the ascendent, another of emotional drama, another of comedy, and still another of burlesque. So there is no need to grow tragic over the present liking for something rather light and ephemeral in dramatic fare.

George Eliot, a great student of human nature, has written that people grow to wear grief like a hat, cocked to one side, with a feather stuck in it. This is true of an audience. The susceptible women and girls who throng the matinées, and use up three or four handkerchiefs at Zaza and such plays, are not suffering in any real sense. If persons in an audience actually entered into the catastrophe presented on the stage as they would enter into one in real life, then all the current thought of the disagreeableness of emotional plays would have some real meaning. A long experience in presenting rôles of this kind, however, has taught me that there is quite as pleasurable an effect on certain persons in having the tenderer side of their nature gently touched as there is in having their sense of humor tickled.

It is when people begin to give reasons for avoiding sad plays that one sees how little we really know of ourselves and our natures. Nearly every one of the objectors will tell you that he or she is particularly sensitive to suffering of any kind. They will not stand for being "harrowed up," they say. If they were really harrowed, in the true sense of the word, by the weepy drama, then, indeed, it would be something seriously to eliminate; but, as a matter of fact, it is not at all easy to harrow persons with an imaginative recital like a play. The instant proof is that we are surrounded every moment of the day by deep suffering; yet we are in no sense harrowed by the actuality.

The sad plight of a child will touch persons in the theater more deeply than any other one thing. Yet, curiously, the same persons who weep copiously over a little chap, cold and neglected and deserted, in a play, will be quite indifferent in real life to the same sort of boy when they pass him on the street or when they hear a touching story told of one. It gives an audience a pleasurable sensation to see the misery of the child in a play relieved, because it costs them nothing but a little sympathy and everything is so beautifully fixed up "for keeps"—while the actual boy on the street is a distressing problem with a haunting face, from which you get no pleasure. So how can you be harrowed by a thing in a theater which you are able to endure philosophically outside?

The truth is that persons who make such objections to the emotional drama are simply those to whom the emotional drama does not appeal. If they were really "harrowed up"; if their hearts throbbed and their imaginations were made captive; if they lost for a time all sense of the reality about them and were projected into a dream world of which they were a vital part—they would enjoy the drama. And that is the whole meaning of stage representation—to make the audience a component part of the personality of the characters on the stage and the life they are living.

No one disputes the right of an individual to select the kind of play he prefers or the mood he would be in for the few hours in the theater; but to explain his preference by misstatement is an injustice to himself and an injustice to the theater. The American, for the most part, is a nervous rather than an emotional being. He takes everything—business and amusement—as he takes his quick lunch—on the run. Comedy effects can be quickly developed and disposed of. Emotional effects require a longer time in preparation, a subtler attention and more abandonment of the individual. Therefore they have to be particularly powerful and universal in appeal to hold his attention. It is not his sensibility that makes him dread them, but something quite different—his unbalanced nerves.

The value of the weepy drama at the present moment is certainly not so great as it has been at other times in our stage history. The reason is that just now it does not chance to be the prevailing tone and fashion; but, even so, it can hold its own, provided it is skillfully sandwiched with lighter material. And, at any stage of the game, the appearance of a man or woman with unusual power to draw tears from an audience will restore to favor this class of play which was so popular a decade or two ago.

One can easily see that if a woman of the talent and personality of Clara Morris were to rise and demonstrate in some play the power to send women into what is called hysterics, and have them led out weeping from the theater—to shake strong men by her portrayals—we should at once be flooded with a lot of drama written for her and her imitators; in fact, it is only a short time since Miss Morris made her phenomenal success in plays of an essentially weepy character, and people have not changed much in so short a time—only fashion in plays changes. It sounds almost like a fairy tale, the description of how, when as Miss Multon she pleaded so eloquently to see her child, women and men rose up in the audience and screamed: "Let her see her child!"

How odd it reads, in this day and order of things, that Miss Morris was able to keep the curtain down thirty or forty minutes between two scenes of Camille, while a crowded house waited breathlessly for the next round of agony! Her matinées used to begin at one-thirty; and sometimes the play was not over until six-thirty—one long, unending river of tears. Yet it is not surprising when you come to think of it. Miss Morris absolutely set a fashion that night at Daly's Theater, when she appeared as the Woman in White, in Wilkie Collins' drama—I think. It was something novel. She had the power to capture the imagination of her auditors, to bring them into the situation as if they were interested participants in her trouble. The throng of women leaving the theater with three or four soaked handkerchiefs, and the men who had blown their noses until their handkerchiefs were almost in the same condition, were as deeply satisfied as any that today pile out from the batch of comic operas and farces with which our theaters abound.

I never saw Miss Morris at the height of her career. It was at the very end of it, and after I had some knowledge of acting, that I had the privilege of witnessing her New Magdalen in New York; but by this time the fashion in plays and acting had changed. Instead of the wild abandon and piercing tones that had made her performances so thrilling at an earlier date, another style of suffering lady had taken possession of the stage—a quiet, well-bred woman. She still used her handkerchief, but her sobs were all controlled, and her tones were fixed so as to be harmonious and pleasing to the ear. I was very much struck by the difference between her methods at this time and those ascribed to her earlier in her career. It was impossible to realize the effect she must have produced

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The Same Persons Who Weep Copiously Will be Quite Indifferent in Real Life to the Same Sort of Boy

when audiences were not sensitive to style, but were simply captured by the truth and novelty of her work. There were no forty-minute waits, by the way, when I saw the performance; it was rather indecently hurried, in fact. The actress had so modified her performance that a great deal of it, except the climaxes, was done in a low tone, almost monotonous in its effect.

I suppose Eleanora Duse and Miss Morris might be taken as the two extremes in the difference of methods of producing tears. Twenty-five or thirty years ago we had the wonderfully gifted Morris using all her powers of interpretation, but through the outward expression of startling shrieks and moans, and restless, harrowing emotion. Judged by our present standard of feeling and behavior, such a method would now seem to have been rather unhealthful. Results just as powerful are produced by Duse as she stands calm, apparently unimpassioned, breathing forth her misery in tones that are almost musical in cadence, seeming to give us a typified figure of universal suffering rather than individual grief. The manners and methods of these two women are absolutely different.

Heartbreaking Lady Isabelle

HOW comparatively short a time ago it was regarded as natural for women to faint away every time anything happened in the drama that was unusual! How they sobbed and cried over what would now be considered the merest trifles. Whether women in real life in those days behaved in that way, we cannot very well know; but we do know that in books and plays it was the rule of conduct. Nowadays if any solution can be worked out in a situation that will avoid fainting by women it is eagerly substituted. As for sobbing and crying, unless it is for most excellent reasons, an actress indulging in that sort of thing would be considered a nuisance. The fainting away and the moaning have been thrown into the scrapheap along with the scream. This change has not been brought about solely by the actors. The manner of expressing feeling, of presenting human character, and the method of construction of plays have altered so completely that a new style of acting is inevitable. When it comes to the essential thing we find that dramatist and actor always hark back to the elementary conditions that generally can be relied on to touch the human heart.

The compelling of tears is a gift possessed very much more largely by women than by men; in fact, few men have this power. And the tear power of even these few men is very often due to the situation invented by the dramatist.

Some plays can almost stand on their own feet as tearcompellers. Take East Lynne, for instance, which had a tremendous popular appeal, first as a novel and then as a very badly constructed play. Every grade of actress, from the highest to the lowest, has essayed the leading rôle with almost equal success. Why? Because the gist of the emotional appeal is in the fact that the mother, who through a sin of her own has deprived herself of the companionship and bringing up of her children, enters the house of her former husband and his wife, disguised as a nurse, when Willie, her oldest boy, is dying. In his delirium the boy keeps calling for his mother and asking if he shall see her when he dies. At last the strain is too great for the woman—she pulls off the green spectacles and the wig which disguise her and, clasping the child to her breast in his dying agonies, screams to him that she is his mother.

For twenty-five years this play was the last word of all that was most touching in the weepy drama. Yet, when an engagement was offered me at the Girard Theater, in Philadelphia, to play Lady Isabelle—among other rôles—I was ashamed to say I had never seen East Lynne and was totally unfamiliar with the part. However, as every actress' name, from Lucille Western down the line, was associated with a personal triumph as Lady Isabelle, I felt that what so many others had done I could do. I was very conscientious. My training had been entirely modern. Therefore I was positively amazed at the cheap, tricky playing upon a simple, natural emotion in the play. Evident claptrap met one at every turn. The construction of the drama itself was loose—there was no sequence in it at all. The scenes were tacked on to one another, with no connection. The conduct of the characters was scarcely human—they belonged in essence to the old melodramatic types that were not required to be guided by any true motives. They did a thing because it would make an effective situation, not because any human being would do it naturally. Everybody abused Lady Isabelle from start to finish. No one seemed to have a spark of natural, human decency. The husband was a cold-blooded sentimentalist who listened to every bit of gossip that any one poured into his ears; and his sister—an impossible cat—sought all opportunities to humiliate and torture the wife of the brother whom she was supposed to love tenderly. The tempter, Sir Francis Levison, would not have deceived a baby in long clothes. His lovemaking was of the simplest, boldest style of the seducer. No woman with a grain of sense could have listened to it with any idea of sincerity back of it. The comedy was as fearful as the emotion. Compared with it, the horseplay in modern comic opera is artistic in delicacy and subtlety.

The grief-stricken husband, after his wife had eloped with Sir Francis Levison, marries another young woman in double-quick time. This extraordinary woman, when the erring wife comes, disguised, to get a position as nurse, instantly—on the first interview—tells to the stranger the entire story of the family in its minutest details. Like all the others, she pays her compliments to poor Lady Isabelle in the most scathing terms. There seemed to be no delicacy or sense of honor in these people, who were supposed to be moving in the best social circles in England.

I was simply appalled at the material I was supposed to make human; but, like a good soldier, I tackled it. It was a sad performance. I could not seem to find out "where I was at" during the first part of the play; but, ah, the good old scene—that sure old scene with Willie!

The only child available to play Willie was a long-legged girl of about thirteen or fourteen. Now Willie is supposed to be about five. The girl had a perfectly unimpressionable, high-pitched childish voice, and long curls that hung almost to her waist. Except under stress of great nervous excitement, I do not suppose I could have lifted her from the bed and carried her to the window and played an emotional scene with her in my arms. As a matter of fact, I told the stage manager that it was impossible; that I saw no reason why she could not die in bed. True to the traditions of the play, however, he insisted that she must be dragged to the light and look into the face of her mother. I shall never forget the physical struggle I had to lift this lanky girl, who was shrieking in unmoved tones: "Madam Vine, when shall I see my mother?"

I thought the scene would never be over and the curtain down. Wonder of wonders! When it rose for the call there was nothing visible in the house but a sea of handkerchiefs! Shade of Lucille Western! Was it possible that under such conditions one could bring out so much white linen? Lady Isabelle dies in bed in the last act. The scene is a long, draggy, weary rehash of all her troubles, mercifully ending in death. I had confessed to the stage manager that I was unfamiliar with the play and asked him if one could really hold the audience while the lady went on telling at such length the things they already knew by heart. He assured me that no one would leave the house, and that if the scene were cut in any way the audience would greatly resent it, as each one had probably seen East Lynne dozens of times and was counting on every line that was to come.

Pocket Handkerchief Preparations

IT proved to be exactly as the manager said. I do not know whether they had stopped weeping between the acts while a jolly set of waltzes was offered up; but, anyway, their handkerchiefs must have been near at hand, for, as the curtain rose and I propped myself on one elbow to begin the long, dreary recital, most of the battery of linen was in position. They knew what was coming, but that did not dim their emotion in the least. One would think, looking at it rationally, that death would have been the simplest and happiest solution of poor Lady Isabelle's existence—that it would have been a kind of spiritual joy to see her pass out; but her exit was as sincerely mourned by that Philadelphia audience as if she had been of some use in the world.

Surely this otherwise impossible play was swept into stupendous financial success on a flood of tears, which shows the box-office value of this quality of emotionalism. To this day in the popular stock companies, when all else fails, East Lynne can be hurriedly thrown out, to the financial advantage of everybody. It is an infallible meal ticket!

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THE RECORDING ANGEL



By CORRA HARRIS

IV

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT

RUCKERSVILLE was a literary center. Most of its inhabitants over the age of sixteen were orphaned authors—that is to say, authors without publishers. It was a place where adolescence flowered naturally into little hexameters of love, and old age faded into long historical narratives. The South is the only section of the country that still produces this kind of serenely uncommercial genius. In other places, when an author cannot sell what he writes, he wrings the neck of his muse and hires himself to a business concern. But here he simply despises the "damned" publishers for fools and goes on writing his masterpieces. In 1845 a certain old cock-poet published, in The Southern Literary Messenger, a poem of fifty thousand words, under the title of Grouped Thoughts and Scattered Fancies. It was concluded only at his death. Had he lived, it would undoubtedly have been fifty thousand words longer. He enjoyed that pleasant lyrical inebriation of the faculties so common to Southerners. I am venturing to copy here the forty-second stanza of this remarkable production, which the skeptical reader may see for himself any day he takes the trouble to visit Ruckersville in search of it.

I saw it in my dream. Oh, could I task
My sense again to slumber, nor to wake
So long as the dear vision was in sight!
I will not do it so much wrong to make
My rude words show the picture thou dost ask.
Behold it in my passion! A delight
Trembles through all my utterance! Oh, I feel,
In the devoted beatings of my heart,
That I should look enjoyment, nor appeal
To vain resource of language to impart
This vision of most rare happiness—
That rapture it would madden to reveal,
Which song itself would render spiritless—
It was such sweet, heart-touching tenderness!

There still remained undimmed much of this divine fire in the hearts of his descendants. And the fact that not a line of prose or poetry had appeared in print since the publication of Grouped Thoughts and Scattered Fancies, was due to the decadence in the literary taste of editors rather than to any lack of merit in Ruckersville sonnets. At the time this story begins, there were not less than five hundred finished and voluminous manuscripts in the attic archives of the town, by which not a single author had been discouraged.

Captain Rucker-Martin, in fact, was engaged upon his fourth unpublished volume with as much ardor as if it were his first effort. This was a narrative of the Civil War and was entitled Around the Camp Fires. Elbert White was writing a history of Marches in Virginia, to say nothing of others equally inspired, some account of whose literary activities shall be found in these pages. And, when you come to think of it, after the cloud of dust we raise hurrying along in our times is settled into the sods that shall cover us at last, this unpublished literature of the South will be found to contain more material suited to the exalted glory of man than does the history of commercial enterprise in the North and East, where the stolen dollars often account for the last ten stories of the skyscraper. It was the kind of literature suited to monuments and tablets, and to the shining headboards of maidens' graves. Keats might have copied some of it beneath the immortal love scene upon his Grecian urn. Isaiah would have despised it, but Shakspere would have giggled over it and culled some of it for Ophelia, it was all so naïvely the pastoral of the spirit rather than the literature of life.

Thus you understand that the atmosphere of Ruckersville was naturally literary. It is for the purpose of getting you properly acclimated in it that I am forced to go more into particulars. If this were a novel, the next thousand words might be omitted, so little action is there in them. But this is a little history of life, and life is made up of digressions. The story of our insides is always much longer than the story of our outsides. The biography of humans is made up more of what they plan to do than of what they really achieve, if it is set down literally. You work hard with a certain aim in view. You purpose to arrive, with your collateral all properly arranged for the event. It is clear sailing. Then Fate takes the gripes and inadvertently kicks you under the fifth rib, and there you are, set back about ten years. Your grandmother died without leaving you the inheritance you had every reason to expect. You have to get up and make your own fortune. Or the ballots are counted and you are not elected. You have to run again. God sees to it that you do not butt the stars every time you fetch a surge. It is a providential precaution against your destruction of the solar system.

In a small way, the same things are true when it comes to telling a story. Unless you are writing mere fiction, you do not kick the climax goal in every chapter. You cannot keep the hero in sight all the time, going at full speed through the narrative, with his tail over a dashboard and the grandstand yelling at every jump. This is done only in a novel. In a transcript from life nobody recognizes the hero, and words take the place of unconscious observation. For example, if you lived in Ruckersville you would have known all about the Woman's Club. As it is, I must interrupt this narrative to explain, or you will not be in position to appreciate what follows and what does not follow.

The club was composed of the most enlightened and progressive women in town. They were ambitious. They conducted two or three little world-movements on the sly, of which the world never heard. They irritated the town council; struggled to "rise in the scale of things," and were determined to produce something that was not in the nature of cakes, pickles and infants. They studied parliamentary law and tried to practice it. They desired to appear in the magazines and, by way of being strictly modern, they showed a diabolical energy in meddling futilely with the men's affairs, such as petitioning for this, that, and the other, and for caterwauling year in and year out about the one open saloon in Ruckersville. It was useless to explain to them that one open saloon was less damaging to masculine morality than a dozen blind tigers.

"But why have the blind tigers either?" demanded Miss Mary Yancey, who was merely femininely logical. She was the spokesman of the last committee from the club that waited on Colonel Lark, the mayor of Ruckersville.

"I do not know why, Miss Mary," answered the colonel, wagging his old white head whimsically and blinking his little bead-blue eyes at her.

"If you don't give a man a chance to flop back into the savage now and then in the open, he'll do it anyhow behind the do'. Maybe it's the way he's made; maybe it's the way he grows. Adam knew he was doin' wrong when he eat that apple, but all the angels in heaven couldn't have kept him from tastin' it. And I reckon it's all for the best. We never would have amounted to anything if he'd kept on settin' around the garden behavin' himself. Don't you bother your dear heads about us men. We ain't really worth it. We are cut out of imperfections, just as you are fitted together out of perfections."

He was seated at his desk at his office in the town hall, his half-smoked cigar politely discarded in the presence of ladies; his fat, fiery-red wattles lay upon his wilted collar, and his short legs were crossed below his exceeding stomach. Miss Mary Yancey occupied the edge of her chair in an importunate attitude immediately in front of him, her tall thin knees pressed closely together, her body bent forward. In one hand she held a petition signed by every member of the Woman's Club, with the other hand she soothed the colonel with gentle gestures in midair, as she went on with her exhortation. Behind her, like the faint reserves of virtue and honor, sat Miss Leonora Bell and Miss Mildred Percey. They were looking their best for the good of the cause they represented. Women know that more than half of the success of it depends upon the way they look, if they have to deal with men. As a matter of fact, the colonel was a widower. And, though they were very far from suspecting such a thing, this was really the only way they had of courting him. But he understood it perfectly and was accustomed to wonder, after each committee visitation, which one would get him.

Men pass through three stages matrimonially. The first is when they fall in love, but struggle against the banns. The second is when they are caught and married. The third is when they reach an age so advanced that they do not fall in love at all, but are willing to marry anybody. The colonel had arrived at this "Barkis is willin'" stage, but he was too shrewd to show his hand to three women at once. Personally he had no preference; that is, he preferred any of them, and he more than half suspected all three of considering him. This was not his egotism, it was his nature. One thing a woman never dreams is that a man often knows that she is in love with him before she does. The trouble he has is in convincing her, inducing her to read her own heart to him properly. And he is usually very delicate about it, concealing his purpose beneath the adoring animation of his own love-making. Colonel Lark was not the man to put all this esoteric loveliness of woman into words, but he enjoyed the committee from the Woman's Club and merely bided his time when it should become bold and brave enough to come in the abridged form of one person. Then he purposed to end the whole question of Ruckersville reformation by proposing marriage to the lady this happened to be.

The Woman's Club always met with Mrs. Fanning-Rucker. She was the leading woman of the town. That is to say, she was the one who was most successful at keeping all the other women behind her, beneath her and under her. She was the creator of all the ruthless social discrimination suffered by others. Every circle of society has such a person in it, usually a female; just as every county has a sheriff, chosen and elected to office on condition that he is not opposed to capital punishment and will hang a man if there is one to be hanged. Mrs. Fanning-Rucker, then, was the social sheriff and the feminine lid of Ruckersville. Naturally she was vicious. Such women always are, no matter how many movements they have that look charitable and progressive. She entertained herself with mischief occasionally. For example, in the spring it amused her to entice a swarm of Captain Rucker-Martin's bees into her hives. With this in view she planted a bed of a rare and peculiarly pungent variety of sweet-williams near her own bee-gum, which were arranged in a circle about an immense horse-apple tree. It seemed that when the perfume of the sweet-williams mingled with the odor of the apple blossoms no young and hopeful bee could resist the combination, any more than the captain himself could resist a certain julep at Bilfire's saloon.

Thus every year, upon some fragrant April morning, it happened that there would be heard a tremendous zooming in her side yard. Immediately Mrs. Fanning-Rucker might be seen to thrust her preposterously ugly old head out of an upstairs window, where she could observe a blooming bough of her apple tree sagging, mildewed

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almost black with a swarm of Captain Martin's youngest and most enterprising bees. She would smile, draw her head in, and call downstairs to the black houseboy.

"Thomas, put some comb and honey in that new bee-gum and set it under the horse-apple tree!"

After that she drew her chair to the back window of her room, which overlooked the captain's place, and sat down.

About eleven o'clock an awful figure might be seen emerging from the side door of the captain's residence. It had a pair of long thin legs, the trousers being wrapped and tied securely over the tops of the shoes with white strings. The head and trunk were incased in an old hoop-skirt that had been stretched up to its uttermost and covered with mosquito netting. The netting was drawn in at the bottom and tied in a gauzy, ruffled, shirt-tail effect about the thin loins. The top was also gathered up and tied above the head of whatever was inside. About the distance of four hoops from the summit the arms of a man extended. In one mitten-covered hand he held an old-fashioned cowbell by the clapper, in the other he carried a bee-gum smeared inside and out with honey. He moved furtively over his lawn, crossed into that of Mrs. Fanning-Rucker, and continued to advance even more furtively toward the white circle of gums, toward the apple-tree bough laden with his bees. The woman in the bedroom moved her chair back to the window overlooking the spot.

The captain—for the hoop-skirt concealed no other—set down his gum and began a rhythmic circle around the hissing, tightly clustered bees, clapping his bell furiously. The very air rocked and clamored with the fearful din; but not a bee budged. This might continue perhaps ten, fifteen, twenty minutes, and was designed to fascinate the insects and stupefy them so that they could be raked into his gum and carried back home. But it seems that a bee may sometimes dream he is mad and do quite as much damage as when he is awake. This is what invariably happened. The moment the captain lifted his hand to rake the swarm off into his hive, some little demon with a nightmare found a weak place in the armor, darted through it, and occupied the hoop-skirt with the captain. Then ensued wild confusion. The swarm changed into a whirlwind about the hoop-skirt, which became vocal, the legs of it leaped wildly and bore it at lightning speed across the two lawns that separated the captain from his home and from soothing applications for his swollen places. During this spirited dénouement Mrs. Fanning-Rucker sat in her chair, rocking to and fro and laughing till the tears ran down her long, sallow, horse-shaped face. When all was quiet an hour later, and the immigrant bees were properly pacified among the apple blossoms, she would again call down the stairs.

"Thomas, go and get that bee-gum the captain dropped on the lawn and put it in the cellar. We shall need it next year."

This was the kind of woman she was, with a humorous taste for cruelty. If she had been a man she would have been called "an old rascal." As it was, she enjoyed the fear and flattery of her inferior kind. She never visited in Ruckersville, but if a neighbor was ill she sent jelly or wine or flowers to the afflicted one. This was her way of expressing her ladyshipness.

She was also the patroness of art. Not that she knew much about any art, but you will have observed that in its infancy everywhere art is insulted by the encouragement and protection of fools. This was how she became the tutelary deity and president of the Woman's Club. It was the center of artistic activities, as well as of such economic and reformatory interests as I have already described. Nearly every member of it was engaged in some literary adventure. Mrs. Fanning-Rucker's office was to encourage every one of the adventurers to believe that she could write an immortal sonnet or story. This was a characteristic Mrs. Fanning-Rucker had in common with teachers of composition in girls' schools, and with that class of editors who reject manuscripts with so much flattery that the poor victims go on writing more.

V

ON THIS memorable afternoon of the fourteenth of June there was the usual semicircle of women in Mrs. Fanning-Rucker's elegant parlor. Miss Leonora Bell was about to call the roll when the Misses Yancey entered. They were late, having been detained by the necessity of locking up the house, to protect it from a disreputable looking person who had loitered openly about their front gate and had been seen deliberately staring up at their innocent Juliet window galleries. They felt as indignant about this as if the scamp had been detected in the act of peeping at their ankles. They moved quietly to the two nearest chairs, one behind the other. Both were very tall. Their clothes murmured starchily. Each had the freshly laundered appearance so many women achieve. They wore stiff white skirts, and white shirtwaists that showed their collar-bones through embroidered eyelets.

All this time Miss Bell stood, roll book in hand, with that polite patience that is so embarrassing to those who inadvertently give occasion for its exercise. She began:

"Mrs. Elizabeth Fanning-Rucker."

"Present."

"Mrs. Patricia Felton."

"Present," admitted a pale young woman with black hair, staccato eyes of the same color and a reed-flute mouth.

"Mrs. Clarinda Magnis."

"Present," answered a large blonde woman whose voice seemed to disturb her. She moved all over, rearranged her skirts, and flashed an indignant look around the room as if she felt conscious of having made some kind of break. She was a new member and nearly frightened out of her wits by the honor.

"Mrs. Frances Luster."

Miss Bell blushed and passed immediately to the next name. Mrs. Luster had given birth to an infant the night before and could not be present.

"Miss Mildred Percey."

"Present."

"Miss Mary Yancey."

"Present."

"Miss Agnes Yancey."

"Present."

Miss Bell closed the roll book, lifted her eyes, smiled, and pronounced with the intonation of a teacher who is calling the name of her favorite pupil:

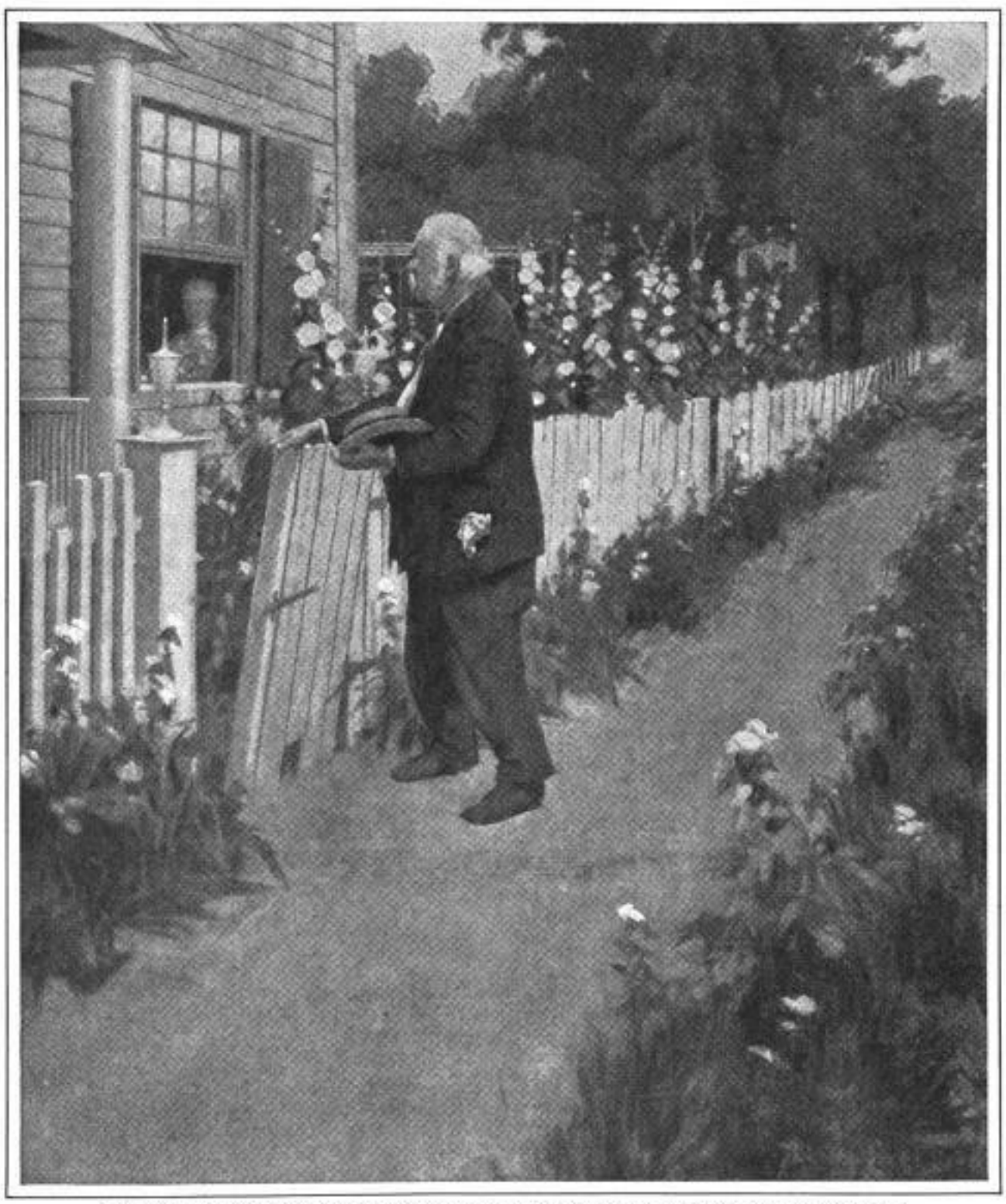
"Mrs. Elbert White."

"Present," droned a deep, somnambulent voice.

Every face in the room turned instinctively in the direction from which the sound came.

Seated in one of Mrs. Fanning-Rucker's most expensive rosewood chairs was a very tall old woman. She was in the darkest corner of the room, and the most conspicuous figure in it. You could not have told why. Greatness in a human sometimes gets mixed with the grotesque in situation. This may have accounted for her prominence. She was out of drawing with the little occasion. She looked the grandmother of the stars, in a flowered petticoat. Her thin white hair was parted and drawn back from a brow as smooth as a tombstone, which, in spite of this smoothness, somehow gave the impression of having a beautiful verse of poetry inscribed upon it, setting forth the sweet virtue of the dead. She was blind, and had the ineffable look of the blind who have nothing to do, no worried unrest about duties unfulfilled, merely the serene patience of those who sit and wait. She wore a kind of smile like those who have been deprived of their sorrows and retain that angelic roundness of features that belongs to youth. One inferred that if she should live to be a hundred she would be amazingly beautiful. For more than twenty years cataracts had veiled the pupils of both eyes, and she had the habit of keeping the lids closed. This gave her the appearance in company of smiling and talking in her sleep. She wore an old calico gown with pink and blue morning-glories in it. They were connected by a curved stem to a vine that ran as straight as a bean pole from hem to neck; and the vine was one of those Burbank commercial wonders often seen in cheap prints, in that it was able to produce alternately pink and blue blossoms of enormous size and brilliance. She was queer about this with the artless queerness of the blind. She loved color and always wore gaily-hued frocks.

She did not really belong to the Woman's Club, never having done anything or written anything. But she was always present at the meetings and at every other social function in Ruckersville. She was the most silent, the most



The Open Street Was the Place Where He Made Up for Another Rôle in the Little Drama of Life

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"But Why Have the Blind Tigers Either?"

cultured, the most entertained and the most beloved woman in the town. Nobody could have told what she was good for; yet no one knew how to spare her. If she did not enjoy her blindness, she enjoyed the benefits of it. And it extended as far as her affections. She bestowed these alike upon the deserving and the undeserving. She was that human least-common-denominator in society who fitted silently, sweetly, into every fraction of it.

If any one in Mrs. Fanning-Rucker's parlor could have dreamed that the old blind saint was unconsciously taking notes upon them, rather than upon their committees and programs and literature, they would have been horrified. But you cannot suspect the person of eavesdropping upon you who sits openly in your very presence. It is a psychic phenomenon common enough, but not understood.

The secretary read the minutes, from which one gathered that the preceding meeting had been an important one. A paper had been read upon the pearl fisheries of the coast of the Samoan Islands, from which it appeared that oysters were very crudely treated in that place. Another set forth conditions in Cuba, a subject of timely interest on account of the supervision of the United States. The thing that seemed to produce the deepest impression was the fact that moonlight was so bright in Cuba that it gave mules insomnia and caused them to die of nervous prostration. This sensitiveness of the mule excited much discussion, and the reason why you will readily understand if you have observed the recently awakened minds of women. To think is a new and delightful experience. Therefore they are not particular to grasp the important point in a discussion. They perform the most delightful mental variations upon any little reed of an idea. The delicious sensation of exercising the brain is what they are after. They see themselves in the fresh rôle of intellectuality. They have made the immense stride from personal gossip to the consideration of an idea. If the idea they choose is the least one suggested by the subject under consideration, it is amusing, but natural. A child is not equal to calculus. Thus, when the topic of Cuba was under consideration in the Ruckersville Woman's Club, interest centered, not upon the resources or the social and political conditions of that little mulatto country but upon the very queer circumstance that mules suffered there from moonlight insomnia. They cared nothing for the unsightly animals, but their humanitarian instinct, always highly developed, directed them to puzzle over the peculiar invalidism of the unfortunate beasts in Cuba, just as they failed to compute the value of pearls in the discussion of the pearl fisheries and devoted themselves to the frightful slaughter of innocent oysters. Every one must observe that the contribution of the modern woman to thought is almost entirely directed by her maternal instinct translated into a kind of sentimental humanitarianism. She is not practically intelligent, but merely mercifully excited mentally. And this is really fortunate, for the civilized male mind is scientific and commercial, and has resulted in some sad oversight of the need of human nature—to say nothing of mules and oysters.

Next followed a memorandum of business and the names of the committee appointed to draw up and to present to Mayor Lark resolutions against spitting on the streets.

"Delightful refreshments were served by the charming hostess, which were enjoyed by all," concluded Miss Yancey, folding her notes.

"Are the minutes correct?" demanded Mrs. Fanning-Rucker.

Apparently they were.

"Is the committee on spitting ready to report?"

Miss Yancey again rose to her feet.

"Madam President, we have found some difficulty in framing the resolutions. It is a delicate subject and we ask for extension of time."

A close observer might have seen the incandescent flash of humor in the blind woman's face as Miss Yancey resumed her seat.

"Is there news from editors and publishers?"

This question produced that state so often observed at a religious experience meeting when all are invited to talk. Every woman present assumed a self-conscious expression and remained silent. Then, as in the experience meeting the old bell-wether saint leads the way with the same old story of his divine relationship, Miss Mary Yancey opened her reticule and drew forth what appeared to be a wedding invitation. She took a thick, handsome sheet of linen paper from the envelope and read aloud:

Dear Miss Yancey: We are returning herewith your story. This does not mean that it may not be available for some other magazine, but we are overstocked at present with unpublished manuscripts and do not think it advisable to keep you waiting so long to see your story in print as we should have to do if we accepted it. We shall be glad, however, to have you submit others from time to time.

Faithfully yours, LIONEL U. U. BUNK.

There was a murmur of praise.

"That is encouraging, Mary," said Mrs. Fanning-Rucker. "What did you do?"

"I sent the story back to him," blithely explained Miss Yancey, "and told him I was willing to wait ever so long for its publication."

"You'll never see it in print," snapped Mrs. Felton. "I have no less than five letters from that editor, exact copies of the one you read. He is a fiend. He plays you like a trout on a line, but he'll never publish anything you write."

Mrs. Patricia Felton had a sort of briar-patch mind from which little cotton-tailed ideas leaped out and got away. If she could ever have caught one and set it down alive and kicking, she might have succeeded. The trouble was she destroyed them with her grapeshot vocabulary and mailed the remains to some leading magazine. Your amateur author will not consider any other kind of periodical.

Miss Yancey looked indignant, as much as to say she pitied any one who could be guilty of dashing cold water upon the helpless, upturned face of genius.

"Which story did you send, Mary?" inquired Mildred tenderly. She was a woman whose spirit was composed of healing salve. And she knew Mary's stories by heart, the two had labored over them together so often.

"It is a new one," the author admitted blushingly.

"Read it, Mary," exclaimed the Woman's Club.

"But I told you I sent it back to the editor."

"You must have a copy."

She did. Slowly, gently, as if it were a living thing, the manuscript was drawn from her reticule.

There are more authors alive out of print than ever do get into it. And every one of them takes this kind of consolation for their failures. They read their things aloud to their friends. They form clubs among themselves, the bravest, the most long-suffering institutions in this country for that purpose. And this kind of club survives, held together by a common misery, until some member actually does get into print. Then she becomes indifferent, disloyal to the others. The illusion is broken and the organization dies.

"The title," read Miss Yancey, "is The Uses of Adversity." She cleared her throat and began:

"'Fair, yes, more than fair was Nina Hamilton, and there was more than beauty in her bright, flower-like face. The daughter of a wealthy, aristocratic Southerner, she inherited the warm, impulsive feelings of our Southern land, while from her mother she derived the almost ethereal beauty of form and features and the clear marble complexion belonging to Northern climes. With her small, well-rounded figure she united grace and ease seldom to be met with, and her face—'twas one of Nature's masterpieces. Her features were delicately molded and of Grecian regularity. The bright blue eye, so speaking in its glances, when once seen was not soon forgotten; and the smile was one of those whose influence all must feel. In her the picture of Zuleika seemed realized, and as you gazed you thought,

"'The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face,
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole,—
And oh, that eye was in itself a soul!'"

One receives from this opening paragraph a veracious impression of literary ideals in Ruckersville. No ending could be good enough for such a beginning. And of course one can say that the thing was absurd. As a story, yes. Much of the literature of the South as literature borders upon absurdity; but as an expression of innocent-mindedness nothing in the Scriptures surpasses it. It is always as sexless as a hymn, whether written by an old maid or a drunken old man. Love is a lavender-sweet, poetry-headed experience, not the decadent, poisoned passion displayed disgracefully naked in modern fictions. I do not defend Miss Yancey's story, but I merely contend that worse things appear in the best magazines.

The reader will not be asked to attend another meeting of the Woman's Club. He has seen the vitals of the female mind—a queer pair of wings with no body.

The sun was gone. Nature had become the perfumed kissing lover that Nature always is in the summer twilight. Dusk was falling; or rather, it appeared to be rising from the earth—a soft shade, sod-brown, changing into the darkening green of overhanging trees. Very far off the stars were faintly singing; and under the doorstep, beneath the stones in the long tangled grass, the crickets were strumming away to answer them—a sort of clod chorus, strident, thin, but in perfect tune. A cricket never strikes a false note. And this is really the purpose for which they were created. You must have observed that no human ever heard the stars sing. But the moment the first star puts on her evening shine and trails out upon the fading, foot-lighted skyline, the early evening cricket also puts on his beetle-back dress coat, stands on his hindlegs, rakes his forelegs across his vocal chord and salutes her. He may be joined by a bullfrog cello; but this depends upon the depth of the frog's puddle and is not essential.

Not a bough stirred, not a blade of grass, yet a little round-bellied whirlwind came from somewhere, gathered up a straw, a few missing leaves from the June trees, a gnat or two, and went spinning, bobbing zigzag down the village street. Before a very old house, with one entry that divided it and gave it the appearance of an ancient pair of baggy trousers with threadbare places in the seat, where two square windows with broken panes showed, the little hoopskirt of nothingness passed, whirled round and round, then suddenly leaped into the air, shed its straws and leaves, and left the two gnats wondering where they were, and why. They went on wheeling over and under because there was nothing else to do, until they drifted in through one of the open windows and fell inanely, drunkenly against the face of Amy White, who had returned home an hour ago, led by Mildred Percey. She lifted one hand vaguely and brushed them away. This was the last of the gnats. You will not hear of them again in this story. They have served their purpose. They have introduced the heroine, who I could not be sure was recognized at the Woman's Club. No matter how many other women appear, there should be no occasion for confusion in the reader's mind. Amy will remain the heroine, and sustain the part even if some other woman shows more activity and gets into more trouble. It is not always the person who looks the best and does the most in the tale that should have the title rôle, but the one who is the most.

VI

FIVE minutes after the whirlwind passed the gnats lay among the morning-glories in Amy's lap, with their infinitesimal heels kicked up and their wings flattened out. A man might have been seen coming slowly along the

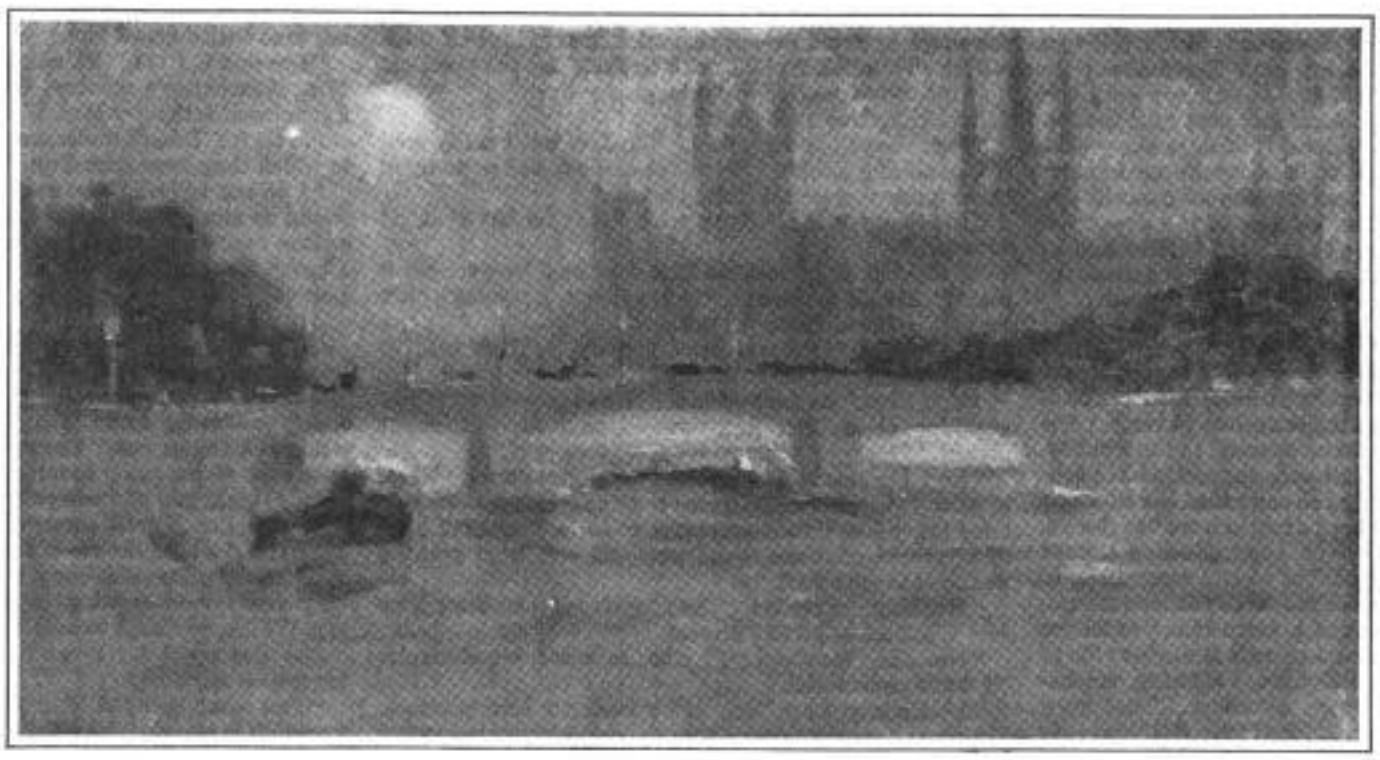
(Continued on Page 49)



If She Had Been a Man She Would Have Been Called "an Old Rascal"

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THE LIGHTED WAY



By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

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XXVII

THE arrival of Arnold accompanied by Mrs. Weatherley created a mild sensation in Tooley Street. Mr. Jarvis, fussier than ever and blinking continually behind his gold-rimmed spectacles, followed them into the private office.

"You have heard nothing of Mr. Weatherley?" Arnold asked.

"Not a word," the cashier answered. "We have rung up several more places and have tried the hospitals again. We were all hoping that Mrs. Weatherley had brought us some news."

She shook her head.

"Mr. Weatherley left home exceedingly early this morning," she announced. "I believe that it was before half-past seven. Except that he called at the house in Hampstead for the letters, I have not heard of him since."

"It is most mysterious," Mr. Jarvis declared. "The governor—I beg your pardon, Mr. Weatherley—is a gentleman of most punctual habits. There are several matters of business that he knew awaited his decision today. You will excuse me, madam, if I ask whether Mr. Weatherley seemed in his usual health when he left this morning."

Fenella smiled faintly.

"Have I not already told you," she said, "that he left the cottage in the country where we spent the week-end before half-past seven this morning? Naturally, therefore, I did not see him. The servants, however, noticed nothing unusual. Last night Mr. Chetwode here was with us, and he can tell you what was apparent to all of us. Mr. Weatherley seemed then in excellent health and spirits."

Mr. Jarvis had the air of a man hopelessly bewildered. Excellent servant though he was, Nature had not bestowed upon him those gifts that enable a man to meet a crisis firmly.

"Can you suggest anything that we ought to do, madam?" he asked Mrs. Weatherley.

"I think," she replied, "that Mr. Chetwode has something to tell you."

Arnold took the key of the safe from his pocket and turned to the cashier.

"A few days ago, Mr. Jarvis," he said slowly, "Mr. Weatherley placed certain documents in that safe and gave me the key. My instructions from him were to open and examine them with you if he should be for any unexplained cause absent from business."

Mr. Jarvis looked blankly incredulous.

"Goodness gracious!" he murmured weakly. "Why, that looks almost as though he expected something of the sort to happen."

"I think," Arnold continued, "that as it is now past three o'clock and Mr. Weatherley is still absent, we had better open the safe."

He crossed the room as he spoke, fitted the key in the lock and swung the door open. Mrs. Weatherley and the cashier looked over his shoulder. There were only the two letters there. One was addressed to Messrs. Turnbull & James, solicitors; the other jointly to Mr. Jarvis and Mr. Arnold Chetwode.

"There is nothing there for me?" Mrs. Weatherley asked incredulously.

"There is nothing at all," Arnold replied, "unless there may be an inclosure. Mr. Jarvis, will you open this envelope?"

Mr. Jarvis took it to the desk and broke the seal with trembling fingers. He smoothed out the letter, switched on the electric reading light and they all read it at the same time. It was written in Mr. Weatherley's familiar hand, every letter of which was perfectly distinct and legible:

To Jarvis and Chetwode: This is a record of certain instructions that I wish carried out in the event of my unexplained absence from business at any time.

Firstly—The business is to continue exactly as usual and my absence to be alluded to as little as possible. It can be understood that I am away on the Continent or elsewhere on a business voyage.

Secondly—I have deposited a power of attorney at my solicitors, made out in the joint names of Henry Jarvis and Arnold Chetwode. This will enable you both to make and receive contracts on behalf of the firm. As regards financial affairs, Messrs. Neville, the accountants, have already the authority to sign checks, and a representative from their firm will be in attendance each day, or according to your request. My letter to Messrs. Turnbull & James empowers them to make such payments as are necessary, on the joint application of you two, Henry Jarvis and Arnold Chetwode, to whom I address this letter.

Thirdly—I have the most implicit confidence in Henry Jarvis, who has been in my employ for so many years, and I beg him to understand that I associate with him one so much his junior for certain reasons into which I beg that he will not inquire.

Fourthly—I repeat that I desire as little publicity as possible to be given to my absence, and that no money be spent on advertisements or any other form of search. If within two years from the date of the opening of this letter I have not been heard from further, I desire that the usual steps be taken to presume my decease. My will and all further particulars are with Messrs. Turnbull & James.

Fifthly—I desire you to pay to my wife the sum of five hundred pounds monthly. All other matters concerning my private estate, etc., are embodied in the letter to Messrs. Turnbull & James.

They all finished reading the letter about the same time. Mr. Jarvis' bewilderment grew deeper and deeper.

"This is the most extraordinary document I ever read in my life!" he exclaimed. "Why, it seems as though he had gone away somewhere on his own accord. After all it can't be an accident or anything of that sort."

Neither Arnold nor Mrs. Weatherley made any immediate reply. She pointed to the letter.

"When did he write this?" she asked.

"Last Thursday," Arnold answered—"less than a week ago."

She sighed softly.

"Really it is most mysterious," she said. "I wonder whether he can have gone out of his mind suddenly or anything of that sort."

"I have never," Mr. Jarvis declared, "known Mr. Weatherley to display so much acumen and zest in business as during the last few days. Some of his transactions have been most profitable. Every one in the place has remarked upon it."

Mrs. Weatherley took up her lace parasol.

"It is all most bewildering," she pronounced. "I think that it is no use my staying here any longer. I will leave you two to talk of it together. You have doubtless much business to arrange."

"Are you going back to Bourne End or to Hampstead?" Arnold asked.

Mrs. Weatherley hesitated.

"Really I am not quite sure," she replied, meeting his gaze without flinching. "I am beginning to find the heat in town insufferable. I think, perhaps, that I shall go to Bourne End."

"In that case," Arnold said, "will you allow me to see you there tonight?"

"Tonight?" she repeated as though in surprise.

"Without a doubt."

She did not answer him for a moment. Meanwhile the telephone rang, and Mr. Jarvis was presently engrossed in a business conversation with a firm of customers. Arnold lowered his voice a little.

"Our discussion at luncheon was only postponed," he reminded her. "We have seen these documents. We know now that Mr. Weatherley had some reason to fear an interruption to his everyday life. Directly or indirectly that interruption is connected with certain things of which you and I have spoken together. Therefore I am going to ask you to keep your promise. I am going to ask you to tell me everything that you know."

"Are you not afraid," she asked, "that I shall consider you a very inquisitive young man?"

"I am afraid of nothing of the sort," Arnold replied. "Mr. Weatherley's disappearance is too serious a matter for me to take such trifles into account."

She pointed to the letter that still lay upon the table.

"Is it not his expressed wish that you should make no effort toward solving the reasons for his disappearance?"

"There is no reason," Arnold answered doggedly, "why one should not attempt to understand them."

Mr. Jarvis had finished his telephoning. Fenella went to him with outstretched hand.

"Mr. Jarvis," she said, "there is nothing more I can do here. I am very much upset. Will you take me out to my car, please? I know that you will do the very best you can without Mr. Weatherley, and I am glad that you have Mr. Chetwode to help you. I would come down myself sometimes," she added, "but I am sure that I should only be in the way. Good afternoon, Mr. Chetwode!"

"You have not answered my question," he persisted.

She looked at him as a great lady would look at a presuming servant.

"I see no necessity," she replied. "I am too much upset to receive visitors today. If you are ready, Mr. Jarvis."

She left the room without even a backward glance, closely followed by the cashier. Arnold stood looking after the retreating figures for a moment, then he turned away with a hard little laugh. Once more he read and reread Mr. Weatherley's letter. Before he had finished Mr. Jarvis came bustling back into the room.

"Well!" he exclaimed dramatically. "Well!"

Arnold looked across at him.

"It's a queer business, isn't it?" he remarked.

"Queer business, indeed!" Mr. Jarvis repeated, sitting down and wiping his forehead. "It's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of in my life. One doesn't read about such things even in books. Mrs. Weatherley seems to take it quite calmly, but the more I think of it the more confused I become. What are we to do? Shall we go to the police or write to the newspapers? Can't you suggest something?"

Arnold finally laid down the letter, which he now knew pretty well by heart.

"It seems to me, Mr. Jarvis," he said, "that the thing for us to do is to obey orders. Mr. Weatherley expressly writes that he wishes us to take his absence, so far as possible, as a matter of course, and to look after the business. The very fact that he puts it like that makes it quite clear to me that he intends to return. My idea is that we should follow the lines of his letter strictly."

"You are quite right, Chetwode," Mr. Jarvis decided. "I feel exactly that way about the matter myself. We'll go right ahead with those orders now, and we can have

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a chat about the matter again after business hours if you don't mind. It's hard to reconcile oneself to taking this so easily, but I suppose it's the only thing to do. I'll get out in the warehouse now. You had better send that note round to Turnbull's by express messenger and ring up Yardley's about the American contracts."

Mr. Jarvis bustled away. Arnold himself found plenty to do. The business of Samuel Weatherley & Co. must go on whatever happened. He set himself sedulously to make his mind a complete blank. It was not until the offices were closed and he turned at last westward that he permitted himself even to realize this strange thing that had happened. On that first walk was born an impulse that remained with him for many weeks afterward. He found himself always scanning the faces of the streams of people whom he was continually passing, on foot and in vehicles, half expecting that somewhere among them he would catch a glimpse of the features of the lost man.

XXVIII

IN THE twilight of the long spring evening Ruth sat waiting in the bare room that had been Arnold's habitation during the days of his struggle against poverty. She was sitting on the couch drawn up as usual to the window, her elbows upon her knees, her hands supporting her delicate, thoughtful face. Already the color that the sunshine had brought seemed to have been drained from her cheeks. Her eyes were unnaturally bright, her expression seemed to have borrowed something of that wistful earnestness of one of the earlier Madonnas, seeking with pathetic strenuousness to discover the germs of a truth that was as yet unborn. The clouds that hung low over the other side of the river were tinged with an unusual coloring, smoke-stained as they hovered over the chimneys. They grew clearer and more full of amber color as they floated slowly southward. Through the open window came the ceaseless roar of the city, the undernote of grinding, commonplace life, seeking always to stifle and enchain the thoughts that would escape. Before her was spread out a telegram. She had read it until every word was familiar to her. It was from Arnold, and she had received it several hours ago:

> Please be prepared to go out with me directly I return this evening. All well. Love. ARNOLD.

It was past eight o'clock before her vigil was at an end. She listened to his step upon the stairs and as he entered looked at him with all the eagerness of a wistful child tremulously anxious to read his expression. A little wave of tenderness swept in upon him. He forgot in a moment the anxieties and worries of the day and greeted her gayly.

"You got my telegram?"

"You extravagant person!" she answered. "Yes, I have been ready for quite a long time."

He laughed.

"To tell you the truth I didn't even pay for the telegram. As I had to stay late I took the liberty of sending it through the firm's accounts. You see I have become quite an important person in Tooley Street all of a sudden. I'll tell you about it presently. Now hold on tight to your stick. I'm much too impatient to go down the steps one by one. I'm going to carry you all the way."

"But where to?" she asked.

"Leave it to me," he laughed. "There are all sorts of surprises for you. The lady with the wand has been busy."

He carried her downstairs where, to her surprise, she found a taxicab waiting.

"But, Arnold," she exclaimed, "how could you think of such extravagance! You know I can walk quite easily a little distance if I take your arm."

"I'll tell you all about it at dinnertime," he replied.

"Dinnertime?" she cried. "Dinner at this hour?"

"Why not? It's quite the fashionable hour, I can assure you, and to tell you the truth I am half starved."

She resigned herself with a sigh of content. After all it was so delightful to drift like this with some one infinitely stronger to take the responsibility for everything. They drove to a large and popular restaurant close at hand, where Arnold ordered the dinner with frequent corrections from Ruth, who sat with a price-list in her hand. A band was playing the music of the moment. It was all very commonplace, but to Ruth it was like a living chapter out of her book of dreams. Even there, though, the shadow pursued. She could bear the silence no longer. She dropped her voice a little. The place was crowded and there were people at the next table.

"Before I touch anything, Arnold, tell me this: Is there any news of Isaac?"

"None at all," he replied. "It all seemed very alarming to us but it seems to be fizzling out. There is only quite a small paragraph in the evening paper. You can read it."

He drew the paper from his pocket and passed it to her. The paragraph to which he pointed was headed:

> ESCAPE OF AN ANARCHIST FROM ADAM STREET
>
> Up to the time of going to press the man Isaac Lalonde, whom the police failed to arrest last night on a charge not at present precisely stated, has not been apprehended. The police are reticent about the matter, but it is believed that the missing man was connected with a dangerous band of anarchists who have lately come to this country.

"Poor Isaac!" she murmured with a little shiver. "Do you know I remember him years ago when he was the kindest-hearted man breathing. He went to Russia to visit some of his mother's relatives and when he came back everything was changed. He saw injustice everywhere and it seemed almost to unbalance his mind. The very sight of the West End, the crowds coming out of the theaters, the shops in Bond Street, seemed to send him half mad. And it all started, Arnold, with real pity for the poor. It isn't a personal matter with him at any time."

Arnold nodded thoughtfully.

"Poor chap!" he remarked. "Just at first I really used to like talking to him. He was so earnest, and so many of his arguments were absolutely sound."

"It is only lately," Ruth said, "that he has changed so much."

"I think it is quite time that you and he were separated," Arnold declared. "It is evident, nowadays, that he isn't responsible for his actions."

"Separated!" she repeated bitterly. "You talk as though I had a choice of homes."

"You have," he assured her. "However, we won't say anything about that just now. I want to talk about myself."

"And I want to listen, dear!" she exclaimed. "You must tell me what has happened, Arnie. Has Mr. Weatherley taken you into partnership, or has some one of your disagreeable relatives found you out and been pouring money into your pockets?"

"Neither," he replied. "As a matter of fact, there is no Mr. Weatherley just at present."

"No Mr. Weatherley?" she repeated wonderingly. "I don't understand."

The slightly worn look came back to Arnold's face. Young and strong though he was, he was beginning to feel the strain of the last few days.

"A most extraordinary thing has happened, Ruth," he declared—"Mr. Weatherley has disappeared."

She looked at him blankly.

"Disappeared? I don't understand."

"He simply didn't turn up at business this morning," Arnold continued. "He left Bourne End about seven and no one has set eyes on him since."

She was bewildered.

"But how is it that that makes such a difference to you?" she asked. "What can have happened to him?"

"No one knows," he explained; "but in a little safe of which he had given me the key he left behind some letters with instructions that during his absence from business Mr. Jarvis and I should jointly take charge. I can't really imagine why I should have been put in such a position, but there it is. The solicitors have been down this afternoon, and I am drawing six pounds a week and a bonus."

She took his hand in hers and patted it gently.

"I am so very glad, Arnold," she said; "so very, very glad that the days of your loneliness are over. Now you will be able to go and take some comfortable rooms somewhere and make the sort of friends you ought to have. Didn't I always foretell it?" she went on. "I used to try to fancy sometimes that the ships we saw were bringing treasure for me, too, but I never really believed that. It wasn't quite likely."

He turned and looked at her. The first flush of excitement had left her cheeks. She was very pale and her soft gray eyes shone like stars. Her mouth was tremulous. It was the passing of a single impulse of self-pity.

"Foolish little girl!" he exclaimed under his breath. "You don't really suppose that the treasure that came for me wasn't yours too? But there, we'll talk about our plans later on. At present what you have to do is to eat and to drink that glass of Burgundy and to listen to me. I want to talk about myself."

It was the subtlest way to distract her thoughts. She listened to him with keen interest while he talked of his day's work. It was not until she mentioned Fenella's name that his face clouded over.

"Curiously enough Mrs. Weatherley is displeased with me. I should have thought it entirely through her influence and suggestions that Mr. Weatherley had been so kind to me, but today I asked her some questions that I felt I had a right to ask, and have been told to mind my own business. She left me at the office without even saying 'Good afternoon!'"

"What sort of questions?"

"I don't know that I can tell you exactly what the questions were," Arnold continued, "because they concerned some matters in which Mrs. Weatherley and her brother were chiefly concerned. To tell you the truth, ever since that night when I went to Hampstead to dine the oddest things seem to have happened to me. I have to pinch myself sometimes to realize that this is London and that I am a clerk in the office of a wholesale provision merchant. When I let myself go I seem to have been living in an unreal world full of strange excitements—a veritable Arabian Nights."

"There was that terrible murder," she murmured. "You saw that, didn't you?"

He nodded.

"Not only saw it," he agreed, "but I seem, somehow, to have been mixed up with people who know a great deal about it. However, I have been told to mind my own business and I am going to. I have plenty to occupy my thoughts in Tooley Street. I am going to close in my little world and live there. The rest I am going to forget."

"You are coming back!" she whispered with a joy in her tone that amazed him.

"I suppose I am," he admitted. "I like and admire Mrs. Weatherley's brother, Count Sabatini, and I have a genuine affection for Mrs. Weatherley, but I don't understand them. I don't understand these mysterious matters in which they seem mixed up."

"I do not believe," she declared, "that Count Sabatini would be mixed up in anything dishonorable. Women so seldom make a mistake, you know," she continued, "and I never met any one in my life who seemed so kind and gentle."

Arnold sighed.

"I wish I could tell you everything," he said; "then I think you would really be as bewildered as I am. Mr. Weatherley's disappearance coming on the top of it all simply makes my brain reel. I can't do anything to help straighten things out. Therefore I am going to do what I am told—I am going to mind my own business."

"To think only of Tooley Street," she murmured.

"I shall find it quite enough," he answered. "I want to understand all the details of the business, and it isn't easy at first. Mr. Jarvis is very sound and good, but he's a very small man moving in a very small way. Even Mr. Weatherley used to laugh at his methods."

She was silent for several moments. He studied her expression curiously.

"You don't believe that I shall be able to immerse myself in business?" he asked.

"It isn't exactly that," she replied. "I believe that you mean to try and I believe that to some extent you will succeed, but I think, Arnold, that before very long you will hear the voices calling again from the world where these strange things happened. You are not made of the clay, dear, that resists forever."

He moved uneasily in his seat. Her words sounded ominous. He was suddenly conscious that his present state of determination was the result of a battle, and that the war was not yet ended.

"She is so beautiful, that Mrs. Weatherley," Ruth continued, clasping her hands together and looking for a moment away from her surroundings. "No one could be blamed for climbing a little way out of the dull world if she held out her hands. I have seen so little of Mrs. Weatherley or Count Sabatini, Arnold, but I do know that they both of them have that curious gift—would you call it charm?—the gift of creating affection. No one has ever spoken to me more kindly and more graciously than Count Sabatini did when he sat by my side on the lawn. What is that gift, Arnold? Do you know that with every word he spoke I felt that he was not in the least a stranger? There was something familiar about his voice, his manner—everything."

"I think that they are both quite wonderful people," Arnold admitted.

"Mrs. Weatherley, too, was kind," Ruth went on, "but I felt that she did not like me very much. She has an interest in you and like all women she was a little jealous—not in the ordinary way, I don't mean," she corrected herself hastily, "but no woman likes any one in whom she takes an interest to be very kind to any one else."

They were drinking their coffee. The band was playing the latest waltz. It was all very commonplace, but they were both young and uncritical. The waltz was one that Fenella had played after dinner at Bourne End while they had sat out in the garden lingering over their dessert. A flood of memories stirred him. The soft sensuousness of that warm spring night, with its perfumed silence, its subtly luxurious setting, stole through his senses like a narcotic. Ruth was right. It was not going to be so easy! He called for his bill and paid it. Ruth laid her fingers upon his arm.

"Arnold," she began timidly, "there is something more. I scarcely know how to say it to you and yet it ought not to be difficult. You talk all the time as though you were my brother or as though it were your duty to help me. It isn't so, dear, really, is it? If you could manage to lend me your room for one week I think that I might be able to help myself a little. There is a place the clergyman told us of who came to see me once ——"

Arnold interrupted her almost roughly. A keen pang of remorse assailed him. He knew very well that if she had not been intuitively conscious of some change in him the thought that prompted her words would never have entered her brain.

"Don't let me hear you mention it!" he exclaimed. "I have made all the arrangements. It wouldn't do for me to live in an attic now that I am holding a responsible position in the city. Come along. Lean on my arm and mind the corner."

They had purposely chosen a table close to the door, so they had only a few steps to take. Arnold called a taxi and handed Ruth in before he told the man the address.

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"Now close your eyes," Arnold insisted when they were finally comfortably settled together in the cab.

Ruth did as she was told.

"I feel that it is all wrong," she murmured, leaning back, "but it is like little bits out of a fairy book and tonight I feel so weak and you are so strong. It isn't any use my saying anything, Arnold, is it?"

"Not a bit," he said. "All you have to do is to wait."

In less than ten minutes the cab stopped. He hurried her into the entrance hall of a tall somewhat somber building. A man in uniform rang a bell and the lift came down. They went up, it seemed to Ruth, seven or eight flights. When they stepped out her knees were trembling. He caught her up and carried her down a corridor. Then he fitted a key from his pocket into a lock and threw open the door. There was a little hall inside with three doors. He pushed open the first; it was a small bedroom plainly but not unattractively furnished. He carried her a little way farther down the corridor and threw open another door—a tiny sitting room with a fire burning.

"Our new quarters!" he exclaimed cheerfully. "The room at the other end of the passage is mine. A pound a week and a woman to come in and light the fires! Mr. Jarvis let me have some money and I paid three months' rent in advance. What do you think of them?"

"I can't think," she whispered—"I can't!"

He picked her up and carried her to the window.

"This is my real surprise, dear," he announced in a tone of triumph. "Look!"

The blind flew up at his touch. On the other side of the street was a row of houses over which they looked. Beyond was the river, the dark waters of which were brightly gleaming in the moonlight.

On their left were the Houses of Parliament all illuminated; on their right the long double line of lights shining upon the water at which they had gazed so often.

"The lighted way, dear," he murmured, holding her a little more closely to him. "While I am down in the city you can sit here and watch, and you can see the ships much farther off than you could ever see them from Adam Street. You can see the bend too. It's always easier, isn't it, to fancy that something is coming into sight round the corner?"

She was not looking. Her head was buried upon his shoulder. Arnold was puzzled by her silence.

"Look up, Ruth dear," he begged. "I want you to look now—look along the lighted way and hold my hand very tightly. Don't you think that, after all, one of your ships has come home?"

She lifted her face, wet with tears, and looked in the direction where he pointed. Arnold, who felt nothing himself but a thrill of pleasure at his new quarters, was puzzled at a certain trouble that he seemed to see in her features, a faint hopelessness of expression. She looked where he pointed, but there was none of the eager expectancy of a few weeks ago.

"It is beautiful, Arnold," she murmured, "but I can't talk just now."

"I am going to leave you to get over it," he declared. "I am off now to fetch the luggage. You won't be afraid to be left here?"

She shook her head. A certain look of relief flashed across her face.

"No, I shall not be afraid," she answered.

He wheeled the easy chair up to the window which he had flung wide open. He placed a cushion at the back of her head and left her with a cheerful word. She heard his steps go down the corridor, the rattle of the lift as it descended. Then her lips began to tremble and the sobs to shake her shoulders. She held out her hands toward that line of lights at which he had pointed and her fingers were clenched.

"It is because—I am like this!" she cried half hysterically. "I don't count!"

XXIX

THERE was an air of subdued excitement about the offices of Messrs. Samuel Weatherley & Co. from nine until half-past on the following morning. For so many years his clerks had been accustomed to see Mr. Weatherley stroll in somewhere about that time, his cigar in his mouth, his silk hat always at the same angle, that it seemed hard for them to believe that this morning they would not hear the familiar footstep and greeting. Every time a shadow passed the window heads were eagerly raised. The sound of the bell on the outside door brought every one to their feet. They were all on tiptoe of expectation. The time, however, came and passed. The letters were all opened and Mr. Jarvis and Arnold were occupying the private office. Already invoices were being distributed and orders entered up. The disappearance of Mr. Weatherley was a thing established. Mr. Jarvis was starting the day in a pessimistic frame of mind.

"You may take my word for it, Chetwode," he said solemnly to his companion after he had finished going through the letters, "that we shall never see the governor again."

Arnold was startled.

"Have you heard anything?" he asked.

Mr. Jarvis admitted gloomily that he had heard nothing.

"It's my belief that nothing more will be heard," he added, "until his body's found."

"Rubbish!" Arnold declared. "Mr. Weatherley wasn't the sort of man to commit suicide."

Mr. Jarvis looked around the office as though he almost feared that the ghost of his late employer might be listening.

"It is my belief," he said impressively, "that we none of us knew the sort of man Mr. Weatherley was, or rather the sort of man he has become since his marriage."

"I don't see what his marriage with Mrs. Weatherley could have had to do with his disappearance," Arnold remarked.

Mr. Jarvis looked foolishly wise from behind his gold-rimmed spectacles.

"You haven't had the opportunity of watching the governor as I have since his marriage," he declared. "Take my advice, Chetwode. You are not married, I presume?"

(Continued on Page 41)



"There is Nothing There for Me?" Mrs. Weatherley Asked Incredulously

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 24, 1912

Getting Action on the Tariff

THE House bill on iron and steel is a conservative tariff-reform measure. It takes off the duty of fifteen cents a ton on iron ore and moderately reduces the other duties in the metal schedule. The average of those duties under the Payne-Aldrich Act is thirty-four and a half per cent. Under this bill the average would be twenty-two and a half per cent—a moderate reduction, indeed, in view of conditions that have been proved by abundant evidence.

Standpat Republicans, however, meet this reasonable measure with the same dreary old patter about the pauper labor of Europe, the prostration of American industry, the impoverishment of American workmen. Taking twelve per cent off the Steel Trust's protection is equivalent in their minds to ruining the country.

We suppose our readers are as tired of the tariff as we are. For four years that subject has pretty constantly monopolized politics. In four successive sessions of Congress it has held the center of the stage. It has been endlessly debated from every angle. There is no question whatever that the country wants a reasonable reduction of tariff duties; but, as long as a standpat Republican is left in Washington, all tariff reduction, no matter how moderate, will be resisted to the last ditch. Another election—another and still more decisive defeat of that faction—may be necessary before we can get any downward tariff revision.

Murder and the Courts

THE annual report of New York's police commissioner shows that during 1911 one hundred and forty-eight murders were committed in that city, but only thirteen murderers were convicted—and not one was executed. For the three preceding years the annual average was one hundred and seventeen murders and twenty-five convictions. For the same three years the annual average in the metropolitan police district of London, containing a population of about seven millions, was twenty murders, while fifteen murderers were convicted or committed suicide.

Why does New York, in proportion to population, have nearly eight times as many murders as London? Principally, we believe, because murder involves less risk in New York than in London, where, three times out of four, the murderer suffers death or long imprisonment, and the punishment very swiftly follows the crime.

Responsibility for this scandalous American condition rests, first of all, upon the courts. They, quite as much as the legislatures, have made the administration of justice a protracted game in which any criminal with a capable lawyer stands a fine sporting chance to win. When we can hand even one murderer out of three over to punishment within a year after the commission of the crime our murder rate will begin to fall.

The Boom in Canada

SOME measure of the boom our Canadian neighbors are enjoying may be obtained from the record of building operations in the Dominion. Returns from thirty-five Canadian cities, compared with like returns from two hundred and six cities in the United States, show that, two years ago, Canada invested in new buildings only seven cents to our dollar; whereas last year she spent fourteen cents to our dollar. In two years her building operations have almost doubled.

The boom spirit is evidently in the air across the border. Governmental or government-aided projects are under way, or under discussion, that make our own little venture at Panama look quite modest. The government is building eighteen hundred miles of railroad from Winnipeg to New Brunswick, at a cost likely to reach a hundred and fifty million dollars, and is aiding by guaranty of bonds another line from Winnipeg to the Pacific Coast. It will also probably undertake a road to Hudson Bay, with steamships to Europe, involving fifty million dollars or so. It is proposed to deepen the Welland Canal at a cost of twenty millions; and there is even talk of a Georgian Bay Canal that will take a hundred millions. The government is expected also to aid liberally in improving country roads.

These things help to make booms—which sometimes come to unhappy ends. We hope Canada's boom, like the brook, will go on forever.

Dreadnoughts and Socialism

THE German government fared as badly in the recent general election as the most ardent revolutionist could reasonably have expected. The Socialists more than doubled their strength in the Reichstag and now have a larger number of seats than any other single party, while the Liberals and the Radicals together have nearly as many more. The conservative coalition upon which the government depended to rule the last Reichstag has been reduced to a minority.

Organs of the government recognize the gravity of the situation; but the most influential and "inspired" among them insist that this Socialist-Radical-Liberal Reichstag must adopt certain governmental measures that are vitally necessary to the empire. First among these measures is the "strengthening of the army and navy."

Ever since the general elections of 1907 the government has been engaged, first of all, in strengthening the army and navy, and levying new taxes to foot the bills. Its out-and-out supporters have now lost forty-seven seats to the Socialists, and its occasional supporters have lost ten more. Very likely the government will find means to force increased military appropriation bills through this Reichstag—thereby giving the Socialists another powerful boost at the next general election. Socialism on the Continent and its equivalent in England promise to become the means of stopping this vastly burdensome governmental game of outmatching one another in battalions and dreadnoughts.

Could New York Have Done Worse?

YEARS ago the city of New York built a passenger subway which has been immensely profitable. For a long time there has been agitation for additional subways. The old one is crowded. Sections of the city which it does not reach have become populous and are crying for better transportation. The profits of the present subway would furnish a basis for credit upon which all the capital necessary to build additional subways could be raised; but the city has never received a dollar of those profits. They have all gone to the private corporation that leased the subway.

Even without that basis of credit the city could raise money to build new subways; but to give satisfactory service all the subways, old and new, should be operated as a unit—and the private corporation, under its lease, has control of the old subway for more than half a century to come. The company proposes to coöperate with the city in building additional subways, furnishing seventy-odd million dollars of the necessary capital, while the city furnishes fifty-odd millions—upon the condition, however, that it shall receive eight and three-quarter per cent interest on its total investment for the next fifty years. That is the price it demands for coöperating.

When New York built the original subway people were mightily afraid of "municipal ownership"—or, in this case, municipal operation. They said such a proceeding was sure to be exceedingly extravagant; but we doubt if any extravagance in municipal operation would have cost the city as much as the price it is now required to pay to the leasing company.

Cautious British Radicalism

THE Lloyd George insurance bill is a very radical act. In providing state-aided compulsory insurance for workmen against loss from sickness it drew upon German experience; but in extending such insurance on a large scale to loss of wages through unemployment it entered virtually unbroken ground. The innovation, however, proceeds with characteristic British caution. Insurance against unemployment is limited to a few trades—shipbuilding, housebuilding, engineering, coachbuilding, iron-founding and sawmilling. Each workman in those trades contributes two and a half pence weekly to the fund, his employer also contributes two and a half pence, while the Government contributes whatever amount—up to three million pounds a year—may be found to be necessary.

The unemployed workman receives from the fund seven shillings a week for fifteen weeks, if he is out of work that long, provided he has made five contributions to the fund for every weekly allowance paid to him out of it. A workman who has made five hundred weekly contributions is entitled to receive back whatever amount he has paid in excess of the benefits he has received.

The step itself is radical, but in taking it great prudence is exercised, the result being probably a workable scheme which will yield a fund of experience by which future legislation in that line may be guided. England has never hesitated to take radical steps that seemed necessary—up to decapitating a king—but she has always gone about it in the most methodical, businesslike way, with an eye single to the actual conditions in hand and quite untroubled by anybody's general theories.

By creating labor exchanges that are charged with large public powers and responsibilities, this insurance law may lead to an important reorganization of the industrial situation—a reorganization that we would call socialistic. But what anybody calls it or theorizes about it will not bother Parliament if the new institutions meet a practical difficulty in a practical way.

Backward Children in School

NOWADAYS much thought is given to the backward child in school. Virtually every public school contains pupils brighter or more diligent than the average, who go ahead of the grades where they would normally be found; also it contains pupils who fall behind their grades. On the face of the returns, the latter greatly predominate. A report from one city shows that the schooltime lost by the backward compares with that gained by the forward as twenty-eight to one; in another city the ratio is one hundred and fifty to one.

A good authority calculates that the backward make up about one-third of the total school membership in the average city, "and are a great, if not the greatest, school problem."

Experts usually consider this subject from the point of view of the backward pupil; but what about the pupils constituting two-thirds of the whole, who are not backward? How much is their school progress retarded by the less apt or less studious? The tendency must be to fix the grades according to the average progress—an average that is pulled down by the backward pupil, even though he falls below the average and misses his grade.

There may be in a given school twenty-eight pupils who fall behind their grades and only one who goes ahead of his grade; but it is quite safe to assume that others could go ahead of their grades if the work were so cut out as to call forth their best efforts. Slowly the schools are breaking away from the old system of prescribing the same dose for every mind.

The Benefits of Party

WHY, asks the student, should a man be elected mayor of Chicago because he is a Democrat or a Republican? Why should a governor of New York be chosen on national party lines?

The best answer is found in such documents as the report of a gubernatorial commission on the management of state prisons in New York over a ten-year period. That management, the report finds, was a "riot of waste and wrongdoing."

With the free labor of forty-four hundred men and no overhead charges, prison industries produced less than a million dollars a year. The superintendent of industries at Sing Sing "uniformly violated the law by opening bids in private, communicating the contents to favored bidders and relaxing the specifications in their interest. He paid outlawed and unauthorized bills, and repeatedly used prison labor and material for private purposes"—and so on.

The point is that this commission was appointed by a Democratic governor and the management which it investigated was Republican. Usually, when control of a great city or state shifts from one party to the other, the first business of the new incumbents is to investigate and report upon the graft, waste and mismanagement of their predecessors.

Usually, also, they know exactly where to look for it—in the places, that is, which were characterized by graft, mismanagement and waste the last time they were in power.

This is the important benefit of national party control in state and local affairs. Periodically, as control shifts from one party to the other, citizens are officially advised as to how thoroughly they have been "done" by those who previously were supposed to be looking out for the public welfare.

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



Marcus Aurelius
Senator-Elect From Arizona



Hoke
Senator From Georgia



John W.
Senator From Maryland



Ellison D.
Senator From South Carolina



William A.
Senator From Michigan

The Smith Family Congress

WE LIVE in an age of classification. Gathering correlated concomitants into neat little bunches and filing them—the bunches—away is an occupation all and sundry are extremely keen about. Many a rising young business or professional man, enthusiastic about scientific management, has to spend so much time over his card indexes he has no opportunity to attend to the business and persons and what-not on the cards.

Still, we must have classification—we positively must! Where, may I ask, should we be if William James, for example, had not classified philosophy for us? Struggling along, I dare say, not knowing who the empiricists are, or who the positivists—to say nothing of being completely in the dark as to whether Hegel was a bird or a buccaneer, or Comte an actor or an acrobat. A sad state of affairs, I should remark!

Hitherto, it has been somewhat nugatory to classify United States senators, owing to the fact that there are some ninety-odd of them and that this entails some ninety-odd classifications—a labor distinctly not worth its pains. Now, however, has come a time when an apt classification can be made; to which pleasing task I shall address myself.

Proceeding in a broad and virile manner, I arbitrarily separate the United States Senate into two general divisions—Smiths and non-Smiths. Numerically the non-Smiths predominate in the ratio of about eighteen to one. As will be observed, if there were enough Smiths present in the Senate to reduce that ratio to sixteen to one the fact would be significant—provided it had any significance; but, letting it stand at eighteen to one, or thereabout, for the purposes of this discussion it will be timely to consider the Smiths first, to classify the Smiths, leaving the remainder of non-essential non-Smiths for future consideration.

There are at present four Smiths in the United States Senate, and another Smith presently will be wished on that deliberative, deliberate and desultory body. Thus, for all purposes, there are five senatorial Smiths—to wit: William Alden, of Michigan; John Walter, of Maryland; Ellison DuRant, of South Carolina; Hoke, of Georgia; and Marcus Aurelius, of Arizona. It will be observed instantly that, though the North has but one Smith, the South has three and the Southwest one. Hence it must be clear that in the production of statesmen named Smith, and smithistically, the South is much more fertile than the North, which is very important and is respectfully referred to the Bureau of Ethnology.

How to Know the Smiths

THIS point clearly determined, naught remains but the proper and judicious classification of the Smiths, the questions involved being entirely judicable and also justiciable, as Mr. Taft has frequently said in referring to the efforts of Mr. Andrew Carnegie to obtain international arbitration and keep his name in the papers at one and the same time. The statement cannot be controverted successfully that the mere fact that a man is named Smith confers on him no distinction over a man named Schnitzel; but—and here is the nubbin of the contention—the fact that a senator is named Smith does confer on him a certain prominence that demands and shall have investigation.

What, then, are the points of divergence from other Smiths that occur to the classifier when examining the senatorial Smiths, and what are the characteristics that are in common possessed? And how do these Smiths differ one from another? And what is the predominating characteristic of each? Volumes might be written in answer to these—apparently—simple questions; but it is snowing, and a single illuminating flash on each Smith must suffice, especially as the immutable identity of the ego is freely determined by the ultimate coördination of the inner consciousness with the outer circumstances, as somebody said just before they put him in a padded cell.

Bearing this in mind, we have five Smiths—five senatorial, significant Smiths—each of whom is preëminent in his own peculiar way and who may be thus differentiated:

Saccharous or Sugary Smith;
Silent Smith;
Sensitive Smith;
Slick Smith;
Sedulous Smith.

Sugary Smith is William A., of Michigan, than whom, I make bold to say, there is no greater living exponent of the glad hand in politics in a nation that has progressed for years—politically—through the salvey medium of shaking hands. A soft answer, with William Alden, may be collateral for a vote at some future time; and a warm handclasp may be remembered on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in some bleak but decisive November. When William Alden grabs your hand it is to have and to hold until he has given you seventeen lumps of conversational sugar, has dripped a round dozen of melting smiles on you, has affectionately clapped you on the shoulder and told you how highly he approves of you and your family and all your voting acquaintances—the warmth of his greeting is only excelled by the fervor of his parting.

Silent Smith is John Walter, of Maryland, who rarely speaks unless to deprecate the Russian position as regards passports for American citizens, there being a large Hebrew population in Baltimore. He is a handsome man and of great power in Democratic politics in his state; also, not without reward for his activity—for we find he has been successively in the Maryland state senate, in Congress, governor, and now is senator, which is progression if not progressiveness, and brings to mind the old saying that silence is golden—though, for the matter of that, they usually pay in checks for statesmen's services performed; but it is all one when it comes to being on the payroll of an appreciative state or nation. John Walter is a lumberman in a business way and knows how to roll logs, to hew to the line, to build foursquare and to collect his bills.

Sensitive Smith is Ellison DuRant, of South Carolina. And what makes him so sensitive? asks the curious party on my left. The woes of the common people, dear sir—the woes of the common people. Possessed of a tender and sympathetic spirit, it causes him great pain to observe the velvet-shod feet of the criminal rich treading on the bleeding hearts of the prostrate poor, as he once observed; though it is quite apparent the criminal rich would have achieved greater results had they worn hobnailed shoes. Still, the criminal rich down in South Carolina probably wear velvet on their aristocratic feet. Ellison DuRant weeps bitterly every time he thinks of the price of cotton and is esteemed an orator in his section of the country. Probably there is no more sensitive man in public life than Ellison DuRant—certainly no more sensitive Smith. He quivers like an aspen at the mere mention of any atrocity on the dear people that may be perpetrated anywhere—and especially in the cotton belt. His soul revolts. And when his soul revolts his vocabulary revolves.

Then there is Slick Smith—Hoke. The efforts of many Georgians for many years have been devoted to putting Hoke in a hole and filling the hole. The net result, at this writing, is that Hoke is a United States senator from Georgia and likely to be for some time to come. It has always so happened that, when the hole was ready for Hoke, Hoke was unready for the hole. The hole and Hoke were not in conjunction, so to speak. There never has been a minute, for years and years and years, when Hoke has not had accurate and exhaustive information as to his number; and every time they have had him pinned to the mat he has wriggled out. Slick Smith describes Hoke; for when you come to consider the intricacies of Georgia politics the man who can last as long as Hoke has—and get as much—certainly is slick, smooth, polished, and even glossy.

Which brings us to the Sedulous Smith—Mark, of Arizona. A true Smith is Mark. For twenty-five years he has had but one ambition, desire, preference—the same being to get into the United States Senate. Hence he is in the United States Senate—or will be; which may not mean that all sedulous Smiths can be senators, but does mean that one sedulous Smith can be—which is the proposition that most intimately concerns Mark.

Judicial Credit

ONCE when Chief Justice Waite, of the United States Supreme Court, was presiding, he received an urgent call to Baltimore. It was imperative that he should go at once.

He left the bench and hurried to the old Baltimore and Ohio station, then not far from the Capitol. As he stepped up to the ticket window he found he had no money with him.

"My friend," said the Chief Justice, "it is imperative that I shall go to Baltimore at once. I have no money with me. I am the Chief Justice. Will you kindly let me have a return ticket and I will reimburse you tomorrow?"

The ticket agent laughed. "You'll have to come stronger than that, old chap," he said. "Almost every day some chief justice or other tries to beat me out of a ticket."

The Chief Justice turned away. He approached several prosperous appearing persons in the waiting room and each time was scornfully refused a loan. He hurried across the street to a hotel and entered the barroom. "My dear sir," he said to the bartender, "do you know me?"

"Nope."

"I am Chief Justice Waite of the United States Supreme Court."

"What do you want—a drink?"

"No, sir, I want you to let me have twenty dollars. I have suddenly been called to Baltimore, a train leaves in a few minutes, and I discover I have no means on my person. Will you do it?"

"Sure!" said the bartender, and he took twenty dollars out of the drawer and handed it to the Chief Justice.

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UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM



GOVERNMENT AND BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 10)

or more consists of foodstuffs—in which the Beef Trust plays no inconsiderable part. Analyze the remainder—consisting of "manufactures for further use in manufacturing" and "manufactures ready for use"—and you will find either a trust or some very powerful business concerns behind nearly every large item.

First, there are iron and steel manufactures, other than machinery, amounting to over a hundred million dollars. It is well known that the Steel Trust, though doing rather less than half of the total domestic business, does over three-fourths of the total export business. Only a little smaller are the exports of petroleum products, in which we recognize our old friend the Oil Trust. Copper that has passed through some stage of manufacture accounts for over ninety million dollars—and copper is hardly a small man's game. Exports of machinery and electrical apparatus come to about a hundred million dollars and are handled largely by concerns of trust size. Agricultural implements, railroad cars and carriages are exported in the main by the Harvester Trust and other concerns possessing capital that runs far into the millions. So you can go through the list and realize that our exporting, aside from raw materials, where we have a natural advantage, is done by Big Business.

Competitive exporting nowadays demands a big, expensive organization. In England and Belgium, to some extent in France and Italy, but especially in Germany, the Government itself supplies this organization, or at least a very important part of it. Quite recently our Government has begun to do something in that line; but as yet it is only a beginning. The Bureau of Manufactures—for which a more correct name would probably be the Bureau of Commerce—is the organ of our Government charged particularly with this work. A report by the Department of Commerce and Labor in 1907 contains the following:

"The office of the American consul-general at Berlin and that of the German consul-general at New York may be considered of equal importance to their respective countries. The staff of our consulate-general at Berlin consists of the consul-general, the deputy consul-general, drawing a salary of a thousand dollars a year—he being the acting consul-general in the absence of his chief and being charged with responsible work all the time—and three clerks drawing still smaller salaries; in all a staff of five persons."

The Fruits of Organization

"The staff of the German consulate-general at New York consists of the consul-general, one consul, three vice-consuls, one commercial attaché, and a force of translators and clerks, making a total staff of about thirty persons—or more than that of our Bureau of Manufactures, which is charged with the promotion of the commerce of this country with the entire world.

"As a result of such equipment our consuls have not sufficient time for study and investigation, as most of their time is taken up with routine work; while the Foreign Office and the Department of Commerce in Germany are promptly supplied with up-to-date information on any matter which may have the remotest bearing upon German interests in the United States, or upon German-American relations anywhere in the world, because they have men with expert knowledge and free from routine work stationed in the principal centers of the world for that purpose."

We are doing a little better than that now; but the total appropriation for our Bureau of Manufactures last year was eighty-five thousand and one hundred dollars. Probably the Steel Trust alone spends as much for the purpose of keeping in touch with steel-trade conditions throughout the world. This comprehensive organization is necessary if one is to do a competitive export business nowadays. Our big exporters, of course, have such organizations, keeping them in intimate touch with trade conditions and changes. The difference is that the information and the promoting work done by the German Government are free to everybody; while the Steel Trust and Oil Trust naturally are not handing out their information to a would-be rival or advising him of such new openings for foreign trade as may turn up.

The industrial rise of Germany is the most remarkable business story of modern times—much more remarkable, in fact, than the coincidental rise of the United States. Rather less than two generations ago, Germany was in the rear of the procession industrially. From a business point of view she resembled the Middle Ages rather than modern Europe. She was an old country, of course, and had no such vast stores of untapped natural resources as the United States. At present her foreign trade about equals our own. The chief cause of this rise, no doubt, is found in comprehensive and efficient organization with the Government leading.

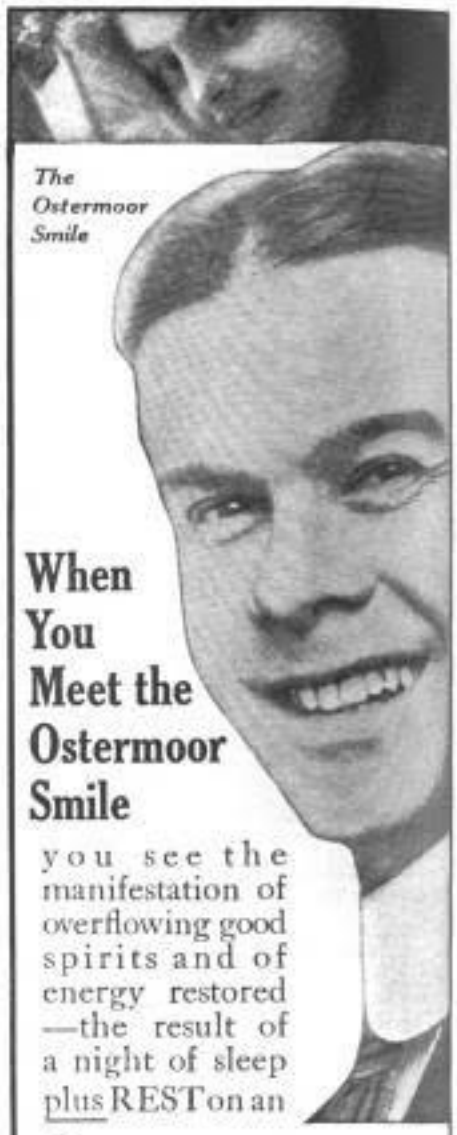
How the Germans Watch Trade

The empire now is divided into about one hundred and forty chamber-of-commerce districts, and the chambers of commerce are so intimately linked with the Government that they may be considered fairly a part of it. By undisputed practice the Minister of Commerce exercises a large measure of control over them, directing the establishment of a new chamber wherever one seems needed, and ordering the consolidation or even dissolution of old ones when that seems expedient. The secretary of each chamber of commerce is virtually a Government official, and other members are given the courtesies due Government officials. The chambers are required to make annual reports to the Government, dealing exhaustively with trade, labor and industrial conditions in their districts. The Government calls upon them at other times for reports and opinions. The chambers in certain cases appoint expert investigators. Incidentally they have certain powers to prevent business frauds, for they can stop the payment of postal-money orders to a questionable concern, or veto the organization of a new company that appears to be of the get-rich-quick order.

These semiofficial chambers of commerce are the primary means of communication between the Government and business of all sorts all over the empire. For example, any disadvantage that a German exporter encounters or any influence that works anywhere against him in foreign trade is at once brought to the notice of his chamber of commerce, which looks over the case and quickly gets the ear of the Government if the obstacle is of a sort that governmental action of any kind might remove. All sorts of trade questions go to the Government through the chamber of commerce in the district where they arise. On the other hand the Government works through the chambers of commerce in distributing information, and so on. The chambers of commerce also take a hand in promoting and supporting commercial schools, lectures on foreign trade, and the like. The chambers of commerce, in fact, supply the groundwork of a comprehensive organization that keeps the Government immediately in touch with trade. All this, you will say, sounds very "paternalistic." Probably it does; but it brings results, as any one can see by glancing at the imposing figures of German commerce.

Some time ago a convention was held in Prague for the purpose of considering the foreign trade of the dual empire. An imperial councilor pointed out that in twenty-five years exports from Germany had increased two hundred and twenty per cent, while exports from Austria-Hungary had increased only seventy per cent; and during the same period the annual emigration from Germany had declined from two hundred and ten thousand to thirty-one thousand, though emigration from Austria-Hungary had increased from seventy-four thousand to two hundred and sixty-two thousand. Austria-Hungary is larger than the German Empire, not much less populous and probably little inferior in natural resources; but its foreign trade is much less than one-third that of Germany, and in ten years more than two millions of its subjects have emigrated to the United States. The imperial councilor was of opinion that teamwork in promoting Austria-Hungary's trade would be beneficial.

For a long while business in this country has been hampered by conflicting state laws. For example, business is largely carried on by means of negotiable instruments, such as drafts and notes, and negotiable instruments used in business are



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The Wee Girl and the Big Man both like

Post Toasties

—thin bits of corn, first cooked, then toasted to a golden brown.

Usually the liking extends to the whole family.

The housewife likes this food, not only for its appetizing goodness, but because of its convenience. It requires no cooking—ready to serve instantly from the package with cream.

For breakfast; for lunch when the hungry little folks come from school; or for supper when something particularly dainty is wanted.

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constantly crossing state lines; but each state has its own laws governing negotiable instruments and the laws of nearly every state differed at some point or other from the laws of nearly every other state. Almost thirty years ago a movement was started to remedy the useless and vexatious conflict in state laws concerning certain subjects where uniformity would benefit everybody and injure no one. In 1889 the American Bar Association appointed a committee, consisting of one representative from each state, to deal with the subject. Following that, various states, by legislation or act of the governor, appointed commissioners "for the promotion of uniformity of legislation in the United States," and the commissioners began holding annual conventions.

Getting commissioners appointed was far easier than getting their recommendations acted upon however. Fifteen years ago, after long deliberation in which legal talent representing nearly all the states took part, a uniform negotiable-instrument act was drawn up. In 1898 New York, Connecticut, Colorado and Florida adopted this uniform act. One by one other states fell into line, until in 1910, as a result of nearly fifteen years' work, thirty-six states had adopted it.

There was really no valid objection to this uniform act. It simply removed from the path of business certain obstructions from which nobody derived any honest benefit. The slowness with which the legislatures, on the whole, responded suggests that politics in this country takes comparatively little interest in business—by which I mean business in the mass and not certain particular businesses that make a business of taking an interest in politics.

The Privilege of Scrambling

We are doing decidedly better now, thanks to fifteen years of effort and agitation. Thus, in 1910, twenty states adopted the uniform warehouse-receipts act which was brought forward less than five years before; but it took a long, hard pull to get legislatures really interested in this subject of removing the obstacles to business that arise from senseless conflict between the laws of different states.

It is, of course, undeniable that politics and Government have very often been tenderly responsive to the wants of certain particular businesses—which could make it worth while. Perhaps that is one reason why there is in many quarters a superstitious dread of advocating anything that might be beneficial to business in its bigger forms. I am not speaking, however, of special favors to special businesses, but of the general attitude of the Government toward business as a whole. We are said to be the most commercial and businesslike of people, but it seems fair to say we have about the least commercial and businesslike of Governments. There is still, for one thing, too much hankering to pose as St. George slaying the dragon.

The old theory was that the Government should stand aside, leave a clear field and let everybody scramble for himself. That theory obviously is passing away. Some of us scrambled far too successfully. Along with the newer, restrictive policy, there should be a more intelligent and open-minded constructive policy.

A Professional Gossip

THERE is an elderly yet still active spinster in an Eastern city who long has supported herself by manicuring the city's highborn at their homes.

In addition, she has developed recently still another way of adding to her income—a fact, however, that is not generally known to her patrons.

One of these ladies, a well-known society woman, began a short time ago to be mystified and at the same time a good deal put out by the appearance in print of several extremely intimate happenings in her household. While she was still puzzling over the matter the elderly manicure arrived, and in a pause during the finger-trimming séance blandly inquired: "Say, you don't know any gossip, do you—any real live items?"

"Items?" gasped the astonished lady, with a sudden strong suspicion. "By any chance do you mean items for the newspapers?"

"Why, yes'm," the manicure mildly answered. "I get fifty cents apiece for plain items and a dollar if they're scandals."



"Yes. Now-a-days housekeeping means home-keeping."

"BUT doesn't it mean a lot of drudgery just the same—specially in the culinary department?"

"No, not if you manage right. I have all the handy contrivances that save more than they cost. And we never make our own soup. I use

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So do thousands of careful and capable housewives who are abreast of modern ideas. They find in Campbell's wholesome 21 kinds a refreshing variety for the daily menu, and a constant relief from one of its most troublesome items. Why wouldn't these perfect soups be of equal help and value to *you*? Try one *today* and see.



"Dear Soup! How sad these partings are!" But note my other cry. It shows I'm thinking "Au revoir!" Although I say "Good bye!"

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Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
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Chicken	Ox Tail
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Or after dining—it removes over-eaten
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INSTINCTIVE PLAYING Delightful Because Natural

WHEN YOU LISTEN to a player piano in the next room—or the next house—you can usually tell that mechanism, and not human fingers, is playing the keys. Isn't that so?

For years, manufacturers of player pianos have been trying to overcome this tendency toward lack of expression. It can now be practically eliminated, in two ways: By interpreting devices, or by *Instinctive Control*.

To get the greater pleasure of Instinctive Playing—the same pleasure that hand playing gives—a new invention in player pianos was necessary.

The Virtuolo gives you an instrument which you can play Instinctively with beautiful expression—which is *your own* expression. In other words, the Virtuolo enables you to bring out the music that lies hidden within you, like a crystal spring, waiting to be tapped—to bring it forth naturally, without effort.

Four sensitive buttons, which you find you press *Instinctively*, make the Virtuolo respond to every impulse for expression that you feel while playing.

The Virtuolo inspires you to express yourself Instinctively. Instead of having to use *Reason*—to make a mental and physical *effort*—you find you only have to follow your Instinct to put beauty into your playing.

In an advertisement we can't explain how the Virtuolo *coördinates* with the Instinct of the person whose fingers rest upon these buttons.

We want you *to play* the Virtuolo and know that Instinctive playing is a fact, a success so far as you are concerned. Most people find it more convenient and satisfactory to first inspect and play the Virtuolo at their dealer's. Then, if Instinct wins them to this new type of player piano, they have it sent home.

VIRTUOLO

THE NEW INSTINCTIVE PLAYER PIANO

PRICES AND TERMS
(East of the Rocky Mountains)

The Virtuolo in Hallet & Davis Piano, special mahogany case, Colonial design, complete, $700. In Hallet & Davis Piano, Arts-and-Crafts case, $775. In Conway Piano, mahogany or walnut, $575. Lexington Player Piano, $450 to $485. Terms: Three years in which to pay if you desire. Simple interest on deferred payments. Pianos and ordinary player pianos taken in exchange at fair valuation.

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Find out more about music in you. Send for "The Inner Beauty," a beautiful illustrated booklet which tells fully what we've told briefly in this advertisement.

It also gives you many extraordinary thoughts on music—the language of the composers. Beautifully illustrated with famous paintings inspired by music. Shall we send you a copy of this book? Fill out attached coupon and mail today.

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Hallet & Davis Pianos—pre-eminent among artists since the immortal Franz Lisat praised them above all other pianos at the Paris Exposition, 1867. Price $365 up.

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THE BOX-OFFICE VALUE OF TEARS

(Concluded from Page 15)

A great change has taken place in audiences as to the rapidity with which they can pass from a comedy scene to a strong emotional scene. Formerly they seem to have been almost acrobatic in their mental and emotional nimbleness. Reading over some of the plays of thirty or forty years ago, the modern actor is surprised to see how quickly the moods must have changed. It is different now. The playwright must prepare for a weepy scene. Abrupt transition is almost always fatal to the effect. A bit of comedy in the middle of a serious scene excites only nervous laughter. Ibsen can bring the grimmest humor into the most terrible scene, but only the elect seem to be conscious of it. And if one yields to the temptation to laugh aloud, instead of being secretly relieved of the tension, the look of startled surprise on the face of the average auditor will be a great lesson to him.

Never have I heard a laugh from an audience at Ibsen's grim humor, although many of course have a perfectly clear sense of the dilemma; but there was too much power in the scene to allow of the relief of the tension.

The same rule holds good with tears as with laughter—the actress must not pity herself too much in emotional situations or she loses the best effects. She had better let the audience pity her while she simply gives those touches sufficient to excite in them feelings that will bring tears. She herself must not weep all over the place, or the audience will simply be fascinated watching her antics. This constitutes the great difference in the skill of emotional actresses and can be observed all the way from Sarah Bernhardt down to the merest novice. Speaking of Bernhardt—she absolutely made Sardou as a playwright through her successes in his plays at a time when the weepy drama was in fashion. The whole vogue of his plays and those of his imitators is flippantly referred to now as "Sardoudledum."

The Effect of Satire

There is great confusion in most minds as to whether a play is emotional drama or tragedy. Some think that any drama that ends unhappily is tragic. Many sad plays have not one tragic touch in them. The numerous weepy plays that any theatergoer can name will excite susceptible people to tears for the moment, but will have no lasting effect at all. A tragedy, however, rouses feelings of pity and fear in the very soul of the spectator, lingering on in the memory. Emotional drama, as we use the term, would have been classed under comedy in the days of the Greek drama. Tragedy includes all emotion as the whole includes the sum of its parts. We pity only when we fear the thing may happen to ourselves. When the fear of its happening grows to terror our pity deepens and broadens; but the process somehow dries our tears. That is why persons seldom weep at tragedies.

That is why the wonderful tragedies of Shakspere hold an audience through an entire evening without a tear. The one scene in Hamlet that can bring tears, though tragic in its import, has the susceptible element predominating in the fact that the beautiful young woman, having lost her reason, still joys in the flowers she is strewing about her. Even the moments when she becomes dimly conscious of the death of her father are rendered sweet and pathetic by her digging an imaginary grave and scattering upon it the beautiful wild flowers.

Many notions in regard to emotions in the theater are wrong. I should say that people do not suffer at representations of an emotional drama—unless they are bored by it. Except in a few cases, they do not suffer even in the contemplation of tragedy. For the emotion of deep pity is stimulating, uplifting and therefore beneficial. The only thing approaching suffering in any true sense in the theater is the effect produced by a strong, satirical comedy, such as Molière and Sheridan wrote in the past and George Bernard Shaw puts into dramatic form today.

Satirical dramas that lash audiences, and show them up to themselves as the bunglers or indifferent beings they are, really do more good in the long run than the much-lauded plays that drain the tearducts dry.



Gee! Tom, look at this

"You know I skun my shin like sixty when we banged into that bob last night. I just rubbed on a little "Vaseline" when I went to bed, and now it's all as clean and slick as ever. I'd hardly know I'd got a scratch."

Of course, you have "Vaseline" in your household, not only for the boys but for yourself and the whole family. It is just the thing for scratches and minor cuts and wounds, besides keeping the skin generally in a natural, healthy condition.

"Vaseline" is to the skin just what a good lubricant is to an automobile engine. It keeps the pores working smoothly; it softens roughnesses; it relieves irritations.

Particular men and women use "Vaseline" because they know there is nothing on earth that is more strictly pure. It is sterilized in the process of manufacture and contains no animal or vegetable fats.

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The Senator's Secretary

IIS is the open season for the Re-ected Glory Boys. You can flush a y of them almost anywhere, and par-arly in any hotel lobby or head-ters where the political reporters are to congregate. They have shown al-y by the dozen and they will continue to by the hundred. The opportunity to nto the edge of the limelight was never od, and they have emerged from the grass in all parts of the country and naking the most of it.

ie Reflected Glory Boys have been out for a long time. There has been noth-the situation that gave them a chance arch to the front and air their opinions ie hope of getting a little space for selves in the papers. Now it so hap-we are in the midst of a particularly silly-season in politics, and the editors, e patter of the business, are "eating all the political stuff handed in. This s the Reflected Glory Boys of some ng importance. It gives them a ce to stand round and beat their chests exude opinions. Also it gives them a ce to tack themselves on to various inent personages in the political news, they are not only tacking themselves ut they are gluing themselves on and ing themselves on and using every known method of attachment.

eir methods are always the same. a Reflected Glory Boy sees a chance t himself into the papers he immedi-prepares a typewritten statement tell-hy, in his opinion—a very important on—it is impossible to elect Mr. Taft, why the nomination of Colonel Roose-is the salvation of the Republican , the country, the hemisphere and the y Way. They have typewritten state-s in each hand, in every pocket, in hats, shoes, hair, and they leave trails ese convincing and stirring documents id them wherever they go. They will r hours on the doorstep of any man even the remotest connection with any um of publicity, in the hope that they induce the publicist they are haunt-o put a little of their impassioned e for the regeneration of the nation in aper—combined, of course, with their for The Colonel, or for whomsoever have picked out as the purveyor of imelight in the edge of which they e to stand.

he Tactics of the Glory Boys

ey are marching and have marched to ront everywhere, from California to e. Some of them have had political and have been thrown out of them. of them had hoped to have political and didn't get them. Some of them to get political jobs if their man shall

Some of them have no hopes at all the hope of deriving a little temporary iety and self-advertisement by hitch-n behind. The real motive of all of is self-advertising. They couldn't get the papers in a thousand years on their merits, so they tack on to some man inent in the current political situation et in that way. They are all as bogus upees.

ey operate in the same manner, by and , although some of them are important gh to get a first-hand crack at it, while s must be content with being away off e edge. Still any notice at all is better no notice, and they avidly impress opinions on all comers. It is the lest thing in the world. A governor, for iple, or an ex-governor, or somebody has had some political prominence, to the nearest center of population e there are daily papers. If he has gh money he goes to Washington or York. If he hasn't enough money hat the state capital or the nearest big will do.

position is taken in the lobby of the ng hotel. If the visitor's name carries weight the various city editors are d on the telephone and told that the orable So-and-So is in the city and has important political communication to e. The reporters come round. Then Reflected Glory Boy delivers himself of tatement. He shows how all the peo-n his part of the country are howling Roosevelt, or Wilson, or whomsoever Reflected Glory Boy has tacked on to, he gives elaborate reasons for his faith. Politics is boiling. It is the mission of all editors and all political reporters to make trouble. They all hate peace. Thus the situation, not the personality of the statement-maker, gives the statement-maker a little importance, and he gets his little advertisement in the paper. His name appears. Maybe a line or two of what he says is telegraphed to other papers. In some instances his name may get into the Associated Press report. He is a figure in the news, not because he is a figure in the news really, but because he has grabbed a big man's name and crept along under the influence of that.

Sometimes they work it a little harder. Many of them, by hook or by crook, get to Oyster Bay, or to Trenton, or to Washington, and break in on the meditations of the great men who are meditating at those points. This, if it can be done, means more space and more advertisement, and it is always resorted to in case there is any possible way of raising the railroad fare and enough to pay a hotel bill. Hence we have this long procession of inconsequential nobodies who are venting opinions as to the political situation by the yard, getting them printed by the inch and feeling extremely happy over the outcome.

Nor are all of the Reflected Glory Boys nobodies. Some of them have names of sufficient size to give weight to what they say, but that makes no difference in the general scheme. The mere fact that a man is well known does not make him averse to further advertisement. Indeed it makes him greedy for more advertisement. And the more familiar his name the greater the publicity he can get, which is a well-known truth in many parts of this country. So by hitching his name to a name that is even better known he constructs a combination sure to work.

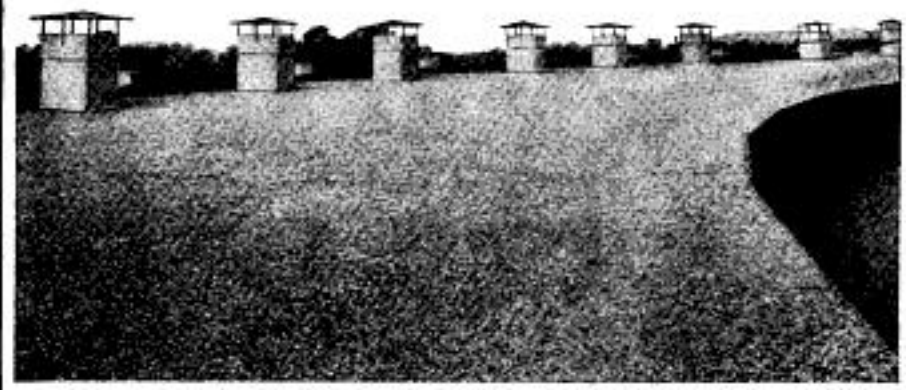
Publicity as a Fad

The smartest publicity men in the world are supposed to live and operate in this country; but all of them, smart or not, overlooked a big bet a time ago. A certain distinguished but now retired captain of finance, who has a few tons of money and an itch to see his name in the paper in connection with large undertakings, and is willing to spend freely of his money to attain that end, suddenly bloomed forth in connection with a plausible and interesting political situation. His former connections and his medium for his particular kind of reflected glory made the story big, and it was played up for many days in the papers. This retired captain of finance, as soon as he discovered what was going on, had the shrewdness to push the game along. He pushed it hard. He maintained a mysterious attitude—a guarded attitude—and let the others do the guessing. Then at the proper time he landed heavily with a "typewritten statement," and stirred it all up again. He got a lot of notice and he enjoyed it, inasmuch as various other efforts of his along that line had not been entirely successful.

Now the point is this: That retired captain of finance is living nowadays, with his tons of money, for the exact purpose of getting recognition as an important person along lines he has chosen for personal exploitation. Like every other retired captain of finance he desires publicity. If any of our smart publicity men had had the smartness to think of this particular plan for getting the name of the retired captain of finance into the papers so prominently and in such an important association, the retired captain of finance would have paid liberally for the idea. And it was a cinch. All that was necessary was to meet a few political reporters and tell the story, and there it was. The editors grabbed it like hot cakes. So, as no smart publicity man had the smartness to think of it, a much smarter political reporter did think of it, and the retired captain of finance got his pleasant publicity for nothing—which probably made a hit with him—and the reporter got regular space rates for the story. As has been truly said: Of all sad words of tongue or pen, none are so sad as those that tell of an opportunity overlooked to milk a retired captain of finance who wants to see his name in the papers.

There have been dozens of them—dozens of the Reflected Glory Boys—who have emerged from obscurity hanging to the coattails of Colonel Roosevelt. The

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Longest Wear for Lowest Cost

THE cost per year of service is the only true test of a roofing. It discloses the absolute superiority of Barrett Specification Roofs. That is why on large manufacturing plants, where costs are carefully computed, such roofs are almost invariably used.

Barrett Specification Roofs are inexpensive, costing much less than tin, for instance, and little more than the best grade of ready roofings.

Their cost of maintenance is nothing, for these roofs require no painting; they can't rust; they will give satisfactory protection for 20 years or more, and insurance underwriters classify them as "slow burning" construction acceptable on "fire-proof" buildings.

Barrett Specification Roofs are also immune from damage by acid fumes. That is why they are used extensively on railroad roundhouses.

On cotton mills, with their humid interiors, these roofs also give perfect satisfaction, for dampness does not affect them from below.

From the viewpoint of economy and satisfactory service, no other type of roof covering compares with Barrett Specification Roofs. That is why they have won almost universal approval for use on flat-roofed structures of all kinds.

The Barrett Specification Roof illustrated above is 50,000 square feet in area and covers the Roundhouse of the Vandalia Lines (Penna. System) at Terre Haute, Ind.

Special Note We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding. If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested:

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified, and subject to the inspection requirement.

Copy of The Barrett Specification, with diagrams, ready for incorporation into building specifications, free on request. Address our nearest office.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

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THE South Bend Watch is unique in America in the fact that it is sold only through retail jewelers. We will not allow these famous watches to be sold in any other way, for every *watch* needs the *jeweler's service—regulation to the buyer's personality.*

When you buy a *South Bend* Watch you get with it this perfect regulation which makes the watch keep accurate time for you. And because it is a *perfectly-made* watch it will then *continue* to be accurate as long as you or your children wear it.

No one but an expert watch man or jeweler can give a watch this service. That's why we see to it that the sale of the South Bend Watch is restricted to retail jewelers only. There are more than 15,000 such jewelers who sell the South Bend. One of these is probably your own jeweler. Ask him about the South Bend Watch—that famous watch which keeps perfect time even when frozen in a cake of ice, and which you can buy for as little as $7.50, or—in a solid gold case—up to $75.

"The South Bend Watch"

Here is a watch that is often a year in the course of construction—a watch that gets 411 inspections and must run seven hundred hours accurately before it is *ready* for the jeweler's regulation. You ought to know all about it. All is told in a free book which we will send you, called "How Good Watches Are Made." Write for it.



The South Bend Watch Company

2 State Street
South Bend, Ind.

(90)

Colonel seems to have more glory to reflect than any of the others and he has a bigger following. They have been hurrying into Washington and to New York for the past six weeks, these moribund statesmen, and seeking to revivify themselves by telling the gaping world how strong The Colonel is and why he must be nominated. Governors and ex-governors and exes and has-beens and never-wases in one long string have taken positions within easy hearing distance for the political reporters, and have yowled their yowls about the pressing necessity for the nomination of Roosevelt. If it so happens that Mr. Roosevelt is nominated he will have to contend with the greatest aggregation of Original Proposers the world has ever known. Most of them cannot get in anywhere else.

Presently—likely as not before this is printed—the tide will turn to some extent, and the Reflected Glory Boys will see that the crowd round the Roosevelt band-wagon is getting too thick. Then we shall observe the inspiring spectacle of some of the boys marching out in front and declaring for Taft. Indeed, if they have any sense of publicity some of them will do that immediately. It certainly would be worth a paragraph in any paper to have anybody declare for Taft nowadays. And, when you get it down to bedrock, the reason for all this hullabaloo on the part of the Reflected Glory Boys is not the salvation of the nation, or the salvage of the Republican party, but the paragraphs in the papers containing the names of the boys themselves.

The Honorable Woodrow Wilson undoubtedly realizes by this time that competing candidates love a shining mark. Having attained the proud position in the Democratic race of leading all other aspirants, he is discovering that all aspirants are tomahawking him while dwelling in peace and amity with one another. Scarcely a day passes that some opposition editor does not hand out a public utterance attributed to the Honorable Woodrow that alleges some pet and established institution of ours is no better than it should be. And we had a lovely time when Marse Henry Watterson blew into Washington and revealed, with tears in his dictation but not many in his eyes, the baseness of Mr. Wilson's ingratitude on that celebrated occasion when he told George Harvey to take back his support and cultivate the habit of silence, as far as the Wilson presidential boom was concerned.

During the course of this diversion it came about that Marse Henry and Senator Ben Tillman had an interchange of thoughts on the subject. In one of Marse Henry's letters he said that his friend Swagar Sherley would wait on the Senator, and we all yelled "A duel! A duel!" and yearned for it. However, the excitement soon died away, for when we came to put the acid test of logic on the situation it turned a bright green.

You see it would be very difficult to arrange a duel between Marse Henry and Senator Ben, unless they consented to fight with toothpicks or custard pies at half a pace.

The Little White Outlaw

By James Oliver Curwood

THEY say the beaver was a great maker of history; that it was he, as much as man, who had to do with the opening up of the Great West. One historian says that the Oregon Trail was paved with beaver pelts, and that if it had not been for the beaver and pursuing man the unknown West would have remained an unknown West for half a century longer. The beaver, in his days of extinction, is written down; but there is a smaller brother in the Far North that the Crees know as "the little white outlaw of the snows," who has never come into his own and possibly never will. For this little white brother, so small that you could hide him in the hollow of your two hands, did more than open a west—he opened a new world; he was the reason for the beginning of the earliest and the oldest industry on the American continent. It was because of him that there came into existence the world's oldest and for centuries its most powerful trust—the Hudson's Bay Company—which not so very long ago owned a quarter of all Canada.

Today, when this little outlaw's brother invades a henhouse down in civilization he is spoken of quite contemptuously as a weasel; but six hundred miles north, where his pelt grows as silky as a woman's hair and as white as driven snow, in a temperature of from forty to sixty degrees below zero, he is still known as the royal and ancient friend of kings and empresses—the ermine—"the savagest of all living creatures and the bravest," says Lord Strathcona who, in the days when he was plain Donald Smith, was one of the greatest hunters and trappers in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company. Fur-buyers from Montreal, Ottawa and Winnipeg will now penetrate far into the forests and pay from one to two dollars for this pelt; but in those days, more than two and a half centuries ago, when Prince Rupert formed his "company of gentlemen adventurers" and secured a charter that he might "hunt the ermine in the wilds of the New World," thus founding what became the Hudson's Bay Company, the ermine was actually worth more than his weight in gold.

At that time the price of his little pelt went as high as one hundred dollars, and it is known that the Chevalier Grosselier, who came over with a number of other French gentlemen adventurers to get ermine, did "barter one black fox for the skins of twelve ermine," something over two and a quarter centuries ago.

Once I came upon the trail of a big northern rabbit and I knew by the trail that an ermine was fastened to the rabbit's throat. I found the dead animal—fifteen or twenty times the weight of its assailant—a rifle-shot distant, with its brains eaten out. At another time I came upon a spot in a balsam shelter where the little pirate of the snows had tackled a frigate too powerful for him. He had attacked a huge white snow owl—and lay mangled and dead on the scene of battle.

Last year, as nearly as can be estimated, about a hundred thousand ermine were caught in Canada, going mostly to London and Paris; and this is considered a big catch, in spite of the fact that one can travel scarcely a quarter of a mile over the snow without encountering fresh trails of the tiny animals. No other animal approaches them—unless it is the fox or the wolf—in the cleverness with which they evade the tricks and traps of the most artful fur-gatherer. In the snow their movements are so quick and elusive that it is impossible for human eyes to keep track of them for twenty consecutive seconds when they are in motion. I have fired at one of them, and from thirty or forty feet away he has been laughing at me, so to speak, by the time the shot reached the point where he was. He is the only animal in the North that is quicker than the jaws of a steel trap. Two years ago I had a twenty-mile trapline running through a deep swamp near Nipigon House, and on one of my rounds I came up quietly to find an ermine investigating the trap house. From behind a log I watched him. In a few moments he stepped on the pan of the trap; and simultaneously with the "give" of the pan he rose into the air like a flash, so that when the jaws came together he was safe—a foot above them. I reset the trap and he came back to the bait immediately. Three times he sprung the trap. It was with some regret that I shot him while he was nosing about the house, but it was an act necessitated by the fact that he would have spoiled my chances of getting the fisher cat I was after.

Of the same family, the mink and the ermine are the deadliest of enemies. The ermine is quicker and, were it not for his foolish courage, could always evade his more powerful foe. As it is, he often dies in the unequal fight; and after he is dead the mink tears his hide from his body and leaves him on the snow. Whenever one finds the other in a trap it means a profitless catch for the trapper, for the one that is free seldom leaves the other until he is torn and mangled. There is something of truth in the words of the factor at Nipigon House, who said to me: "The great Hudson's Bay Company may die, but the little devil who started it—the ermine—will go on living forever." He will.



Your Little Baby

DOES it smile and crow and clap its chubby hands, or does it gaze at you out of dull eyes? Health is baby's birthright, and your baby can have health if it is fed right. Cow's milk, usually thirty hours old and full of sickness, is not a baby's natural food and you can't make it so.

Cow's milk varies. It is rich this day and thin the next. You can't know if your baby is being overfed or starved on it. It may carry to your baby scarlet fever or some other dread disease.

All this is overcome in

Nestlé's Food

which is made with the knowledge that nature intended its young for a milk diet.

NESTLÉ'S FOOD is the best cow's milk from our own sanitary dairies, purified and modified until it is the nearest thing there is to mother's milk. That is why it suits the baby stomach so well.

A baby's stomach was made to digest its mother's milk, and any substitute for that mother's milk must be so like it that the baby won't notice the difference.

You can feed NESTLÉ'S while nursing and prepare your baby for weaning so that weaning time will be safe for baby and easy for you.



If you write us today we will send you a large sample can of NESTLÉ'S—enough for twelve feedings, together with our mother's book—"Infant Feeding and Hygiene," which every mother ought to have.

HENRI NESTLÉ
99 Chambers Street
New York

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GAYNORIZING THE FINEST

(Continued from Page 9)

just as wisely have demanded that every dweller on Rivington Street—the most congested in the world—maintain in front of each tenement an acre of land devoted exclusively to the culture of orchids. As a matter of fact, on a busy day or night, the pushcarts are so close together on the average East Side street that an impoverished razorback couldn't run between them without scraping.

Have you ever watched a big policeman shooing pedlers off a block and wondered why? If you are a New Yorker maybe you haven't noticed it; but if you are an occasional visitor surely you have. It appears like persecution to the casual observer, but the cop is merely carrying out another one of those regulations—to wit, no pedler is allowed to remain on a block more than thirty minutes at a time. The police make them live up to this rule so far as is consistent; but another regulation, which provides that no merchant of the part may be interrupted while he is in the act of making a sale, injects into the situation a nice problem which, if settled justly each time, would require every policeman to carry a stop watch.

Moral again: Wink and Gaynorize.

Aside from the pushcart conundrum, policing the East Side has other phases worthy of a brass-buttoned Solomon's attention. However, Casey—not Solomon—is the man for the job. The old saying about the prophet and his own land holds true in police circles—the Jewish cop is not most successful among his own kind. They expect too much of him. This is so, to a less marked degree, as concerns the Italian cop among his people. The Italian detective is well suited to worry the criminals of his race, but as a diplomatist he is not so good. In this rôle, among the foreign element, the Irishman beats them all.

Just now the district is under the shield of a thirty-six-year-old Irishman who has charge, as inspector, of a wedge of Manhattan lying east of the Bowery and extending from the Brooklyn Bridge to Fourteenth Street. Roughly speaking there are eight hundred and fifty thousand souls in the district—Jews and Italians mostly, but with a plentiful sprinkling of Hungarians and the peoples that you think of when some one mentions Ellis Island.

Riots are frequent and tactics to quell them must be varied to suit the nationality of the participants. Italians, for instance, live indoors when there is trouble in the air; Jews usually congregate in the streets and huddle helplessly together. If there is a shooting affray on Hester Street you would expect all normal-minded citizens, following a good old American custom, to break for cover or dodge behind some convenient barrier. This is just what the East Side Jew does not do. Though he is no fighter he will swarm into the already congested streets at the first sign of trouble and will keep coming, as the tenements vomit their thousands, until the thoroughfare is jammed to the danger point. Then it is up to the police to herd them back indoors to avoid sacrifice of life and limb more serious than was threatened by the shooting which called them forth.

The Crusade Against Clubs

This brings me naturally to Gaynor's anticlub crusade which, as his hobby of lobbies as boss of the "Finest," deserves treatment by itself. Almost immediately after he assumed the mayoralty he issued a series of blunt, steel-riveted orders, framed in a few monosyllabic sentences for which he is famous, indicating that the clubbing of citizens of the five boroughs, as practiced among the police, would thereafter be considered *passé*. Any cop who evinced tendencies to the contrary was to be tried forthwith and—if the charges were sustained—was to be drawn and quartered, boiled in oil, or—if there were mitigating circumstances—dismissed summarily or banished to the wilds of Queens or among the proverbial goats of Harlem.

Various and varied accounts of the mayor's attitude were printed in the New York papers and throughout the country; and the burden of most of these accounts, including those published in New York, was that the New York policeman was to be deprived of his club. Some accounts went so far as to say the abolishing of billystols would likely follow. In other words, Casey on Broadway was to be as defenseless as a London Bobby who, I understand, in handling a Cockney ruffian, must depend on his wits and his fists.

It has been nearly two years now since the mayor took his stand, and the public is puzzled about it yet. The idea of a clubless New York cop, or—what is the same thing—a cop forbidden to use his club, prevails pretty generally today among the unobserving in the city. And there are lots of unobserving in the city. This notion is all nonsense. No order abolishing clubs was ever issued. What the mayor did put his foot down on was needless and brutal use of the club, with instructions that all cases of clubbing, brutal or otherwise, be reported to headquarters at once.

This created a great deal of confusion for a time soon after the mayor took office and many of us were afraid to use our clubs. Until it percolated under the helmet of the thick-skulled and the man-afraid-of-his-job that no cop was barred from defending himself with his club when his heart told him it was right to swing it, there was a spasm of uncertainty and demoralization and a period of bliss for the gangs. Many a poor cop, uncertain of the mayor's meaning, allowed himself to be unmercifully beaten; and the gangsters grew in boldness until last summer's strong-arm squad, making a specialty of subway rowdies and window-jumpers on Coney Island cars, put a crimp in this Manhattan Apacheism and broke it up. Hundreds of arrests were made, and the magistrates helped along the good work by sending most of the offenders to the Island for terms that jarred them.

Handling the Hoodlum

It was hard on the cop while it lasted, for many who escaped physical injury by the gangs were put to considerable expense buying new equipment. Their helmets had been smashed or their uniforms ruined in a scuffle with these rowdies who, if unable to break a cop's face, found great joy in spoiling his clothes, which they know he buys himself. Every man on the force today has a club and he knows that he can use it when justified in so doing, without fear of censure from any one, except perhaps the unruly gent upon whom it is descending. And, conceding that many of us were goats before we realized that we were not to be attacked without coming back at a mucker, I think that every one on the force feels that this first taste of Gaynorism was wholesome.

Seldom now does a husky bluecoat with a temper hit an argumentative citizen over the head just because he talks back; nor is there any of the old rough stuff in handling drunken men. Even fanning the feet of sleeping derelicts is taboo. Time was when many a policeman took keen pleasure in thwacking the thin soles of some shabby bum slumbering on a park bench.

Nowhere on the force do you find men more intelligent and more in sympathy with their work than the traffic-squad officers. From a spectacular standpoint at least, they are the finest of the "Finest"—and a dashing figure they cut, standing in the heart of the girl-violet and bulldog region on upper Fifth Avenue, raising a big arm now and then and twisting a tourniquet on the great artery of traffic that pulsates down from Central Park. Next time you walk down the avenue from the Plaza to the Flatiron Building, stop at the corners and watch them do it. Like a wader in a stream which his breast divides, the traffic cop regulates with a precision that is almost automatic the most famous daily procession of vehicles in the world.

To do this with consistent regularity, fair alike to the shabby open carriage of an old family gone to seed and to the thundering, high-powered motor car whose gritty shriek of warning shatters the air like a rock smashing on a cliff, requires that a man have his wits about him every moment he is on the job. And if you think there is any partiality shown to the rich and the fashionable you are mistaken. A month or so ago a traffic man handed a summons to a chauffeur whose automobile was smoking, contrary to a city ordinance. The chauffeur grew abusive and he was bundled off to court. The occupant of the machine was a relative of Rhinelander Waldo, Commissioner of Police. She took another vehicle to her destination.

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Easy to apply, does not stick to the fingers. Not a fish or animal glue. No odor to it.

With QUIXO you can stick wood to metal, metal to glass or steel to silver—stick any material to any material of the same or different kind, except celluloid, rubber and black lead. Sets like rock—mends to *stay mended*.

Always have QUIXO in the house. Economy, neatness and comfort demand its almost daily use for one or more of these purposes:

China, bowls, vases, cut glass, other glassware, and bric-à-brac.
Furniture, picture frames, letter files.
Marble table tops, mantels, tiles, refrigerator linings, umbrella stands.
Loose handles, backs of silver toilet sets, setting stones in jewelry.
Leaky gas pipes, sealing wines and spirits, sticking labels on bottles or jars.
And scores of others.

A glue, gum, cement, solder, liquid porcelain all in one.

Comes in air-tight bottle with screw top. Easily opened. Always ready to use.

It costs money to replace things—some things never can be replaced—a bottle of QUIXO will save them.

25c. at all stores. If your dealer hasn't it, send his name and 25c. for full size bottle—postage prepaid—to WALTER JANVIER,
417 Canal St., New York,
Sole Agent for
U. S. A.

WALTER JANVIER
417 Canal St., New York. Sole Agent for U.S.A.
My dealer hasn't QUIXO so I send this coupon with 25c. for full size bottle, postage prepaid.
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Makes dull or scratched furniture like new. Flows readily under the brush and spreads to even thickness.

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Remains hard and glossy, though subjected to rough usage. This because it is properly aged.

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should be in the hands of everyone who has any sort of painting to do. It gives every detail worth knowing about the application of surface finishes. Contains handsome illustrations, in colors. Glad to mail you a copy free, on request. Send for yours today.

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ACME WHITE LEAD and COLOR WORKS
Dept. Q
Detroit, Mich.



All rules are made to be broken, however, and no one realizes this more than the policeman. Where he can't break them, he will try bending; for, though strict adherence to the regulations may be necessary as a general thing, every good cop, as I have said before, is at heart a diplomatist, who knows when to ease up the screws.

One of the most successful traffic men on the force—a handsome young daredevil now occupying a higher position in the department—used to stretch rules daily to fit the exigencies of the case. For several years he was stationed at various posts in the heavy wholesale trucking district from the Battery to Twenty-third Street.

"I learned to know the drivers," says this chap, "and they learned to know me. Of course I had runs-in with the scrappers, but with most of them I got to be friends. I learned to know that the big redheaded driver, for instance, had to make a train with a shipment of goods three times a week. And when he would drive up I made it a point to see that he got through on time, even if I had to hold up a big racing car to do it. I never held a man up needlessly; and, though I was firm with the kickers and the soreheads, I never bullied anybody just because I was a cop.

"As long as I have been on the force, I never had anybody attempt to bribe me or slip me a piece of change for putting him ahead. Once, though, I got a Christmas present of a crisp five-dollar note. I was standing on lower Broadway, thinking about nothing in particular, except that it was Christmas Day and I wished I was home with the wife, when a big automobile stopped right in front of me and a hand reached out of the window. In the hand was a five-buck note. The hand beckoned and waved, and I stepped up and took the bill. 'Merry Christmas!' says a voice inside. Then I looked in and saw the man's face. It was John D. Rockefeller. On the floor of the car in front of him was a valise chock-full of bills, and he gave one to every cop he met, all the way up to the park."

Social Assignments Not Coveted

Mr. Rockefeller has made this a Christmas custom for several years. Either he or John D., Jr., distributes the money. It is against the rules of the department for an officer to accept gratuities of any sort, but there has never been a kick against Mr. Rockefeller's Christmas presents. However, this rule bars a general distribution of tips to policemen on duty at New York's fashionable weddings; and the father of the bride, if he would show his thanks, has to do so in the form of a donation to some police benevolent association. George Gould did so after his daughters were married.

These social assignments, by the way, are not coveted by the policeman as you might be led to believe. It is hard, exacting work, keeping a typical wedding-mad New York crowd from rushing the church, sweeping the bride off her feet and making the groom look like a "white hope" after a try-out with John Arthur Johnson; and the average cop considers it a bore. If there is any quiet handing out of appreciations for duty well done it is apt to go to the plain-clothes men inside or to some lieutenant in charge. I have been in many a wedding scrimmage myself and I have never been offered by the folks concerned a drop or a cent.

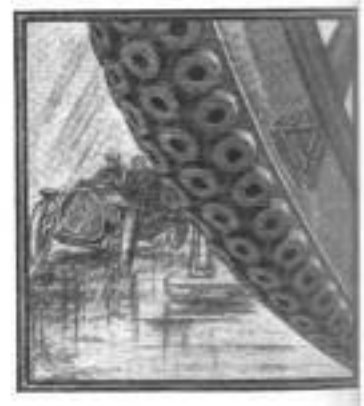
Notwithstanding their contact with crime and the sordid side of life, the policemen are not so cynical or so flint-hearted as many citizens engaged in gentler work. Instances of their spontaneous sympathy and generosity are frequent and recurring. Many a collection is taken up in the station house for an emaciated mother and children sheltered there pending removal to an institution, and many a foundling baby is supplied with clothes by a cop who is also a family man, with a kid about the same age as the little unfortunate. One old policeman, now retired, had no children of his own and he adopted half a dozen or so homeless, nameless youngsters, picked up on doorsteps or found abandoned in tenements. He was a traffic man; and when he left the department a few years ago he bought his faithful horse that had done duty with him. Today he lives quietly on a pretty little farm not far from New York, his declining years made happier by the children. And as he looks from his farmhouse window on a summer day he can see his old bay grazing in a near-by meadow. This may have the ring of sentimental

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t can they be when a roller vel hangs in the kitchen and used by everyone? Even if d by one person it is not sible to eliminate entirely danger of wiping on the hly washed hand the dirt t had formerly been wiped to the towel.

ScotTissue Towels

"Use like a blotter"

e perfect cleanliness, because they used but once by each person, then wn away. Then, too, they are made lean white absorbent paper. No e laundering of the roller towel—dute cleanliness for the hands that are your food—and with the dozen r uses of the ScotTissue Towel in household, is it wise to delay longer installation of this new idea in akeeping?

ice the delightfully soft condition of skin after drying with ScotTissue wels—this is due to the fact that there irritation by rubbing as with the fab-owel.

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150 Towels in Roll 35c

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At all progressive dealers—ask them for free copy of Novelette "Mrs. Marsin's Motto."

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rs of Bohemized "Sani Tissue" Toilet Paper, i-Kamba" and other hygienic paper specialties.

fiction; but if you are doubtful go down to headquarters and they will tell you his name.

Requests for money from a policeman seldom come from the poor, never from the beggar, but often from the rich or well-to-do. The explanation is easy. Your professional panhandler, male or female, fearing arrest, gives the policeman a wide berth; and the worthy poor seek guidance to a charitable institution rather than immediate financial aid; but a respectable or well-to-do person, finding himself touched by a pickpocket, or, because of carelessness, bereft of funds in the heart of the city, turns, as a matter of course, for relief to the public servant—the police officer. Many a man and woman I have helped this way. Most of the times the money is returned, but sometimes I am stung. Once I loaned a well-dressed woman a dollar to enable her, she said, to get from the cleaners a dress that had been renovated. She had not correctly reckoned the amount due, had spent more than she calculated in shopping and found herself a little shy.

A dollar looked pretty big to me, but the woman was apparently a swell, and I handed her a bill. She insisted that I take her card, which I did. I have the card yet. If she reads this maybe I will get the dollar.

When You Get Your Money Back

Several years ago a friend of mine, then on night duty on the Bowery, was approached by what I would describe as a gentleman sport, much the worse for a spree. He walked up to the cop without fear or embarrassment and asked for a loan—not of a dime or a quarter—but of five dollars. My friend looked at him, standing there under those bleary Bowery lights, sized him up from muddy patent leathers to mussy tophat, and then said:

"What do you want the five for?"

"For a drink or two and a Turkish bath," said the sport.

The cop half-closed his eyes for a moment, as a man does when picking a bet; then, without another word, he handed him a five-dollar bill. He had decided to take a sporting chance.

The man bowed his thanks, took the bill first, then my friend's name and station, and beat it unsteadily up the Bowery.

Two days later there came in the mail addressed to this policeman a plain envelope inside of which was a money order for fifty dollars and two tickets to the baseball game at the Polo Grounds!

New policemen are the brunt of many jokes by the veterans. One favorite trick is to send a green man out from the station with a stray dog, with instructions to find the owner. Another bit of kidding involves stationing a youngster on the station-house roof with an old telescope, with orders to scan the rooftops as far as he can see and report instantly any fires he discovers. Still another trick is to leave a box, loaded with scrap-iron, outside of a store that has been closed for the night. The greenhorn, making his rounds, stumbles across the box and, not knowing what to do, he asks a brother officer for advice. This advice invariably is that he had better carry the box to the station house, as it has probably been dropped by burglars who have looted the store. The old hand, grinning to himself, volunteers to inspect the premises while the victim grunts off stationward with his load of scrap-iron.

Down at headquarters they have daily jokes—some of them pathetic, for they concern the cranks and near maniacs who pester the commissioner and his assistants with all sorts of complaints and queries. For several months past, one man has reported twice a week to one of the commissioner's aides what he has eaten since his last visit.

"Tell the commissioner I had for breakfast this morning," says the caller, "my usual two eggs, pancakes and a cup of coffee."

"Very well, sir, I will make the report instantly," says the aide with a twinkle in his Irish blue eyes. "Good day." And the man whose menu is on his mind departs contentedly.

"I have come," said a recent mysterious woman visitor, "to have the police commissioner disconnect the electric wires which are charging my body."

"Sorry, madam," said the aide with quick wit; "but I'll have to refer you to the Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity." With serious face he directed her to the department; and she left, beaming with satisfaction.

"Full-flavored, yet mild"

We pledge our honor to the truth of this



10 cents each

DID you suppose a cigar could be "full-flavored yet mild"? Doubtless you think a full-flavored cigar must be strong—and that a mild cigar cannot be wholly satisfying.

Here is a cigar which is rich and aromatic. It is made in all shades from *Claro* to *Maduro,* yet in every color it has a distinct mellow mildness which appeals to the most delicate taste and is "easy on nerves."

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It contains nothing but pure tobacco (no artificial flavor). The filler is entirely Cuban grown Havana leaf. By our old-fashioned method of slow natural seasoning all the fine flavor is retained; but there is no trace of over-strength. There is no hasty, artificial "sweating."

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The Girard Cigar is sold by dealers almost everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply the shape you want, fill out the coupon. We do not sell cigars by mail, but we want you to try the Girard and will send you direct the first box if necessary. This sample box contains 10 cigars and the price is $1. Please specify shape and color desired. Write a letter if you prefer instead of sending the coupon.

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This coupon is merely for your convenience. A letter will do as well.

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I enclose one dollar, for which please send me, charges prepaid, one box of 10 Girard cigars.

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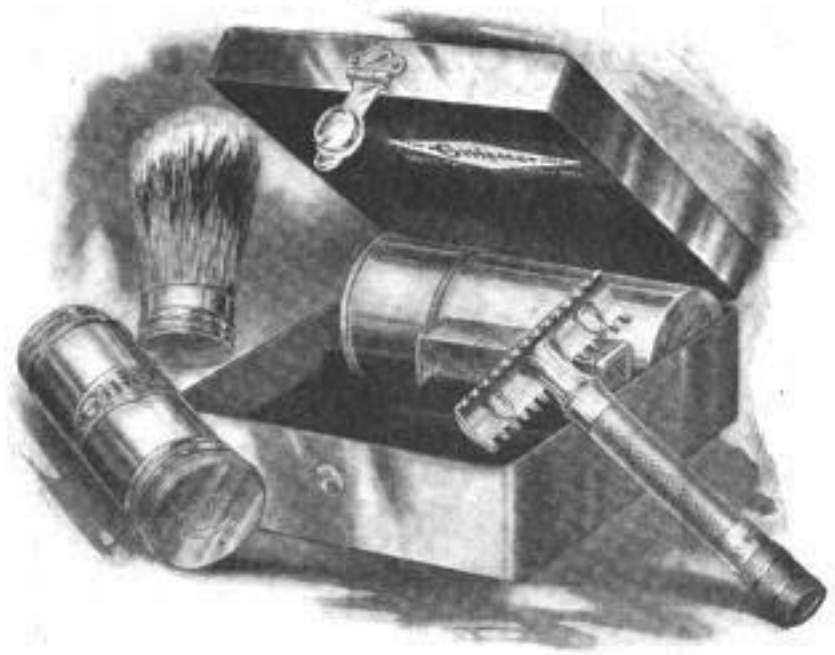
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A man went around the world with this little case tucked in the side of his grip. It insured him a clean velvet shave every day wherever he happened to be.

No trouble to pack up. No stropping, no honing. No waiting and no tips.

Selling by thousands to travelers, motorists, sportsmen and businessmen. Worth while if you make only one short trip a year, and at home it affords all the shaving necessities reduced to simplest form. Ready to hand; easy to care for. Sanitary metal case, damp proof and rust proof. **$6.50**

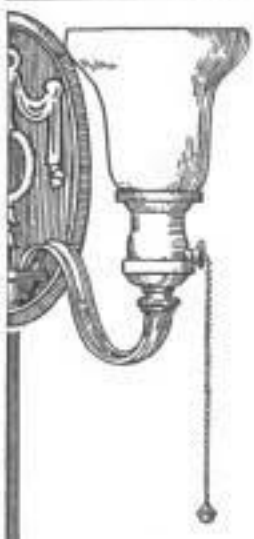
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For sale in forty thousand retail stores in every part of the habitable globe.

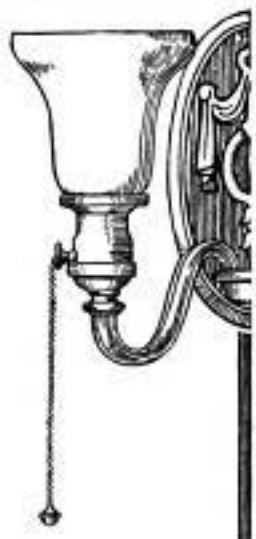
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The Bryant Pull Socket is the most convenient and the best devised arrangement for local control of electric lamps yet invented. One pull turns light on—another turns it off. *Have your architect specify* the *Bryant* Pull Socket and the *Perkins* wall push and you have the best in wiring equipment for this particular purpose that money can buy.

Remember the name and send for this Pull Socket book.

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THE GRIP OF THE LAW

(Continued from Page 7)

Jenkins Plumtaster for you, Slattery,' says I. 'Plumtaster is the best man you can get. He'll take the case to a court of record for you half a dozen times from the bottom up.' And, I tell you, Slattery showed his true colors all right. He went in regardless of expense. Plumtaster's fees amounted to nearly four thousand dollars."

"What did the lawsuit cost—us?" asked Paymaster, wiping his perspiring face with a handkerchief.

Mr. Joy swept his hand through the air as if to capture this question on the wing. He shut his little fist over it, squeezed it in his hand and tossed it lifeless into the air. Then he tapped Paymaster mysteriously on the knee.

"My good man," he said in the hoarse and impressive whisper of an orator, "we have made a new point of law in this case. A new precedent for future generations has been established. It is the sort of thing which makes a man feel the solemnity, the dignity, the terrible responsibility of his profession."

His voice faded away in his throat. Paymaster, in the awful contrast of silence, could hear the clock ticking mournfully in the outer office. Suddenly the clickety-clackety of a typewriter began and through the stuffy air of the office a whiff of bay rum reached his nose.

Mr. Joy spoke at last, casting his beady eyes toward the smoky ceiling.

"As a last straw," he whined, "the man I engaged for assistant counsel, old Henry Swett, has placed with me a very unreasonable bill for services. It has been referred to the probate officer for adjustment and award. Now there is an outrage! Swett ought to be ashamed—the old hamstringing coyote! A man like that would steal sheep—would steal sheep!"

"Sure thing!" exclaimed Paymaster fervently.

"I'll telephone him and stir him up on this!" roared the attorney.

Joy called his number.

"Hello! This you, Hen?" he said into the instrument. "This is Amos. You old scout! How's your daughter? Yes; my wife said so. By the way, you're getting over the time of life when you can sit up so late. It was a good game, though, wasn't it? Great run of luck we had toward the last!—Oh, great! Seemed as if we had just the right cards to spoil Joe's and Zach's game. Tell your wife to come to the church supper, sure.—No; I'm not going. I've got a little real-estate deal. Well, goodby—No! Hold on! Hello! Wait a minute! Say, what about that probate? What! You don't say! Well, goodby."

He turned toward Paymaster.

"He says that Judge Twitchell set the fee at seven hundred dollars. The judge is my wife's cousin. So he favored us—that is, judicially—with proper regard for his high office, of course. He cut the claim all the way down from seven hundred and fifty. Then there was an allowance for the three appraisers—Joe Ball, Zach Eaton and Bill Zimmerman. Nice fellows."

"Lawyers?" asked Paymaster anxiously.

"No," replied Mr. Joy, holding up file six. "But they're good men to have friendly. Two of 'em are tax assessors and the third is county chairman. I throw little things like this their way."

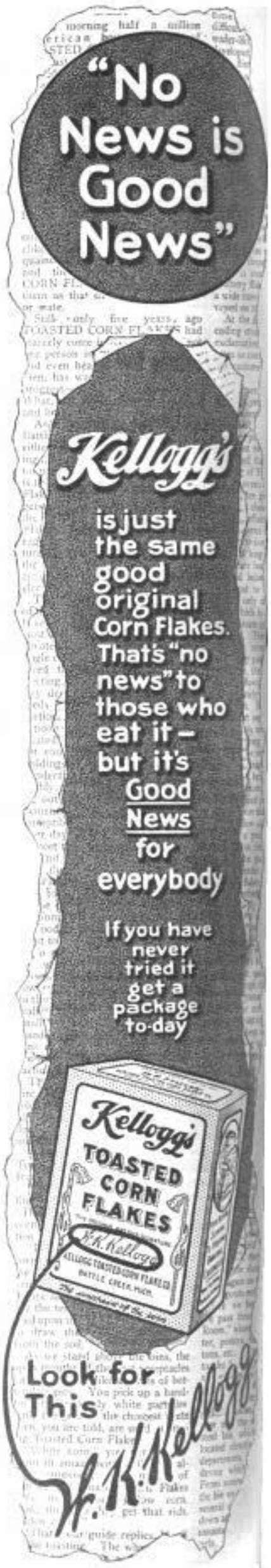
Paymaster had opened his mouth to inquire what service this genial triumvirate could render the Abbott-Ewan interest when the door opened suddenly and Timmy, the secretary, entered.

"Gene Willey is here. He wants to buy life insurance," he chanted.

The effect was astonishing. Little Joy jumped up as if springs had propelled him.

"Bless my soul!" he said, grabbing Paymaster's limp hand. "Well, well. Let's see—tomorrow is Thursday. Can't see you tomorrow. Got a big mining case. Come in Saturday at five minutes past ten. I'm delighted you are satisfied with the conduct of the estate and sorry I had to question you so closely about your identity. Safeguarding your interests! Goodby. Don't forget—ten-five!"

Paymaster found himself, after the confusion was over, in the outer office alone with Timmy, with the ticking of the clock, with the smell of bay rum, and with the taste of dust in his mouth. After a moment of hesitation he walked out of the office.



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How to Prove That a Fountain Pen *Won't Leak*



UNSCREW the pen before you buy it. Look at the feed tube. Examine it to see if it is straight. If it is crooked, like the Parker Lucky Curve Feed Tube, the pen will *surely* leak. This is why:

In an ordinary fountain pen, with straight feed tube, ink always *stays in the feed tube*, even when pen is point up. It doesn't like to run down.

When the body heat—98 degrees—gets to heating the pen in the vest pocket, the air in the pen expands like heated gas, and forces up through the inky feed tube. It forces the ink there out under the pen point, splattering the writing end of pen, and smearing your fingers when you remove cap.

Now the Parker Lucky Curve Feed Tube touches the barrel, inside. That touch causes Capillary Attraction, which *sucks the ink down* before the expanding air goes up. Capillary Attraction, by the way, is that queer trait in Physics which makes lamp wicks suck oil, etc.

If, before you buy a pen, you always look for the Lucky Curve, you will *never have a finger-smearing pen.*

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Parker Spear Head Ink Controller keeps the ink flowing evenly, without blot or skip.

Standard style Parker Lucky Curve Pens $1.50 to $150.00, according to size and ornamentation.

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You can carry it *point down*, if you wish, without its leaking. Also *pen knife* size for ladies. Prices $2.50 up.

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holds on to your pocket like a snapping turtle, and disappears into its shell when you want to write.

Money refunded if any Parker Pen doesn't please. We protect dealer. If your dealer doesn't keep Parkers, send us his name. We'll send you catalog and sell to you direct.

Get a Parker Pen into your pocket before tonight.



Make this "touch" test yourself, and prove it won't leak.

Parker Pen Company
90 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.
New York Retail Store
31 Park Row, Opposite Post Office

Thursday and Friday were the longest days the adventurer had ever spent in his life.

Saturday, Paymaster, having smoked the last of his English cigarettes, appeared again in his counselor's office.

"Well, well!" said Mr. Joy. "We have file three now and everything in shape."

Paymaster leveled all four fingers of his right hand at the little man.

"File three to blazes!" he shouted. "When do we settle up? How much of the estate is left?"

"Left?" said the attorney. "Why, there's thirty dollars left and—and—of course—the personal effects. I say thirty dollars, because I speak hastily. Now wait. You are a layman. You do not understand the intricacies of the law. I said thirty dollars; but I had forgotten our conference on Wednesday, my dear fellow. Timmy, how long was Mr. Ewan here on Wednesday?"

A whisper came from the outer office.

"Fifty-five minutes."

"There! You see?" said Joy, opening his tight little fists in a gesture of weariness. "I can't just say offhand, but my charge for that conference will be in the neighborhood of ten dollars. Then the inheritance tax of some fifty dollars on the property outside the state is still unpaid. Perhaps you had better go over the whole account."

Paymaster went to the window and for several minutes looked down the street to the railroad station and the smelter beyond. The wind was blowing the dry snow across the open sweeps of country in trailing veils of winter. The train came in; the engine stopped, panting like a beast. Two discharged passengers walked up the street arm in arm. One was a man in a checked ulster; the other a dainty little creature, who might have been sixteen or who might have been forty, but whose hair shone golden in the sunlight.

Paymaster, always captain of his own body, made no start, uttered no ejaculation. He looked upward, as was his custom, and softly whistled. Then he returned across the room to the attorney.

"Don't mistake me in what I say now, Mr. Joy," he cautioned. "There ain't any sarcasm in this. I mean it. I want to tell you that you are all-ll-ll right!—Catch the sound?—All-ll-ll right! Have you one of your cards—one of your business cards? Thanks! I may see you later in the day."

With these words and a parting affectionate glance at the huge Insignificance in the outer office, Paymaster went down the stairs and across the street to the hotel.

The clerk had taken Mr. Rutherford Abbott-Ewan upstairs to show him accommodations; Natalie was alone in the office. She looked very pretty, and when she saw Paymaster she turned very red, which made her even more attractive.

"Well," said Paymaster, "here we are!"

The girl turned on him like a little tigress.

"You got the money?"

Paymaster shook his head.

"No," said he. "Would I be likely to come and speak to you—who gave me the double cross—if I had? Oh, no. I couldn't find it in my heart to take it."

She wilted immediately.

"Oh, Paymaster," she cried. "I hardly know how to tell you. I had a feeling I'd get into trouble. I was so lonesome! I never meant to have harm come to you. But when you know Ruthy—he's so different! He isn't what I thought. He's so much better than any man I ever knew! And he certainly had such a way with him! And of course the money's his really. We was married the evening we left New York."

Feet sounded on the stairs above. The girl's face lit up with recognition. Paymaster in that second sensed the true meaning of the little parting of Natalie's lips and the look of joy in her blue eyes.

"Good for you!" he said under his breath. "I'm glad you done it."

"Wait!" she begged.

He shook his head.

"Out of town on the next train," he whispered. "Goodby. Here—take this! That's the name of the lawyer."

"On the level?" asked Natalie, with a flick of doubt showing in the little scowl on her white forehead.

"On the level!" said Paymaster.

An hour later the adventurer was bound for New York again. He lit a cigarette as he peered through the frosted pane to catch a last look at the town of Whiffletree.

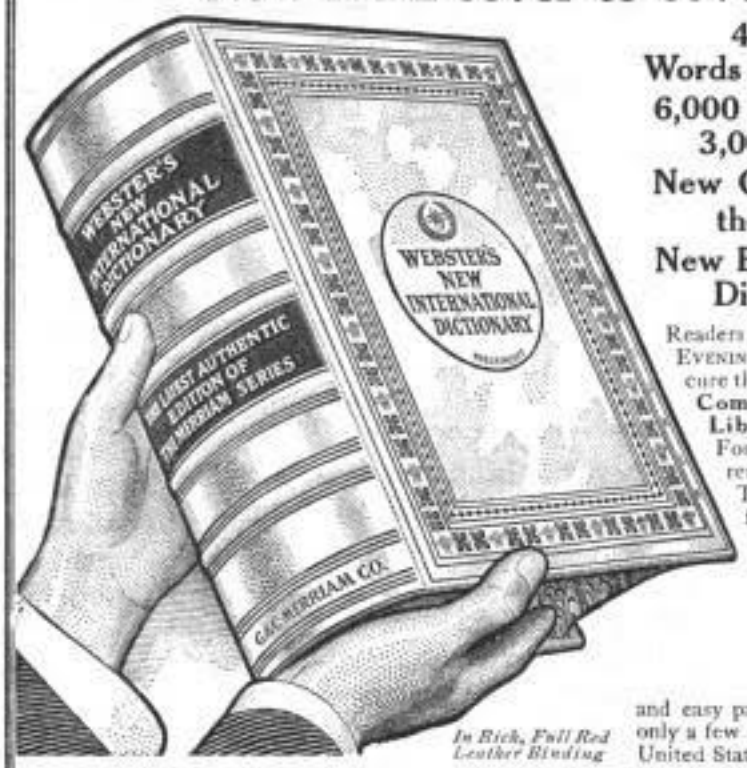
"Why didn't I study law?" he mused. "That's what gets my goat!"

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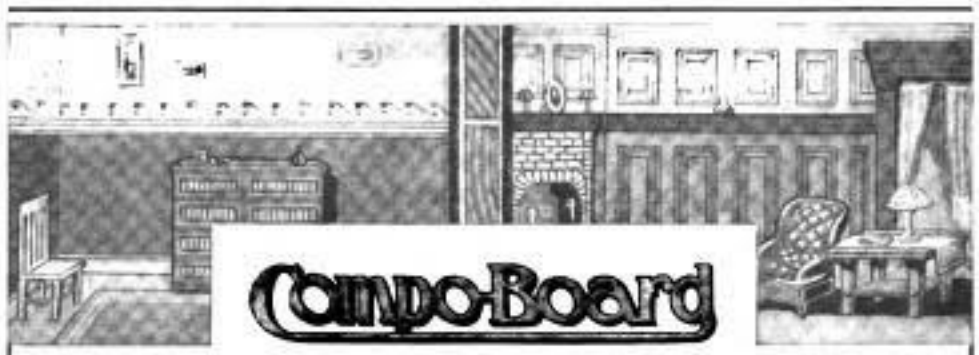
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Compo-Board Walls and Ceilings have a smooth non-porous surface that may be stenciled, decorated in oil or water colors, or papered. Or you can have pretty paneled walls and beamed ceilings.

You can make your home a "home beautiful" at small cost by simply nailing Compo-Board onto the old plaster. There will be no dirt or muss to clean up, and it will take much less time and annoyance than a replastering job, cost less, and last much longer.

Compo-Board is practical as well as artistic. It is made of five of the best air tight, moisture proof materials, pressed into a stiff, strong, durable sheet ¼ inch thick, under terrific pressure and intense heat. It cannot warp, is not affected by dampness, and cold or heat can't get through. It keeps your rooms comfortable in winter and summer. It will wear longer than the building, and the bangs and knocks it gets from furniture will not even dent it.

Compo-Board is sold by dealers in most every town. It can be bought in sheets 4 feet wide and length in even feet up to 18 feet. Write us if you can't find a dealer in your town.

Send for our Illustrated booklet and samples. The booklet will tell you of some of the many uses for Compo-Board; the sample will give you an idea of what it is. Write today.

Northwestern Compo-Board Co., 4303 Lyndale Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn.

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National Advertising

The Wholesaler's Opportunity

TO MANY wholesalers the increase of national advertising looks more like a menace than an opportunity.

There has been among advertising men too much ill-considered talk of "doing away with the jobber." The phrase has so plausible, so mouth-filling a sound and has been so jauntily bandied about, that there is small wonder that many wholesalers have the impression that advertising is inimical to their prosperity and even to their very existence.

That impression is wrong. More than that, it is the opposite of the truth. Only two things can ever eliminate the wholesaler: (a) A natural evolution of business. (b) The wholesaler himself.

A Useful Service

A large proportion of the goods which the public buys goes first to the wholesaler, who distributes them to multitudes of retail merchants. The wholesaler renders as true a service as the raiser of crops or the weaver of cloth. He does necessary work and does it generally in the cheapest way. He is a helpful and necessary part in the machinery of business.

Nevertheless, in certain lines of trade, and in relation to certain large manufacturers, the wholesaler is obviously holding a less and less important place. This partial elimination of the wholesaler, however, has been due to causes quite apart from advertising—usually to a lack of appreciation of real conditions or to personal misunderstandings.

Earn or Quit

Of course, in the last analysis, the existence of the jobber depends, as it does with all others, upon his proving himself worthy of his hire. In business no men or methods can survive in a struggle with other men and other methods that do the work more cheaply and efficiently.

We believe, however, that the enormous increase in the importance of advertising as a sales-making method promises to wholesalers, who will take a rational view of the new developments, an opportunity for greatly increasing their prosperity. We believe that the consideration of a few typical instances will help to bring the truth to light.

As long as a territory is sparsely settled its business does not justify manufacturers in sending out their own salesmen. The trade is handled by wholesalers. As soon as the territory becomes populous and prosperous, the manufacturer naturally begins to consider whether or not it is more to his advantage to deal direct with the retailer or through the medium of a jobber. This sort of situation is continually recurring, and the manufacturer's decision is made in terms of *cheapness* and *efficiency* of *service*, whether he advertises or not. In a situation like this, if the wholesaler cannot prove himself worthy of his hire, he loses his customers.

The Quick Temper Waste

On the other hand, wholesalers sometimes eliminate themselves by refusing to work in harmony with the manufacturers' settled business policies. Usually the split is not unavoidable, and is often a loss to both parties. Neither shows a reasonable willingness to accept the other's viewpoint. Perhaps a letter is written, which the writer intended to be a bluff, but worded a trifle too strongly. It is accepted at face value and answered as such. Then personal pride steps in, and a mutually advantageous trade relation is needlessly severed.

We do not deny that the manufacturer himself is often at fault; but it is equally true that wholesalers have in many instances worked to their own loss. Their conflicts, it should be noted, have been quite as often with non-advertisers as with advertisers.

Imaginary Oppositions

There are two most fruitful causes of friction in the attitude of the wholesaler toward advertising and advertised goods. He commonly sets too high a mark on the value to him of selling goods under his own brand, or otherwise, as he puts it, "owning his own trade." Unless his private brands are of good quality and well advertised they are seldom as profitable to him as the well advertised manufacturers' brands. They are harder for him to sell to the retailer, because the retailer's customers want the brands that are convincingly advertised. Many a wholesaler has forced manufacturers to eliminate him solely because he obstinately refused to do justice to the demand in his territory for standardized goods. No matter how hard the wholesaler fights, the brands that eventually will

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dominate his territory are chosen by the demand of the consumer. If he doesn't distribute them efficiently someone else will, and he is the sole loser.

Again, many wholesalers not only will not coöperate with, but actually hamper, the execution of a national and aggressive advertising campaign which offers them splendid opportunities of profit. They jealously withhold from the advertiser names of their customers or of prospective customers to whom the manufacturer would gladly present his arguments and selling points. They accept large shipments of booklets, circulars, showcards, etc., and keep them unopened in a damp cellar. They neglect inquiries from interested dealers which the manufacturer forwards to them. They instruct salesmen to favor the private brand at the cost of the advertiser's brand.

Where Two Just Men Think Each Other Unjust

While such opposition as this is naturally intolerable to the aggressive and ambitious advertiser, yet, on the other hand, it is due to no hostility on the part of the wholesaler. It arises rather from a mistaken notion on the part of the wholesaler as to where his profit really lies. Both he and the manufacturer have suspicions of the other's intention. The advertiser looks upon the wholesaler who adopts such a course as an obstacle to progress, whereas the wholesaler looks upon the advertiser as an interloper who would take away his birthright. Both opinions are generally wrong. Each of the two parties is honestly seeking to work out his own business welfare. Nevertheless, because so many wholesalers fail to see the opportunity that national advertising brings them, there is frequent clashing and friction.

Occasionally, there may be a real conflict of interest between the manufacturer and the wholesaler; but we believe that the "elimination of the jobber" is as far away as the millennium, if he will recognize the modern business trend toward advertising and put himself in line with it and profit by it.

Catching Tartars

The manufacturer who wants to do away with the wholesaler has a man's job in front of him. Suppose, for example, he decides to do away with jobbers in the Middle West. The first thing that he can count on is a loss of anywhere from 10% to 50% of the trade—no very alluring prospect. Next, he must take upon himself the expense of a big selling force, of a vastly complicated shipping problem, of new storage warehouse facilities, of much increased bookkeeping and credit departments, and he must accept in the place of three or four large ledger accounts, which are as good as gold, several thousand petty accounts in which the risk of loss is problematical. Furthermore, he must induce the retailers to accept all the troublesome complications which come from buying from many concerns instead of from one.

Few manufacturers are willing, with their eyes open, to assume such an increase of the expense and trouble of doing business, and practically none would willingly displace a jobber that is doing fairly adequate justice to the probable demand from his territory. If, to all these advantages, the wholesaler will add a willingness to coöperate with the aggressive manufacturer's efforts to help him build sales by advertising, and to stop deceiving himself as to the comparative value of handling small quantities of hard-selling private brands as against large and easy sales of standardized brands, he can gain, what is really his due, the impregnable monopoly of specialized experience and equipment.

Read This Slowly

It is time for wholesalers and manufacturers to stop their unnecessary and costly squabbles and to recognize that each is an advantage to the other. By just as much as the manufacturer is cumbered with the details of distribution, by just so much is he less efficient as a manufacturer and a merchandiser. By just as much as the wholesaler assumes the position of the manufacturer, by just so much is he less efficient in his proper sphere of improving the quality and economy of distribution; and by just as much as he studies the questions "What does the public want?" and "Why do they want it?" by just so much is he approaching the door of opportunity and expansion.

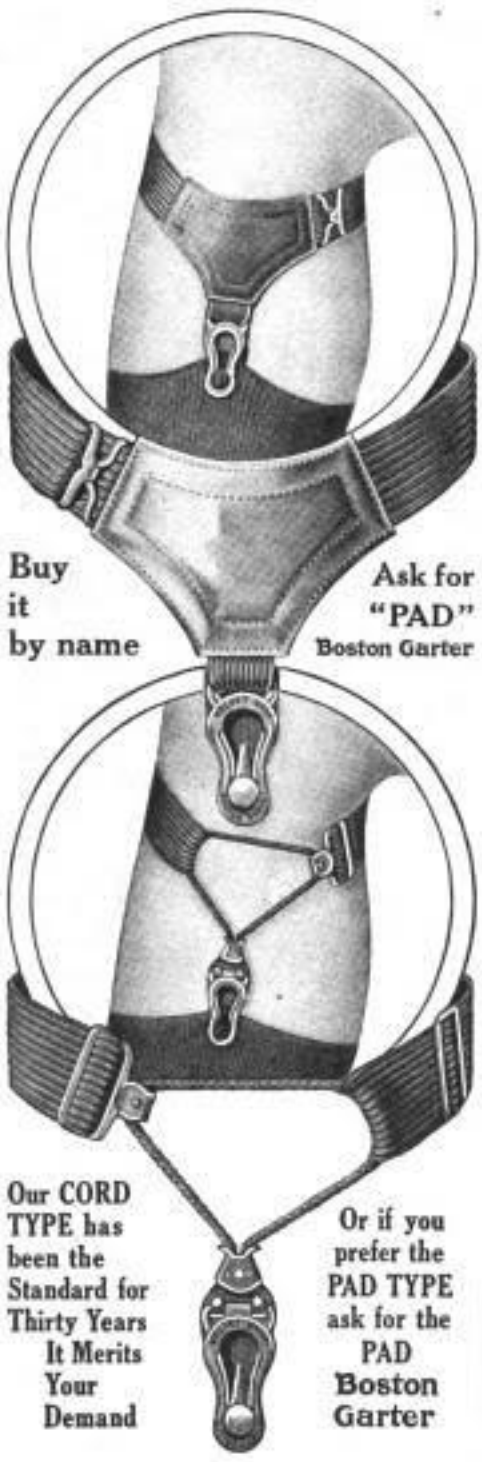
Our new 40-page booklet on Modern Merchandising is worth any jobber's and retailer's reading. It is sent free on request.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Present circulation 1,753,000
The SATURDAY EVENING POST Present circulation 1,932,000
The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN Present circulation 66,000
Philadelphia Boston New York Chicago

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Boston Garter

Velvet Grip



Buy it by name

Ask for "PAD" Boston Garter

Our CORD TYPE has been the Standard for Thirty Years It Merits Your Demand

Or if you prefer the PAD TYPE ask for the PAD Boston Garter

Sample pair postpaid on receipt of price

PAD Lisle 25c Silk 50c CORD

GEORGE FROST CO., *Makers*, Boston

Also makers of the famous Velvet Grip Hose Supporters for women and children

SANDOW MARINE ENGINE

2 h. p., 2 cylinder, $150.00
4 h. p., 4 cylinder, 87 00
2 h. p., 1 cylinder, 39.75

Built Like An Automobile Engine

2 to 20 h.p., ready to ship; gasoline or kerosene. Detroit boats of all kinds; start easy; cannot backfire; almost noiseless. 5-Year Absolute Guarantee—30-Day Trial. Three moving parts—women and children run it. Demonstrate an engine for us and get yours at cost. Be first in territory to get offer. Sales plan and literature FREE. Write today. Detroit Motor Car Supply Co., 14 Helen Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Starts without cranking.

Styleplus

Learn to Write

I TEACH BY MAIL

WRITE FOR MY FREE BOOK "How to Become a Good Penman" and beautiful specimens. Your name elegantly written on a card if you enclose stamp. Write today. Address F. W. TAMBLYN, 417 Meyer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

THREE YEARS OF PROGRESS

(Continued from Page 5)

This creation of a public-utility commission was an issue in Iowa, Missouri, Colorado, Wyoming, Minnesota and Montana, and will be prominently before the legislatures of these states in 1912 and 1913; for the rights of the states to control purely local utilities will hardly be denied by the courts. And as civilization broadens these utilities will touch more and more intimately the lives of all the people. The sale of these commodities does not require great skill in trading; their management calls for no more extraordinary talent than is developed by a colonel in a regular army regiment. It is not fair that great profits should be taken by capitalists and promoters in conducting these enterprises. What is more to the point, the people, through their cities and states, are beginning to take the matter in hand; and, unless the tendencies that have begun within the three years last past and have overspread a dozen of the great American commonwealths are checked, within half a decade exorbitant profits on watered stock in local public utilities will begin to see their declining days.

Of course control by the state or nation in the realm of public utilities is no new thing. For nearly a generation public control of railroads has been common, and the extension of control to other utilities is merely broadening the application of an old idea; but the introduction of workingmen's compensation laws and the removal from the shoulders of labor of liability for accidents and disease arising in a trade, and putting that liability upon capital—these are new things in our politics.

Fairer Liability Laws

Until within the last half-decade labor bore the burden of the wear and tear of men; capital bore the burden of the wear and tear of machinery. In Europe for a generation capital has borne both burdens; but here in America the employer of labor was allowed to defend himself against the claim of his employee by claiming contributory negligence or the negligence of a fellow servant, or by setting up the claim that when the laborer went to work in the factory or upon the railroad or in the mine, or what-not, he knew the risks of the employment and took them with his eyes open and could not claim damages for accidents occurring in the ordinary run of the business. Today sentiment in America is changing rapidly upon the question of the assumed risk, and it is changing also as to the broader question of the responsibility of capital for the wear and tear of men in any trade, whether the wear and tear comes from accidents peculiar to the trade or from diseases peculiar to the trade.

This change of sentiment is evidenced by enactment in ten states widely separated as to conditions and sectional viewpoint. These states have recently secured laws providing for definite compensations for different accidents to workingmen. At the same time, these states have removed the defenses that capital heretofore has set up that have made it difficult for employees to recover damages for the common run of accidents in any trade. These states are California, Kansas, Washington, New Jersey, Massachusetts; Ohio—where an insurance fund is provided; New York—where the state court of appeals set aside the workingmen's compensation law as unconstitutional; New Hampshire; Oregon—where the people initiated the law after the legislature refused to pass it; and Illinois. Nebraska and Iowa have appointed commissions to draw up laws conforming to their constitutions and submit them to the next session of their respective legislatures. In addition to this, Indiana, Maine, Montana and South Dakota have removed the old defenses that placed the liability for accidents upon labor and have left to juries the amount of damages to be assessed.

Here are sixteen states wherein, during three years, public sentiment has expressed itself definitely in legislation against the barbarous doctrine of the assumed risk. The sentiment is too widely diffused among the people to be a mere local cataclysm of sentiment. When, for instance, Ohio, Indiana and Wisconsin think alike upon a subject there is no reason to believe that their neighbors, Minnesota, Michigan and West Virginia, will lag far behind their sister states in expressing in laws the same sentiment. And it is highly grotesque for wise gentlemen with mechanical views of the law to sit in judgment upon the matter and say that the Constitution will check the legalization of this sentiment. The Constitution is a good and great document, but when public sentiment in this country has become thoroughly set the Constitution never affords a serious impediment to the legal expression of this sentiment; or when majorities are for a proposition courts may always be depended upon to find excellent law to support the majorities in interpreting the Constitution. The Constitution is merely a coffer-dam to prevent the legalization of temporary clamor.

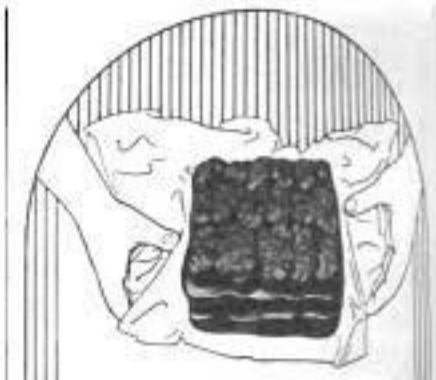
In the case of the liability of capital for the accidents of the trades public sentiment in this country is becoming fairly well crystallized.

In the matter of the conditions of labor public sentiment is changing rapidly all over the country. A dozen states made laws last winter limiting the hours of service of women and children. These states are Illinois, Indiana, California, Michigan, New Hampshire, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New York, Ohio, Wisconsin and Washington. Oregon, the first state to secure a law that passed muster in the United States Supreme Court, got her law by the initiative and has materially strengthened it since. Laws regulating the hours of service in certain trades—as for instance railroading—are so common that the fact that seven states have recently come up with the majority in enacting such laws is worth scarcely a comment. These states are Kansas, Indiana, Iowa, Montana, Nebraska, Ohio and North Carolina. Massachusetts—which is the most progressive of American commonwealths in the matter of economic legislation and is moving forward in the matter of political and institutional development—has supplemented her savings-bank substitute for old-age pensions by a law providing for a retirement allowance for employees. This law provides for a fund to which both employer and employee contribute. It is invested under control and supervision of the state and it becomes a pension for the employee after a certain number of years of service, when he is ready to retire.

Kansas Pension Acts

Kansas passed two laws providing for pensioning citizens: the first, providing that school-teachers, under a mutually collected fund in first-class cities, may be pensioned; and the second, providing that the county commissioners may pension indigent persons instead of sending them to the poorhouse. Legislation of this kind, though at present sporadic, is occurring too frequently in different sections of the country for the entire comfort of those persons who believe that the wave of reform has spent itself, and that soon we shall go back to the good old days when labor was a commodity like hoop-poles, and every man had a right to do as he pleased with his own money, his own employees and his own business. Public control of capital invested in necessary industries is slowly but steadily extending. And, with the fundamental institutional changes that are remaking the states—the primary, direct legislation, the recall, the direct election of senators and the direct nomination of presidents, all hedged about by rigid corrupt-practices acts—the power of capital in American political affairs is not likely to enjoy a renaissance for a long and possibly a weary time.

Of course the political and economic activities hereinbefore enumerated are not the only national movements evidenced by state legislation. The establishment of a state tax commission, with powers to demand a full valuation of all property, is one of the important tendencies of the time. Two states, Missouri and Oregon, will vote for the adoption of what is known as the single tax. The enactment in a dozen states of laws putting many state employees upon the merit system, and putting all state institutions—except the educational and penal—under one board, is characteristic of the political spirit of the times. As the convention system is abolished, the need for political jobs for political camp-followers falls off; and the ideal state government, wherein every man pays his equitable share of the taxes and every dollar's worth of taxes brings a dollar's worth



Try Some Really Fresh Dates

Such dates are different from those you buy from a large open box where exposure to air and dust makes the fruit dry, hard and dirty. Really fresh dates are soft, moist and full of wholesome richness. They delight as candy, yet are nourishing as bread.

Dromedary Dates

come to you as fresh as though just picked from the palms. They are carefully packed in layers, separated by sheets of waxed paper, wrapped in parchment, and enclosed in dust-proof cartons. Thus packed you get dates as they should be and seldom are. Sold at most grocery and fruit stores. *Sample Size Package Sent for 10 Cents.*

A Novel Recipe Book FREE

It suggests a surprising number of new and nourishing dishes that can be made with dates. In requesting book mention dealer's name.

THE HILLS BROTHERS COMPANY, Dept. K, Beach and Washington Streets, New York



Have Your Own Steel Fireproof Garage

Any Man Can Set It Up

$72.50



Have your own Garage—make sure no one is using your car without your knowledge. Save $25 to $35 storage charge. Save $50 to $100 cost of building by ordering

Edwards Fireproof Steel Garage

Shipped complete, F. O. B. Cincinnati, on receipt of $72.50. Any man can set it up, ready for use, in a few hours. Blue prints and simple directions come with shipment. Sizes come 10 feet wide, 14, 16, 18 or 20 feet long, 10 feet high. Ample room for largest car and all equipment. Absolutely Fireproof, Weatherproof, Indestructible. Locks most securely. An attractive structure any owner will be proud of. Booklet, with full description and illustration, sent on request.

EDWARDS MFG. CO., 640-680 Eggleston Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio



"RANGER" BICYCLES

Have imported roller chains, Morrow coaster brake, Detachable Tire Rims, Puncture Proof Tires, unique equipment and many advanced features that smooth wheels. Guaranteed for

FACTORY PRICES

others ask for cheap wheels. Other models from $12 up. A few good second hand machines $3 to $8.

10 Days' Free Trial We ship on approval, freight prepaid, anywhere in U.S. without a cent in advance. No matter what bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you get our big new catalog and our special prices and a marvelous new offer. A postal brings everything.

TIRES Coaster Brake Rear Wheels, lamps, parts and sundries half usual prices.

Agents everywhere are coining money selling our bicycles and sundries. Write today.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. P-55 CHICAGO

PATENTS Write us for Free Booklet.

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ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS.

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Don't Wait

for "Building Weather"



Applying Wall Board to Studding

Send for Illustrated Free Book and
Big Sample of Bishopric Wall Board

USE Bishopric Wall Board in place of plaster, and you can finish your building in winter as well as summer, and save a month's time.

Bishopric Wall Board goes right on, rigid, solid, ready for paper, paint, burlap or wood panels in finest residences or cottages. Fire-resisting; proof against cold, wind, dampness, rats or other vermin. Ceil your attic. Ceil your cellar. Finish your porch with this Wall Board.

BISHOPRIC WALL BOARD

Better than plaster — costs far less to put on

Bishopric Wall Board is made with asphalt mastic, which does not burn. Imbedded laths make it solid, rigid and flat, for all time. Cannot warp, swell or crack. Lath is the only thing that gives wall board the rigidity, and Bishopric Wall Board is the only wall board made with lath.

Bishopric Sheathing Saves 75 Per Cent

Bishopic Sheathing is made of the same materials as Bishopric Wall Board, but finished surface is not so smooth. It saves by actual figures 75 per cent of the cost of applying lumber and building paper.

Make Air-Tight, Rat-Proof Farm Buildings

Make your stable, corn crib, bins, poultry house, milk house rain-proof, frost-proof, rat-proof, with Bishopric Sheathing.

Price of Bishopric Wall Board: Each crate contains sixteen sheets 4x4 feet, making a total of 256 square feet. Price, $6.40 per crate of 256 square feet, or $2.50 per square of 100 square feet, f. o. b. Cincinnati.

Price of Bishopric Sheathing: Each crate contains sixteen sheets, 4x4 feet, making a total of 256 square feet. Price, $6.00 per crate of 256 square feet, or $2.35 per square of 100 square feet, f. o. b. Cincinnati.

Write Us—We Will Tell You How Much You Need

Give us the length, width and height of the rooms and we will figure the cost. Address

The Mastic Wall Board and Roofing Mfg. Co.
30 Este Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

New Effects In

CHENEY SILK CRAVATS

In addition to our new lines of tubular, all-silk cravats, we have prepared an unusual variety of new effects in Summer ties. These ties possess all the features that have made Cheney Cravats so desirable.

All our Cravats are marked CHENEY SILKS *in the neckband*

Ask to see the new silk mufflers and all-silk absorbent handkerchiefs.

Sold by Dealers Everywhere.

CHENEY BROTHERS
Silk Manufacturers
4th Ave. and 18th St., New York

Cash's "Woven Names"

are better than marking ink for wearing apparel, household linen, etc. Your name can be interwoven with a fine cambric tape in FAST COLORS. 12 dozen full name $2.00, 6 dozen $1.25, 3 dozen 85c. Other prices on application. Have your friends' names woven. An Ideal Gift. Send for Samples to

J. & J. CASH, L't'd
504 Chestnut Street South Norwalk, Conn., U. S. A.
Orders can be placed through your dealer

of service, is more and more nearly approached as the professional politician is further and further eliminated in state affairs.

The tax commission and the central bipartisan board of control of state institutions are putting state affairs nearer to a scientific standard of management than they ever were; and it is a significant fact that these institutions have made most effective headway in the primary states; for the primary brings state officers and members of the legislature into office without entangling trades and promises—to be paid for out of the public treasury by supernumerary officers. Whatever else may be charged to the new movement in politics, as far as it touches state affairs, it has not been convicted of loading the tax rolls with useless offices; for under the new rule the public officials are responsible not to the politicians but directly to the voters and taxpayers. When a new office is created it must be such an office as the people approve, even if the politicians sniff at it.

The rise in importance of the state university and agricultural college in a state runs parallel with its advance in those political and economic changes that are remaking our American state institutions. The leading commonwealths in the progressive movement are Wisconsin, California, Oregon, Nebraska, Kansas, Washington, Illinois, Ohio, Iowa, New Jersey, Minnesota, the two Dakotas, Michigan, Maine, Massachusetts and New Hampshire. With the exception of Massachusetts, New Jersey and New Hampshire, each of these states spends more money for higher education than for any other single item in its state budget. And the influence of Harvard upon Massachusetts and of Princeton upon New Jersey, of course, must not be discounted.

The rule seems to work well backward; and one may account for the conservatism of the South, which today is the most reactionary section of the country, by the fact that during the past generation the South had other problems and could not afford to spend lavish sums for higher education. The hope of the South is in the fact that during the last decade the Southern state universities and industrial schools have been striding into their proper places in the social schemes of their respective states.

The Overthrow of Cannon

So much for the work of the states as states. The work of the states as the United States is worthy of consideration. In the main the Federal activities of the people are along lines exactly parallel to their activities in the states; and the three years' progress they have made in the Federal Government is just as satisfactory, when one remembers the size of the political body that is to be moved, as the progress in the several commonwealths. In the Federal Government, as in the states, we find the activities of the people both political and economic. The overthrow of Cannon and Cannonism, which made the House of Representatives more truly representative, was purely political—in the sense that its economic significance was negligible, except indirectly; but the greater freedom with which the House has moved since the changed rules have broken the autocratic power of the Committee on Rules, and since the power of the Speaker to name house committees has been taken from him, has justified the bitterness of that contest.

In the Senate the chief contest upon the purely political side of the activities of progress was in the two affirmative votes taken for the direct election of United States senators. The second important political contest in the Senate was the prolonged struggle to unseat Senator Lorimer. A third political contest of importance was developed in the refusal of the Senate to elect any president pro tem. rather than to elect a pronounced reactionary who would direct the course of the Senate, as far as he was able, along reactionary lines. The victory of the Progressives in these three contests is the direct result of the primaries in the states. The Republican senators who accomplished these three results, with but one exception, came from primary states. That one exception, Dixon, of Montana, came from a state that requires a direct advisory vote on senators. In the fight in the House of Representatives on Cannonism the Insurgents, with few exceptions, also came from districts which nominated their candidates for Congress by a direct vote; and

Give the children brown, crisp

Swift's Premium Bacon

They relish the sweet flavor and it satisfies their craving for meat.

It is an appetizing, savory food, supplying the nourishment and fat that active children need.

Sliced thin and sold in sealed glass jars, it keeps fresh and retains its original delicate flavor and exceptional quality.

Swift's Premium Ham and Bacon are relished as much by adults as by the children.

Ask for Swift's Premium.

Dealers supplied by

Swift & Company
U. S. A.



SWISS EMBROIDERIES *in latest Paris Styles*



delivered all charges prepaid from our stock in New York.

Finest Swiss Embroidery on best wearing and most fashionable materials.

WAISTS up from $1.75

DRESSES up from $6.75

CHILD'S DRESSES up from $4.90

on batiste, marquisette, linen, cashmere, nets, voiles and all the latest silk materials.

Ask for actual samples and 1912 Paris fashion plates. *Sent free.*

SCHWEIZER & CO.
Dept. C, 105 Fifth Ave., New York

Learn SUCCESS SHORTHAND

Let the world's leading institution of expert court reporters give you personal, practical instruction in Success Shorthand.

The best course for beginners; a post-graduate and perfection course for stenographers. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

We have graduated thousands of high-class commercial stenographers, private secretaries, and persons who have used shorthand to enter business life, and a greater number of expert court reporters in the last six years than has any other shorthand school in America.

Our graduates have established highest world's records and have been awarded championship trophies in International Speed and Accuracy contests of stenographers.

We teach by mail and by personal instruction. Write today for interesting, free catalogue. If a stenographer, state system used.

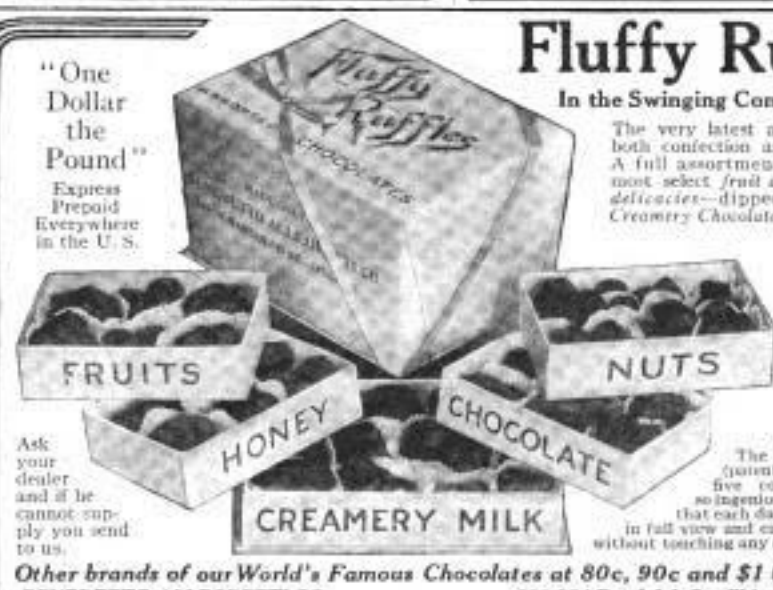
SUCCESS SHORTHAND SCHOOL
W. L. JAMES, Chief Instructor
Suite 212, Schiller Building CHICAGO, ILL.

Fluffy Ruffles

In the Swinging Compartment Box

"One Dollar the Pound"
Express Prepaid Everywhere in the U. S.

The very latest attraction in both confection and package. A full assortment of rarest, most select *fruit and nut-meat delicacies*—dipped in *Ceylon Creamery Chocolate.*



One Two Three and Five Pound Boxes

Ask your dealer and if he cannot supply you send to us.

The Cabinet Box (patented) comprises five compartments, so ingeniously arranged that each dainty morsel is in full view and can be selected without touching any of the others.

Other brands of our World's Famous Chocolates at 80c, 90c and $1 the pound.

BENEDETTO ALLEGRETTI CO. 220-224 Randolph St., Chicago, U. S. A.

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Ford

WHAT'S BEHIND IT?

What is it that is selling 75,000 Ford cars in 1912?
What is behind this enormous demand?
Is it unusually clever advertising?

NO! Ford advertising never attempts to be "clever"—never aims at the spectacular—never dallies with the English language—merely states the facts of the case so that he who runs may read, and, reading, stop running and buy a FORD. Yet that is not the big factor.

Is it unusually clever dealers? No! Ford dealers rank at the top—are all wideawake, keen, obliging, proud of the car and the good name of firm. But there are many clever dealers trying to sell other automobiles.

WHAT IS IT?

Nothing but this—*the guarantee of accomplishment.* What sells these 75,000 is the 100,000 Ford cars already in use (one out of every five on the street). Satisfied buyers are the backbone of the Ford success.

Ford Distributors and Branches in all the principal cities and towns in this country are at your very elbow to give you the service we maintain.

Ford Model T Touring Car, 4 cylinders, 5 passengers, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit	$690
Ford Model T Torpedo, 4 cylinders, 2 passengers, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit	$590
Ford Model T Commercial Roadster, 4 cylinders, 3 passengers, removable rumble seat, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit	$590
Ford Model T Town Car, (Landaulet) 4 cylinders, 6 passengers, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit	$900
Ford Model T Delivery Car, capacity 750 pounds merchandise, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit	$700

The one chassis with different bodies.

Write for booklet, "The A B C of Ford Model T," and learn in detail the superior merits in design and construction of Ford Model T. Address Dept. P.

Ford Motor Company
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the indorsement of those congressmen by the primary and the defeat of a score of their reactionary colleagues at the primaries seems to give direct evidence of the political power of the movement that has grown for the past ten years.

In thirty-six states congressmen are now nominated by a direct primary vote, and the last Congress has convened that will deliberately defy the people as the members of the Sixtieth Congress defied it. Within three years the United States has seen the entire spirit of Congress change; the control upon big basic matters has passed from the great property interests to the people. It is true that Mr. Roosevelt time and again compe led Congress to stand for human rights against the unfair demands of property; but then Congress moved under the lash and grudgingly. Now, with no great leader, but under the force of sheer public sentiment unmistakably expressed in the primaries, Congress takes its stand without a whimper. The gain is evolutional; the contrast is revolutionary!

New Fields of Federal Activity

The passage of the railroad law broadening the powers of the Government in the control of the railroads, along the lines of control that the most progressive states have adopted with respect to their local utilities, marks the most important step taken by the Government for a generation. The bill is not all that its best friends hope for, but it is far in advance of the Hepburn law and points a way to the control of other interstate corporations—the so-called trusts—that may prove a solution of our greatest economic problem. That solution would seem to be the conservation of the benefits of monopoly, by regulation and control, under the strictest Federal supervision. The postal savings-bank law—another compromise—is an entering wedge, and probably marks the beginning of a number of lines of Federal activity, for banking leads to insurance; and it must not be forgotten that Wisconsin has established a state insurance company and now furnishes life insurance at cost to the people of Wisconsin.

Now all this progress is the result of a healthy, insistent demonstration of sane, unselfish public sentiment. In the states and in the nation, through the legislatures and through Congress, and through the courts, the people of the United States have demonstrated that they not only know what they desire but they can make their wants felt calmly and without clamor, yet with great force and emphasis. What the people seriously desire and ask for, this they get; and courts are as ready as legislatures to follow public sentiment—across the Constitution, if necessary. It is only raw clamor that goes to pot in this country. Wise progress never before has had such a successful triennium in America as has just passed. The Taft Administration has been anything but a period of waiting. It has been a period of effective action; and the action has been promoted by the rank and file of citizenship. Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. La Follette, Mr. Taft, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Harmon, and a score of colonels, captains, sergeants and privates, have done their part—not all an equal part, but their part as they saw it. Either or all of the officers might have died or deserted and still the fight would have been waged without abatement and with success—for it has been a fight of the folks. The faith is amply justified of those who believed that the people would stand up and fight their own battles, even without the leader who roused them. Those who believed the country had been fattening on spoon-fed reform must see their folly. Those who have been predicting that the wave of agitation would recede may as well come aboard the ark. The American mind is beginning to apply itself to problems of concrete justice. It is an active mind—that American mind; and what it has done in a material way during the last century will be paralleled in a spiritual way in this century. We have come far in ten years. Those who think they can lock the spokes of progress by defeating this or the other radical leader should realize that radical leaders do not make a radical people. Radicalism in the people develops radical leaders. This is the one big fact that the departure of Mr. Roosevelt from the White House, the eclipse of President Taft, and the rise of La Follette, Wilson, and the Progressive Insurgent group in Congress, prove beyond any reasonable doubt.

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THE LIGHTED WAY

(Continued from Page 21)

"I am not," Arnold assured him.

"Nor thinking of it?"

"Nor thinking of it," Arnold repeated.

"When the time comes," Mr. Jarvis said, "don't you go poking about in any foreign islands or places. If only the governor had left those smelly European cheeses to take care of themselves he'd be sitting here in his chair at this moment, smoking a cigar and handing me out the orders. You and I are, so to speak, in a confidential position now, Chetwode, and I am able to say things to you that I might have hesitated to say before. Do you know how much the governor has spent during the last year?"

"No idea," Arnold replied. "Does it matter?"

"He has spent," the cashier solemnly announced, "close upon ten thousand pounds."

"It sounds a good deal," Arnold admitted, "but I expect he had saved it."

"Of course he had saved it," Mr. Jarvis replied, "but what has that to do with it? One doesn't save money for the pleasure of spending it. Never since my connection with the firm has Mr. Weatherley attempted to spend anything like one half of his income."

"Then I should think it was quite time he began," Arnold declared. "You are not going to suggest, I suppose, that financial embarrassments had anything to do with Mr. Weatherley's disappearance?"

Mr. Jarvis started. To him the suggestion sounded sacrilegious.

"My dear Chetwode," he said, "you must indeed be ignorant of the resources of the firm when you make such a suggestion! I simply wished to point out that after his marriage Mr. Weatherley completely changed all his habits. It is not well for a man of his age to change his habits—God bless my soul, here is an automobile stopping outside! If it should be Mr. Weatherley come back!"

They both hurried eagerly to the window. The automobile, however, that had drawn up outside was larger and more luxurious than Mr. Weatherley's. Count Sabatini, folding up his newspaper, made a leisurely descent. The cashier looked at him curiously.

"Wonder who it is," he remarked. "Looks like some sort of a foreigner."

"It is Mrs. Weatherley's brother," Arnold told him.

Mr. Jarvis was deeply interested. A moment later a card was brought in.

"Gentleman wishes to see Mr. Chetwode."

"You can show him in," Arnold directed.

Sabatini was already upon the threshold. He carried his gray Homburg hat in his hand; he seemed to bring with him a subtle atmosphere of refinement. The perfection of his clothes, the faint perfume from his handkerchief, his unusual yet unnoticeable tie—these things were peculiar to himself. The little array of clerks through whose ranks he had passed stared after him in wonder.

"How are you, my young friend?" he asked, smiling at Arnold. "Immersed in business, I suppose?"

"Naturally we are very busy," Arnold answered. "Please come in and sit down."

Sabatini laid his hat and stick upon the table and commenced leisurely to draw off his gloves.

"This is Mr. Jarvis, who has been Mr. Weatherley's right-hand man for a great many years," Arnold said, introducing him—"Count Sabatini, Mr. Weatherley's brother-in-law."

Mr. Jarvis shook hands solemnly.

"I am glad to know you, sir," he declared. "I have not had the pleasure of seeing much of Mrs. Weatherley, but my connection with the firm is a very old one."

"Is there any news," Sabatini asked, "of our esteemed friend?"

Mr. Jarvis shook his head mournfully.

"There is no news," he announced. "I am afraid, sir," he continued, "that it will be a long time before we do hear any news. If your business is with Mr. Chetwode, Count Sabatini," he added, "I will ask you to excuse me. I have plenty to do in the warehouse. If there is any information I can give you on behalf of your sister or yourself I shall be very happy to come back if you will send for me."

He bustled out, closing the door after him. Sabatini looked round with a faint smile, as though his surroundings amused

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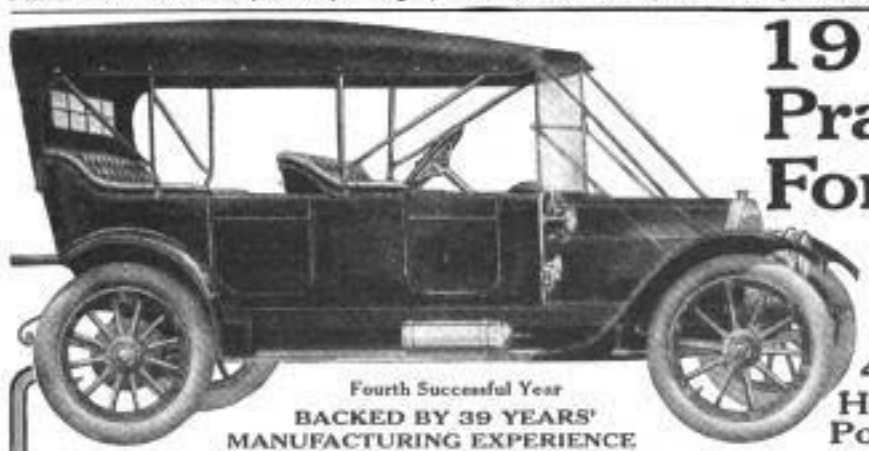


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him. He then carefully deposited his gloves with his hat, selected the most comfortable chair and seated himself.

"So this is where the money is coined, eh?" he remarked. "It is fortunate that I have discovered the place, for I need some."

Arnold smiled.

"We haven't had time to do much coining yet."

"Supposing I want five hundred pounds, could I have it?" Sabatini asked.

Arnold shook his head.

"Certainly not," he replied, "unless you had cheeses to sell us for it, or bacon. Samuel Weatherley & Co. are provision merchants, not money-lenders."

"You have the control of the finances, haven't you?"

"To a certain extent I have," Arnold admitted.

"Now how much is there in that safe, I wonder?" Sabatini asked.

"About thirteen hundred pounds—perhaps even more than that," Arnold told him.

Sabatini withdrew the hand that had been fumbling in his pocket. Arnold looked suddenly into the muzzle of a small shining revolver.

"It was very foolish of you to give me that information," Sabatini said. "You have not forgotten our long conversation, I trust? I expounded to you most carefully the creed of my life. Five hundred pounds, if you please," he added politely.

"Not one ha'penny," Arnold answered, seating himself upon the table and folding his arms.

"I'll give you until I count three," Sabatini announced in a still, cold voice.

"You can give me as long as you like," Arnold retorted pleasantly.

Sabatini very deliberately counted three and pulled the trigger of his revolver. There was a slight click. He looked down the muzzle of the weapon and, with a little sigh, thrust it back into his pocket.

"This appears to be one of my failures," he declared. "Lend me five shillings then," he added. "I really came out without any silver and I must keep up my reputation. I positively cannot leave this office without loot of some sort."

Arnold handed his visitor two half-crowns, which the latter put gravely into his pocket.

"Come and lunch with me today at my rooms," he invited. "Lady Blennington and Fenella will be there. If you bring with you a sufficient appetite you may get value for your five shillings. It is the only way you will ever get it back."

"Then I must resign myself to being robbed," Arnold answered. "We haven't time nowadays for luncheon parties. On the whole I think I should be justified in putting the amount down to petty cash, I might even debit Mrs. Weatherley's account with it."

Sabatini took out his cigarette case.

"You will forgive me?" he said. "In your offices, I believe, it is not the custom, but I must confess that I find your atmosphere abominable. Last night I saw Fenella. She told me of your disagreement with her and of your baseless suspicions. Really, Chetwode, I am surprised at you."

"'Suspicions' seems scarcely the word," Arnold murmured.

Sabatini sighed.

"You are such a hideously matter-of-fact person," he declared. "Fenella should have seen your attitude from the humorous point of view. It would have appealed to me very much indeed."

"I am sorry if your sister misunderstood anything that I said," Arnold remarked a little awkwardly.

"My dear fellow," Sabatini continued, "there seems to have been very little ground for misunderstanding. Fenella was positively hurt. She says that you seem to look upon us as a sort of adventurer and adventuress—people who live by their wits, you understand, from hour to hour, without character or reputation. She is quite sure in her own mind that you believe Mr. Weatherley's absence to be due to our secret and criminal machinations."

"I am sorry," Arnold replied, "if anything I said to your sister has given her that impression. The fact remains, however, that Mrs. Weatherley has declined to give me any explanation of various incidents that were certainly more than bewildering. One cannot help feeling," he went on after a moment's hesitation, "that if my friendship were of any account to your sister—which, of course, it isn't—she would look at the matter differently."

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or Plate Glass Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"My dear Chetwode," declared the Count, "my sympathies are entirely with you. The trouble of it is, of course, that the explanations that you demand will probably leave you only the more bewildered."

"You talk to me always in parables," Arnold protested. "How am I to understand what you mean?"

"You have reason, my young friend," Sabatini admitted. "Ask your questions."

"First of all, then, You know where Mr. Weatherley is?"

Sabatini made a wry face.

"Let us leave this respectable Weatherley out of the case for a moment," he said. "To tell you the truth I am weary of him. I would speak of ourselves—of my sister and myself and those others. You cannot deny that, however wicked you may think us, we are at least interesting."

"Have you come here to make fun of me?" Arnold asked quietly.

"Not in the least," Sabatini assured him. "On the contrary, I have come to make friends. My sister is penitent. We have decided to take your discretion for granted. I am here to explain. You want to understand all these things that seem to you so mysterious. Well, ask your questions. What is it that you wish to know?"

"Nothing," Arnold replied. "I have come to the conclusion that I was wrong to speak to your sister as I did. I have a great responsibility here that will occupy all my thoughts. I am going to devote myself to work. The other things do not interest me."

Sabatini smiled.

"My young friend," he murmured, "you may say that to yourself, but it is not true. It is not life for you to buy these articles of food at one price and sell them for another; to hold the profit in your hand and smile. That is what life means in Tooley Street. You could do it for a little time, perhaps, but not for very long."

"It may seem absurd to you," Arnold protested, "but it's my duty for the present anyhow, and I am going to do it. I shall have to work ten hours a day, and I shall have no time for dreams. I am going to stay in the atmosphere I have to live in."

Sabatini shook his head.

"You must have relaxation."

"I can find it," Arnold replied. "I can find it without going so far afield."

Sabatini was silent for a moment. He was a man of few expressions, but he seemed a little disappointed.

"Will you do your duty any the less zealously, do you think," he asked, "because you have friends who take an interest in you?"

Arnold was suddenly conscious of the ungraciousness of his attitude.

"You don't understand!" he exclaimed a little desperately. "Your world wasn't made for me. I haven't any place in it. My work is here. I can't allow myself always to be distracted. Your sister is the most wonderful person I ever met and it is one of the greatest pleasures I have ever known to talk to her, even for a few minutes, but I am more at peace with myself and with the world when I am away from her."

There was a gleam of approval in Sabatini's dark eyes. He nodded thoughtfully.

"It is well spoken. My sister chose to marry Samuel Weatherley, and the women of our race have been famous throughout history for their constancy. Must you, my dear young friend, go and hide your head in the sand because a woman is beautiful and chooses to be kind to you? Fenella values your friendship. You have done her a service and you have done me a service. A few nights ago it amused me to feed your suspicions. This morning I feel otherwise. We do not choose, either of us, that you should think of us quite in the way you are thinking now."

Arnold hesitated no longer.

"Since you insist, then," he declared, "I will ask you the questions that I should have asked your sister. That is what you desire?"

"Assuredly," Sabatini assented.

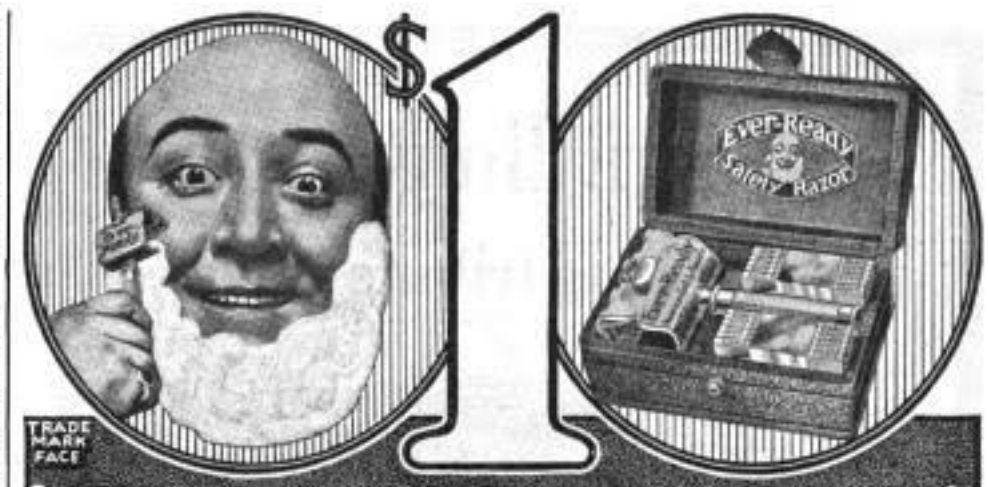
"First, then, Who killed Rosario?"

"There is a certain directness about your methods," Sabatini said suavely, "that commends itself to me. No one could mistake you for anything but an Englishman."

"Tell me, Who killed Rosario?" Arnold repeated.

"As you will," Sabatini replied. "Rosario was murdered by a Portuguese Jew—a man of the name of Isaac Lalonde."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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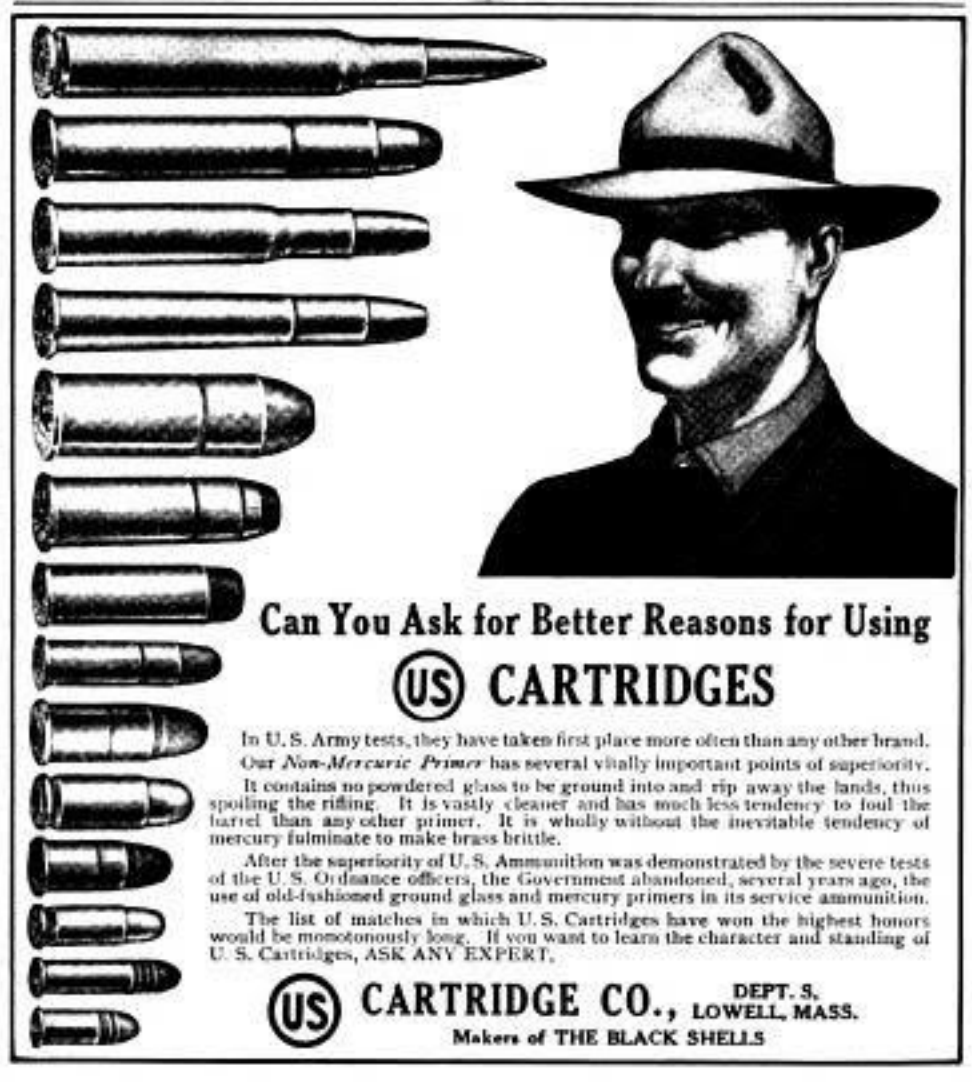
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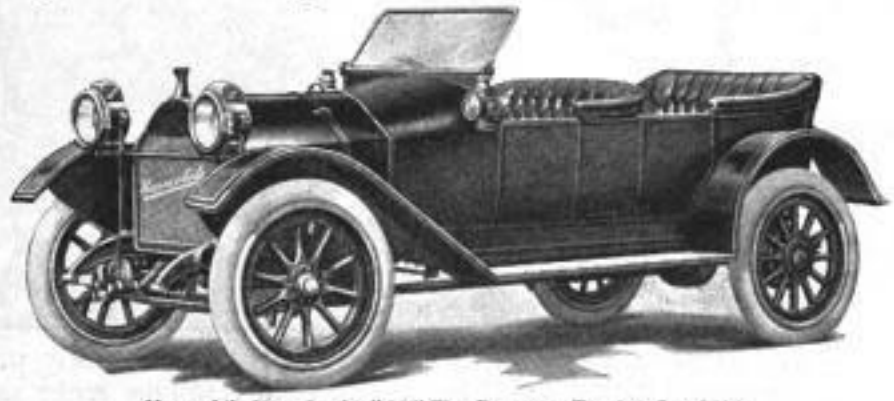
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INSIDE BALL IN THE CHURCH LEAGUE

(Continued from Page 18)

"Sure, we will," said Carroll cheerfully, "if you'll play it out without these apochryphal pewfillers here!"

"What's that?" yelled the shortstop, rushing up. "Say, you ——" And then he went out of the park too.

That made four—and the world got a million candlepower brighter for us; but it wasn't enough by five! Franklin and Shucks, the battery, were still in the game and so were most of the infield. More profanity was needed and needed desperately. I don't know when in the world's history there was another band of tolerably good and reputable young men to whom profanity would have been such sweet music! As for the audience, it was one big crater—all except the little band of Congregationalist men, who were too shocked and otherwise affected by the blasphemous events to do anything but grin. We resumed the game and Alexander of the regulars came up and knocked the ball one-quarter mile. We conversed with him busily as he raced round the bases, but he was going too fast to be affected. A real Baptist came next and we curled him up at the plate. Then Shucks, the catcher, tore off a two-bagger, and scored when Franklin poked one over short. Franklin stole second and third, and we had some hopes—for we were relying on Pang's companionship; but some timberhead threw the ball to third while Franklin was sliding, and it almost hit Pang. He managed to dodge, highly indignant, and Franklin trotted in.

That was two runs. We went out on six strikes and a dribble to short, while in the Baptists' half of the second two more regulars fell on the ball and spurned it to the tall grass for another run.

Things looked black. We couldn't get the real ballplayers to stand still on bases long enough to talk to them. When we began on one he promptly started off for the next base, and he generally got two in the confusion that followed. However, in the fifth, after we had been blanked again, Liever, the shortstop, landed on third, and James, after transfixing him to the bag with a malevolent glare, began to rub the ball in the dirt and make unusually long preparations for a masterly pitch.

"So you're one of those thirty-day Baptists I've heard about, are you?" Pang Byers inquired. "Say, I'd just like to see you in a church pew. I'll bet you look like a horned toad in a feather bed!"

"Shut up!" said Liever, who had been instructed not to talk.

"I'm glad you're agetting along in the baseball profession," said Byers, smiling beatifically. "You're in good fast company now, Liever. This church league is no slouch. You stick with it and you'll not only get some of the soot soaked out of your soul, but you'll learn to play the game. Why, the team we've had to own up to for the Homeburg regulars has been a disgrace!"

"Shut up!" said Liever menacingly.

"How a gang of human clotheshorses who have to chloroform a ball before they can hold it could get up the nerve to strut out on a baseball field and call themselves the Homeburg regulars is more than I can see!" said Pang, rambling on relentlessly. "Why, that team of yours would make an ordinary baseball die of loneliness. You never got near enough to the ball to talk to it. I saw your last game—and, honest, I thought you long-eared frauds were chasing butterflies——"

That got Liever—and while he was about it he made a good job of it. He smashed the rule and then he jumped on the fragments—after which he offered to lick Pang and the whole Congregational team. He was still frothing when he was led away—and quite a number of the audience went too. They wanted to see the game; but, their ears being a little out of practice and not hardened up, the conversation was proving too hot to handle.

Five! We counted 'em grimly, like the old women counting at the guillotine; and when Randall three-baggered and landed at Byers' corner Pang talked to him so feelingly about the time he played "Button-button, who's got the button?" with the ball during a critical stage in one of the regular games and let two runs go over the plate, that Randall exploded violently and was hurled forth. That made six—and only three were left; but, pshaw! we weren't



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any better off than before—for two of the three were Franklin and Shucks! The Baptists had seven runs and we had five beautiful, symmetrical goose eggs. We simply had to get Shucks or Franklin.

Fat chance we had! Franklin was about the only man of the regulars who didn't cuss chronically and automatically, while Shucks was a phlegmatic German who caught an idea after the other fellow had forgotten what he said, but who caught any ball that happened to be passing through that part of the township. We worried and sputtered and took long-distance jabs at both of them without the slightest success, and at the end of the seventh inning we had two more large, oval goose eggs—almost enough for a setting—with Franklin working even better and more good-naturedly.

Even Achilles had his vulnerable spot, however, and Shucks was no exception. He was keeping steady company with a German girl who composed the pastry at the Homeburg House; and when Carroll noticed her sitting in the front seat of the grandstand, with an apparently endless smile on her face, he turned to Shucks as he came to bat in the eighth.

"Your girl's up there in the grandstand laughing at you, Shucks," he said pleasantly.

"Aw, shut up!" said Shucks, getting red, but scooping in the first strike without even looking at it.

"They say you look so funny from behind when you're catching that even a stone dog would laugh."

"You better not get gay!" said Shucks, beginning to bubble and fizz in a dozen places.

"Is it true she says she picked you out because you're too homely to get jealous of?" persisted Carroll.

"Say!" roared Shucks, straightening up just as Franklin unfolded himself. Carroll pecked at the ball and ran. He ran partly because it was the third strike and partly because Shucks was reaching for him instead of the ball. He stopped at second, and when Sim Bone came to bat Shucks was leaking rage at every pore.

"Teasing you, was he, Shucky?" grinned Bone, wagging feebly at a horsehide meteor. "You ought not to tease so easily. You're blushing just like a girl! Everybody knows about that little affair of yours; and you had better watch out too—Carroll is jealous of you! He said yesterday you were a superimposed —— Huh?"

Bone stopped to smite at a place where he roughly calculated an indrop might be. It was an out and Shucks dropped it while Carroll went to third.

"What's that he said?" frothed Shucks.

"He said"—the ball was coming—"he said you were a superimposed parallelepiped!" said Bone, turning squarely round to Shucks.

"Three strikes!" said the umpire. The ball hit Shucks on the chest mattress and bounded away. Bone scooted for first, and the crowd, waiting to see him thrown out, were amazed to see Shucks dancing up and down and beckoning Carroll in from third.

"Come on, you—you—you polecat!" he yelled at Carroll. "I'll show you how to cut me out! I'll fix you, you ——"

The authorities intervened, however, and in the midst of a mob that smothered the whole diamond they led Shucks outside of the park for disturbing the peace, attempting assault, threatening arson and breaking Rule One in fourteen places.

I thought we should never get the field cleared; but finally the game started again, with Franklin still pitching and an amiable young martyr named Lansing behind the bat. Lansing, who was president of the Young People's League, had never caught a ball behind the plate and he didn't mar his record that afternoon. In the next two innings he had twenty-one passed balls, and in the ninth he got excited and threw to first in an attempt to catch James trotting home with the winning run. After that the crowd went home in knots of nine and fifteen, talking with hands, feet and mouths all the way.

We Congregational players slipped away quietly and went home by going round the town and entering from the east, thereby grieving the ex-Baptists deeply. They were waiting for us at the gate. We made up with them singly and with difficulty in the following week; and after we had flown the pennant once from the church spire at the risk of our necks we rolled it up and put it away. We were satisfied—more than satisfied! We were satiated! As I said before, I get as much fun reading the baseball scores as I do from playing, and it really isn't half so hard on the constitution.



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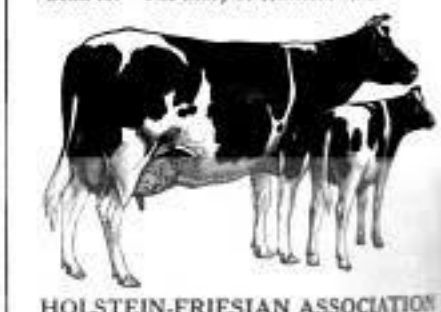
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The hunting dog has been the right hand nan's attempt to assume dominion over the creatures of the earth. It is gen- lly understood that the pointing dog's d attitude when pointing game is ply the arrested spring of the wolf, efinitely developed. In the dog's mind re is some surviving tradition of an ant of pause just before jumping upon prey. After a time the dog learned t his friend, man, armed with a gun able of reaching game which the dog ld not reach, is safer to bring meat into p than the dog is alone. Hence, as the dog gets for his work is what he can , he throws in his lot with his master; l he contributes his speed, cunning, lligence, power of scent and many other gs in a partnership which pays him board—and sometimes not that.

Ve value the dog in the hunting field re especially by reason of his power of it; but, as to that power, faculty or se of the dog, it is quite possible that we it by the wrong name—and certainly do not fully understand it. There are e few savage races, like the blacks of tralia, who retain a certain keenness cent; but the human understanding of t sense does not tally with the results rings to our canine friend. We ought all it the sense of scent plus something —something mysterious, which we do understand. We call it scent because do not know any better name for it, we do not understand it much better n we do the fourth dimension.

f you will notice a dog at his work in the l you will observe easily enough that scent or odor which he follows does lie in a definite plane, but seems to rregularly diffused in the air. I have etimes noticed a dog in the late evening, n the air was moist and the scenting d, eagerly working up on a dead bird : he had been ordered to find. He ld work in a definite direction toward bird, but his progress would be like a fence—a clearly defined zigzag—now nd now out of the zone of scent. You ld see nothing and the dog could see ing; but the positiveness of his actions g that zigzag course was the result of emotion or conclusion which no odor, matter how strong, can produce in a an being. There was something there cannot see and cannot understand—e sort of picture which comes into a 's mind, but not into a man's.

His Sense of Scent

onnected with this mental impression, dog seems to have some sort of reason- power. Often you have seen your dog, n birds are running ahead of him or n they are feeding, scattered, make a e circle and come in ahead to cut the l or to get the body scent direct. His ted and positive actions show impres- s unknown to our mind. He believes nows where the birds are and we believe nows—and we let it go at that.

dog has been known to follow the trail is master to a point where his master a street car, and then to follow the without ever being at a loss to know in ch direction it went. When his master's ts went up on the platform of the car he trail was removed from the ground. was then one of many other passengers he car. How did the dog know which his master went? It is stated that experiment did not fail and that the , in determining the direction, was not owing an earlier experience or habit.

Dogs associating much with human beings attain an astonishing insight as to human words and human intentions. They certainly seem to reason at times. A setter in my home—where an honored hunting dog was always made a member of the family—was allowed to lie on the floor until the family chose to retire. Just before the lights were turned out for the night the dog was taken out into the kitchen and given a drink of water in a basin, a tincup which hung on a certain nail on the wall being used to dip the water from a pail into the pan. This was one of the fixed habits of the dog and part of the simple family routine; and it existed for a long time. One night, for some reason or other, everybody started to leave without giving the dog his regular drink. He had no notion of being put out-of-doors thirsty, and therefore gravely walked out into the kitchen, reached up on the wall, took down the tincup, returned to the living room and stood gravely and with dignity wagging his tail, the tincup in his mouth—indicating that somebody had forgotten something. This incident happened once and only once, and the account of it is absolutely true, though it sounds like drawing the long bow. Any man can multiply instances in which intelligent dogs have seemed almost to understand human speech, even when it is pronounced without certain customary inflections; though of course there must be some habit associated with the proceeding.

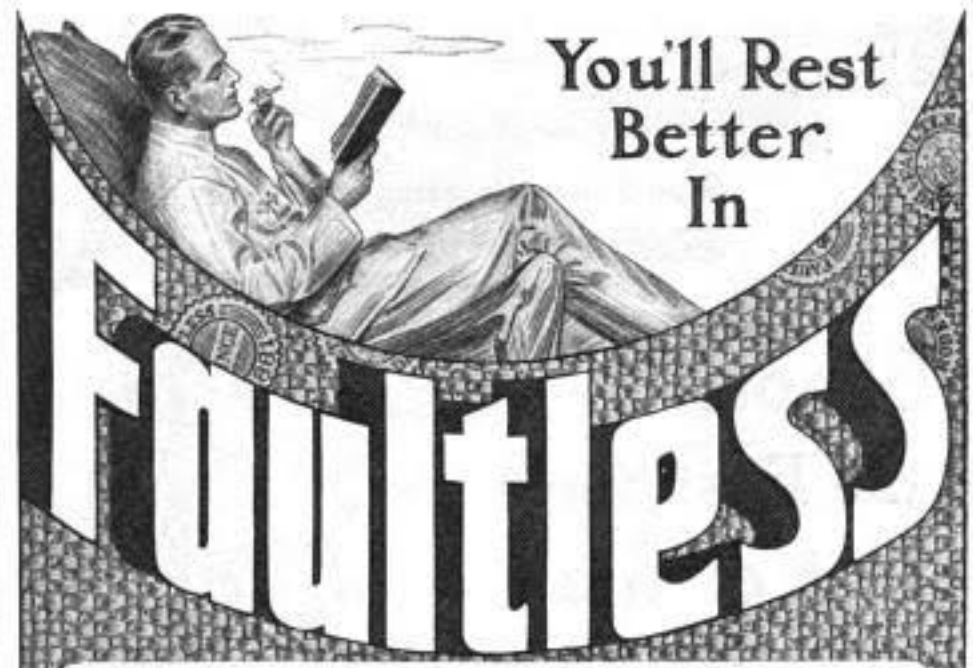
Bird Dogs at Work

The truth is that the average man is not a close observer of anything outside of his own immediate necessities. If you take a dog into your confidence, as well as into your company, you will find him not only an interesting companion but an interesting study—but with this qualification, that the more you study him the less you will know about him. I remember to have seen in print some time ago an account of some experiments made by an English sportsman as to the scenting power of a dog. He went about the matter in a methodical manner. His record of the experiments was about the best and most luminous study of this fifth—or sixth—sense of the dog I remember ever to have seen.

This gentleman experimented really with two dogs, the first one being a terrier of good nose. If you are familiar with Regent's Park, London, you will know that the sidewalks there are usually quite crowded. The master purposely zigzagged from one side to the other among the crowd at a time when the dog was not watching him. He then sat down on a park seat and waited to see what the dog would do, the walk at that time not being crowded, though it had been trodden recently by thousands of feet. The terrier ran his zigzag trail unfalteringly and at once came up to his master as he sat on the bench.

You yourself may have seen your bird dog, if he is much attached to you personally, taking your trail in much the same way, running it eagerly and refusing to speak to anybody until he has found you. He did not confuse your trail with that of anybody else. Your dog no doubt has shown you that he can run even the trail of your horse and not confuse it with those of other horses. Does the mere sense of scent, as we understand it, account for this uncanny ability? Does it account for the manner in which the cold-nosed foxhound will follow the faint trail of an animal hours after it has been made? To this English sportsman a deeper answer than the usual one seemed desirable, and he went into the matter yet more thoroughly, making in all perhaps a couple of dozen different experiments. He tried out the nose of the dog at following the trail when the master was wearing his ordinary shooting boots, new boots, no boots at all, or merely stockings.

The first experiment was on an ordinary meadow, the gentleman wearing the ordinary boots he used in his shooting trips. He started out ahead, the dog being kept back of him and not being released until some place was agreed upon, always to the leeward of the animal. The dog followed the trail from the starting point at full speed and ran up to its master without hesitating.



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The same experiment was tried with a stranger, but the dog would not run the trail at all, though it was in the same country where he had run the master's trail—the two coinciding pretty well.

The master next showed the dog preparations for shooting and then had the animal removed to a different room while the master started into yet another room. Then, by arrangement, the gamekeeper was sent out of the house unseen by the dog and ordered to walk in a certain direction, toward some partridge country where the dog was used to hunting. When released the dog ran the gamekeeper's trail for a little way, but, missing that of his master, came back to the house after hunting thoroughly to find the trail of its master.

The gentleman then got together from his household a party of twelve; and, taking the head of the procession, he requested them to walk in Indian file, each man putting his feet into the footprints of the man ahead of him. After going some distance in this way, the master turned to the right, his footprints being covered by those of five men following him. The two divided parties now continued in divergent directions for quite a while. The dog was then put on the original trail and ran it without hesitation. When the dog came to the fork of the trail he overran, but only for a short time; then he came back and without hesitation followed to the right—and found his master. Yet there had been thirteen pairs of feet part of the way and six pairs the rest of the way—and all the time the gamekeeper, with whose scent the dog was familiar, was the last man in the party and so not of the party that had turned off with the master to the right. The dog made no mistake as to any of these matters. Very likely your own dog would do as well if you took pains to make such thorough experiments.

A Setter's Power of Perception

The master now gave his shooting boots to a stranger and asked him to walk out into the country. The dog followed the trail of the boots as eagerly as though the master had worn them. The master wore the stranger's boots instead, but the dog would not follow that trail; nor would he follow the trail of the stranger when he walked with feet bare. This would seem to indicate that the scent of the boots was what the dog noted.

To test this out, the master now walked out into the open with feet bare. The dog was put on this trail—understand this was only a setter, not a foxhound. It followed the trail, but not so eagerly as usual, and seemed uncertain whether it was made by its master. And when the master put on a brand-new pair of shooting boots, that had never been worn at all, the dog refused altogether to follow the trail.

As another experiment, the master glued a layer of brown paper to the soles and sides of his old boots. The dog would not pay any attention to this trail until it got to a point where they later found that the leather had worn off a small piece of the brown paper at the heel. Then the trail was recognized and run eagerly without hesitation, though the amount of leather touching the ground was "not much more than a few millimeters."

The master now tried walking in cotton stockings and then in woolen stockings; but in neither case did the dog trail very eagerly. Then he wore his boots for a little distance, took them off and carried them with him and walked three hundred yards in his stockings; then took off his stockings and walked three hundred yards with his feet bare. In this case the dog ran the entire trail without any hesitation or slacking of speed. The dog had figured out that the trail started right and must have been made by the same man. Did the animal remember the faint trail of stockinged feet and bare feet, and at last relate these to the familiar scent of the old shooting boots? This experiment was made yet harder by the master, who got into a carriage and was driven quite a distance from the house; whereupon he alighted in his shooting boots, walked for fifty yards and again entered the carriage. This did not deceive the dog in the least.

The master then tried to see whether there was such a thing as a personal aura or odor which the dog recognized—and not merely the scent of the footwear. In this case he walked across a field where his men were digging potatoes, following a bare strip of ground for a quarter-mile, where many feet had been trampling. Zigzagging across this to the end of the field, the trail left the field and ran up the other side of the stone wall, which was about breast-high and a hundred yards to windward of the trail down the field. The dog was put on the trail at the top of the potato field, ran the zigzag promptly until he got opposite the place where the master was hid, with just his eyes showing over the wall. Then the dog threw up his head and went straight to his master. This showed an ability to distinguish the master at two hundred yards, when only the top of his head was exposed and when the dog was among a number of laborers. At another time the master hid in a ditch; but at two hundred yards the dog took the body scent and ran to him at once. It was evident that in calm weather the odor was diffused generally, but could be discerned at a distance of two hundred yards.

These experiments satisfied the maker of them that his dog preferred to run his foot-trail in its most familiar form. He was sure that if he had been accustomed to shooting in his bare feet that would have been the trail the dog preferred. It seemed that not even the familiar scent of the boots would go through paper; but if the paper were once broken a sufficient trail was made. The master concluded also that, though following the trail, his dog was ready to be guided by inference as well as perception. He concluded also that the whole body of a man exhaled an individual odor which a dog will recognize, even in a crowd of other men and at great distances. These distances during calm weather are great in any direction. He even concluded that the odor of aniseed oil would not overcome this individual scent and that it was not affected by many other footprints of other individuals.

Now, to the wisest man in all the world, in full possession of all his faculties, the trail of this man across the grass lands would have been as though never made. The dog made no mistake about it in any of these confusing tests. Perhaps we could understand this keen faculty of scent; but, so far as we can reason from any knowledge actually in our possession, what made the dog a winner in these tests was his power of scent plus something his master was willing to call "inference or perception." We human beings have no such sense as that—nothing which can be so described. With the dog, it is one operation. With us it is the empirical application of a feeble sense, pieced out by a second and supplementary act of reason. Yet we are accustomed to call ourselves superior to the dog—which brings up the old saw that the more you see of men the more you ought to admire dogs!

Woodsmen's Tricks

ALMOST every sportsman has been annoyed while wearing the ordinary canvas shooting legging, which has a strap that goes under the foot. Such a legging is all right to wear in the house; but in a muddy field the strap under the foot accumulates a ball of mud, much to the discomfort of the wearer. The best thing to do is to cut this strap off when you first get your leggings. Take a harness punch and make a hole on each side of your legging through the leather edge; then knot a narrow leather thong, to go under the foot instead of the strap. It will pick up much less mud and hold the legging down just as well.

Men who have to camp out in the wintertime may get a good hint from the Finns, who are about as good woodsmen and out-of-door people as the world produces. When a Finn finds himself out in very cold weather he secures two logs, each a little longer than himself, of some dry wood that will burn with fair readiness. He splits each of these logs and then separates the halves by a thin stick at each end, so that there will be a crack in the middle of the log not more than an inch or two wide. The woodsman will have one of these split logs on each side of his sleeping place. Before he goes to bed he will take a paddle or slab of wood and, using it as a shovel, will take live coals and fill the space in the log on each side of him with these hot coals. The logs, thus prepared, will burn very slowly, but will keep warm, so that he will not have to get up often—if at all—during the night to replenish his fire. The split-log idea is something one has never seen tried in this country; but it ought to be worth remembering at least.

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THE RECORDING ANGEL

(Continued from Page 18)

ame street. He was old and fat, not very all. He wore trousers too long in the tride, which caused the bottom of each leg f them to hitch up and then drop down gain as he stepped along. He was in his hirt sleeves and carried a thin, black lpaca coat folded over one arm. A very uch worn and narrow brimmed straw hat as tilted moodily over his face. And what ould be seen of this was mournful. His nderlip was thick and pendulous; his in frosted with a gray stubble and over- ung with a drooping, tobacco-stained ustache that would otherwise have been hite. A pink bald spot, about the shape d size of half a small saucer, showed etween the brim of his hat behind and the in, untrimmed gray hair that fringed the wer part of his head. He was wingfooted, d his legs rubbed so close together as he alked that—as some writer puts it—one ee seemed to say to the other: "If you ill let me by this time, I'll let you by xt time!"

The remarkable thing about his figure as that it lacked so many of the angles of e human frame. His shoulders drooped, s neck was so short and fat that his head me literally next to his trunk. His legs in pose might have appeared as one leg. His ms were mere antennæ—futile, listless. ne had the feeling that if he had not been man he would have been a worm; that case he had a soul it must be a cocoon, ith the chrysalis of a dead butterfly side; and that, being a man, he must ve lost his guardian angel long ago in ttle for him. Nothing more forlorn or peless in the very nature of things could imagined than this man who followed wly in the wake of the little whirlwind. He also paused before the old house, od for a moment studying the serene e of Amy, his wife, in the darkening me of the window. Now for the first ne you understand that he was drunk—t very drunk, merely sadly, hopelessly . This was revealed by his little furtive eparations. He put on his coat, made an ortive attempt to lift himself and square shoulders. He took off his hat entirely, e a feeble senile gallant getting ready to urish a bow to the ladies. He was a poor d actor changing his costume for the next ne. The neighborhood was his dress- g room; the open street was the place ere he made up for another rôle in the tle drama of life.

And he never lost interest in this last act. e risk that quickened every sodden ulty more than the most enthusiastic dience can animate and inspire a favorite tor was this—whether for two hours he, e village vagabond and drunkard, could the rôle of hero in a blind woman's ncy without once missing his cue or getting his lines.

"Elbert," said Amy a moment later, "I ve had such a pleasant day."

"I know it, Amy. For the rest of us a day esn't care whether it's pleasant or not; t whenever the Maker of Light creates a or little runt of a day He encourages it giving it permission to spend the whole itself with you. Then the darned little ng brushes its teeth, combs its sunrise, rfumes its air with ten thousand flowers, ars its skies, and comes and shines like a er outside your window, from dawn to sk!"

Amy laughed. Fortunately she could t see her husband. He sat humped in his air, his head poked forward terrapin hion, his prominent blood-shot blue es walled up, his knees braced one ainst the other. He was really only the mpter behind the scene to the eloquent ntleman who complimented God with authorship of a runty day in a certain man's honor. Amy's laugh, like her tures, was wonderful, and for the same son neither sorrow nor anxiety had ded those flat notes so often heard in men's ha-has. It came deep, mezzo- ned, golden, from the Arcady of her ndness. To preserve it Elbert would ve suffered himself to be quartered, but could not have remained sober even for lay.

"But this has been an unusually happy y," she went on. "I have an idea. I ve been to the Woman's Club and I have ought home with me an idea."

"I do not doubt it," retorted Elbert. never go out of this house in the morn- looking for an idea, I never spend the day downtown trying to swap history and tradition for one, that I do not come in the evening to find you sitting here with the Holy Grail in your hands, drinking poetry out of it."

"But I am troubled about this one. I'm afraid it's blasphemous."

"I hope so. If I were going to find fault with you, Amy, it would be that. You have always seemed to me fatally lacking in this natural ingredient of the human—blasphemy—that egotism of man which sasses the Creator."

Elbert never said a good thing nor a bright one anywhere but in the presence of his wife. Her blindness was her faith and, therefore, his inspiration. I do not recommend it, but I say if more wives had cataracts over their eyes more husbands would become great. And it is not my fault that the moral inanition of Elbert White does not prove this conviction. The fact remains that the way so many wives get their eyes opened about the men they marry, and keep them coldly observant, often prevents these poor Saturn souls from collecting and congealing their rings of immortality more creditably.

Amy had laid aside her work—a purse she was beading. It glistened now in the moonlight among the other beads, put together like a little sample of the many-colored foundation stones of the New Jerusalem. Finished, it would have been the very pocket for a young angel's Christmas present; but carried by any woman yet in the flesh and gowned in a cheap print, it was destined to become one of those ornamental absurdities that none of the sex knows how to resist. She sat with the palms and fingers of her hands folded together and held closely under her chin. This was one of her favorite attitudes, contracted through the character of her thinking. And now it gave her the appearance of a holy figure in a stained-glass window. The closed eyelids prevented any animation of her features and heightened this effect. No one would have supposed—what was really a fact—that she was a saint in whom the human predominated like a rosy light in a tomb, that she had a brilliant mortal intelligence, and a sense of humor which she must have inherited from that wink in God's eye, somewhere mentioned in the New Testament—it was so divinely illuminating, so omnisciently astute, so smilingly patient. All of which her natural sight might have obstructed if she had retained it. There is nothing so blinding to the average person as his eyes. They furnish the short-sighted angle of vision by which his thoughts are measured.

"You know," she began in her deep, recitative monotone of the blind, "the Recording Angel is the only biographer in Heaven of whom we have any information, and this is very meager."

"Naturally," interpolated Elbert. He took occasion of the rest between his lines to insert his thumb and forefinger into his waistband pocket, from which he drew two little red breath pills and a clove, which he slipped between his lips.

"If we knew more about its character we should know better what to expect from the Book of Life," Amy went on. "But aside from the description of an almost superfluous number of wings, written by Isaiah, little is known about any angel in Heaven. It's a terrible thing, Elbert, for a human without wings to have his peripatetic, penguin character added up and subtracted from perfection by an unimaginable being who may be innocent of having any character at all, but who may possess an argus-eyed faculty for noting and tabulating all our temptations and transgressions."

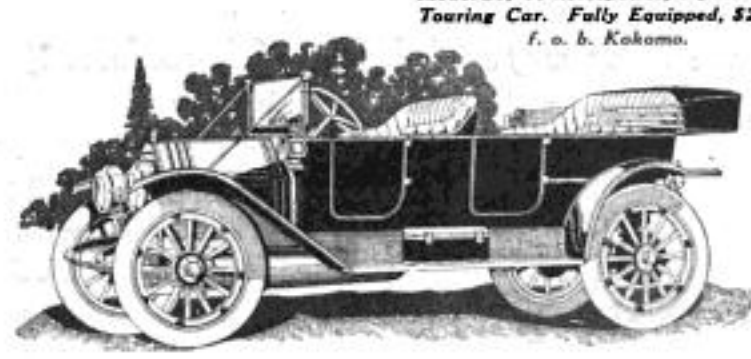
"Well, what's to be done about it?" Elbert demanded, humoring her.

"That's it. That is the idea I have come upon. I am thinking of writing a little Book of Life myself, not of competing, you understand, with him, the original multifarious biographer, but just a meager one of the men and women in this town that I know. It would be in the nature of supplementary footnotes on the humans we are in spite of divine grace. And the notes might help to soften the angelic exaggerations of our faults and frailties. And they would count, for the angel would be obliged to set them down as one of my deeds done in the body."

Elbert said nothing. He was stirring, however, and getting upon his elbow mentally

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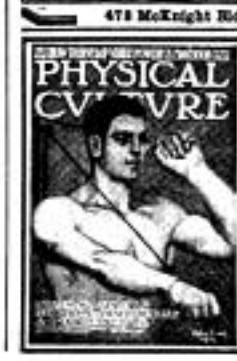
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to stare at Amy. He felt a vague alarm. She went on, serenely unconscious:

"This town is full of fiction that never gets published. Rachel tells me the captain has nearly finished his fourth romance of the Civil War. Mildred Percey has seventy-two original poems in her portfolio; and Leonora Bell has written a blistering paper on 'Man, the Orang-Utan,' which has been refused by eight editors. I have been wondering if there is not beginning to be a demand for just the truth. Suppose some one wrote about the men and women in Ruckersville as they are, and put in all the mitigating circumstances that the old angel leaves out. I was thinking I might do a little of this, not to be published now, you know, but to go along with the captain's romances and Mildred's poetry. Long after we are dead posterity might be as much interested in facts about us as it is in the fiction we have written and laid away. Maybe it would read like the best fiction then. All I should ask of you, dear, would be to copy my notes in the evening when you come home."

Elbert was aghast. He feared the awakening of Amy's recording angel more than he did that of any other angels. Her tentative proposition had the effect of turning off the light on his stage and of leaving him in the dark. From being the star performer in a blind woman's fancy, he perceived that he was about to become the amanuensis for an occult intelligence, and probably be called upon to write out a memorandum of his own feelings. He never could tell how much his wife knew about him.

"I'd be particular who I laid out in such a tale, Amy. You never can tell when the truth will tear the shirt off of a man, nor when it will lame a woman for life. Who do you think of putting into the first chapter?"

"Well, today at the club Mary Yancey read one of her stories that the editor sent back. She called it The Uses of Adversity. But she missed adversity about as far as a shooting star misses this planet. The heroine was only the painted paper-doll of her imagination. She could never have breathed the breath of life without sneezing. Yet Mary went on to tell in a brocaded silk style how, although she had been the spoiled darling of fortune, she behaved herself when poverty overtook her people, wore a simple white muslin, married a millionaire at last and lived in extravagance ever afterward. Now, Elbert, adversity has been the only sweetheart poor Mary ever had. And what I'm saying is, if she'd just written out what a faithful lover he's been, instead of telling romantic lies on him, that would have been a good story. She can't get rid of him to marry anybody else. If she could have written out how it feels for a woman to miss happiness and get her little hopes from a fortune teller, instead of out of life, I reckon the editor would have taken it."

Amy drifted into silence. She was thinking of how many times Mary Yancey had confided in her about visits she made to camps of vagabond gipsies to have her fortune told. Being blind, Amy was the unconsciously appointed receiver of secrets in Ruckersville. Thus she knew that for years the angular old maid had lived a pathetically double existence, one as the grim and industrious mistress of the old Yancey house, where she and her sister kept an occasional boarder, and the other as the tall heroine of a fortune-told romance.

Meanwhile, Elbert had been relieved to know that some one else was engaging the energies of Amy's dangerously direct mind, and had fallen asleep. His whole body sagged to one side, his head lay upon the uptilting shoulder, and at this moment from his open mouth came a deep snore. Instantly he was awake, startled, cocked and primed with the denial he knew he would have to make.

"Elbert," said Amy, "you are asleep."

"I am awake and about to serve supper," he retorted, rising and shuffling toward the door that opened into another room.

"You will bring the notebook when you return from the office tonight?" Her mind was still upon that.

"I will, Amy Light!" This was a term of endearment with which he often extolled her.

An hour later she lay dreaming in her bed; and Elbert was sitting in Bilfire's saloon with Captain Martin and Clark Story, before a plain deal table upon which the latter had spread his specimens.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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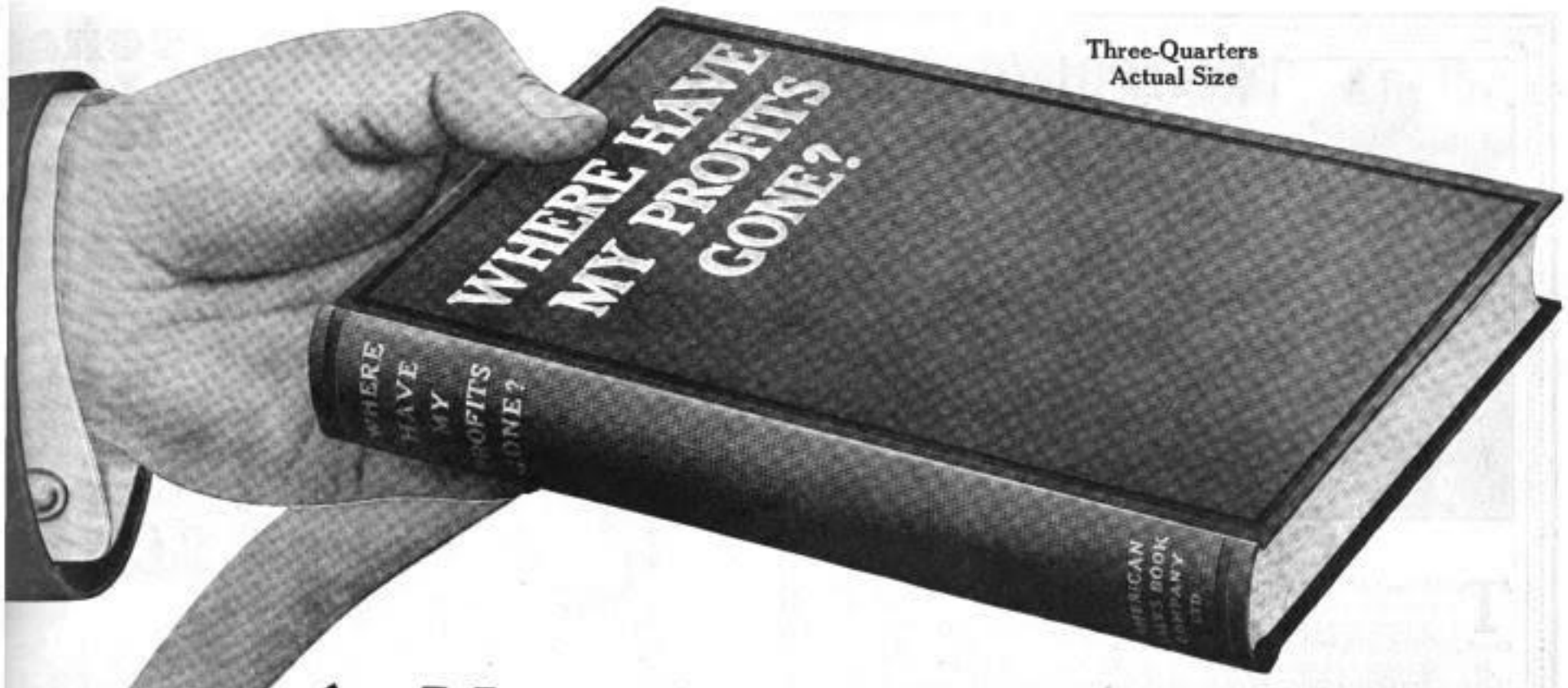
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Hailing from V'ginny, Piney naturally lorded it over the resident colored population, the members of which he addressed usually as "You trash there," or "You lowdown," and so on. Should the remark be resented, Piney's retort was invariably Homeric. "G'wan! who is you, pusson? Why, you ain't even know who owned your grandpa!" In other words, Piney boasted a lineage that he could trace back through three generations of slave-owners.

Eventually Mr. Forbes heard of Piney's claim, and meeting him at the kennel, remarked casually: "What's this I hear, that you can trace back through three generations, Piney? They say you have ancestors."

For a long moment Piney stared at him in bewilderment. "Ancestrors? Ancestrors?" he repeated, when suddenly a look of comprehension sprang into his face. "No, sah! No, sah! Dat ain't me had ancestrors, Marse Bleek; dat my brother. Only he worked in a drug store and he done got rid of 'em!"

The Net Results

WHEN Ollie James, new junior United States Senator from Kentucky, first broke into politics in his native county of Crittenden he had occasion to try a case before a rural magistrate. When the trial was ended the magistrate invited the young lawyer to go home to dinner with him. As they sat down at the table the old man said:

"Ollie, it pains me mightily to see you messin' in with politics."

"Why so?" inquired James.

"Ollie, my son," said the magistrate, "politics ain't a fittin' pursuit for any young man. Look at me! I started in politics when I was young and hopeful, jest like you are now. I have held all the positions of trust in the gift of the people of my home district—I have been school trustee, road supervisor and constable and justice of the peace. But now, as an old man, all I've got to show for my years of ceaseless political activity is a lot of warm enemies and cold friends!"

Something in It

GOVERNOR BERYL CARROLL, of Iowa, has an amusing story of a state senator whose burly appearance might possibly lead one to mistake him for a laboring man, but who is as sensitive as a woman to all unpleasant circumstances.

"This man," said Governor Carroll, "happened to be standing outside a Des Moines undertaking establishment, conversing with a friend on political matters, when one of the employees came out of the shop and said:

"'Say, will you give us a lift with a casket?'

"The senator shuddered and replied hesitatingly:

"'I-Is there—is there—anything—in it?'

"'Sure,' came the hearty reply, 'there's a couple of drinks in it!'"

A Striking Difference

THERE used to be a negro orator in Birmingham, Alabama, who was a power among the voters of his own race. He came North as a delegate to a Republican national convention and, being pleased with the manners and habits of the Northern people, decided to settle in Cincinnati.

A year later Congressman Oscar Underwood met him on a Cincinnati street. His gladsome raiment and his air of prosperity were gone. He looked shabby—indeed, he looked almost hungry.

Recognizing Mr. Underwood, he craved the favor of a small loan.

"Well, Gabe," said Underwood as he reached into his pocket, "how do you like living in the North?"

"Well, suh, Mistah Oscar," said Gabe, "they's some things I likes about it and some things I don't like. Up here they calls you Mister—but they don't feed you."

Too Much Chair

A JURY in Virginia found a negro guilty of murder in the first degree; and the trial judge, following the time-honored form, sentenced him to die in the electric chair on such and such a date, "between the hours of sunrise and sunset."

After the condemned darky had been taken back to his cell he sent for the prosecutor.

"Boss," he said plaintively, "I knows Ise got to die sometime and it mout as well be now; and so I ain't got no fault to find with the day the jedge done specified. But, boss, I p'intedly does hate to be settin' round in that there 'lectric chair from sunrise to sunset!"

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Let us show how it comes about.



This is Why Tires Are Rim-Cut

is is a clincher tire—the old-type, d-base tire. It is a relic of bicycle

is, until lately, was the almost uni- type of pneumatic tire.

ose beads on the bases hook into the anges. That is how the tire is held on.

te how those curved-in flanges dig he tire. That is what cuts tires when partly deflated. When a tire runs flat, for even a few feet, it may be wrecked beyond repair.

23 Per Cent of Ruin

Statistics show that 23 per cent of all ruined clincher tires have been rim-cut.

That is the money loss. Then there is the worry—the need for instant action when a tire runs flat.

All this loss and this worry have been completely wiped out by the invention of No-Rim-Cut tires.



Why New-Type Tires Can't Rim-Cut

This is a Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire, fitted on the same rim as the clincher.

The removable rim flanges are simply reversed—slipped from one side to the other. They curve outward then, not inward.

Note that this tire has no hooks on the base. It doesn't need to be hooked to the rim.

When this tire is wholly or partly deflated it rests on a rounded flange, and rim-cutting is made impossible.

Fits Most Rims

About 96 per cent of all rims are now made to take this No-Rim-Cut tire. All are quick-detachable—some are also demountable.

Any rim where the flanges curve outward, or can be changed to curve outward, takes this new type of tire.

We make clincher tires of the same ideal construction for rims that can't take the No-Rim-Cut.

Made 10% Oversize

Rim-Cut tires, because of their extra can be made 10 per cent over rated ithout any misfit to the rim.

give you this 10 per cent more air—) per cent added carrying capacity— at any extra charge. For No-Rim- ires now cost no more than other ard tires. They used to cost one- nore.

s oversize takes care of your extras. es the blow-outs due to overloading. 10 per cent oversize, under average ions, adds 25 per cent to the tire ge.

This added mileage, plus the saving of rim-cutting, is how No-Rim-Cut tires cut tire bills in two. Tens of thousands of men have proved that they do that.

You get in addition the final result of four 13 years spent in tire making. You get tires as near perfection as men can ever hope to get.

GOODYEAR

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

We Control This Tire

The only way known to make a practical tire of No-Rim-Cut type is controlled by the Goodyear patents.

Vulcanized into the tire base, on either side, are three flat bands of 126 braided wires. These wires make the tire base unstretchable.

Nothing can force this tire off the rim until you remove a rim flange, as with any quick-detachable tire. So the hooks are not needed.

Other devices to make the tire base unstretchable have proved most unsatisfactory. Our Tire Book tells you why. Don't adopt an experiment, made to meet our competition. When you change to this type, get the tire of which 900,000 have been tested out—the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

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We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont. **Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.**

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TRADE MARK
BRUSHES



Shaving Brushes
in a remarkable range of styles 25c to $7.00 at all Druggists, Hardware—Specialty and General Stores.

The Safety Tooth Brush
Styles of tufts and handles to suit all, 35c each, individually boxed. Sold by Druggists and Department Stores.

Complexion and Nail Brushes
The Finest—most unique brushes made—Individually boxed. Complexion Brushes $1.50 to $2.00 Nail Brushes $1.00 to $1.50 all Specialty—Drug and Department Stores.

Paint Brushes
Home Brushes and paint brushes for every need conceivable. The standard line of the world. To be had of dealers wherever paint brushes are sold.

RUBBERSET is a name—a discovery—a standard in brush making. Until the Rubberset idea prevailed, all bristle construction in brushes was physically short lived.

We found ways to perfection that revolutionized old principles.

RUBBERSET method of construction has changed the short lived, dilapidated shaving brush to a lifetime of usefulness. The dangerous bristle shedding tooth brush, to the *safety* tooth brush. The dissolving, bristle streaking paint brush, to the everlastingly intact paint brush. RUBBERSET has made nail brushes, complexion brushes and hair brushes enduring.

Alberite, the new material used in the handles, is sanitary, bright and lasting, an exclusive feature of RUBBERSET brushes.

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The RUBBERSET method of brush construction adds ten times the life to shaving brushes—tooth brushes—paint brushes and other brushes but not to the cost to you.

True the prices may scale higher than ordinary brushes but the quality makes the price of a RUBBERSET brush.

Therefore, when you buy a brush your protection, your own interests demand that you buy a RUBBERSET. Whatever the price you want to pay there is a Rubberset to meet it.

A splendid catalog picturing and describing the best features of the Rubberset line of all brushes, Dental Cream—Shaving Cream Soap and Powdered Shaving Soap FREE on postal request.

RUBBERSET COMPANY
(R. & C. H. T. Co., Props.)
Factories and Laboratories, Newark, N. J.









Bristles gripped in hard vulcanized rubber

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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ORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY

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TO THE FEW WHO ARE NOT OUR CUSTOMERS



Continuing to use the same flour you now have prevents obtaining all that is possible in baking

And it will be so until you make a change

Until you buy GOLD MEDAL FLOUR, we cannot help you

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR helped our customers make twenty-seven hundred million loaves last year—every loaf beautiful, creamy white with a golden bloom on the crust

Make a change and use Gold Medal Flour—because it will bring results and results are what you want and we want

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"EVENTUALLY———WHY NOT NOW?"

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THE RED CROSS GIRL

By Richard Harding Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON



"Because I'm a Coward. And That's Why I'm Crying. Haven't I the Right to Cry?"

WHEN Spencer Flagg laid the foundation stone for the new million-dollar wing he was adding to the Flagg Home for Convalescents, on the hills above Greenwich, the New York Republic sent Sam Ward to cover the story; and with him Redding to take photographs. It was a crisp, beautiful day in October, full of sunshine and the joy of living; and from the great lawn in front of the home you could see half over Connecticut and across the waters of the sound to Oyster Bay.

Upon Sam Ward, however, the beauties of Nature were wasted. When, the night previous, he had been given the assignment he had sulked, and he was still sulking. Only a year before he had graduated into New York from a small upstate college and a small upstate newspaper; but already he was a "star" man, and Hewitt, the city editor, humored him.

"What's the matter with the story?" asked the city editor. "With the speeches and lists of names, it ought to run to two columns."

"Suppose it does!" exclaimed Ward; "Anybody can collect typewritten speeches and lists of names. That's a messenger boy's job. Where's there any heart interest in a Wall Street broker like Flagg waving a silver trowel and singing, 'See what a good boy am I!' and a lot of grownup men in pinafores saying, 'This stone is well and truly laid.' Where's the story in that?"

"When I was a reporter," declared the city editor, "I used to be glad to get a day in the country."

"Because you'd never lived in the country," returned Sam. "If you'd wasted twenty-six years in the backwoods, as I've done, you'd know that every minute you spend outside of New York you're robbing yourself."

"Of what?" demanded the city editor. "There's nothing to New York except cement, iron girders, noise and zinc garbage cans. You never see the sun in New York; you never see the moon unless you stand in the middle of the street and bend backward. We never see flowers in New York except on the women's hats. We never see the women except in cages in the elevators—they spend their lives shooting up and down elevator shafts in department stores, in apartment houses, in office buildings. And we never see children in New York because the janitors won't let the women who live in elevators have children! Don't talk to me! New York's a Little Nemo nightmare. It's a joke. It's an insult!"

"How curious!" said Sam. "Now I see why they took you off the street and made you a city editor. I don't agree with anything you say. Especially are you wrong about the women. They ought to be caged in elevators, but they're not. Instead, they flash past you in the street; they shine upon you from boxes in the theater; they frown at you from the tops of buses; they smile at you from the cushions of a taxi, across restaurants under red candle shades, when you offer them a seat in the subway. They are the only thing in New York that gives me any trouble."

The city editor sighed. "How young you are!" he exclaimed. "However, tomorrow you will be free from your only trouble. There will be few women at the celebration, and they will be interested only in convalescents—and you do not look like a convalescent."

. . . . . .

Sam Ward sat at the outer edge of the crowd of overdressed females and overfed men, and, with a sardonic smile, listened to Flagg telling his assembled friends and sycophants how glad he was they were there to see him give away a million dollars.

"Aren't you going to get his speech?" asked Redding, the staff photographer.

"Get his speech!" said Sam. "They have Pinkertons all over the grounds to see that you don't escape with less than three copies of it. I'm waiting to hear the ritual they always have, and then I'm going to sprint for the first train back to the center of civilization."

"There's going to be a fine lunch," said Redding, "and we're expected. I asked the policemen if we were, and he said we were."

Sam rose, shook his trousers into place, stuck his stick under his armpit and smoothed his yellow gloves. He was very thoughtful of his clothes and always treated them with courtesy.

"You can have my share," he said. "I cannot forget that I am still fifty-five minutes from Broadway. And even if I were starving I would rather have a club sandwich in New York than a Thanksgiving turkey dinner in New Rochelle."

He nodded and with eager athletic strides started toward the iron gates; but he did not reach the iron gates, for on the instant trouble barred his way. Trouble came to him wearing the blue cambric uniform of a nursing sister, with a red cross on her arm, with a white collar turned down, white cuffs turned back, and a tiny black velvet bonnet. A bow of white lawn chucked her impudently under the chin. She had hair like goldenrod and eyes as blue as flax, and a complexion of such health and cleanliness and dewiness as blooms only on trained nurses.

She was so lovely that Redding swung his hooded camera at her as swiftly as a cowboy could have covered her with his gun.

Reporters become star reporters because they observe things that other people miss and because they do not let it appear that they have observed them. When the great man who is being interviewed blurts out that which is indiscreet but most important, the cub reporter says: "That's most interesting, sir. I'll make a note of that." And so warns the great man into silence. But the star reporter receives the indiscreet utterance as though it bored him; and so the great man does not know he has blundered until he reads of it the next morning under screaming headlines.

Other men, on being suddenly confronted by Sister Anne, which was the official title of the nursing sister, would have fallen backward, or swooned, or gazed at her with soulful, worshiping eyes; or, were they that sort of beast, would have ogled her with impertinent approval. Now Sam, because he was a star reporter, observed that the lady before him was the most beautiful young woman he had ever seen; but no one would have guessed that he observed that—least of all Sister Anne. He stood in her way and lifted his hat, and even looked into the eyes of blue as impersonally and as calmly as though she were his great-aunt—as though his heart was not beating so fast that it choked him.

"I am from the Republic," he said. "Everybody is so busy here today that I'm not able to get what I need about the Home. It seems a pity," he added disappointedly; "because it's so well done that people ought to know about it." He frowned at the big hospital buildings. It was apparent that the ignorance of the public concerning their excellence greatly annoyed him.

When again he looked at Sister Anne she was regarding him in alarm—obviously she was upon the point of instant flight.

"You are a reporter?" she said.

Some people like to place themselves in the hands of a reporter because they hope he will print their names in black letters; a few others—only reporters know how few—would as soon place themselves in the hands of a dentist.

"A reporter from the Republic," repeated Sam.

"But why ask *me*?" demanded Sister Anne.

Sam could see no reason for her question; in extenuation and explanation he glanced at her uniform.

"I thought you were at work here," he said simply. "I beg your pardon."

He stepped aside as though he meant to leave her. In giving that impression he was distinctly dishonest.

"There was no other reason," persisted Sister Anne—"I mean for speaking to me?"

The reason for speaking to her was so obvious that Sam wondered whether this could be the height of innocence or the most banal coquetry. The hostile look in the eyes of the lady proved it could not be coquetry.

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"I am sorry," said Sam. "I mistook you for one of the nurses here; and, as you didn't seem busy, I thought you might give me some statistics about the Home—not really statistics, you know, but local color."

Sister Anne returned his look with one as steady as his own. Apparently she was weighing his statement. She seemed to disbelieve it. Inwardly he was asking himself what could be the dark secret in the past of this young woman that at the mere approach of a reporter—even of such a nice-looking reporter as himself—she should shake and shudder.

"If that's what you really want to know," said Sister Anne doubtfully, "I'll try and help you; but," she added, looking at him as one who issues an ultimatum, "you must not say anything about me!"

Sam knew that a woman of the self-advertising, club-organizing class will always say that to a reporter at the same time she gives him her card so that he can spell her name correctly; but Sam recognized that this young woman meant it. Besides, what was there that he could write about her? Much as he might like to do so, he could not begin his story with: "The Flagg Home for Convalescents is also the home of the most beautiful of all living women." No copy editor would let that get by him. So, as there was nothing to say that he would be allowed to say, he promised to say nothing. Sister Anne smiled; and it seemed to Sam that she smiled, not because his promise had set her mind at ease but because the promise amused her. Sam wondered why.

Sister Anne fell into step beside him and led him through the wards of the hospital. He found that it existed for and revolved entirely about one person. He found that a million dollars and some acres of buildings, containing sun-rooms and hundreds of rigid white beds, had been donated by Spencer Flagg only to provide a background for Sister Anne—only to exhibit the depth of her charity, the kindness of her heart, the unselfishness of her nature.

"Do you really scrub the floors?" he demanded—"I mean you yourself—down on your knees, with a pail and water and scrubbing brush?"

Sister Anne raised her beautiful eyebrows and laughed at him.

"We do that when we first come here," she said—"when we are probationers; is there a newer way of scrubbing floors?"

"And these awful patients," demanded Sam—"do you wait on them? Do you have to submit to their complaints and whinings and ingratitude?" He glared at the unhappy convalescents as though by that glance he would annihilate them. "It's not fair!" exclaimed Sam. "It's ridiculous. I'd like to choke them!"

"That's not exactly the object of a home for convalescents," said Sister Anne.

"You know perfectly well what I mean," said Sam. "Here are you—if you'll allow me to say so—a magnificent, splendid, healthy young person, wearing out your young life over a lot of lame ducks, failures and cripples."

"Nor is that quite the way we look at it," said Sister Anne.

"We?" demanded Sam.

Sister Anne nodded toward a group of nurses.

"I'm not the only nurse here," she said. "There are over forty."

"You are the only one here," said Sam, "who is not! That's just what I mean—I appreciate the work of a trained nurse; I understand the ministering angel part of it; but you—I'm not talking about anybody else; I'm talking about you—you are too young! Somehow you are different; you are not meant to wear yourself out fighting disease and sickness, measuring beef broth and making beds."



Trouble Came to Him
Wearing the Uniform of a Nursing Sister

Sister Anne laughed with delight.

"I beg your pardon," said Sam stiffly.

"No—pardon me," said Sister Anne; "but your ideas of the duties of a nurse are so quaint."

"No matter what the duties are," declared Sam; "you should not be here!"

Sister Anne shrugged her shoulders; they were charming shoulders—as delicate as the pinions of a bird.

"One must live," said Sister Anne.

They had passed through the last cold corridor, between the last rows of rigid white cots, and had come out into the sunshine. Below them stretched Connecticut, painted in autumn colors. Sister Anne seated herself upon the marble railing of the terrace and looked down upon the flashing waters of the Sound.

"Yes; that's it," she repeated softly—"one must live."

Sam looked at her—but, finding that to do so made speech difficult, looked hurriedly away. He admitted to himself that it was one of those occasions, only too frequent with him, when his indignant sympathy was heightened by the fact that "the woman was very fair." He conceded that. He was not going to pretend to himself that he was not prejudiced by the outrageous beauty of Sister Anne, by the assault upon his feelings made by her uniform—made by the appeal of her profession, the gentlest and most gracious of all professions. He was honestly disturbed that this young girl should devote her life to the service of selfish sick people.

"If you do it because you must live, then it can easily be arranged; for there are other ways of earning a living."

The girl looked at him quickly; but he was quite sincere—and again she smiled.

"Now what would you suggest?" she asked. "You see," she said, "I have no one to advise me—no man of my own age. I have no brothers to go to. I have a father, but it was his idea that I should come here; and so I doubt if he would approve of my changing to any other work. Your own work must make you acquainted with many women who earn their own living. Maybe you could advise me."

Sam did not at once answer. He was calculating hastily how far his salary would go toward supporting a wife. He was trying to remember which of the men in the office were married, and whether they were those whose salaries were smaller than his own. Collins, one of the copy editors, he knew was very ill paid; but Sam also knew that Collins was married, because his wife used to wait for him in the office to take her to the theater, and often Sam had thought she was extremely well dressed. Of course Sister Anne was so beautiful that what she might wear would be a matter of indifference; but then women did not always look at it that way. Sam was so long considering offering Sister Anne a life position that his silence had become significant; and to cover his real thoughts he said hurriedly:

"Take typewriting, for instance. That pays very well. The hours are not difficult."

"And manicuring?" suggested Sister Anne.

Sam exclaimed in horror.

"You!" he cried roughly—"For you! Quite impossible!"

"Why for me?" said the girl.

In the distress at the thought Sam was jabbing his stick into the gravel walk as though driving the manicuring idea into a deep grave. He did not see that the girl was smiling at him mockingly.

"You?" protested Sam—"You in a barber's shop washing men's fingers who are not fit to wash the streets you walk on! Good Lord!" His vehemence was quite honest. The girl ceased smiling. Sam was still jabbing at the gravel walk, his profile toward her—and, unobserved, she could study his face. It was an attractive face—strong, clever, almost illegally good-looking. It explained why, as he had complained to the city editor, his chief trouble in New York was with the women. With his eyes full of concern, Sam turned to her abruptly.

"How much do they give you a month?"

"Forty dollars," answered Sister Anne.

"This is what hurts me about it," said Sam. "It is that you should have to work and wait on other people when there are so many strong hulking men who would count it God's blessing to work for you, to wait on you and give their lives for you. However, probably you know that better than I do."

"No; I didn't know that," said Sister Anne.

Sam recognized that it was quite absurd that it should be so, but this statement gave him a sense of great elation, a delightful thrill of relief. There was every reason why the girl should not confide in a complete stranger—even to deceive him was quite within her rights; but, though Sam appreciated this, he preferred to be deceived.



"What an Awfully Jolly Rag!"

"I think you are working too hard," he said, smiling happily—"I think you ought to have a change. You ought to take a day off! Do they ever give you a day off?"

"Next Saturday," said Sister Anne. "Why?"

"Because," explained Sam, "if you won't think it too presumptuous, I was going to prescribe a day off for you—a day entirely away from iodoform and white enameled cots. It is what you need, a day in the city and a lunch where they have music; and a matinée, where you can laugh—or cry, if you like that better—and then, maybe, some fresh air in the park in a taxi; and after that dinner and more theater—and then I'll see you safe on the train for Greenwich. Before you answer," he added hurriedly, "I want to explain that I contemplate taking a day off myself and doing all these things with you—and that if you want to bring any of the other forty nurses along as a chaperon, I hope you will. Only, honestly, I hope you won't!"

The proposal apparently gave Sister Anne much pleasure. She did not say so, but her eyes shone and when she looked at Sam she was almost laughing with happiness.

"I think that would be quite delightful," said Sister Anne—"quite delightful! Only it would be frightfully expensive; even if I don't bring another girl, which I certainly would not, it would cost a great deal of money. I think we might cut out the taxicab—and walk in the park and feed the squirrels."

"Oh!" exclaimed Sam in disappointment—"then you know Central Park?"

Sister Anne's eyes grew quite expressionless.

"I once lived near there," she said.

"In Harlem?"

"Not exactly in Harlem, but near it. I was quite young," said Sister Anne. "Since then I have always lived in the country or in—other places."

Sam's heart was singing with pleasure.

"It's so kind of you to consent," he cried. "Indeed you are the kindest person in all the world. I thought so when I saw you bending over these sick people, and now I know."

"It is you who are kind," protested Sister Anne, "to take pity on me."

"Pity on you!" laughed Sam. "You can't pity a person who can do more with a smile than old man Flagg can do with all his millions. Now," he demanded in happy anticipation, "where are we to meet?"

"That's it," said Sister Anne. "Where are we to meet?"

"Let it be at the Grand Central Station. The day can't begin too soon," said Sam; "and before then telephone me what theater and restaurants you want and I'll reserve seats and tables. Oh," exclaimed Sam joyfully, "it will be a wonderful day—a wonderful day!"

Sister Anne looked at him curiously and, so it seemed, a little wistfully. She held out her hand.

"I must go back to my duties," she said. "Goodby."

"Not goodby," said Sam heartily—"only until Saturday—and my name's Sam Ward and my address is the city room of the Republic. What's your name?"

"Sister Anne," said the girl. "In the nursing order to which I belong we have no last names."

"So," asked Sam, "I'll call you Sister Anne?"

"No; just Sister," said the girl.

"Sister!" repeated Sam—"Sister!" He breathed the word rather than spoke it; and the way he said it and the way he looked when he said it made it carry almost the touch of a caress. It was as if he had said "Sweetheart!" or "Beloved!" "I'll not forget," said Sam.

Sister Anne gave an impatient, annoyed laugh.

"Nor I," she said.

Sam returned to New York in the smoking car, puffing feverishly at his cigar and glaring dreamily at the smoke. He was living the day over again and, in anticipation, the day off, still to come. He rehearsed their next meeting at the station; he considered whether or not he would meet her with a huge bunch of violets or would have it brought to her when they were at luncheon by the head waiter. He decided the latter way would be more of a pleasant surprise. He planned the luncheon. It was to be the most marvelous repast he could evolve; and, lest

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there should be the slightest error, he would have it prepared in advance—and it should cost half his week's salary.

The place where they were to dine he would leave to her, because he had observed that women had strange ideas about clothes—some of them thinking that certain clothes must go with certain restaurants. Some of them seemed to believe that, instead of their conferring distinction upon the restaurant, the restaurant conferred distinction upon them. He was sure Sister Anne would not be so foolish, but it might be that she must always wear her nurse's uniform and that she would prefer not to be conspicuous; so he decided that the choice of where they would dine he would leave to her. He calculated that the whole day ought to cost about eighty dollars, which, as star reporter, was what he was then earning each week. That was little enough to give for a day that would be the birthday of his life! No, he contradicted—the day he had first met her must always be the birthday of his life; for never had he met one like her and he was sure there never would be one like her—she was so entirely superior to all the others, so fine, so difficult—in her manner there was something that rendered her unapproachable. Even her simple nurse's gown was worn with a difference. She might have been a princess in fancy dress. And yet, how humble she had been when he begged her to let him for one day personally conduct her over the great city! "You are so kind to take pity on me," she had said. He thought of many clever, pretty speeches he might have made. He was so annoyed he had not thought of them at the time that he kicked violently at the seat in front of him.

He wondered what her history might be; he was sure it was full of beautiful courage and self-sacrifice. It certainly was outrageous that one so glorious must work for her living, and for such a paltry living—forty dollars a month! It was worth that merely to have her sit in the flat where one could look at her; for already he had decided that, when they were married, they would live in a flat—probably in one overlooking Central Park, on Central Park West. He knew of several attractive suites there at thirty-five dollars a week—or, if she preferred the suburbs, he would forsake his beloved New York and return to the country. In his gratitude to her for being what she was, he conceded even that sacrifice.

When he reached New York, from the speculators he bought front-row seats at five dollars for the two most popular plays in town. He put them away carefully in his waistcoat pocket. Possession of them made him feel that already he had obtained an option on six hours of complete happiness.

After she left Sam, Sister Anne passed hurriedly through the hospital to the matron's room and, wrapping herself in a raccoon coat, made her way to a waiting motor car and said "Home!" to the chauffeur. He drove her to the Flagg family vault, as Flagg's envious millionaire neighbors called the pile of white marble that topped the highest hill above Greenwich, and which for years had served as a landfall to mariners on the Sound.

There were a number of people at tea when she arrived and they greeted her noisily.

"I have had a most splendid adventure!" said Sister Anne. "There were six of us, you know, dressed up as Red Cross nurses, and we gave away programs. Well, one of the New York reporters thought I was a real nurse and interviewed me about the home. Of course I knew enough about it to keep it up, and I kept it up so well that he was terribly sorry for me; and ——"

One of the tea drinkers was little Hollis Holworthy, who prided himself on knowing who's who in New York. He had met Sam Ward at first nights and prize fights. He laughed scornfully.

"Don't you believe it!" he interrupted. "That man who was talking to you was Sam Ward. He's the smartest newspaper man in New York; he was just leading you on. Do you suppose there's a reporter in America who wouldn't know you in the dark? Wait until you see the Sunday paper."

Sister Anne exclaimed indignantly:

"He did not know me!" she protested. "It quite upset him that I should be wasting my life measuring out medicines and making beds."

There was a shriek of disbelief and laughter. "I told him," continued Sister Anne, "that I got forty dollars a month, and he said I could make more as a typewriter; and I said I preferred to be a manicurist."

"Oh, Anita!" protested the admiring chorus.

"And he was most indignant. He absolutely refused to allow me to be a manicurist. And he asked me to take a day off with him and let him show me New York. And he offered, as attractions, moving-picture shows and a drive on a Fifth Avenue bus, and feeding peanuts to the animals in the park. And if I insisted upon a chaperon I might bring one of the nurses. We're to meet at the soda-water fountain in the Grand Central Station. He said, 'The day cannot begin too soon!'"

"Oh, Anita!" shrieked the chorus.

Lord Deptford, who as the newspapers had repeatedly informed the American public had come to the Flaggs' country place to try to marry Anita Flagg, was amused.

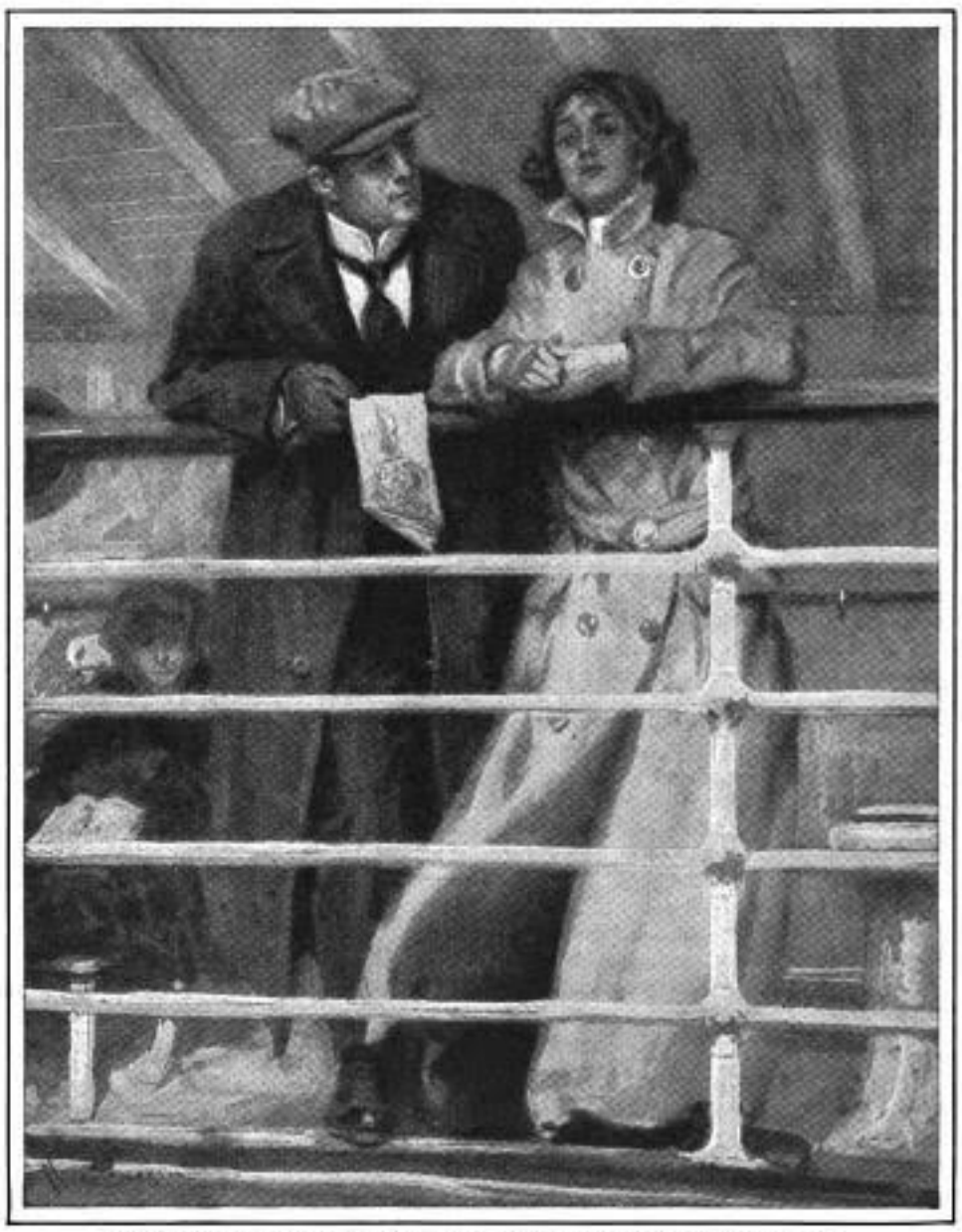
"What an awfully jolly rag!" he cried. "And what are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing," said Anita Flagg. "The reporters have been making me ridiculous for the last three years; now I have got back at one of them! And," she added, "that's all there is to that!"

That night, however, when the house party was making toward bed, Sister Anne stopped by the stairs and said to Lord Deptford: "I want to hear you call me Sister."

"Call you what?" exclaimed the young man. "I will tell you," he whispered, "what I'd like to call you!"

"You will not!" interrupted Anita. "Do as I tell you and say Sister once. Say it as though you meant it."



"The Day He Chose to Tell Her Was the First Day They Were at Sea"

"But I don't mean it," protested his lordship. "I've said already what I ——"

"Never mind what you've said already," commanded Miss Flagg. "I've heard that from a lot of people. Say Sister just once."

His lordship frowned in embarrassment.

"Sister!" he exclaimed. It sounded like the pop of a cork.

Anita Flagg laughed unkindly and her beautiful shoulders shivered as though she were cold.

"Not a bit like it, Deptford," she said. "Good night."

Later Helen Page, who came to her room to ask her about a horse she was to ride in the morning, found her ready for bed but standing by the open window looking out toward the great city to the south.

When she turned Miss Page saw something in her eyes that caused that young woman to shriek with amazement.

"Anita!" she exclaimed. "You crying! What in Heaven's name can make you cry?"

It was not a kind speech, nor did Miss Flagg receive it kindly. She turned upon the tactless intruder.

"Suppose," cried Anita fiercely, "a man thought you were worth forty dollars a month—honestly didn't know!—honestly believed you were poor and worked for your living, and still said your smile was worth more than all of old man Flagg's millions, not knowing they were *your* millions. Suppose he didn't ask any money of you, but just to take care of you, to slave for you—only wanted to keep your pretty hands from working, and your pretty eyes from seeing sickness and pain. Suppose you met that man among this rotten lot, what would you do? What wouldn't you do?"

"Why, Anita!" exclaimed Miss Page.

"What would you do?" demanded Anita Flagg. "This is what you'd do: You'd go down on your knees to that man and say: 'Take me away! Take me away from them, and pity me, and be sorry for me, and love me—and love me—and love me!'"

"And why don't you?" cried Helen Page.

"Because I'm as rotten as the rest of them!" cried Anita Flagg. "Because I'm a coward. And that's why I'm crying. Haven't I the right to cry?"

II

AT THE exact moment Miss Flagg was proclaiming herself a moral coward, in the local room of the Republic Collins, the copy editor, was editing Sam's story of the laying of the cornerstone. The copy editor's cigar was tilted near his left eyebrow; his blue pencil, like a guillotine ready to fall upon the guilty word or paragraph, was suspended in midair; and continually, like a hawk preparing to strike, the blue pencil swooped and circled. But page after page fell softly to the desk and the blue pencil remained inactive. As he read, the voice of Collins rose in muttered ejaculations; and, as he continued to read, these explosions grew louder and more amazed. At last he could endure no more and, swinging swiftly in his revolving chair, his glance swept the office. "In the name of Mike!" he shouted. "What is this?"

The reporters nearest him, busy with pencil and typewriters, frowned in impatient protest. Sam Ward, swinging his legs from the top of a table, was gazing at the ceiling, wrapped in dreams and tobacco smoke. Upon his clever, clean-cut features the expression was far-away and beatific. He came back to earth.

"What's what?" Sam demanded.

At that moment Elliott, the managing editor, was passing through the room, his hands filled with freshly pulled proofs. He swung toward Collins quickly and snatched up Sam's copy. The story already was late—and it was important.

"What's wrong?" he demanded.

Over the room there fell a sudden hush.

"Read the opening paragraph," protested Collins. "It's like that for a column! It's all about a girl—about a Red Cross nurse. Not a word about Flagg or Lord Deptford. No speeches! No news! It's not a news story at all. It's an editorial, and an essay, and a spring poem. I don't know what it is. And, what's worse," wailed the copy editor defiantly and to the amazement of all, "it's so darned good that you can't touch it. You've got to let it go or kill it."

The eyes of the managing editor, masked by his green paper shade, were racing over Sam's written words. He thrust the first page back at Collins.

"Is it all like that!"

"There's a column like that!"

"Run it just as it is," commanded the managing editor. "Use it for your introduction and get your story from the flimsy. And, in your head, cut out Flagg entirely. Call it The Red Cross Girl. And play it up strong, with pictures."

He turned on Sam and eyed him curiously.

"What's the idea, Ward?" he said. "This is a newspaper—not a magazine!"

The click of the typewriters was silent, the hectic rush of the pencils had ceased, and the staff, expectant, smiled cynically upon the star reporter. Sam shoved his hands into his trousers pockets and also smiled, but unhappily.

"I know it's not news, sir," he said; "but that's the way I saw the story—outside on the lawn, the band playing, and the governor and the governor's staff and the clergy burning incense to Flagg; and inside, this girl right on the job—taking care of the sick and wounded. It seemed to me that a million from a man that won't miss a million didn't stack up against what this girl was

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doing—doing for these sick folks! What I wanted to say," continued Sam stoutly, "was that the moving spirit of the hospital was not in the man who signed the checks, but in these women who do the work—the nurses, like the one I wrote about; the one you called the Red Cross Girl."

Collins, strong through many years of faithful service, backed by the traditions of the profession, snorted scornfully.

"But it's not news!"

"It's not news," said Elliott doubtfully; "but it's the kind of story that made Frank O'Malley famous. It's the kind of story that drives men out of this business into the arms of what Kipling calls 'the illegitimate sister.'"

It seldom is granted to a man on the same day to give his whole heart to a girl and to be patted on the back by his managing editor; and it was this combination, and not the drinks he dispensed to the staff in return for its congratulations, that sent Sam home walking on air. He loved his business, he was proud of his business; but never before had it served him so well. It had enabled him to tell the woman he loved, and incidentally a million other people, how deeply he honored her; how clearly he appreciated her power for good. No one would know he meant Sister Anne, save two people—Sister Anne and himself; but for her and for him that was as many as should know. In his story he had used real incidents of the day; he had described her as she passed through the wards of the hospital, cheering and sympathetic; he had told of the little acts of consideration that endeared her to the sick people.

The next morning she would know that it was she of whom he had written; and between the lines she would read that the man who wrote them loved her. So he fell asleep, impatient for the morning. In the hotel at which he lived the Republic was always placed promptly outside his door; and, after many excursions into the hall, he at last found it. On the front page was his story, The Red Cross Girl. It had the place of honor—right-hand column; but more conspicuous than the headlines of his own story was one of Redding's photographs. It was the one he had taken of Sister Anne when first she had approached them, in her uniform of mercy, advancing across the lawn, walking straight into the focus of the camera. There was no mistaking her for any other living woman; but beneath the picture, in bald, staring, uncompromising type, was a strange and grotesque legend.

"Daughter of Millionaire Flagg," it read, "in a New Rôle. Miss Anita Flagg as The Red Cross Girl."

For a long time Sam looked at the picture, and then, folding the paper so that the picture was hidden, he walked



"This Man's Got a Head on His Shoulders, and He's Got the Shoulders Too"

to the open window. From below, Broadway sent up a tumultuous greeting—cable cars jangled, taxis hooted; and on the sidewalks, on their way to work, processions of shopgirls stepped out briskly. It was the street and the city and the life he had found fascinating, but now it jarred and affronted him. A girl he knew had died, had passed out of his life forever—worse than that, had never existed; and yet the city went on just as though that made no difference, or just as little difference as it would have made had Sister Anne really lived and really died.

At the same early hour, an hour far too early for the rest of the house party, Anita Flagg and Helen Page, booted and riding-habited, sat alone at the breakfast table, their tea before them; and in the hands of Anita Flagg was the Daily Republic. Miss Page had brought the paper to the table and, with affected indignation at the impertinence of the press, had pointed at the front-page photograph; but Miss Flagg was not looking at the photograph, or drinking her tea, or showing in her immediate surroundings any interest whatsoever. Instead, her lovely eyes were fastened with fascination upon the column under the heading The Red Cross Girl; and, as she read, the lovely eyes lost all trace of recent slumber, her lovely lips parted breathlessly, and on her lovely cheeks the color flowed and faded and glowed and bloomed. When she had read as far as a paragraph beginning, "When Sister Anne walked between them those who suffered raised their eyes to hers as flowers lift their faces to the rain," she dropped the paper and started for the telephone.

"Any man," cried she, to the mutual discomfort of Helen Page and the servants, "who thinks I'm like that mustn't get away! I'm not like that and I know it; but if he thinks so that's all I want. And maybe I might be like that—if any man would help."

She gave her attention to the telephone and "Information." She demanded to be instantly put into communication with the Daily Republic and Mr. Sam Ward. She turned again upon Helen Page.

(Continued on Page 44)

THE COST OF LIVING

An Interview With Senator Burton—By Roger W. Babson

RECENTLY Theodore E. Burton—senator from the good state of Ohio—invited me to lunch with him at the Capitol in Washington; and while the "great representatives of the common people" were stuffing themselves with highly seasoned meats, asparagus tips and mince pie, I was interested to see the Ohio senator content to order "half-and-half." Whereupon the waiter brought in a bowl of plain bread and milk. Knowing that the senator had delivered a lecture on reducing the cost of living on the previous day before the American Economic Association, I concluded that he was a man whom I should interview on this great practical subject that is creating such a stir throughout the world today. Most of us, when attacking the cost of living, prefer to confine our efforts to the preaching and let others do the practicing; but Senator Burton—as illustrated in a small way by the bowl of bread and milk—apparently endeavors, where possible, to take his own medicine.

However, the fact that Senator Burton eats bread and milk instead of grapefruit and venison is not my main reason for presenting his views to the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Theodore E. Burton is known in America and Europe as an economist rather than as a senator; in fact, today he is generally recognized among the universities of America as the greatest living authority on "prices," with the possible exception of Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale University, who is gratuitously giving his time and money to urging the governments of the world to appoint a joint international commission on the cost of living.

Now the following are Senator Burton's three chief reasons for the high cost of living, other than the increase in the production of gold—about which I wrote recently:

1—The increased wants and desires of every one of us, from the richest to the poorest.

2—The increasing inequality between the development of different industries, owing partly to the fact that, though you and I receive more an hour for our labor than we ever did before, we receive less than ever in proportion to what the wealthy class now receives.

3—The fact that you and I are continually getting lazier and more wasteful. In other words, there is an "overproduction of non-producers."

Regarding the first of these reasons, Senator Burton says:

"Notwithstanding long periods of inertia and even of retrogression, the dominant note in the history of the race has been that of progress; this has been especially true in the last hundred years. Scientific progress has always been in the van, followed by material, intellectual and political progress. Science has given to mankind a constantly increasing control over Nature. Inventions and discoveries have greatly multiplied the supply of useful articles adapted to satisfy human wants. As a result, the conveniences and luxuries of one generation are regarded as necessaries in the next. One marked effect of this progress is the alleviation of the struggle for existence, with the resulting leisure or opportunity to acquire greater skill and to discover new methods of production. The requirement of less effort for obtaining the necessaries of life gives a wider scope to human enterprise and makes it possible to multiply the achievements which contribute to the betterment of the race. Nothing is more apparent than that the average per capita consumption is constantly increasing, not merely in essential food products, but in a variety of useful articles which are now available for more general use.

"It may be noted that modern means of communication, the ready transmission of news and the increasing scope of industrial and commercial operations have brought about a solidarity of interest among nations, and rendered it easy to obtain by international trade useful articles, even from the remotest parts of the earth. These same forces have promoted political progress, the assertion of popular rights and a greater equality of opportunity. One effect of this has been that wealth and the consequent increase of average consumption are no longer limited to a few. The development of a more peaceful disposition among nations has caused a great increase in both production and consumption, with more development and utilization of the world's resources. All these factors make possible a rising standard of living which increases prices unless there is equal progress in production."

It was most interesting to have a United States senator of his conservative type come out so fairly and frankly on this second great reason for the increased cost of living—namely, the fact that the cost of the necessities of life has increased in a much greater proportion than the cost of luxuries. When it is remembered that a poor man must eat as much bread and meat as Mr. Rockefeller, and that his babies must have as much milk as Mr. Rockefeller's grandchildren, the force of the second reason is self-evident. Said Senator Burton on this point:

"Progress, however, has been notably unequal in the different branches of endeavor which supply human wants. It is necessary to keep in mind the difference between a rise in the price of certain classes of products and a general rise in the price level. There is a substantial distinction between these two phenomena. New methods in industry and commerce are revolutionizing the means for supplying human wants, but their effect is far more helpful in some categories of products than in others. Whether this be the result of natural conditions or limitations upon our knowledge is not pertinent to this interview. The fact is obvious. Throughout all periods, notwithstanding changes in fashion and taste, there has existed a demand amounting to a necessity for certain essential products, such as food, clothing and shelter. It is plainly evident that science, working through inventions and improved methods, has not accomplished the same results in agriculture, especially in food supplies, as in manufacture. The revolution in industrial methods and in the utilization of capital in large-scale operations has not been accompanied by equal progress on the farm. Accordingly, as we would expect, the prices of farm products have risen much more rapidly than the prices of manufactured articles.

"In a very valuable report of the chief of the Bureau of Statistics for the Department of Agriculture for the year 1910, a comparison is made between the increase in the prices of articles purchased by farmers during the ten years from 1899 to 1909 and the increase in the value an acre of that which the farmers sell. For the articles purchased, the average increase was 12.1 per cent; while for the products sold by the farmer the average rate of increase in the value per acre was 72.7 per cent, or six times as much. The comparison is made even more emphatic when it is noted that flour and lard, which show maximum or nearly maximum increase in prices which farmers must pay, respond to the higher prices which they obtain for wheat and hogs. The rise in the prices of agricultural products in the temperate zone is well illustrated in the case of raw materials used in the manufacture of clothing. Until this present year the price of cotton has shown a steady increase. The price of middling cotton a pound in the year 1895 was 7.44 cents in the New York market; in 1903 it was 11.18 cents; in 1910, 15.11 cents, or twice as much as fifteen years before. The price of fine wool in the month of January, 1895—for most of which year there was no duty—was, in the Eastern markets, seventeen and a half cents; in 1903, thirty cents, and in 1910, thirty-six cents.

"The same general facts are true with relation to cereals and all other food products of the temperate zone.

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A cause additional to the lesser degree of assistance from nvention may be found in the greater scarcity of land uitable for profitable cultivation, and in our own coun- ry especially the early cultivation of fertile areas was onducted with too much regard for immediate returns; onsequently little attention was paid to permanent pro- uctive quality. It may be added that improvements in roduction are unequal, not only as regards different classes f useful articles but also for different articles of sub- tantially the same class. This is true of various lines of anufacture, barely any two of which have been affected the same degree. The manifest effect of this inequality the ease or difficulty of production is a change in their lative value."

What pleased me most, however, was to hear Senator urton expound his third point, wherein he touched upon travagance and waste, which to my mind is the meat the whole proposition. Moreover, this is a part of the oblem that each of us can solve for himself at once. me of the other questions, such as gold supply, con- rvative tariff readjustment, and the like, will take years solve; but each one of us can begin today and spend less useless articles and throw less into the overflowing rbage pail. Said Senator Burton on this point:

"There is an inevitable tendency toward overaction, isdirected energy, waste and extravagance in every ogressive era. This tendency has its roots in the very aracteristics of human nature itself. Whenever a new ocess is invented for satisfying a human want, or a new arket is discovered, it is probable that the inviting pros- ect of gain will cause an undue amount of investment and fort in that new direction, which results in a loss of apital and an oversupply of certain articles. The tend- ncy to waste and extravagance is even more marked in e utilization of new facilities or the purchase of articles hat please the taste or fancy. A new style of house or quipage, or of dress, all of which are common in a time f increasing wealth, often leads to the discarding of that hich, under less favorable circumstances, would be egarded as sufficient and to the purchase of other articles accordance with present-day tastes or fashions. Social mbitions and the desire for luxury tend in the same irection; extravagance grows as facilities and attractive rticles multiply. Along with these factors is the desire or ease and luxury which accompanies the accumulation f wealth, a result of the fact that pleasure is more attract- ve than pain—that enjoyment is preferred to effort; hence he number of the unemployed increases and the amount f effort made for satisfying human wants diminishes."

When Pigs Fetched But Four Pence

AN IMPORTANT factor of the present situation, as affecting the high cost of living, is the rapidly growing cost of government—national, state and municipal. In case the proceeds derived from taxation are applied to essential improvements, naturally no waste would accrue; but there are, nevertheless, substantial differences between public and private enterprise. The former is managed with a less degree of care and supervision. Given a certain object, the expense of securing it by public management is usually greater than under private control.

"In addition to this, think of the enormous burden of military and naval armaments, now amounting, in the more civilized nations, to two billions a year—an economic waste which imposes an almost unendurable burden upon the world's resources. Again, in prosperous times a disposition to indulge in excess and unwise undertakings is manifest both in public and private expenditures.

"In this connection it must be stated that the inequality of the supplies of raw material requisite for human needs is a prominent factor in the situation. The lumber supply of the United States, which at one time seemed abundant and even inexhaustible, in view of the great demand for buildings, furniture, implements, and so on, has been diminished to such an extent as to threaten an early exhaustion. Perhaps the wisest policy would have suggested that the state limit the cutting of timber and require that new forests be planted. However that may be, the diminishing supply of timber in the face of unusual demand has caused a rapid increase in the price of products of the forest, the advance from 1900 to 1910 being the greatest of any single class. A comparison of the figures prepared by the Bureau of Commerce shows that between 1900 and 1910 the wholesale prices of woodenware and furniture increased about twenty per cent."

Senator Burton then told how there had always been periods of increasing prices. The following ancient history, I think, is intensely interesting, especially the dialogue given below stating the reasons for the rise of prices in 1549, which coincide so perfectly with the reasons given today:

"There have been illustrations of the increase in prices in the history of progressive countries. According to Böckh, in the time of Solon an ox in Athens cost five drachmas, or nearly 3 shillings; a sheep, one drachma; a bushel and three gallons of corn, one drachma. Two hundred years later the prices rose to five times and in many cases to ten or twenty times their former amount. The quantity of money was increased by the spoil obtained by successful military operations and by the development of mining in the islands of the Mediterranean, in Attica itself, and in Thrace and the island of Thesos. In Rome it is more difficult to trace the changes in prices of food. Corn was sometimes exacted as a tribute from conquered countries and sold by the state at less than cost, and occasionally given away. The increase of prices was particularly rapid after the concentration of the chief mining industry in the hands of the Roman government. Cattle increased in price as well as corn. About 400 B. C., sheep sold for seven pence three farthings. At the date of the Christian era the price was twenty-five shillings. After the Carthaginian Wars, the Romans acquired the valuable mines of their enemies in the western part of Africa—also in Sicily, Sardinia and the south of Spain. A few years later the mines of Greece and Asia Minor came into the possession of the Romans; still later the mines of Macedonia and Thrace. In their later conquests special effort was made to acquire supplies of the precious metals.

"In the year 1581 a dialogue was printed, attributed to one 'W. S.,' probably William Smith, entitled A Discourse of the Common Weal of This Realm of England. The participants in the dialogue are a knight or owner of land, supposed to be Mr. Thomas Hales; a doctor of divinity, who, it is conjectured, was Bishop Hugh Latimer; a husbandman; a tenant farmer; a merchant; a mercer; and a capper. An enterprising publisher in the year 1751 republished this dialogue and, basing the authorship on the initials W. S., assigned it to William Shakspere, a manifest effort to obtain a greater sale by deceit. The real date of the dialogue, as appears from more recent investigation, was the year 1549. In this old pamphlet each ascribed to the occupation of the other the responsibility for the existing situation.

"Views are expressed upon the benefits of protective tariffs against foreign products, upon the balance of trade, upon the exactions of the middleman and upon the increase in rents of agricultural land. One of the characters expresses the opinion that avarice is the cause of high prices. Another mentions the great increase in the cost of necessary articles. One of them says: 'Within these eight years you could buy the best pig or goose that I could lay my hands upon for four pence which now costs me eight pence, and a good capon for three pence or four, a chicken for a penny, a hen for two, which will now cost me double the money; and it is likewise of the great ware, as of mutton and of beef.' It was maintained in this discussion that price determined rent and not rent price. The husbandman conceded that if he were commanded to sell his wheat and other products at the old price he would have enough to pay his landlord as in times past; but he says that he must buy iron, salt, tar and pitch, all of which brought a higher price than formerly. One cause of the increase of prices which is pointed out in this dialogue is the clipping of coin, which caused the good coins to go abroad for use in foreign trade. There were, however, more universal causes than this.

"Bodin, a French political philosopher, in the last half of the sixteenth century, states as an undoubted fact that there had been a revolution in prices. He gives six reasons for it: 1—The great abundance of gold and silver, which resulted in a decrease in its purchasing power. 2—The monopolies of the guild and of the tax farmers. 3—The ease with which wine and corn—the chief products of France at that time—might be exported, thus increasing the price at home. 4—The extravagance of the court. 5—The general leisure in the community. 6—The debasement of money, a practice which was prevalent in France at that time."

The Price the People Pay

I ASKED Senator Burton: "What of the influence of the so-called trusts and the tariff on prices?" He referred to his speech of the day before wherein he said:

"It is clear that complete monopoly or preponderant control of the market in the production or sale of any particular commodity affords opportunity to increase its price. The same result is apparent when separate producers maintain an agreement or understanding as to prices. On the other hand, the superior economy and efficiency of large-scale operations materially diminish the cost of production and, even more, of distribution, and should therefore tend to decrease prices. For this reason, the concentration of industrial and commercial enterprises is a legitimate phase of business evolution. It must be said, however, with equal emphasis, that thus far the general public has not experienced in reduced prices the benefit to which it is entitled because of the increased economy and efficiency resulting from great combinations. If the people do not receive their proper share of the benefits strict control, beginning with greater publicity and ending, perhaps, with the regulation of prices, is the inevitable outcome. Certain it is that large-scale operations have come to stay. If they cannot be successfully regulated it is probable that state ownership will be adopted in preference to a return of the old régime of smaller, competing units.

"In a majority of cases the statistics of prices do not bear out the assertion that the establishment of large corporations has always caused an exceptional increase in the cost to the consumer. In many instances the higher prices are due—in part at least—to the greater expense of obtaining raw materials or to the increased labor and obsolescence charges to which all concerns of whatever magnitude are alike subjected. In the table prepared by the statistician of the Department of Agriculture, to which reference has been made, it appears that, among over eighty enumerated articles purchased by the farmer, there were only three the cost of which diminished between the years 1899 and 1909. Two of these are comparatively unimportant; the third is coal oil, which fell from 15.1 cents a gallon in 1899 to 14.2 cents in 1909. There were also substantial reductions in the prices of various forms of iron and steel in the same period; though, as already mentioned, those of practically all the agricultural products of the temperate zone increased.

"The rise in the price level cannot be wholly ascribed to tariffs any more than to the trusts, though prices of particular articles may have been increased by them. In answer to those who maintain that the tariff is responsible for the high cost of living in the United States, attention may be called to the admitted fact that the rise in the price level has been universal under free trade as well as under revenue and protective tariffs. In a single newspaper, published at Paris last September, there

(Concluded on Page 47)



"The Desire for Ease and Luxury Which Accompanies the Accumulation of Wealth"

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How to Beat the Building Game

Choosing Your House—By Benjamin A. Howes

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

ON THE shores of Long Island Sound there stands among green fields what looks at a distance like a magnificent white and shining mansion. It was built a few years ago after the plans of an all-but-famous architect at a cost which only a multi-millionaire would endure. Go nearer and you will see that the white surface is cracked and apparently moth-eaten, the charming classical decorations crumbling; the present owner will tell you that he has already spent the price of a small house in a vain attempt to repair the disintegrating outer plaster. Within, the great rooms are delightful to look upon, with their polished wood paneling and carved details. What the present owner probably does not dwell on, however, in addition to all his troubles, is that something has only to go a little wrong in the far-flung ramifications of the vast heating-plant or the complicated electric installation, and all this inner beauty will go up in an hour's conflagration.



"We Wanted to Take the Children to the Country"

Not far inland from this truly tragic spectacle you will come upon the small house of a business man on a moderate salary. You will note that the walls are apparently of solid concrete of a not very inviting color or texture, and that here, too, there are traces of cracks and of the devastating effects of water in those cracks. Interview the mistress of the house and she will tell you they had been saving for some years to build a country home, not necessarily for the rest of their lives, but—"We wanted to take the children to the country." They had read much in magazines and newspapers of "the coming concrete house" and had thought it would be just the thing for them. They had bought some stock plans and had been recommended to a contractor by the development company from which they got their land. They had had great difficulty, to be sure, in bringing him anywhere near their limit of cost; but after some rather stormy interviews, as they described it, he had consented to build them the house at a thousand or so more than they could really afford. And now it was leaking and crumbling! Their roof loggia had caved in, rain drove through their nursery; and as for their opinion of concrete—the less said the better!

Materials Not What They Seem

THE judicious reader will understand, of course, what was amiss in both these cases. In neither one had any real thought been expended on what the situation—of place and of money—demanded. In neither one had any effort been made to "choose their house." The millionaire had evidently been carried away, by the delightful design of the enormous house, into putting vast expanses of surface into a material that was bound to disintegrate, no matter how careful the work, in sea-air. Moreover, those exquisite, elaborate Greek capitals had been cast, to save trouble and expense, with a lot of plaster of Paris in the composition—and plaster of Paris melts away in wet weather like dew before the sun. It was his bad judgment and not his lack of knowledge, of course, that was responsible for risking a wooden frame within a rambling palace.

As for the other unfortunate, it was a case of that little knowledge which is a dangerous thing. The "coming concrete house" for the single builder—who is at the same time a small builder—is not economical at all, but dear in comparison with other constructions. The clerk had browbeaten his over-eager contractor, who had probably not much knowledge of concrete costs, into too low a price. The contractor had doubtless used the sand and cement and stone that came to hand, without the usual professional tests; had employed his ordinary unskilled laborers and, worst of all, had used too little of the high-priced supervision that is absolutely necessary for good concrete work. The result was the sinking of more money than the owner could afford into a type of structure which, if good of its kind, would have been beyond his needs, but, poorly built, it had become a cruel incubus.

The lesson of these two cases is the obvious one of the absolute need of complete clearness in the mind of the owner as to what he wants his house to be capable of. In these days of copious advice to intending and anxious home-builders, surprisingly little has been put forth of the relative advantages and suitability, to the financial and geographical situations of their prospective owners, of the various materials and types of construction for houses. Yet nothing is of more fundamental importance. If it was suicidal for the millionaire to build in wood it was no less so, in my opinion, for the clerk to build in concrete—real concrete; but no one has told them so. Not long ago a highly popular magazine had a graceful article on the first glimmers of taste—or words to that effect—in American domestic architecture. Not one syllable was said of any relation between a house's situation—including pretension—and its material, or between its material and its architectural type. It was apparently the feeling of the architect-author that such prosaic considerations could be ignored; in fact, the one house unreservedly praised by him as an ideal to be approached by American architects is known to be of most perishable material; and the editor of the department in which the article appeared indignantly repelled the suggestion that any judgment in regard to architecture must take some account of the type of construction.

Even if the type of construction is considered, it is usually only as a question of taste or appearance. The trouble with us Americans is, we are completely hypnotized by names. We speak of a stone or a brick house with bated breath, as of a monumental structure; or proudly of a stucco, tile or concrete house—as though we actually had any idea whatever of what kind of structure those terms denote! The brick house may be a thin veneer on a cheap wooden frame; the stucco, plaster on flimsy wood-lath; the concrete, only the poorest of substances. The real-estate advertisers are careful to leave to the imagination the true inwardness of "Modern cement houses, moisture-proof and vermin-proof!"—"Elegant two-family brick dwelling!"—"A ten-room stucco house for eight thousand dollars"—and so on. Just exactly as well one might speak of "A ten-room paint house," for paint has as much relation to the real construction of the dwelling—and to the effective protection of the surface too—as has stucco. Yet the fine brick house, of unburnable construction, and the real standard concrete house are noble and permanent structures, worthy of all respect. Let us, then, ignore the glib catchword once for all, and learn to look for the real materials of a building, inside as well as outside, and to consider their peculiar properties.

Is your house to be a modest suburban dwelling for your young family to grow up in, or the palatial mansion you dreamed of building when you made your fortune? Do you look forward to making it a family homestead for your grandchildren to come back to, or is it to be just the pretty house to which you wish to be able to ask your friends until you are ready to build "for keeps" farther away from the city when your business is less confining? And do you mean to get your family homestead for twenty thousand dollars or two hundred thousand, or to spend ten thousand or fifty thousand on your halfway house? The range of permutations and combinations between your social intentions and your appropriation is almost unlimited; and a third variable must be added for the place—whether city, suburb, country town, mountains, lakes or shore. It is of the utmost importance to your purse and your comfort, however, to fix on the type of construction most economical in your very special conditions. I cannot pretend to exhaust the subject, but I shall try to suggest the types of buildings which, for the several great groups of home seekers, are truly economical and satisfactory in the long run.

Suppose we begin with the rising salesman, who can venture to spend six to ten thousand dollars for a country home, exclusive of the land. It is a mistake, in my opinion, for such a man to feel that he must build in fireproof construction. Remember that fireproof construction means fireproof interior structure! A plaster surface and asbestos roof would doubtless protect you if a terrible prairie fire, carrying brands on its hot breath, were to sweep your green suburban fields—but not otherwise. The real fire risk, which in nine-tenths of the cases is a matter of electric wires or heating-plants or careless matches, is very small in the little house, where the electric wiring and the heat piping are confined to a small space, and where the nose of the good housewife is always attuned to the smell of smoke.

Many plans and estimates for the small house of hollow tile or concrete exterior are extant in which the floor and partitions are of wood. Needless to say, this construction may be chosen by the owner for its outside appearance or from a desire for novelty; but it should be with the full understanding that, without unburnable floors and partitions, the small hollow-tile house has little advantage over wood as regards fire. The house entirely of hollow tile, including floors, with stucco surface, is attractive, unburnable, and in the neighborhood of New York not so very much more costly than wood—say ten per cent; though in the South or far New England it may run to an increase of forty per cent. If, however, it is a question of sacrificing, say, the best plumbing and heating, extra fireplaces or service conveniences or needed dimensions, I should advise—in a small house—giving up the unburnable quality and getting the extra comforts. The vaunted "no repairing required" of stucco is, of course, advertising license—since the stucco inevitably requires attention in a few years. An acquaintance who has built, for seven thousand dollars, in a Massachusetts town, a well-equipped and roomy shingle house, twenty-five by forty feet in dimensions, assures me that for the fifteen hundred dollars saved by giving up the hollow-tile house he had originally planned on the same lines he has two extra bathrooms, a portable garage and an electric washing-machine!

Advice for the Home Builder

OF THE exterior stucco—cement plaster—on wooden lath, with wood interior, often referred to as "the concrete house," I would say to the small builder: "Stop, look and listen!" In any except the mildest, dryest climate it begins at once to disintegrate. It has no fireproof quality, of course—except against the prairie fire—and has no other advantage over good wood construction; and it is, in fact, much less lasting. It is, indeed, regrettable that, by the careless use of the terms "concrete" and "cement" for these flimsy houses, many people have invested their modest means in the expectation of getting the permanent and indestructible concrete.

The pretty wooden house, well kept up, with its large dimensions, will prove as satisfactory and as salable as any other with an expenditure of under ten thousand dollars. It fills the requirements of a suburban house that is to be lived in almost all the year round, but is not meant for a family homestead of permanence.

So much for our first set of variables! Suppose, however, you mean to spend up to ten thousand dollars in an entirely different way—say, for a camp in the Adirondacks, by the lake you loved as a boy and courted your wife on and mean to return to for the meditative angling of your declining years—a camp you don't want to have go up in smoke some January night, carrying with it your moose-heads and your fishing rods, and all your other *souvenirs de jeunesse!* Well, that camp ought to be built either of rough native stone, with concrete floors, or of rough unfinished concrete—it will be understood that concrete is used in these pages in the correct sense of the mixture of cement, sand, stone and water, cast in a mold or form. Such a structure will not be so very large, but it can be built by an experienced builder, and have good plumbing and heating, for ten thousand dollars; and if so built it will hold tight against the forest fires and winter storms of a hundred years—or more.



By the Lake You Loved as a Boy and Mean to Return To

Even if not built by an experienced builder it may serve. I have in mind the camp of a college professor who was brought up on a farm—that untouchable combination!

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He planned his own house and it was partly constructed *for* him by a local carpenter who had never seen a concrete wall! He did many details himself, and I believe mixed the concrete with his own hands—"With brains, sir!" This camp, however, even though it is of an extraordinary homemadeness in appearance, has many rooms, cost considerably under ten thousand dollars, and will be a joy forever to the numerous children of the family.

To the person prepared to spend from ten thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars, my counsel will be quite otherwise. Such builders fall, on the whole, into two classes: First to be considered is the prosperous business man who expects to make a permanent home in a pretty "residence center." This man will want all the conveniences for his wife and servants: plenty of electrical devices, heat in every room, a garage near by. He will collect good books, will run to old mahogany, will expect to plant his affections in the garden and by the fireside. To such a man, entire permanence of material and all but complete fire protection will be a necessity. To him I should say, build a house of brick exterior in the new soft textures—or, if in a convenient locality, of the picturesque native stone—with hollow-tile interior structure and asbestos shingle or tile roof. A semi-fireproof possibility would be one story of concrete, with concrete floors, with wood above, and a tile roof. When hollow-tile interior structure is referred to, the use of the usual so-called "combination floor" of hollow tile in reënforced concrete is always to be understood; in fact there is no economical way of building an unburnable floor without reënforced concrete; and this "combination floor" is the most practical for any unburnable house that is not of reënforced concrete throughout.



Fires Start Mostly in the Kitchen and in Closets, and Mount in the Hollow Walls

Such a house, of the soft-texture brick, thirty by fifty feet in dimensions, was lately built in a good Long Island suburb for fifteen thousand dollars. It has a veranda and a roof loggia, with a fireplace, a small reception room, living room, dining room and kitchen on the first floor; four bedrooms, library and a bath on the second floor; and one bedroom and bath, with an attic and place for another servant's room, on the third. The owner has strong views on devices for easy living and the house is arranged so that the work for four persons may be done by one servant. *Terrazzo* floors, requiring no attention, are laid over the "combination"; the trim is hardwood—oak, cherry and birch—varnished in a dull finish—no cleaning of paint! There is a clothes chute from the top floor to the laundry in the basement, where there are two set tubs and a washing-machine and wringer, run by electric motor, in the place of the usual third tub. A combination gas-and-coal range and electric irons complete a very satisfactory equipment for saving labor.

Stucco, Concrete and Cement

A THOROUGHLY permanent fireproof house of this kind, of approximately forty by fifty feet in dimensions, ought to be built, including all domestic equipment, in the neighborhood of New York, for twenty thousand dollars. It should be said that all the figures I have given include all those necessary items of equipment which in a previous article I advised including in the building specifications.

In the second great group, with an appropriation of ten thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars, should be put both the man who is setting up, more or less consciously, the halfway house in his upward career, and the man of wealth who is building a dainty country house for temporary occupation. These regard the expenditure less as a permanent investment than as an outlay to be largely absorbed and justified by the pleasure they get out of the house during occupancy. Such houses are in no need of the most expensive and permanent construction, though they should be reasonably protected from fire. For the country house—the play house pure and simple—plenty of bedroom space, large and airy rooms and general freshness of aspect, with little fire risk, are the essentials. Probably the greatest dimensions involving these essentials can be secured for a given sum in a structure of exterior stucco on metal lath and interior plaster on metal lath, care being taken that the wooden frame be more substantial than is customary, and that the plaster be one that conserves the metal and contains no disintegrating elements.

An example of this type, whose owner will occupy it only a part of the year for a few weeks at a time with a gay party of young people, was built not far from New York. It was of stucco on metal lath—exterior and interior—of irregular shape, but covering about three thousand square feet, and cost twenty-five thousand dollars. It had a den and laundry on the first floor in addition to the usual living and service rooms; seven bedrooms and three bathrooms on the second floor, and four servants' rooms, with bath, on the third floor. In New England it could have been built for about twenty-two thousand dollars, and in some parts of the South, where no cellar and little heating is required, for seventeen thousand dollars.

The owner was anxious that the fire-stops be carefully looked to, though he did not wish to go to the expense of entirely unburnable construction. The insurance companies tell us that fires start mostly in the kitchen and in closets, and mount in the hollow walls. Therefore the hollow space behind every baseboard was filled a foot deep with cinders mixed with a little cement and water in the proportion of ten to one—just enough to keep the cinders from sifting through. Sand mixed with cement in the same way, or mineral wool, would have done as well. This was to prevent the upward rush of flames. Besides this, the cellar ceiling and places about the heating-plant were plastered with Portland-cement mortar on metal lath, and all electric-light wires were run in metal conduits, with standard outlet boxes. As a finishing touch a fading slate roof was added as an additional precaution.

The exterior stucco was carefully painted. Experimental tests have lately established that if the stucco is rich enough in cement to keep water from rusting the metal lath it is of a consistency that inevitably expands and contracts in changes of weather—and cracks; though if "lean" enough not to crack water drives straight through it—that is, no matter how good the workmanship, stucco on metal lath cannot stand bad weather unless kept protected by a coat of paint; sometimes by a paint made of Portland cement, which cracks, indeed—but all over, infinitesimally—so that water is kept out. With such protection, such a house as I have described will do very well for a term of years—for a good-sized home, which is to represent expenditure, not permanent investment.

The halfway house owner, though not intending to build for all time, will make his house a home while he lives in it, and will require complete safety for his Lares and Penates. He will probably get the most for his money, under the circumstances, in an exterior of stucco on hollow tile or cheap brick, with a hollow-tile interior. In the neighborhood of New York an entire hollow-tile house, forty-five by fifty feet, can be built for a little over twenty thousand dollars—that is, under ordinary conditions the owner can reckon that he will pay nine dollars a square foot of ground dimensions for this construction, including all equipment. The aspect of these houses is very fresh and attractive for some years, though it should be understood that stucco comes off of brick quite as freely as off of metal lath. Water gets in behind the stucco surface sooner or later; and, with resulting expansion, followed by contraction, augmented, of course, where frosts occur, the coating cracks and peels. The effects of dampness on stucco over brick or stone are strikingly shown in the famous cemeteries of New Orleans, as is also the case in many buildings about that city; but for houses to be enjoyed for a limited term such comparative lack of durability will not matter.

Above twenty-five thousand dollars, the problem becomes more complicated as the possibilities of construction open out. The reader may have been surprised that up to this point little has been said of reënforced concrete as a material for houses. That is because, except under unusual conditions, the economies of this material do not appear under an expenditure of twenty thousand dollars. The expert knowledge involved in the proper control of sand and cement—in the choice of proportions, in the mixing, the design of steel reënforcement, the laying of the concrete and the finish of the surface—make imperative a professional direction of the job. Professional service is too heavy a charge on a small operation, however, which is the reason why it is not at all economical to build the individual modest house of concrete. In view of this undoubted fact, it is regrettable that reputable journals continue to publish—to the hurt and disappointment of countless small homebuilders—such absurd statements as the following: "The monolithic concrete method lends itself admirably to the small house and many schemes have been devised for the speedy and economical erection of them. They are but little more expensive than a frame house."

The lack of this professional knowledge in the builder is what has occasioned most of the erroneous impressions



Let the Wealthy Owner Beware of Lining His Unburnable House With Inflammable Decorations!

about concrete. Nine-tenths of the people I meet ask me of the concrete house: "But isn't it damp—or porous—or cold in winter?" and so on. Now, first, the concrete wall needs furring—or lining—just as much as any brick or stone wall. No properly built house of brick or stone is without an air space between the wall and the surface which receives the plaster. Today this space is provided by the usual furring of hollow tile, which prevents the cold of the outer wall striking through and causing the moisture of the warm air within to condense on its surface; but the early experimenters in concrete often failed to provide this necessary lining, with the result that in very cold weather the walls appeared to be damp. The standard six-inch concrete wall, furred, is just like any other masonry wall.

Porosity, on the other hand, is a mark of poor concrete—the result either of poor cement, or of wrong proportions in the mixing, or careless laying. In New England, in New York and New Jersey are watertanks in the interior of concrete houses which contain up to five thousand gallons—and with no waterproofing. The man who feels that he must put on his concrete surface one of the so-called "waterproofing mixtures" thereby confesses that his concrete is of faulty workmanship. The fact is that concrete which is up to professional standards is completely water-tight. It may not be generally known that the National Association of Cement Users, the American Society of Civil Engineers and the American Society for Testing Materials have worked out very detailed standards of quality in cement, sand and gravel, of mixtures, and of methods of finish, which rival in exactness the engineering formulas for steel construction.

A Cured Patient Better Than a Cheap Funeral

OVER twenty-five thousand dollars, however, the professional element engaged for building sinks to a reasonable proportion of the cost, and the other great economies emerge. What is so widely published of concrete—and unfortunately also believed of stucco "cement"—that it requires no repairs, grows stronger with the years, can be flushed out with water, is a non-conductor of heat and electricity—is all true. The surface is not absolutely untouched by weather unless it is finished "exposed"—that is, with the surface cement scrubbed out to show the component of stone; but such a surface is absolutely indestructible.

Good construction in concrete, at the twenty-five-thousand to thirty-thousand-dollar level and over, costs approximately the same as good brick unburnable construction, reckoned at about ten dollars a square foot, including equipment. It is difficult to make this comparison, because the "good brick construction" of common parlance is not fireproof, but has timber frame and floors, and is, of course, not really good for a large investment. It is far better to stand the extra cost of fire protection, for "a cured patient is better than a cheap funeral."

Only let the wealthy owner beware of lining his unburnable house with inflammable decorations! In insurance

(Concluded on Page 72)



Do You Look Forward to Making it a Family Homestead for Your Grandchildren to Come Back To?

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MY FRIEND TAGLIALATELA

A Study in Protection for Revenue Only

By MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

MY FRIEND Fortunato C. Taglialatela, G. di Candia, a young married man by the name Annibale Gallo—which is called by good friends Cornu—and certainly also myself, make all of us together association in business that we would give protection to poor Calabrese barber shop or bootblack stand.

This Cornu is ignorant fellow, but certainly with very good ideas, like to write letter to poor Calabrese that he will please pay at earliest convenience fifty or a hundred dollars, as the case may be, otherwise look out—signed, "Yours truly, *La Mano Nera*"—signature in red ink.



My Friend Fortunato C. Taglialatela Certainly, Too, Plays Very Good Mandolin

Also my friend Fortunato C. Taglialatela is a swell dresser and certainly, too, plays very good mandolin on six mandolins, three of which are inlaid tortoise-shell of most expensive make, because my friend Taglialatela once works in music store on the street Via Toledo just near the Liceo Vittorio Emanuele, of which I am graduate Faculty of Commerce.

So my friend Fortunato C. Taglialatela goes to get hair cut or shine, as the case may be, and says to poor Calabrese: "Myself I am from Province Cosenza, and is it not a shame this Sicilian Black Hand?" and otherwise acts sympathetic, until poor Calabrese admits he is in receipt of our communication of the thirtieth ulto and contents noted. Then my friend Taglialatela says: "I know well the black hand, and do not be afraid because I and my friends will protect you; and please pay us at your earliest convenience twenty-five or fifty dollars, as the case may be, which is clear example of saving one-half."

Poor Calabrese says: "In what manner you protect me?" And then my friend Taglialatela calls in G. di Candia from waiting outside for that purpose.

G. di Candia is ignorant but honest fellow, for some time in employ of well-known cannon concern, Armstrong & Co., Bagnoli, and possesses very good health, arms, chest, and so forth. On arrival in this country two years ago he becomes prizefighter, as misguided friends so advise him, because before leaving Bagnoli he splitted with the naked hand skull of Armstrong & Co. foreman in wagon-loading department, by name Felice Barone. But if one chooses opponents an inexperienced foreman in wagon-loading department is some thing and Irish prizefighter is another, so G. di Candia makes with us association in business.

My friend Fortunato C. Taglialatela then presents to poor Calabrese this G. di Candia and says: "Have confidence that if you will pay us twenty-five or fifty dollars we will protect you, because in case otherwise this gentleman here will tear your heart out."

Poor Calabrese regards only once the physique of this G. di Candia, and he makes haste to secure our protection upon terms: Net cash, so that my friend Taglialatela, this Cornu, G. di Candia and certainly myself make division of profits weekly, one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars, as the case may be.

For my part I am content that this is so, as it was my custom to be bookkeeper and domestic and foreign correspondent in fine oil and Italian produce establishment G. Dagnino, Negri & Co., in which Mr. Dagnino, a man of high temper, accuses me I do not come out by sixteen dollars the same like G. Dagnino, Negri & Co.'s cash register. I am making mathematical demonstration to Mr. Dagnino that this is not so, ending by Mr. Dagnino to kick me into the street.

"Why kick me, my dear Mr. Dagnino?" I protest. "Why not kick cash register?"

"A cash register is not a liar and a thief," Mr. Dagnino says to me, but Mr. Dagnino is deluded with modernism, since the amount was not sixteen dollars, but one hundred and sixteen.

Allora I become associate in business with my friend Fortunato C. Taglialatela and the others, of which I am domestic correspondent and bookkeeper, but without cash register, as between intimates like my friend Fortunato C. Taglialatela, this Cornu and me, there is no need of cash register—one deals fair with the other—and as for G. di Candia, he is accustomed to very small wages, so that there is no kick from him.

Who knows we would still be associated together, except one night last March, this Cornu, G. di Candia and certainly also myself are sitting in our rendezvous, the Ristorante Sangue di San Gennaio, when who shall enter but my friend Fortunato C. Taglialatela with best tortoise-shell inlaid mandolin.

"I invite you," he says, "to make visit to the second annual prize musical festival Circolo Salvatore Gastaldon, at the Hall of the Three Abruzzi, White Plains Road and Two Hundred and Seventy-second Street."

But Cornu shakes his head.

"Too much far away," he says. Because he has heard many times and certainly myself, too, the *repertorio* of my friend Fortunato C. Taglialatela, which it is mediumly extensive, but by repetitions we know it by the heart.

"What is the matter with you?" my friend Taglialatela asks this Cornu. "Always you are walking from Torre del Greco to the Piedi Grotto for less music than this."

"For something new, yes," this Cornu says; "but for Sea Waltz and *Musica Proibita*, no."

"This is not a *stornello popolare* I am to play there," my friend Taglialatela says, and he unpacks mandolin. "This is something American and to me quite new."

My friend Taglialatela then takes pick and strikes a big chord on the mandolin.

"Wait," says this Cornu. "Is it that you are beginning to play this American *tempo di sfraccio*—this ragtime—because ——"

Here this Cornu makes gesture with the back of the hand beneath the chin, equivalent to the word *basta*.

"Certainly not," my friend Taglialatela says. "It is a song like Addio Bella Napoli—a sad song. It is like this. It's about a fellow says it makes not difference if you are in Argentina or New York, there's no place like Province Salerno, Cosenza or Napoli, as the case may be, if you come from one of these places. Also you would be living here in a swell hotel, and over in the old country you was living in a rotten little place like Poggiomarino or Boscotrecase, yet you are more stuck on them two holes like you are on New York."



This Cornu Makes Trial of His Abilities in Interviewing Poor Calabrese

"You bet my life!" G. di Candia says, and strikes his chest.

"And what is the name of this song?" says this Cornu.

"Home Sick Home," says Taglialatela.

"Go ahead and let us have it," says this Cornu, and right away my friend Taglialatela plays this Home Sick Home, which is to person of my experienced taste a melody ordinary enough, and I am free to confess finds me without emotion. But this Cornu and G. di Candia are ignorant fellows, and on the contrary from me they weep. Doubtless if my friend Taglialatela makes explanation that this Home Sick Home is a fellow saying how slick is America and how rotten is Province Salerno, Cosenza or Napoli, as the case may be, this Cornu and G. di Candia do not weep, but laugh; for it is splendid example of *psicologia suggestiva*, as would say my old preceptor, Dr. Oreste Novelli, who is a person of unusual sagacity, and as I at last discovered always kept his money in his upper waistcoat pocket, which the same is provided with a button for that purpose.

Once more and twice my friend Taglialatela plays this Home Sick Home, until this Cornu and G. di Candia get red eyes just for same like trachoma, and then we go up to Three Abruzzi Hall. When we get there the prize contest is already begun with a big fellow called Annibale Bove plays a selection Star of the Sea Waltz, by G. Pina, which I am forced to say he does in an artistic way and superior to my friend Fortunato C. Taglialatela. It is done also amid the great applause of a large audience and much to the satisfaction of the judge of the contest, Professor Donato Esposito, late first contrabassist of the Teatro Bellini. But after my friend Taglialatela finishes this Home Sick Home, although G. di Candia and this Cornu weep, they do not forget to make certain gestures, which to person of timid disposition such as Professor Donato Esposito has significance to penetrate left intercostal muscles with knife or stiletto, as the case may be.



Every Once in a While He Gives Him the End of the Stiletto

So my friend Fortunato C. Taglialatela is in receipt of first prize, a gold badge in shape of a mandolin, which Professor Donato Esposito pins on to him.

"Wear it with honor," the professor says, looking at G. di Candia, who still makes gestures above denoted. "I have got wife and six little children in Mount Vernon."

And then he walks down fire-escape to avoid this Annibale Bove and friends, who wait patiently at front door. Ourselves we are not afraid because with G. di Candia they would not fool, so we are going back to Ristorante Sangue di San Gennaio just for celebrating the victory.

"And where do you learn this melody?" G. di Candia asks.

"It is taught to me," my friend Taglialatela answers, "by young lady with the name Giovannina Ralli."

"Ralli!" this Cornu says. "Is it that she is by chances relation to Generoso Ralli the *Sorrentino?*"

"Perhaps," says my friend Taglialatela. "Why not?"

Then he blushes, which it is modestly because Generoso Ralli the *Sorrentino* is so rich that to be a friend to his relation is not without its honor or advantages.

Howsoever, a week later my friend Fortunato C. Taglialatela is suspicious by his absence, he not being at our rendezvous for two days, in which consequence myself I am obliged to make visit to certain poor Calabrese bootblack stand with resulting violence to myself. Nor is it any use I am signaling G. di Candia to my assistance, as he recognizes poor Calabrese bootblack to be Gaetano Pisciotta, alias Young Hartigan, and so G. di Candia lets on he don't know me by kicking me in the legs. This he afterward explains becomes very necessary, as Gaetano Pisciotta is of powerful build and medium-weight champion of East Morrisania.

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So I am feeling certainly very sore at my friend Taglialatela, and especially as two weeks goes by and he is not showed up yet. In the meantime this Cornu makes trial of his abilities in interviewing poor Calabrese, but he does not possess stylish appearance or quality of *benignità* the same like my friend Taglialatela. He comes to the point too quickly, so that at first attempt poor Calabrese barber and wife fall upon him, and despite that he summons G. di Candia the latter is not available, explaining afterward that he does not war on women. Subsequently this Cornu has confidence shaken by poor Calabrese in fruit business, who pulls gun from bag of potatoes, while this Cornu signals, but in vain, to G. di Candia. And from such contretemps G. di Candia also gets a little *sospettoso* and not to be relied upon emergently.



This Cornu and G. di Candia are Ignorant Fellows, and on the Contrary from Me They Weep

Allora business is at standstill and sixes and sevens, we having searched low and high for my friend Taglialatela, but no success, when comes to our rendezvous this Annibale Bove, who fails of the prize in the musical contest Circolo S. Gastaldon.

"Out of compassion for you," he says, "I ask you a question."

"Speak," says this Cornu.

"I ask you," Bove continues, "do you love more your skins or a false friend, a *denunziatore* like Fortunato C. Taglialatela?"

No one makes answer to the question rhetorical, as would say my old preceptor, Dr. Oreste Novelli, except that G. di Candia becomes white in the face.

"Because," Bove further continues, "even now, who knows, the police already seek you."

"The police!" G. di Candia cries in exclamation. He commences to perspire and certainly myself also, but this Cornu only smiles.

"Which is more cowardly," Cornu asks, "to frighten children or to traduce the absent?"

"I am no traducer," Bove says.

"And I am no child," remarks G. di Candia; "but this man looks like he is saying the truth."

"I am saying the truth and I can prove it," says Bove. "I can prove that your friend Taglialatela is betrothed to the daughter of a policeman."

Cornu slaps the table with his hand.

"Then you are indeed a liar," he says, "because Taglialatela himself told me he is friend to Giovannina Ralli, the relative of Generoso Ralli the *Sorrentino*."

Two, three minutes goes by and Bove says nothing, then he puts back his head and opens his mouth and he laughs aloud—not a bluff laugh, but a laugh that even this Cornu knows it is no fake.

"What are you laughing at?" he says.

"Oho!" he says *finalmente*. "*Che burla!* Not Ralli the *Sorrentino*, but Ralli the *Irlandese*."

"*Irlandese!*" G. di Candia says, and just now I notice for a big strong man he has small weak voice.

"Sure," replies Annibale Bove; "and right now he makes visit at the house of this Ralli, in Two Hundred and Sixty-first Street, near the *ferrovia* New York, New Haven & Hartford, which up there it is very dark and lonely." He looks at the clock on top of the bar. "And," he finishes, without looking to see how we take it, "if you start now you just got time to meet him as he comes out of the house."



"This Here is the Fourth Time in Two Weeks That the Policeman Ralli Comes Home Unexpected, and So I Will Conquer My Love"

Here he makes gesture with reference to my friend Fortunato C. Taglialatela, the same as above described, having significance to penetrate left intercostal muscles with knife or stiletto, as the case might be.

This Cornu and me we look at G. di Candia, but Di Candia he only sweats some more.

"Why do you look at me?" he says at last.

Then Cornu points to me.

"Him and me is the brains, Di Candia," he replies, "and the brains don't do the dirty work."

"Besides," I says, "Taglialatela is my friend, and what is one more to you? There is already the foreman, Felice Barone."

"That was in Italy, and this is America," G. di Candia says. "In this uncivilized country all are pigs and have no mercy, so that if one plays the man for vengeance it is the same like killing for money. They take you quick and burn you alive with electricity."

"But who is to know that you did it?" Cornu argues with him. "Our friend here tells you it is dark up there."

"Surely," Di Candia says. "And what is it to you that I wait there two hours in the cold? In Italy it is the climate for an ambush—pleasant, soft and fragrant with orange blossoms—but here in America what is it? I freeze to death before Taglialatela comes."

He shivered when he thought of it.

"Also," he says, "Taglialatela has a pistol. One slip and where am I?"

Then this Cornu he is pulling from back pocket a rattail file which is made fine and sharp and pointed at the end.

"What difference to you if you get it there or if you get it here?" he says, and taps the table with the file, for by this time also Cornu is just for same opinion like myself that G. di Candia is big *poltrone*. But even so he ain't such big *poltrone* like Annibale Bove, which he turns white similar to snow.

"No, no," he says, "what is use you make trouble here?" Because he knows when trouble comes in the Ristorante Sangue di San Gennaio is always the lights put out, and the next day it is only known who is killed, not who kills.

"Suggest then a better plan to make this coward bold," says Cornu, and G. di Candia jumps to the middle of the room.

"Who says I am coward?" he shouts, and Bove he shakes himself, so scared he at once becomes.

"My dear *cavaliere*," he says, with his hands together like he would be praying—"My dear *cavaliere*, in the name of my mother and yours, sit down, because of a surety I have good plan for you to kill Taglialatela in secret and in safety."

As for this Cornu, he taps the table some more with his rattail stiletto.

"Sit down, pig," he says smart like *sergente di bersaglieri*, and Di Candia sits down.

"Now what is your plan?" Cornu asks, and Bove swallows his throat to make answer.

"The sofa," he says.

"What sofa?" demanded Cornu.

"The sofa in the house of this Giovannina Ralli," explains Bove. "It is next to the window on the ground floor. The lamp is lighted on the table in the middle and the shade is down. Five, six nights I watch there, and always the shadows come, Taglialatela with his accursed mandolin and Miss Giovannina Ralli. They sit sometimes together, sometimes apart. Sometimes ——"

He stops and swallows some more.

"Sometimes," he says, "they kiss."

Here he looks hard at Di Candia.

"But always there are the shadows," he finishes up. "One shot through the window, *ed addio fratello mio*."

"*Specialmente* a shot from a sawed-off shotgun," Cornu says.

"And the trains on the *ferrovia* New York, New Haven and Hartford nightly they go up and down," Bove tells him. "Slow, heavy freight trains with much noise. When the engine is opposite the house you shoot and nobody hears. So by the time Giovannina comes screaming from the house you are seated between two freight cars, on your way to Boston."

"But what would I do in Boston?" G. di Candia asks.

"Fool!" Cornu shouts. "Can you not jump off in Mount Vernon?"

Then Cornu embraces Bove that he saves our lives, and goes to borrow sawed-off shotgun in order tomorrow night the business will be done.

The next day this Cornu is lending from a certain party, a friend of his, the sawed-off shotgun on excuse to kill rats in a cellar, and so far so good. But although we are sitting two, three hours in the Ristorante Sangue di San Gennaio, Di Candia he ain't showing up; so Cornu and certainly also myself we go look for Di Candia, and just as we come near his house who do we meet but Di Candia, with portmanteau in his hand.

"Where are you going with the portmanteau?" asks this Cornu, and Di Candia he gets pretty red.

"What's a matter with you?" he says. "Could I go to Boston without portmanteau?"

Well, it looks like Di Candia is just for making to run away to Italy, so this Cornu he puts his hand in coat pocket and he sticks the end of the rattail stiletto through the cloth and leans like it is an accident up against G. di Candia, which certainly G. di Candia feels the same penetrating intercostal muscles to some extent and jumps about two feet.

"Di Candia, you are a ——" says this Cornu, using an expression which even between intimate friends one friend is liable to kill the other; "and," Cornu says, "you would go *più lontano di* Boston, if you don't come right along with us."

So the rest of the day Cornu sticks close to Di Candia, and every once in a while he gives him the end of the



It Seems to Me There Never Was Such Music Like Home Sick Home

stiletto, just half an inch to three-quarters to keep his spirits up, and that night eight o'clock G. Di Candia, this Cornu and certainly also myself, we meet by appointment Annibale Bove in a *trattoria* on the White Plains Road.

This Cornu holds the sawed-off shotgun wrapped up in his overcoat, having first inserted in the muzzle some nails, some bullets and a ten-cent piece of silver with holes in it for luck. So we sit down in this little *trattoria*, and certainly we drink two glasses each strong *vino di Capri*, while Cornu tries some more to put a little heart into Di Candia.

"Listen, Di Candia," he says. "You are a young man. Your whole life is before you. Some day you would marry, you would return to Italy, for this affair of the foreman in Bagnoli will die down and you could go back in honor and without fear. But if this dog Taglialatela informs on us, what then? It will be ten years at the least before they let us out. For ten years, Di Candia, you will see not Ischia the Beautiful, not the smiling Golfo di Napoli, but the stones and iron of Singasing. Think of your mother, Di Candia, and of mine."

Di Candia is saying nothing, but cries—even myself I am affected—and so at this the appropriate moment Cornu places tenderly in Di Candia's arm the overcoat with the shotgun inside.

"Use it with honor, Di Candia, and now let us go."

As we are starting to leave, Di Candia and Bove being already in the street, the *ostessa* behind the counter looks up.

"Pay first," she says, "then go."

"Did we not pay?" Cornu asks, for in the excitement of the day he is genuinely forgetting did he pay or not. But the *ostessa* she thinks it is funny business.

"Felice!" she shouts, and comes downstairs a man as much larger than Di Candia as Di Candia is bigger than me.

"What is this?" he says in a voice to shake the windows.

"A mistake," Cornu answers and puts down the money. "We return soon and drink some more."

Then the big man laughs, and we follow Di Candia and Bove to the street, which we walk two blocks up and across a whole lot of fields under trees to the *ferrovia* New York, New Haven & Hartford.

Everything is just for same like Annibale Bove says. There stands the house and the windows on the side, and

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THE TENTH COMMANDMENT

By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

THE afternoon sun was hot, and when the drove began to descend the long wooded hill we could hardly keep them out of the timber. We were bringing in our stock cattle. We had been on the road since daybreak and the cattle were tired. Abner was behind the drove and I was riding the line of the wood. The mare under me knew as much about driving cattle as I did, and between us we managed to keep the steers in the road; but finally a bullock broke away and plunged down into the deep wood. Abner called to me to turn all the cattle into the grove on the upper side of the road and let them rest in the shade while we got the runaway steer out of the underbrush. I turned the drove in among the open oak trees, left my mare to watch them and went on foot down through the underbrush. The long hill descending to the river was unfenced wood grown up with thickets. I was perhaps three hundred yards below the road when I lost sight of the steer, and got up on a stump to look.

I did not see the steer, but in a thicket beyond me I saw a thing that caught my eye. The bushes had been cut out, the leaves trampled, and there was a dogwood fork driven into the ground. About fifty feet away there was a steep bank and below it a horse path ran through the wood.

The thing savored of mystery. All round was a dense tangle of thicket, and here, hidden at a point commanding the horse path, was this cleared spot with the leaves trampled and the forked limb of a dogwood driven into the ground. I was so absorbed that I did not know that Abner had ridden down the hill behind me until I turned and saw him sitting there on his great chestnut gelding, looking over the dense bushes into the thicket.

He got down out of his saddle, parted the bushes carefully and entered the thicket. There was a hollow log lying beyond the dogwood fork. Abner put his hand into the log and drew out a gun. It was a bright, new, one-barreled fowling-piece—a muzzle-loader, for there were no breech-loaders in that country then. Abner turned the gun about and looked it over carefully. The gun was evidently loaded, because I could see the cap shining under the hammer. Abner opened the brass plate on the stock, but it contained only a bit of new tow and the implement, like a corkscrew, which fitted to the ramrod and held the tow when one wished to clean the gun. It was at this moment that I caught sight of the steer moving in the bushes and I leaped down and ran to head him off, leaving Abner standing with the gun in his hands.

When I got the steer out and across the road into the drove Abner had come up out of the wood. He was in the saddle, his clenched hand lay on the pommel.

I was afraid to ask Abner questions when he looked like that, but my curiosity overcame me.

"What did you do with the gun, Uncle Abner?"

"I put it back where it was," he said.

"Do you know who the owner is?"

"I do not know who he is," replied Abner without looking in my direction, "but I know what he is—he is a coward!"

The afternoon drew on. The sun moved toward the far-off chain of mountains. Silence lay on the world. Only the tiny creatures of the air moved with the hum of a distant spinner, and the companies of yellow butterflies, swarming on the road, maneuvered like an army. The cattle rested in the shade of the oak trees and we waited. Abner's chestnut stood like a horse of bronze and I dozed in the saddle.

Shadows were entering the world through the gaps and passes of the mountains when I heard a horse. I stood up in my stirrups and looked.

The horse was traveling the path running through the wood below us. I could see the rider through the trees. He was a grazer whose lands lay westward beyond the wood. In the deep, utter silence I could hear the creak of his saddle-leather. Then suddenly as he rode there was the roar of a gun, and a cloud of powder smoke blotted him out of sight.

In that portentous instant of time I realized the meaning of the things that I had seen there in the thicket. It was an ambush to kill this man! The fork in the ground was to hold the gun-barrel so the assassin could not miss his mark.

And with this understanding came an appalling sense of my Uncle Abner's negligence. He must have known all this when he stood there in the thicket, and when he knew it, why had he left that gun there? Why had he put it back into its hiding-place? Why had he gone his way thus unconcernedly and left this assassin to accomplish his murder? Moreover, this man riding there through the wood was a man whom Abner knew. His house was the very house at which Abner expected to stop this night. We were on our way there!

It was in one of those vast spaces of time that a second sometimes stretches over that I put these things together and jerked my head toward Abner, but he sat there without the tremor of a muscle.

The next second I saw the frightened horse plunging in the path and I looked to see its saddle empty, or the rider reeling with the blood creeping through his coat, or some ghastly thing that clutched and swayed. But I did not see it. The rider sat firmly in his saddle, pulled up the horse, and, looking idly about him, rode on. He believed the gun had been fired by some hunter shooting squirrels.

"Oh," I cried, "he missed!"

But Abner did not reply. He was standing in his stirrups searching the wood.

"How could he miss, Uncle Abner," I said, "when he was so near to the path and had that fork to rest his gun-barrel in? Did you see him?"

It was some time before Abner answered, and then his reply was to my final query.



I Saw the Frightened Horse Plunging in the Path



The Gun Was Loaded, Because I Could See the Cap Shining Under the Hammer

"I did not see him," he said deliberately. "He somehow must have slipped away through the thicket."

That was all he said, and for a good while he was silent, drumming with his fingers on the pommel of his saddle and looking out over the distant treetops.

The sun was touching the mountains before Abner began to move the drove. We got the cattle out of the wood and started the line down the long hill. The road forked at the bottom of the hill—one branch of it, the main road, went on to the house of the grazer with whom we had expected to spend the night and the other turned off through the wood.

I was astonished when Abner turned the drove into this other road, but I said nothing, for I presently understood the reason for this change of plans. One could hardly accept the hospitality of a man when he had negligently stood by to see him murdered.

In half a mile the road came out into the open. There was a big new house on a bit of rising land and, below, fields and meadows. I did not know the crossroad, but I knew this place. The man, Dillworth, who lived here had been sometime the clerk of the county court. He had got this land, it was said, by taking advantage of a defective record, and he had now a suit in chancery against the neighboring grazers for the land about him. He had built this great new house, in pride boasting that it would sit in the center of the estate that he would gain. I had heard this talked about—this boasting, and how one of the grazers had sworn before the courthouse that he would kill Dillworth on the day that the decree was entered. I knew in what esteem Abner held this man and I wondered that he should choose him to stay the night with.

When we first entered the house and while we ate our supper Abner had very little to say, but after that, when we had gone with the man out on to the great porch that overlooked the country, Abner changed—I think it was when he picked up the county newspaper from the table. Something in this paper seized on his attention and he examined it with care. It was a court notice of the sale of lands for delinquent taxes, but the paper had been torn and only half of the article was there. Abner called our host's attention to it.

"Dillworth," he said, "what lands are included in this notice?"

"Are they not there?" replied the man.

"No," said Abner, "a portion of the newspaper is gone. It is torn off at a description of the Jenkins' tract"—and he put his finger on the line and showed the paper to the man——"What lands follow after that?"

"I do not remember the several tracts," Dillworth answered, "but you can easily get another copy of the newspaper. Are you interested in these lands?"

"No," said Abner, "but I am interested in this notice."

Then he laid the newspaper on the table and sat down in a chair. And then it was that his silence left him and he began to talk.

Abner looked out over the country.

"This is fine pasture land," he said.

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Dillworth moved forward in his chair. He was a big man with a bushy chestnut beard, little glimmering eyes and a huge body.

"Why, Abner," he said, "it is the very best land that a beef steer ever cropped the grass on."

"It is a corner of the lands that Daniel Davisson got in a grant from George the Third," Abner continued. "I don't know what service he rendered the crown, but the pay was princely—a man would do king's work for an estate like this."

"King's work he would do," said Dillworth, "or hell's work. Why, Abner, the earth is rich for a yard down. I saw old Hezekiah Davisson buried in it, and the shovels full of earth that the negroes threw on him were as black as their faces, and the sod over that land is as clean as a woman's hair. I was a lad then, but I promised myself that I would one day possess these lands."

"It is a dangerous thing to covet the possessions of another," said Abner. "King David tried it and he had to do—what did you call it, Dillworth?—'hell's work.'"

"And why not," replied Dillworth, "if you get the things you want by it?"

"There are several reasons," said Abner, "and one is that it requires a certain courage. Hell's work is heavy work, Dillworth, and the weakling who goes about it is apt to fail."

Dillworth laughed. "King David didn't fail, did he?"

"He did not," replied Abner; "but David, the son of Jesse, was not a coward."

"Well," said Dillworth, "I shall not fail either. My hands are not trained to war like his, but they are trained to lawsuits."

"You got this wedge of land on which your house is built by a lawsuit, did you not?" said Abner.

"I did," replied Dillworth; "but if men do not exercise ordinary care they must suffer for that negligence."

"Well," said Abner, "the little farmer who lived here on this wedge suffered enough for his. When you dispossessed him he hanged himself in his stable with a halter."

"Abner," cried Dillworth, "I have heard enough about that. I did not take the man's life. I took what the law gave me. If a man will buy land and not look up the title it is his own fault."

"He bought at a judicial sale," said Abner, "and he believed the court would not sell him a defective title. He was an honest man, and he thought the world was honest."

"He thought wrong," said Dillworth.

"He did," said Abner.

"Well," cried Dillworth, "am I to blame because there is a fool the less? Will the people never learn that the court does not warrant the title to the lands that it sells in a suit in chancery? The man who buys before the courthouse door buys a pig in a poke, and it is not the court's fault if the poke is empty. The judge could not look up the title to every tract of land that comes into his court, nor could the title to every tract be judicially determined in every suit that involves it. To do that, every suit over land would have to be a suit to determine title and every claimant would have to be a party."

"What you say may be the truth," said Abner, "but the people do not always know it."

"They could know it if they would inquire," answered Dillworth; "why did not this man go before the judge?"

"Well," replied Abner, "he has gone before a greater Judge." Abner leaned back in his chair and his fingers rapped on the table.

"The law is not always justice," he said. "Is it not the law that a man may buy a tract of land and pay down the price in gold and enter into the possession of it, and yet, if by inadvertence the justice of the peace omits to write certain words into the acknowledgment of the deed, the purchaser takes no title and may be dispossessed of his lands?"

"That is the law," said Dillworth emphatically; "it is the very point in my suit against these grazers. Old Squire Randolph could not find his copy of Mayo's Guide on the day that the deeds were drawn and so he wrote from memory."

Abner was silent for a moment.

"It is the law," he said, "but is it justice, Dillworth?"

"Abner," replied Dillworth, "how shall we know what justice is unless the law defines it?"

"I think every man knows what it is," said Abner.

"And shall every man set up a standard of his own," said Dillworth, "and disregard the standard that the law sets up? That would be the end of justice."

"It would be the beginning of justice," said Abner, "if every man followed the standard that God gives him."

"But, Abner," replied Dillworth, "is there a court that could administer justice if there were no arbitrary standard and every man followed his own?"

"I think there is such a court," said Abner.

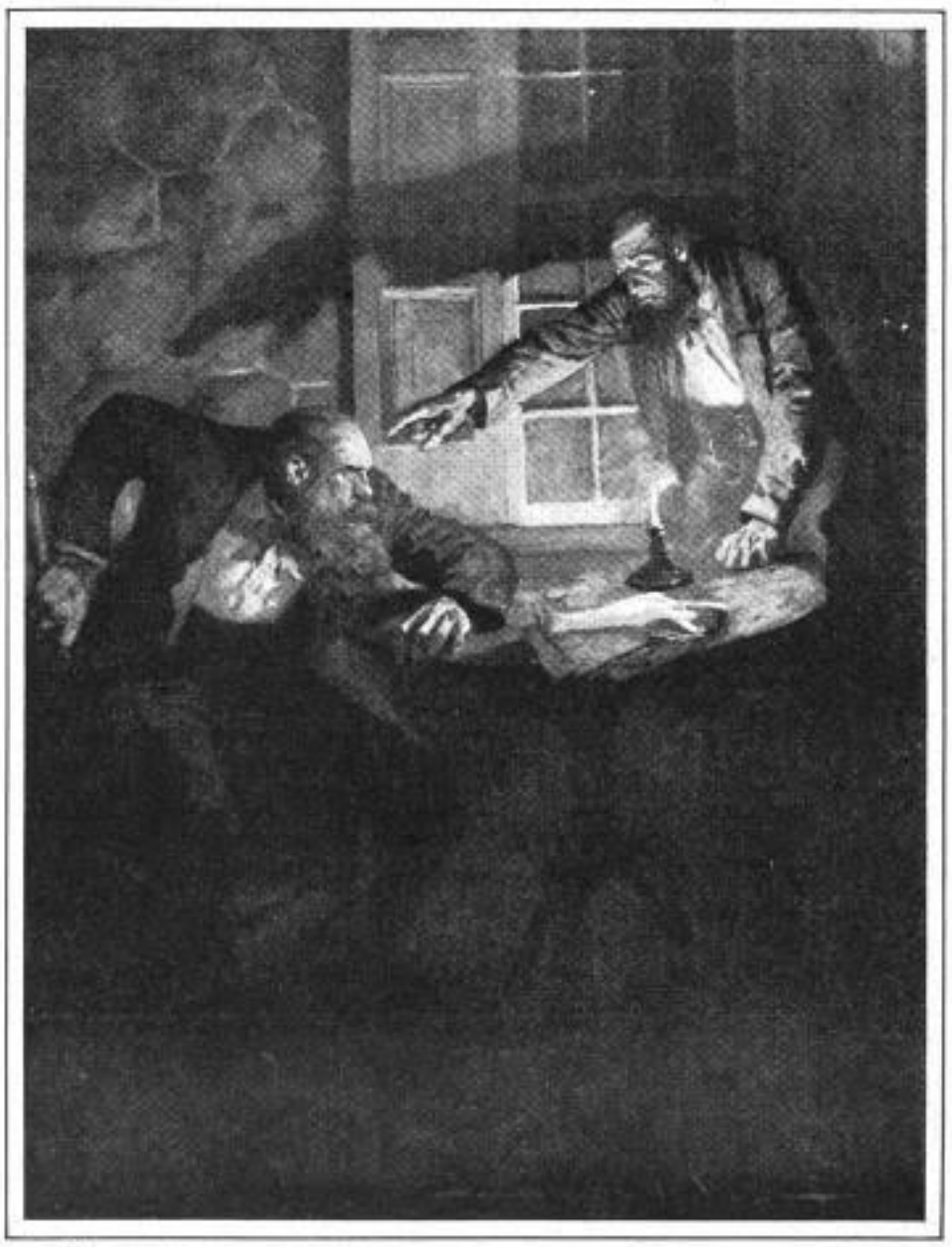
Dillworth laughed.

"If there is such a court it does not sit in Virginia."

Then he settled his huge body in his chair and spoke like a lawyer who sums up his case.

"I know what you have in mind, Abner, but it is a fantastic notion. You would saddle every man with the thing you call a conscience, and let that ride him. Well, I would unsaddle him from that. What is right? What is wrong? These are vexed questions. I would leave them to the law. Look what a burden is on every man if he must decide the justice of every act as it comes up. Now the law would lift that burden from his shoulders, and I would let the law bear it."

"But under the law," replied Abner, "the weak and the ignorant suffer for their weakness and for this ignorance, and the shrewd and the cunning profit by their shrewdness and by their cunning. How would you help that?"



"You Said That You Would Take What the Law Gives You; Well, So Shall I"

"Now, Abner," said Dillworth, "to help that you would have to make the world over from the very beginning."

Again Abner was silent for a while.

"Well," he said, "perhaps it could be done if every man put his shoulder to the wheel."

"But why should it be done?" replied Dillworth. "Does Nature do it? Look with what indifference she kills off the weakling. Is there any pity in her or any of your little soft concerns? I tell you these things are not to be found anywhere in Nature—they are certainly man-made."

"Or God-made," said Abner.

"Call it what you like," replied Dillworth, "it will be equally fantastic, and the law would be fantastic to follow after it. As for myself, Abner, I would avoid these troublesome refinements. Since the law will undertake to say what is right and what is wrong I shall leave her to say it and let myself go free. What she requires me to give I shall give, and what she permits me to take I shall take, and there shall be an end of it."

"It is an easy standard," replied Abner, "and it simplifies a thing that I have come to see you about."

"And what have you come to see me about?" said Dillworth; "I knew that it was for something you came."

And he laughed a little, dry, nervous laugh.

I had observed this laugh breaking now and then into his talk and I had observed his uneasy manner ever since we came. There was something below the surface in this man that made him nervous and it was from that under thing that this laugh broke out.

"It is about your lawsuit," said Abner.

"And what about it?"

"This," said Abner: "That your suit has reached the point where you are not the man to have charge of it."

"Abner," cried Dillworth, "what do you mean?"

"I will tell you," said Abner. "I have followed the progress of this suit, and you have won it. On any day that you call it up the judge will enter a decree, and yet for a year it has stood there on the docket and you have not called it up. Why?"

Dillworth did not reply, but again that dry, nervous laugh broke out.

"I will answer for you, Dillworth," said Abner—"you are afraid!"

Abner extended his arm and pointed out over the pasture lands, growing dimmer in the gathering twilight, across the river, across the wood to where lights moved and twinkled.

"Yonder," said Abner, "lives Lemuel Arnold; he is the only man who is a defendant in your suit, the others are women and children. I know Lemuel Arnold. I intended to stop this night with him until I thought of you. I know the stock he comes from. When Hamilton was buying scalps on the Ohio, and haggling with the Indians over the price to be paid for those of the women and the children, old Hiram Arnold walked into the conference: 'Scalp-buyer,' he said, 'buy my scalps; there are no little ones among them,' and he emptied out on to the table a bagful of scalps of the king's soldiers. That man was Lemuel Arnold's grandfather and that is the blood he has. You would call him violent and dangerous, Dillworth, and you would be right. He is violent and he is dangerous. I know what he told you before the courthouse door. And, Dillworth, you are afraid of that. And so you sit here looking out over these rich lands and coveting them in your heart—and are afraid to take them."

The night was descending, and I sat on a step of the great porch, in the shadow, forgotten by these two men. Dillworth did not move, and Abner went on.

"That is bad for you, Dillworth, to sit here and brood over a thing like this. Plans will come to you that include 'hell's work'; this is no thing for you to handle. Put it into my hands."

The man cleared his throat with that bit of nervous laugh.

"How do you mean—into your hands?" he said.

"Sell me the lawsuit," replied Abner.

Dillworth sat back in his chair at that and covered his jaw with his hand, and for a good while he was silent.

"But it is these lands I want, Abner, not the money for them."

"I know what you want," said Abner, "and I will agree to give you a proportion of all the lands that I recover in the suit."

"It ought to be a large proportion, then, for the suit is won."

"As large as you like," said Abner.

Dillworth got up at that and walked about the porch. One could tell the two things that were moving in his mind: That Abner was, in truth, the man to carry the thing through—he stood well before the courts and he was not afraid; and the other thing—How great a proportion of the lands could he demand? Finally he came back and stood before the table.

"Seven-eighths then. Is it a bargain?"

"It is," said Abner. "Write out the contract."

A negro brought foolscap paper, ink, pens and a candle and set them on the table. Dillworth wrote, and when he had finished he signed the paper and made his seal with a flourish of the pen after his signature. Then he handed the contract to Abner across the table.

Abner read it aloud, weighing each legal term and every lawyer's phrase in it. Dillworth had knowledge of such things and he wrote with skill. Abner folded the contract carefully and put it into his pocket, then he got a

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THE PLAY BUSINESS

What it Costs to Bet on the Public—By H. B. Harris

THERE is a popular superstition that the manager's troubles begin with the rehearsals of a new play. As a matter of fact they begin away in advance of that event. The first trouble is to get the play. It is notorious that there is no rule by which the box-office quality of a play may be judged. The manager has nothing to guide him—not even timeliness. The historical play, the war play, the high-finance play are as good now as ever if they have in them the element of "draw." One can define this element till he is exhausted, yet the most astute cannot recognize it in the play—on the reading. Curiously one sees a play very differently when he is trying to visualize it in the reading from when he sees it in rehearsal. But even in rehearsal he does not see it right. Nothing but being one of a bona-fide audience can give him the proper mental attitude—due to the hypnotism of the crowd, or what not—with which to judge such a work. And this is the one supreme test.

Clearly then there's nothing left for the manager to do but "buy a pig in a poke." However, he seeks to reduce the element of risk as much as possible. He insists that the play must be, above all, entertaining. But here again we're up against a stone wall. What pleases one may bore somebody else. I learned this expensive lesson some years ago. I made it a practice to set aside a percentage of my profits up to a certain amount and to devote this money to the production of a play selected for its artistic quality alone, with the full faith that I should not only gratify my love for that sort of thing but some day hit the public plumb in the eye with it.

But the best work I have ever done—artistically, scenically and technically—the best efforts of my career have been failures. The public would not accept them. I produced Pilgrim's Progress under the title of The Christian Pilgrim at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars. The costumes and scenery of the play were made in Vienna. There were a hundred and forty persons on the stage at different times, and we played to an average business of one hundred and fifty dollars the performance—that's twelve hundred dollars a week. When one considers that the cost of maintenance of the Hudson Theater—regardless of players—is three thousand dollars a week, he will see just where my profits came in.

Frosts and Failures of the Footlights

ANOTHER failure, The Struggle Everlasting, was the best thing I ever did. It was Milton Royle's masterpiece. Compared with his Squaw Man it was a gold dollar to a penny. The production cost fifty thousand dollars. It had the backing of all the club organizations that are pledged to support meritorious productions, and yet there were performances when we played to as little as eighty-three dollars. At that time I really did expect these plays to go, but I shouldn't now. On the other hand I made a fortune out of The Lion and the Mouse—a play that was technically and logically wrong, that failed utterly under analysis, that would not stand adverse criticism for five consecutive minutes.

Fortunately a successful drama will pay the losses on eight ordinary plays or perhaps three musical comedies. The musical comedy, be it understood, sometimes costs sixty thousand dollars, whereas the ordinary drama may cost from five to fifteen thousand before it is sent back to the storehouse—a failure. The Lion and the Mouse would compensate for twenty ordinary failures.

We are constantly arguing in a vicious circle in this business—we must decide that the play is good before we put it on, yet the only way to determine its quality is to produce it. Notwithstanding the guesswork my percentage has been about fifty to fifty on successes and failures. Obviously then I have something to devote to artistic failures.



PHOTO. BY MATZENE, CHICAGO

Mr. Henry B. Harris

To reduce the risk the manager turns to the successful playwright for material. But here again he finds small comfort. Klein's greatest success, The Lion and the Mouse, was followed immediately by two abysmal failures—The Daughters of Men and The Step-Sister. His next play, The Third Degree, was a hit, and the one following, The Next of Kin, was a frost. This is the experience of almost all successful playwrights.

A playwright's reputation, therefore, is no guaranty to a manager—and this is largely why the producer hesitates to order, even from a man of proven ability, plays written from a scenario. When such an order is given and money is paid in advance for the work the manager gambles first that the author may, on account of death, sickness or some other cause, fail to deliver the goods; second, that if he does deliver them the play may not be satisfactory to the manager; and third, the constant gamble that it may not hit the public.

Strongheart was written on this plan. Robert Edeson advanced the idea of a college-bred Indian for a play and I suggested the football interest that was in it. I set William C. DeMille to work on the scheme, paying him in advance for a year's work. Within a twelvemonth the play was handed in. But it was rewritten seven times—in fact two years' additional work was put on it, before it was ready for production. I have advanced many thousands of dollars to young writers in order to interest them in working out their ideas, but have got little worth producing in this way. Yet should one of their efforts have proved a "gem" I should have realized a very handsome profit on all the money that I have devoted to this purpose.

On different occasions I have bought the dramatic rights to books and have turned the stories over to promising young men to be made into plays. But this is rarely successful. In fact I had five different men, one after another, working on The Conjurer's House, advancing them something like four thousand dollars—and in the end had to hand it to George Broadhurst, an experienced playwright, who turned it into The Call of the North.

Motifs and Motives of Would-Be Playwrights

NO WONDER then that the manager eagerly scrutinizes any completed manuscript that is sent in to him rather than experiment with scenarios or books. There is no dearth of manuscripts, as every one knows; but the vast percentage of these is worthless. I believe laziness is back of it. Too few persons who write plays take the pains to determine what the theater requires. They constantly offer propositions that are utterly impracticable. Sometimes their ideas are good, but the vehicles wholly out of the question. We receive scenarios written on postal cards, the writers frequently demanding an acceptance by wire. Or letters are sent us by "constant theatergoers" who have "great ideas" for plays for which they demand fifty or a hundred dollars and refuse to submit their schemes until the money is paid.

Epidemics of plays are periodical and due to obvious causes. The moment some particular country becomes, for one reason or another, prominent in the daily news the office is flooded with plays about that country. Recently three manuscripts based on the war between Italy and Turkey were sent us. One of these impossible things showed the marriage of the commander-in-chief of the Italian forces to the daughter of an Arab sheik. For love of the girl the Italian proved a traitor to his country. In one week we received five dramas dealing with the Chinese question, one a morality play which, the author claimed, had been presented in China for more than a thousand years. Another was written to show that the Occidentals and not the Orientals were the barbarians. Two dramatizations of a recent murder trial were sent in within a fortnight after the arrest of the murderer; and no sooner had the Stokes case become conspicuous than we were importuned to produce a dramatization of it. Society women come to us with plays they've written, offering to put up large sums of money to have them produced. But no manager can afford to do this for the money consideration alone, since a failure means loss of prestige, which is a great part of the theater man's stock in trade. Simultaneously with the landing of Redmond, who came over to this country to get funds for the Nationalist campaign in Ireland, two Irish plays were submitted to us—but not by Redmond.

No doubt the number of good plays that are turned down vastly exceeds the number of bad plays that are accepted. For instance, The Lion and the Mouse was written to order. It was turned down and came to me quite accidentally.

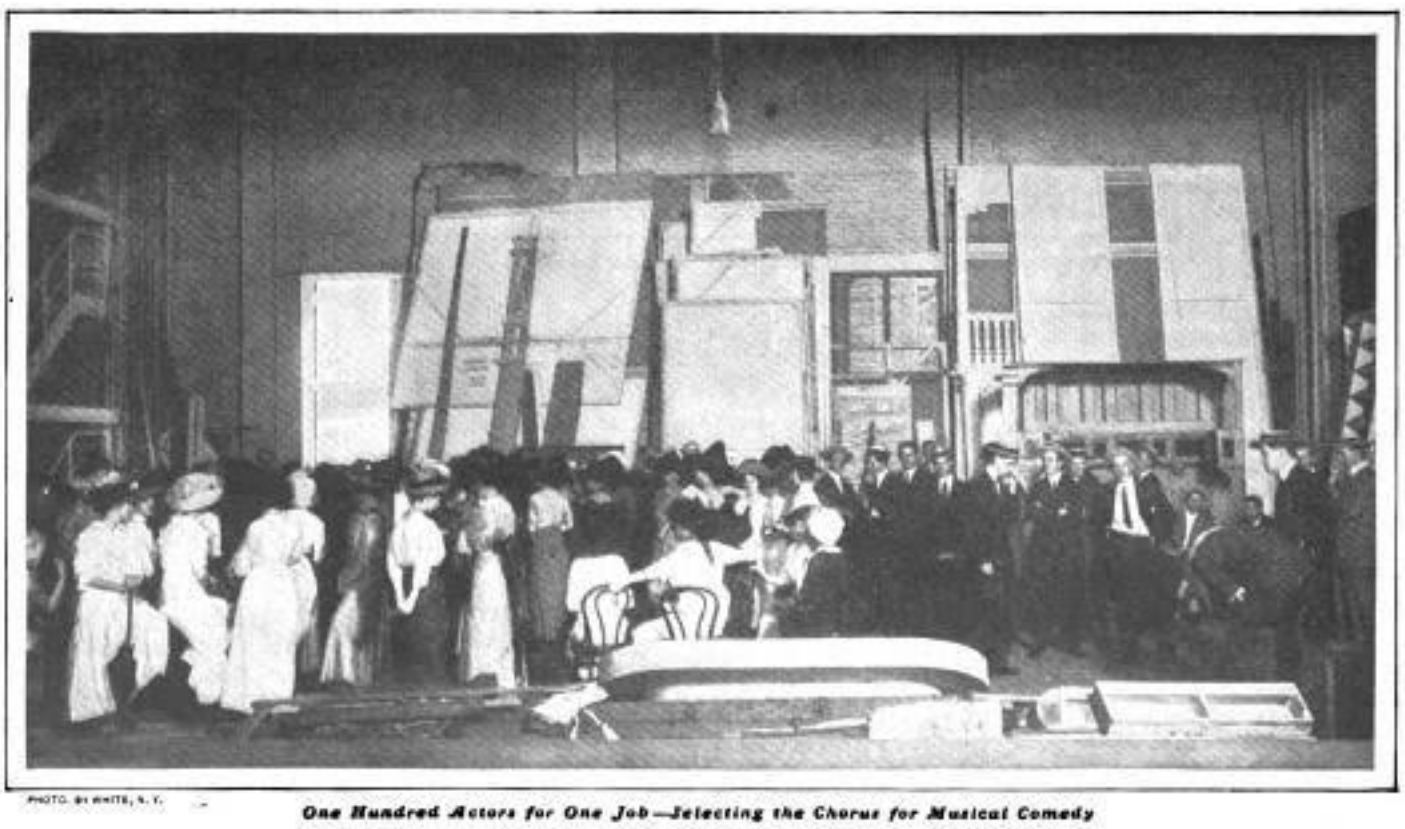


PHOTO. BY WHITE, N. Y.

One Hundred Actors for One Job—Selecting the Chorus for Musical Comedy

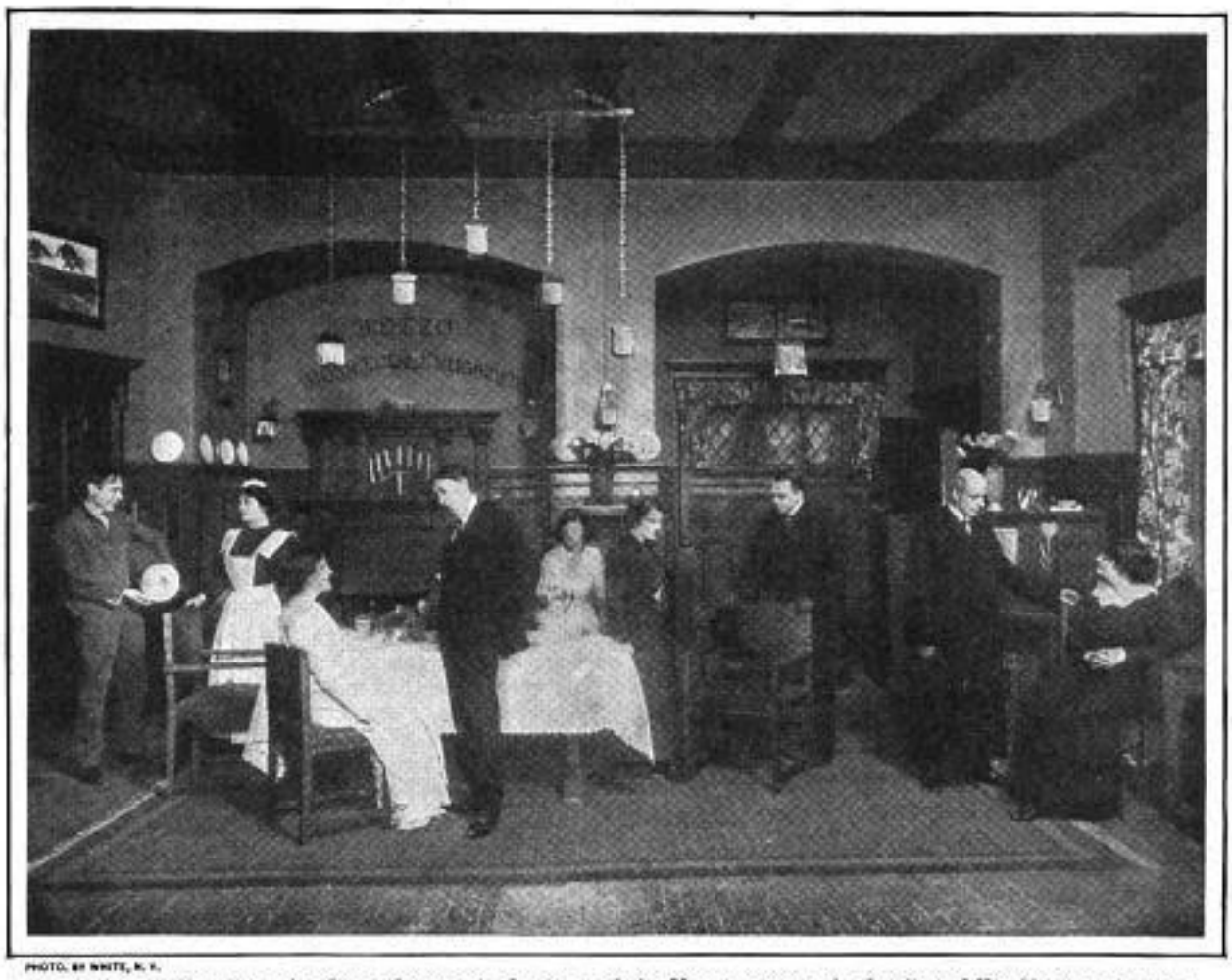
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The Witching Hour was refused by everybody—notwithstanding Augustus Thomas' prestige. It was put on only when the author advanced half the money for its production. Mr. Thomas cleared one hundred thousand dollars from this play the first season.

When a play is accepted the first thing to do is to have the author rewrite it. As I said, Strongheart was rewritten seven times. The first two acts of The Lion and the Mouse were originally just as they are today; the third was slightly changed, and the fourth was rewritten four times under suggestions made by my father and myself.

In The Price, by Broadhurst, we felt that the ending was too tragic, that the public would be better satisfied with a happier one—with a suggestion of hope. So Mr. Broadhurst wrote a fourth act. We put it on, played it and took it out the next day. It was inartistic and wrong. The people in the play separated, and we brought them together again happily, and the woman did not pay the price. We'd have had to change the title. We had tried to please our audiences by sacrificing the logical development of the play. Sometimes that is effective and gets us money, because the people want the real things of the theater—not the real things of life. I've lost half a million dollars finding that out.

It is not an easy thing to get a young playwright to change his work. Once I argued with a man for three weeks before he accepted my suggestion; in fact some novices are quite impossible. We took out an "an," an "a," a "the" and a semicolon from one young author's work, and he tore his hair and cried out that we were ruining his play. Another came in, took a chair near my desk, looked at me a moment and said: "Mr. Harris, do you know a lady or a gentleman when you see one?" I was astonished, but I answered: "I think I do." "Do you know an actor when you see one?" "I think I do," said I. Then he said, "I don't think so," and walked out.



PHOTO, BY WHITE, N. Y.

The Crucial Moment—the Actor Awaits the Decision of the Manager as to the Quality of His Characterization

Choosing the Cast

HE HAD written his first play and I had produced it. It ran one week and was thoroughly roasted, and the author, finding no fault in his own work, came in to lay the blame on me, claiming that I had not produced it properly. But with experienced playwrights there is practically never any trouble in the matter of change in the manuscript.

Once a play is accepted and rewritten the actual work of production begins. And now the manager, having ceased arguing with the author, may let his artistic soul soar. Most important of all is the selection of the cast. The author and myself work out an ideal cast. It may include stars that are under contract to other managers, but at least it gives us something to work on. We go after the people with personality and ability as nearly like those of the ideal cast as possible. Just now it is easy to cast a play because there are more actors idle than ever before, although we are producing more plays and have more theaters than ever. The reason is that many persons who are failures in all other lines go in for acting.

Notwithstanding this oversupply of actors salaries have remained ridiculously high. This is due to competition on the part of the managers in bidding for the services of some particular personality to fit a certain part. Other aspirants take the cue from these and talk high prices. Some of the salaries are positively fabulous, so fabulous, in fact, that the running expenses of an organization are getting to be out of proportion to the amount of business done by the house. To be sure the player puts in work at rehearsals that he's not paid for, and also runs the risk that the play may fail. But on the other hand he only works two or three hours a day. Some actors get from three hundred to one thousand dollars a week. Even in the matter of smaller parts salaries are excessive. The other day I sent for a man who had been working for me for seventy-five dollars a week and offered him a hundred dollars in a new play; but he stated that this year his salary would be one hundred and fifty dollars, so I let him go.

When casting a play, if we can't get the distinct personality we require we look for ability, which is the next best thing. But by shopping about we usually get the ideal man. Or, perhaps, the personality of the actor who applies to us may change our ideal a bit—a sort of compromise, as it were. When the part is a very big one we sometimes have to take the best man we can get and educate him into it. We are a school of acting on the stage.

During my school days I held, I think, every position in the theater except that of musical director. I even played the banjo once in the old Howard Athenæum in Boston, when the leader of the orchestra conceived the idea of a trick overture, which consisted of singing, banjo and mandolin playing. I never had any desire to be an actor, but I've saved many a performance in emergencies arising from accident, where I jumped in and played parts just to keep the curtain up. How well I succeeded in these performances I do not know. Once I played a part in The Widow Jones when May Irwin was starring in that piece, and I took two or three different parts in The Climbers during the run of the Amelia Bingham company at the Bijou. The parts were small, to be sure, but important. On another occasion I had an organization of my own out—White Heather—with Rose Coghlan as star. One of the gentlemen had to leave hurriedly and I played his part for a month—on the stage one minute, then in the box office counting up, then rushing back and putting on my clothes for the scene I acted in, then out in front again, the calm, debonair manager. All this experience has been of great help to me in dealing with actors. Particularly has this alternating between box office and stage during a performance taught me how to aid an actor in projecting a part over the footlights.

There are not many actors who are students. Too many of them simply memorize the words of the part and do the stage director's bidding, without injecting into their work the personality of the character that the author has created. The American actor, as a rule, is too independent to be taught; and the foreigner, even if he has studied the part, is not apt to assert his conception of it or to "stand up" to a dogmatic stage manager.

The actor above all things is temperamental—which is as it should be. But, nevertheless, this quality is a thorn in the flesh of the methodical manager. An actor will sometimes rehearse three or four days, feel dissatisfied with his part, throw it down and walk out. Perhaps I warn him that he is not doing so well as he should; sometimes he makes a struggle and does better. I have had as many as seven or eight men in one part before the play was produced—changing every day or so. This is very trying not only to the manager but to the other members of the cast, who must constantly adapt themselves to the work of new persons.

The trouble with experienced actresses who have never been stars is the ever-present desire to get out of line and stand in front. One of our greatest actresses will not do team work. She always makes herself prominent, which throws the whole scene out of focus. Though she is successful in her particular part she is hurting the play. This actress has been a star and cannot resign herself to being eclipsed by some one else. I have been obliged, again and again, to dismiss valuable actresses because of this very fault. The temperamental quality of the actor keeps the manager always on the alert, always apprehensive. The other Saturday morning I got a wire from a young lady in one of my companies a thousand miles away stating that she was going to quit that night. There was no one to take her place and it required some hustling to get a suitable successor in New York, but we managed to do it. Players often quarrel among themselves, petty jealousies arise, one or both threaten to resign, and the manager becomes a board of arbitration—which is not the lightest of his troubles.

One hears much complaining by actors that they are sometimes left stranded; but, owing to the commercialization of the theater, this sort of thing rarely happens nowadays with reputable companies. One hears of the hardship that the actor suffers where the manager gives him his two weeks' notice—as per contract. But one rarely hears of the times that the actor leaves the manager in the lurch, regardless of contract. In fulfilling his obligations the manager must contend with the temperament of the actor, his irascibility, his impulsiveness, his ignorance of business conditions and, to a great extent, his selfishness. When the actor quits on a day's notice, he does not stop to consider that his act may throw the whole thing out of gear. If the manager does not play a house as agreed he must pay damages to the theater owner. These are based on the cost of advertising, opening the house, engaging help for the night, and an approximate estimate of what the theater's share of the receipts would have been, gauged by similar attractions under like conditions. Usually the contracts stipulate the measure of damages.

Soldiers of Fortune

NOR does the actor consider, when he talks of the risk he runs of losing the time given to rehearsal, that the manager gambles much more heavily. He gambles against the weather. If it storm on the first night the sale of seats is apt to fall off fifty per cent. He gambles against local conditions, sickness, financial depression and the like, and against rival attractions that may be old favorites in some town in which his play is new.

The cast having been selected the work of getting the production together begins. This goes on during rehearsal. By production we mean scenery, properties, lighting and all physical and mechanical necessaries. In order economically to put on a play the manager, in addition to being familiar with the abilities of actors and the like, must know the theater proper from box office to wings and from footlights to rigging loft. There are a thousand and one leakages that he can stop—and it is the minute leakages that sap the strength of the business. Peculiarly the production of a play has never been reduced to the exact science that marks the turning out of a new machine in a great shop. We never can tell exactly how a thing is going to look until it's put up—and here is where experience comes in.

In one of my first ventures as a producing manager we put on Soldiers of Fortune with Robert Edeson as the star. We had made it a two-carload production, not knowing just where we were going to play. I finally secured the Savoy Theater, the stage of which was entirely too small for our scenery. Mr. Augustus Thomas, who had dramatized Richard Harding Davis' book, said: "We shall have to get in an expert to put on that production." I agreed and said I would be the expert. I went into the theater Saturday evening at eleven o'clock and never left the building or even had my clothes off until five o'clock on Monday evening, when I went home to prepare for the opening performance. There wasn't a moment when I wasn't at work, carefully gauging, measuring, cutting and fitting that production. My experience on this occasion

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CONSIDER THE LIVER

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

OF ALL the flowers born to blush unseen the liver is the most eminent. If it were only as conspicuous as the brain we should probably be just as proud of it. As it is it excels the brain in weight and is an even more desirable citizen and sturdier pillar of society. Yet we loftily ignore the liver's existence and never speak of it except when it is "out of order," though, as its mere size would indicate, it is one of the most important, most hardworked and overstrained as well as most delicately adjusted and exquisitely efficient structures in the body. It plays whatever tune it will upon the keyboard of the brain cortex and colors the visions of the mind as a spotlight does the draperies of the ballet.

Yet most of us do not even know where this power behind the throne sits in darkness. We refer pains in the left side of it to the heart, in the middle of it to the stomach and call the remainder of its disturbances pains in the chest or stitches in the side.

If we knew half as much chemistry as the liver has known these five million years past, the secrets of the universe would lie before us like an open book. Even today it is the most wonderful and resourceful chemical laboratory in the world. Nothing can equal it—even in Germany.

We think we have done wonders in discovering a poison that will kill or neutralize the toxins of a single germ—such as mercury, or the diphtheria antitoxin; but one little six-sided, sallow-looking lozenge of a liver cell—no larger than the head of a pin—not only can neutralize and destroy any one of forty different toxins and poisons that are brought to it by the blood but can split them up so ingeniously as actually to turn one part of them into sugar fuel, another into starch or fat, and another into harmless bile waste.

It is the most wonderful poison sponge and toxin filter that has ever been invented or discovered. And the moment it is put out of commission the body goes down in a heap—choked by its own breath, as it were; poisoned by its own wastestuffs. It is no wonder that the question "to be or not to be"—the problem of whether life be worth living—emphatically depends upon the metabolic integrity of our hepatic cytoplasm, to put it learnedly. When a man's "gall stops wukkin," as our African brethren picturesquely say, then nothing else much matters.

The Chief Asset of the Soothsayers

THE liver has one, at least, of the characteristics of great genius. It has always been misunderstood and estimated at far below its real worth and dignity. For centuries after it was introduced to our attention by the delicacy of its flavor when eaten raw or broiled on a forked stick over a campfire, it was regarded simply as the *alter ego* of bacon and one of the autocrats of the primitive breakfast table. It was even held in such lowly esteem as to enter into the vernacular synonym for abject poverty—"three in a bed and liver for breakfast." In the quaint phrase of the old saw, "Ef a man wuz born in a stable thet doesn't make him a horse." The liver was born of and from the foodtube; but, like Wesley, it has taken all the world for its parish, and a powerful preacher of righteousness and clean living it has been. When a man says he has a clear conscience he usually means that his liver is working well.

Until within recent years our knowledge of the liver was of the vaguest and most curious sort. Its first introduction to our official notice was at the hands of those quaint old mountebanks, the Roman augurs, or *haruspices*, who, in their temples and shrines, were accustomed to foretell the future and give advice in times of war and uncertainty by examining the internal organs of freshly killed animals—much as their doddering lineal descendants today tell fortunes by reading the lines of the palm or interpreting the grounds in a coffee-cup.



Little, Insignificant, Gumdrop-Looking Cells in Our Body Can Do Things With One Hand Tied Behind Them

The liver was one of the augurs' highest trump cards in this kind of hocus-pocus, chiefly on account of its size and striking appearance, and also probably from the fact that it showed more changes which even their ignorant eyes could appreciate, as a result of the attack of different diseases or from the use of different kinds of foods, than almost any other readily discoverable organ in the body.

Nobody but an expert pathologist can make much out of the changes in the heart, even when it has been the site of fatal disease. The only readily obvious changes in the stomach are in its size, which even the limited intelligence of the augurs soon led them to discover depended solely upon the amount of food it contained. And the lungs are merely more or less reddened and solidified "lights" to the general eye. The liver, however, which weighs three pounds and is the size of a Rugby football to begin with, may, if fatty or hypertrophic, swell up to six, seven or eight pounds, and turn from dull purplish red to light golden brown in the process. In some diseases it may shrink down into a wrinkled and twisted three-quarter-pound slab of scar tissue no bigger than a slipper, when it is called atrophic—or, if knobby and sole-like, it is called "hob-nailed."

Such changes as these are fit to conjure with; they give the imagination something to work on and furnish an excellent groundwork for prophecy—far more than most prophecies have in fact.

When to these striking and dramatic changes, which the mass of the organ itself is capable of, are added additional variations and color contrasts furnished by the changes in size, color, shape and thickness of the wall of the pear-shaped, dark green gall-bladder, contrasting so vividly with the liver's dull purplish red background, one can readily see what a superb asset in their primitive flimflam games the old augurs had in the liver. In their little game it was not hearts that were trumps but livers.

Grotesque old harlequins and conjurers as they were, they were the harbingers and, indeed, the forefathers not only of religion but of medicine. Out of their vague and rambling conjectures grew up our whole theory of psychology—the three faculties of the mind, for instance: the head, or intellect; the heart, or will; and the liver and bowels, or emotions. These, carried over into the realm of theology, produced such singular figures of speech as a "clean heart," "bowels of compassion," and so on.

All our psychology—and our philosophy up to thirty-five years ago—was based frankly and flatly upon the philosophy of these primitive vivisectionists.

On the borderland between mind and matter, between philosophy and physics, was built up the quaint old fairy tale of the four temperaments—the bilious, the sanguine, the lymphatic and the nervous. Each kind of temperament was supposed to be due to the dominance in the body of four corresponding fluids or "humors"—the bile, produced by the liver and stored in the gall-bladder, as any child could see for himself; the sanguine, produced in the heart and contained in and symbolized by the blood; the nervous, secreted by the brain and poured out all over the body through the nerve trunks; and the lymphatic, secreted by the lymph glands or "kernels," such as can be felt in the neck and armpits and groins, and symbolized by that milky, whitish fluid, the lymph. Thus a man's "humor" literally came to mean his mental state.

Even in scientific medicine we have scarcely shaken ourselves clear of the absurd obsession of the four temperaments yet, while in popular and psychological thinking it still holds full sway. In this quaint and picturesque game of colors and fluids and symbols the liver naturally took a high rank and played a prominent part on account of its many qualifications for striking the eye and its wide range of variations in size, color and texture.

Though we laugh at the augurs' methods of divining the future and of deciding what to do in case of doubt nowadays—except when we are very badly frightened or unusually silly, which happens even to the wisest of us once in a while—primitive practice has graven the liver deep into our language in such a way that it will never be effaced. Not only has the term "livery" or "bilious" quite as much mental or emotional significance as the word physical, but we refer just as much to the condition of the liver when we say that we are simply depressed and blue, and generally discouraged and out of sorts, as we do when we actually say that we have a coated tongue or a burning stomach.

Almost half of the words we use in describing mental states, particularly of a depressed character, are drawn from the liver. For instance, we have not the remotest idea that we are borrowing anything from those quaint old medicine-men or augurs—if, indeed, we ever remember having heard of them before—when we say that we feel "melancholy"; but when we come to dissect the word we find that it simply means in Greek "black bile"—in other words, that we are under the influence of an unusually large amount of biliary secretion in our system.

To describe a more permanent mental depression we say that one of our friends has become a "hypochondriac"; and when that word is cut up it resolves itself into "under the cartilages," meaning the cartilages or gristly parts of the lower ribs under which the liver lies. When we describe ourselves as "nervous" the nerve fluid is supposed to be secreted in excess in our systems and to be overstimulating us and making us "jumpy" and excitable.

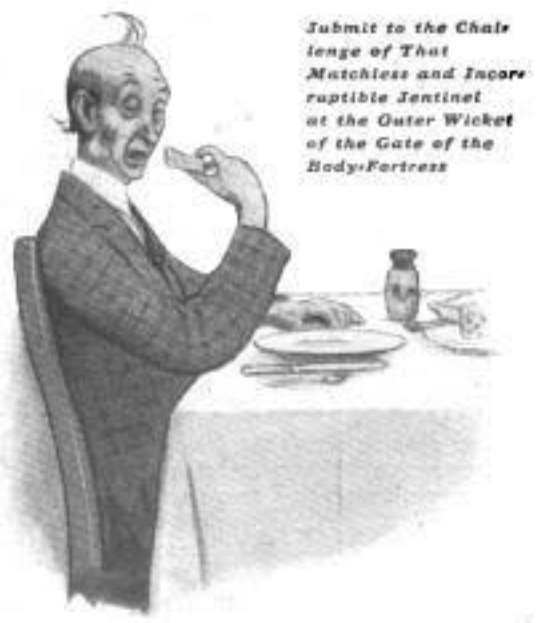
So real a thing, for instance, was this nerve fluid believed to be that even as late as the middle of the fifteenth century great and distinguished surgeons, like Ambroise Paré, when amputating limbs, used to tie off not merely the arteries to prevent the escape of blood but the nerve trunks to prevent the escape of the nervous fluid, the loss of which, it was firmly believed, would cause the patient to bleed to death just as genuinely as if an artery had been left untied. How exquisitely this tying of the nerve trunks must have added to the comfort of the unfortunate patient can be well imagined.

Our Internal Filtration Plant

MANY of our proverbial differences of point of view are due to the particular poisons which, like the eagles at Prometheus' are gnawing at our liver. The old proverb, *Tot homines, quot sententiæ*—"So many men, so many opinions"—would be nearer the truth if it read: "So many livers, so many grouches." What a man knows is a matter of his brain, but what he believes depends on his liver.

As medicine and religion have a common ancestry, which is one of the reasons why they sometimes "scrap" so cordially when they get together—it is a family fuss, and the primitive shaman or voodoo was both priest and physician—these necromantic ideas about the liver were transferred bodily into primitive medicine. From the very earliest times there has been a singular tendency to associate all depressed and melancholic or apathetic states of both mind and body with a disordered condition of the liver. And the conjecture, irrational as was its origin and grotesque as is its logic, was not far wide of the mark after all.

There is nearly always some rational basis, some kernel of truth, some shrewd guess underlying every popular impression or even superstition, grotesque as it may be in its details and absurd in the extremes to which it may be carried. The germ of truth underlying all the old melancholic conceptions of the liver was that, as we have just discovered upon definite experimental grounds within the last half-century, our mental as well as our bodily states are very largely dependent upon the poisoning of our nerves and our brains by toxins carried to them in the blood from a hundred different sources within and without the body. And as we have also discovered in the past couple of decades that the liver is the great toxin absorber and antitoxin generator for the entire body, no matter what may be the sources of the poison, it is clear that our views of existence, and whether it is worth while continuing it or not, must depend very largely upon the efficiency of our liver-filters.



Submit to the Challenge of That Matchless and Incorruptible Sentinel at the Outer Wicket of the Gate of the Body-Fortress

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Of course every one knows that the liver is a digestive organ, and that its main business is to secrete the bile. It does very much more than that, however, and the manufacture of bile is one of the least important of its functions. The stock of the bile has gone steadily below par ever since it was carefully investigated and accurately studied, and it is now regarded as chiefly an excretion or waste product, poured into the alimentary canal in order to be got rid of; though Nature, with her wonderful and irrepressible economy, has contrived to utilize it on its way out for some trifling services and odd jobs, principally in the way of housecleaning.

Not only does all the blood from the walls of the active part of the foodtube go directly to the liver through the great portal vein and its branches, thus carrying every particle of the dissolved food and any of the poisons that are contained directly to the liver, but also the millrace current of blood from the great trunkline artery of the body—the aorta—is received by the liver. This means, of course, not merely that almost every scrap of our food passes through the liver before any other tissue in the body can get even a smell of it but also that, owing to the size of the artery and the vigorous pumping of the heart, all the blood is driven through the liver-filter once in twenty minutes.



When a Man's "Gall Stops Wukkin," as Our African Brethren Picturesquely Say, Then Nothing Else Much Matters

The liver, then, is a combination of quarantine station and filter—first for the food, and second for all sorts of poisons in the blood from all over the body. No organ in the body has been more maligned and none is more worthy of our highest gratitude and esteem. It has been accused from time immemorial of flooding the body with a dark green tide of its biliary secretion and producing not only that dark brown taste in the mouth but all the tortures of melancholia and biliousness, the "hip" and the "hump," out of sheer exuberance of spirit or pure cussedness. It really stands as a majestic sentinel at the main gate of the body-fortress, giving neither sleep to its eyes nor slumber to its eyelids day or night, testing with laboratory rigidity every drop of melted food before allowing it to pass on to the muscle cells and the nerve cells, challenging every poison and toxin and arresting every invading bacillus or vagrant germ.

Then when, worn out with overwork or overwhelmed by a sudden flood of poisons too powerful for it to check, it allows some toxin-invader to slip by it and play havoc with the cells of our nervous system we say we are "bilious"—and blame the liver!

Why One Man's Meat is Another Man's Poison

FOR many centuries, on account of its commanding position upon the great blood-stream that carries melted food from the alimentary canal to the heart, we supposed that the liver's chief if not only function was to deal with and bar out poisons contained in our food or resulting from its digestion and indigestion. Thus the principal causes of the liver's disturbances and diseases were supposed to be food and drink and the things that were mixed with them; but this has been found to be far too narrow a view. Indeed we are rapidly coming to the opinion that a large share if not a majority of the diseases of the liver have little or nothing to do, in their origin, with either food or drink.

We have also come to realize that many of the so-called digestive disturbances of the liver are caused, not by the food itself, either in its amount, quality or combinations, but by the bacteria or other germs or parasites with which food is contaminated and which are introduced with it, just as we have seen is the case also with dyspepsia, indigestion and the disorders of the alimentary canal in general.

The well-known "tropical" or "East Indian" liver, for instance, which is so common a cause of complaint among retired merchants, traders, military officers and government officials who have served long terms in tropical climates, absurdly supposed to be due to the eating of too much meat, fats and other "heating" foods, is now known to be due almost solely to the attack of the disease germs and parasites that swarm in hot climates. Indeed probably two-thirds if not three-fourths of "tropical liver" is due to just two of these parasites—the plasmodium of malaria and the amœba of dysentery.

Scores of attempts have been made to produce enlargement, shrinking, fatty degeneration or other diseased conditions of the liver by feeding animals upon excessive amounts of different kinds of foods, especially such as are supposed to throw most work upon the liver. It has been found utterly impossible to produce anything more than the most temporary disturbances by means of food, even when administered with a stomach-pump and utterly alien to the natural tastes and requirements of the animal; but the moment disease germs were mixed with the food then it was perfectly possible to produce, almost at will, any liver condition that might be desired. Certain animals which were unusually vigorous and healthy proved the exception, as they were able to destroy and digest even large quantities of these germs without any apparent effect upon their livers.

Diseased conditions of the liver could also be produced by mixing small amounts of mineral poisons like lead and arsenic with the food; and one or two organic poisons like chloroform and alcohol were also found to have special injurious effects upon the liver. It was found necessary, however, much to the surprise of the experimenters when endeavoring to produce the classic so-called alcoholic changes in the liver, to administer it in very large amounts—sufficient, in fact, by its direct irritating effect upon the stomach, to set up a catarrhal irritation and inflammation of the lining of the alimentary canal. Thus the relation between alcohol and diseases of the liver, including the famous hobnailed or drunkard's liver, is not so direct as we at one time supposed it to be.

In fact the action of the liver upon alcohol throws an interesting light upon its method of dealing with other poisons which, like alcohol, would be highly injurious to both nerve and muscle cells all over the body if they were permitted to get past the liver in their original form. The cells of the liver possess a remarkable and ingenious power of not merely stopping poisons as a filter might but of actually converting them into harmless substances which can be permitted to pass into the blood without injury to the body.

This it does by breaking down or, in chemical language, "splitting" their molecules; and that is probably why the liver has so little power of antagonizing or arresting simple metallic poisons like lead and arsenic—for their molecules are, in the first place, very small and simple; and, in the second place, when broken down or split up the fragments are still poisonous.

What makes the problem still more difficult and the intelligence of the liver cell even more superhuman—for the whole is not always greater than its parts except in pure mathematics, and little, insignificant, gumdrop-looking cells in our body can do things with one hand tied behind them, so to speak, which we could not do to save our lives—is that not only may all poisons except mineral ones be split into perfectly harmless compounds but also, conversely, all foods, however harmless and nutritious, may be split into poisonous compounds—and this splitting actually takes place in the process of digestion.

For instance, two of the most dangerous of known poisons—the one on account of its deadliness and the other on account of its commonness—prussic acid and alcohol, are actually produced in the human body, not merely daily but hourly and every minute, in the process of digestion. The amount of prussic acid produced, of course, is very small indeed; but the amount of alcohol is considerable, for the latest studies indicate that nearly a quart of it is formed in the body every twenty-four hours. The prussic acid is so promptly converted into something harmless, and the alcohol burnt so swiftly as fuel in the muscle-engine into simple carbonic acid and water, that these poisons have no time to do any harm to the body tissues; but if the liver were not strictly "on the job," like Doctor Wiley, day and night, think of what might happen to the body from the accidental poisons from its foodstuffs.

If, therefore, you would avoid biliousness first and foremost submit to the challenge of that matchless and incorruptible sentinel at the outer wicket of the gate of the body-fortress—the nose—every piece of food that you eat, and refuse to take into your mouth anything that smells tainted or "fishy," or musty or flat, or disagreeable in any way, or to swallow it if it tastes unpleasant. This will result in barring out, not only those spoiled foods which nobody likes but also those half-spoiled foodstuffs and drinks which most of us have carefully trained ourselves to like in defiance of our instincts—such as alcohol, tobacco, sauerkraut, Limburger and "hot stuff" generally. Though we should lose something in amusement, we should lose nothing in point of nutrition and gain much in the way of health by so doing.

Though bad foods and drinks will account for a considerable number of the milder and more short-lived attacks of biliousness and liver trouble they are very far from explaining the more permanent and lasting diseases of that organ. Indeed a conviction is steadily growing, as our study becomes more accurate and our experiences wider, that a large share if not the majority of chronic liver troubles are not due to food at all.

The liver occupies one of the most dangerous posts in the entire body, as it is the testing point, filter and garbage burner to which are brought not merely all the poisons that enter with the food, or are formed in the alimentary canal as a result of indigestion, but at least two-thirds of all the poisons, living and dead, that get into the body from other sources. It is only in recent years that we began to discover the enormous and important part the liver plays in our bodily resistance to the attacks of fevers—that is to say, of the germs of infectious diseases.

We have long known, of course, that in certain infectious diseases, especially those that were chronic or lasted for long periods of time—such as malaria—the liver became very much enlarged and would afterward be found to be in a highly diseased condition, even though the patient had survived the immediate attack of the infection for many years.

The same was true, of course, in the chronic dysentery of the tropics, in gout and in certain forms of prolonged poisoning by inorganic poisons like lead and phosphorus; but these facts did not make much impression on our minds, as we merely put them down to the fact that the liver suffered from prolonged saturation of the disease poisons just as any other organ or tissue in the body would.

The Most Loyal Organ of Our Anatomy

A DECADE or so ago, however, our attention was called to the promptness with which the liver would be attacked by certain poisons in a rather dramatic and unexpected manner. This came only when we were investigating and endeavoring to find the cause of a number of sudden deaths after the taking of chloroform for prolonged surgical operations. Much to our surprise the most striking and uniform feature in most of these cases after death was fatty degeneration of the liver. We had previously supposed that changes of that sort took weeks if not months to produce, but this discovery set the pathologists to thinking and experimenting; and it was quickly found, first, that this sudden fatty degeneration could be readily produced in animals by large single doses of chloroform and other poisons, and also, what was still more interesting, by infecting the animals with the germs of various contagious diseases.

That sent us back to the post-mortem room at once, to examine the livers of those who had died of such acute infections; and we were not long in discovering that the most profound and serious changes produced anywhere in the body of our patients by even such diseases as pneumonia, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, childbed fever, surgical fever or blood poisoning and diphtheria were often to be found in the liver. The reason why these changes had escaped us before was that they seldom made much change in either the size, or color, or appearance of the liver to the naked eye, and that it was necessary to make a microscopic examination of the liver-stuff in order to be sure of them.

This gave us a clew to a number of these cases—for instance, why jaundice should occur in fatal cases of a good many acute infections, such as typhoid fever, malaria, childbed fever, pneumonia and peritonitis or blood poisoning. It explained why, in certain exceedingly fatal forms of pneumonia, such as the dreaded "miners' pneumonia" of our Western mining camps, the liver should be found after death as a blackened and broken-down mass, so destroyed and altered that it had attracted the attention of even the mining-camp doctors and the disease had become popularly known as "black death of the liver."

In fact by piecing together all our information we came to the conclusion that the first place, so to speak, to which the germs and poisons of infectious diseases—no matter where they might have entered the body—were hurried by the blood stream was the liver; that it bore the first brunt and the heaviest shock of their attack; that so long as it was able to neutralize the poisons and arrest or destroy the germs the infection did not "take" and the



Their Doddering Lineal Descendants Today Tell Fortunes by Reading the Lines of the Palm

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body, as a whole, escaped the attack of the disease—in short, that resistance to a given disease, and the question as to whether we succumbed to an infection and developed a full-grown attack or not, depended largely and fundamentally upon the liver.

Further, in cases where its first resistance had been overcome and the body had proceeded to develop a general attack of the disease, the extent to which the liver was able to half neutralize the toxins introduced by the germs all over the body would be the measure of the vigor with which we would resist the attack; and the question of recovery was largely a matter of whether the liver was able to rally its forces and gradually get the upper hand of the invaders and neutralize their poisons, or whether it sank under the attack and finally relinquished the field to the enemy. Whatever our disease a large majority of us die by liver failure, followed quickly by heart poisoning. When the heart fails in the final exitus it is because its muscle cells have been fed with unneutralized poisons instead of food by the blood.

Most forms of overgrowth or enlargement of the liver are now believed to be due to a rapid multiplication of the liver-cells under the attack of the poisons of some infectious disease.

Even in its fall the liver remains loyal to the body, for this enlargement or overgrowth, which was originally regarded as purely inflammatory, has now been discovered to be an actual increase of new and comparatively healthy liver tissue. In other words it is a genuine attempt at growth on the part of the liver in order to cope with the increased amount of poisons brought to it.

Probably a large share of these enlargements achieve their aim, conquer the poison and again disappear without ever having attracted our attention at all; but a considerable number of them are not so fortunate, and the newly formed cells begin to break down and their places are taken by fibrous or scar tissue. This as it matures hardens and shrinks, crushing within its pythonlike grasp the remaining healthy liver cells; and in the course of months or years our overgrown liver is converted into a leathery, wrinkled, scar-indented mass of fibrous tissue, with only a few islands of healthy liver cells scattered about.

Whenever these few islands get below the minimum neutralizing requirements of the body the patient dies; but if he lives long enough the process will go on until the shrinking has reduced the liver to a half or even a third of its normal size. So that whether a man dies of an enlarged or a shrunken liver depends chiefly upon the stage of the process at which his vitality gives way.

Even in the present stage of our knowledge it is probably not too much to say that if you have been fortunate enough to avoid certain of the great diseases that have a special tendency to attack the liver, such as typhoid fever, malaria, dysentery and pneumonia; or if you have been attacked by them and made a good recovery and have given yourself every possible chance in the way of judicious feeding, skillful treatment and rest to throw off their effects you need have comparatively little fear of serious disease of your liver. As there is no earthly reason why these four great diseases, together with a great many others that play a lesser part in damaging the liver, should not be wiped out entirely—and their conquest is now only a question of time, intelligence and money—it can be seen that the prospect for the liver is anything but discouraging.



Nearly a Quart of Alcohol is Formed in the Body Every Twenty-Four Hours!

As has already been intimated some permanent or chronic diseases of the liver are produced by the prolonged absorption of small amounts of inorganic poisons, such as lead, phosphorus and arsenic, usually introduced into the bodies of workers in particular trades involving the handling of these poisons. Fortunately the public conscience has now become awakened on this subject and is insisting in no uncertain tones that no individual, however successful or able, shall be allowed to poison his fellow beings for his own profit; and that any industry which cannot be conducted without ruining the health and threatening the lives of its employees shall be put out of business.

Our motto in considering diseases of the liver today emphatically is "Look for the poison." We are not only finding the poisons with accuracy and dispatch but discovering that nine-tenths of them are preventable and may be avoided by the exercise of ordinary cleanliness and intelligence.

Considering the ancient source of our beliefs about the liver, it is small wonder that many of them have little more foundation than the alleged influence of the stages of the moon on the growth of potatoes.

A good illustration is afforded by those familiar blotches of brownish or yellowish color upon the face and neck, which are known the world over as "liver spots," *Leber Flecken*, and so on. These have nothing whatever to do

(Concluded on Page 61)

Our Medieval High Schools

Shall We Educate Children for the Twelfth or the Twentieth Century?

By William Hughes Mearns

ILLUSTRATION BY B. CORY KILVERT

THE high school is at present like the child in the Solomon story—in danger of being cut into bits and handed out to various claimants. The college has for some time put up a pretty strong case for ownership and in some instances has quite decided the sort of clothes the high school shall wear and the way it shall walk and talk; particularly—when one considers the college entrance requirements in English, Latin, Greek, French and German—particularly the way it shall talk. At various times the college has Miltonized it, Chaucerized it, Virgilized it, Schillered it, physicked and chemicaled it. No wonder that at present the child shows tendencies to revolt and, here and there, is boldly making faces at its guardian!

The National Education Association is at this moment making a nation-wide canvass of the sentiment of high schools in regard to the control which the college should have over them. Dr. Benjamin A. Heydrick, of the New York High School of Commerce, is the chairman of the committee on English studies, which is communicating directly with the teachers in every high school, public and private, in the larger towns and cities; and the question at issue is the serious one of ownership. Summed up, their questionnaire asks: "Is the main function of the high school to prepare youth for college? And if that is part of its business do we serve our communities best by permitting the college to decide how we shall do it?"

A much older claimant for possession of the high school is Culture, a courtly old gentleman, with doubled stock under chin. Culture reminds us that he it was who really discovered the high school. He points to the Boston Latin School, the first secondary school in America, as the place where boys were taught the classics and mathematics to give them the education of a gentleman and, to use the culturist's own words, "to prepare them most effectively for nothing in particular!" The high school is a "finishing school," he claims, where a pupil gets abstract mental training; the mind is put through a dumbbell exercise of conjugation, declension, literal and free translation of languages excusably dead, and an Indian-club drill of higher mathematics. The theory is that a chap who stood through the ordeal, aimed confessedly at nothing practical, later could stand for anything; and for a certain portion of the population this has always been a good theory.

The culture chaps had the high schools all to themselves for a long while and still dispute the ground successfully in some places. When they had control the high school—there was commonly but one in a large community—was an institution of distinction; its "professors" were known and quoted; it competed with the college for students; and in some cases, notably the Free Academy—later City College—New York, and the Central High School, Philadelphia, granted degrees of equal standing. In the fifties it was a question in the minds of Philadelphia boys whether it was more profitable to take the course at the college department of the University of Pennsylvania or at the Central High School, one of the oldest secondary schools outside of New England; each conferred a bachelor's degree under grant from the same legislature, the faculty of one institution might bear comparison with the other, and neither the entrance requirement nor the length of the course was materially different. Until quite recent years the graduates of these schools were received directly into the professional schools of law and medicine. The remains of the culture control is found in the classical courses common to most of the older high schools and to the so-called Latin high schools of New England.

In 1875 manual training put in its plea for place. It was followed by the commercial course, which came accompanied by domestic science, *et al.* College and culture set upon these chaps as a mother would upon child-stealing gipsies. Science, in all sorts of theoretical and practical forms, had been working its way in almost insidiously, and had first been endured, then pitied and secretly embraced; but manual training, shorthand—*horribile dictu!*—bookkeeping, cookery!—there was something vulgarly practical about these; and besides, as a clincher argument, they were distressingly popular. For if there was one test of pedagogy that college and culture had agreed upon between them, it was first, that a gentleman's education should be of no use in the world—particularly in the business world; and, second, that it should not be desired by the mob. If it is what they want you don't want it; if everybody cries for it it isn't worth crying for!

The worst fact in the history of manual training is that it, too, came under the spell of culture. One still hears instructors in handwork proudly averring that there is nothing useful in *their* training. Teach a boy to chip and file the left side of a nut, but don't tell him it is a nut. There is "culture" in learning to grind a steel blade to an angle of thirty degrees, provided the youngster never guesses he can stick a wooden handle on one end and make a chisel. How the manual "trainingist" used to look askance at the trade school! The old disgust of culture for workaday was in his attitude. "My goodness!" we can hear him say. "Don't put those four mitered sticks together, boy! Don't you know that makes a picture frame?" Then he might add kindly: "If you really want to learn to make something useful the best thing you can do is to make something useless; there's nothing like it!"

"There's nothing like eating hay when you're faint," remarked the king to Alice as he munched away.

"I should think throwing cold water over you would be better," she suggested—"or some sal volatile."

"I didn't say there was nothing better," the king replied; "I said there was nothing *like* it!" Which Alice did not venture to deny.

To you who work for a living—and slowly grow through your daily experience into a bigger, more tolerant, wiser person—culture may not mean so much; but it is a terrific bugaboo in "educational circles." Suggest to a pedagogue that Latin may be made more palatable at the beginning by less grammar-grind and more reading of simple stories; or that German may be taught more easily in the lower grades by the "conversational method"; or that a boy may write a better composition by avoiding topics like The Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth or An Analysis of the Tone Values in the Vision of Sir Launfal. Suggest such matters, and you are met with: "Ah!—but what about culture?" You—practical you—would say: "If we are to read Latin let's get started; if the children should know German let them begin early—the way the natives do; if a boy hopes ever to write his own language he had better write it." That's because you are trained to go about things in a straightforward way; you know what you want when you want it and you won't be happy until you get it. And probably you haven't any culture or would feel guilty if some one found it on you. Now what is culture? Judged by the way they talk about it in educational conventions, it's something you must be born with; it's something you only acquire; it's something you strive for but never wholly achieve. Studying Latin verbs

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will give it to you—though many a *Civis Romanus* never came within a *millia passuum* of it. Greek, applied three times a week for at least two years, is recommended by some. Others say chemistry is the thing, when exposed in laboratories not too practical; and most wise men agree that the higher mathematics is full of it. Jenkins got his by tutoring for his degree at Harvard; Emerson got it by loitering in the library. Sir Isaac Newton got it by observing an apple—Lincoln, by observing everything. Bruno was burned for having it and Thomson was made a peer.

Culture is an incommunicable communion with Nature; it is clean hands and a pure collar; it is the possession of great-grandparents—white, Christian preferred; it is the achievement of tolerance; it is the proper use of "shall" and "will"; it is a knowledge of Hegelian philosophy; it is Greek; it is Latin; it is a five-foot shelf of books; it is twenty thousand a year; it is a sight of truth and a draught of wisdom; it is a frock coat and pearl gloves. All A. B.'s have it—except A. B. seamen; some B. S.'s and—mooted point—an occasional Ph. B. Teachers in private academies have it; Episcopal clergymen have it; likewise college professors and the students in the "classical course." It may thrive in thatched cottages and even in Buckingham Palace. No one ever saw it; it cannot be measured or chemically analyzed; the fellow that claims it the loudest never has had it; the chap that really has it never mentions the matter; and it can be obtained only by a studious cultivation of one kind of education—my kind!

"Isn't that rather a great deal to make one word mean?" inquired Alice thoughtfully.

"When I make one word do a lot of work like that," explained Humpty Dumpty pompously, "I always pay it extra."

But remember: Culture never by any hap lurks in aught useful. There is culture in Greek until you begin to teach it to others at two dollars an hour—which explains a thing or two about some teachers of Greek. Even to the Greek, Greek was not culture, for he had to use the thing in his business. Finding the parallax of the sun is culture; but not surveying a plot for a railroad siding. So is dipping litmus paper into HNO_3; but not testing the coaltar in shellacked chocolates. So is drawing diagrams of Florentine palaces; but not building a bank. So—quite lately—is reading books on social science; but not serving as a watcher in an election booth. Archæology and the collection of uncut first editions are cultural; but there is no culture in agriculture.

Being a Person of the Better Sort

SO NOW you will understand how lately it has been unearthed and—what really was the case all along—that it is quite unimportant who discovered the high school; the material fact is that the people have taken possession of it. Some one else may have founded the institution—most good things have their rise in private philanthropy—certain "persons of the better sort," as some one somewhat snobbishly styled them, who wanted a special education for their young sons—daughters, at first, were negligible—in order that said sons, via law, medicine, letters and the church, might eventually become persons of the better sort themselves. Until about 1888 or 1890 the high school was an institution for this special group. Naturally, they had every right to make it conform to what they believed to be their needs; but at that period the people preëmpted the high school and, during the decade of 1890 to 1900, kept the school architect everlastingly busy housing their kind.

At first the people were content to take the traditional course, though they murmured. And when the first crop of people-graduates, diploma in pocket and Greek in head, started out to hunt a vulgar "job," the business men of the community began to write those sarcastic letters to the papers about the need for more R's, little Latin and less Greek. What boots it, they said, whether your graduate knows how to eliminate x and y if he is too dainty to paint a roof, or pound hot bolts, or stoke a stationary engine, or tie up a decent package? And what does he know about wool and shoddy? they asked. Can he estimate a wall-paper job? Can he tackle an accountant's problem in our bookkeeping department? Can he type a respectable business letter? Can he sell shoes? You see, the people's boy had eventually to work for his living—and four years of book education was his sole capital! No doubt he was a better fellow for his high-school training, and in the long run his equipment counted; but his adjustment to the practical was too slow for his good and in some cases, save as a preparation for professional life, his training unfitted him for any adjustment at all.

The people, however, have not discovered the high school half so thoroughly as they are destined to do in the next few years. In spite of the extraordinary rush into the secondary schools, beginning with 1890, there are hundreds of thousands of children of high-school age—many of them quite unable to take any sort of traditional course—who have a right to be fitted somehow for efficient work. The state stands ready theoretically to make better citizens out of any of these boys and girls; but until lately the educators have lacked a program.

The program is still hampered, both by the believers in culture and by the college. In a most significant report, just put into circulation by the Secondary Department of the National Education Association, an attempt is made to free the high school from its close articulation with the college, in order that it might articulate better with boy-and-girl needs. Character is given to the report by the high reputation of its signers.

The report advocates a simpler and more flexible high-school course, the certificate of which shall be accepted by the college without restriction, even though the secondary school is to permit a wide election of studies, including practical courses that prepare for business and trade. "Many students," the report explains, "do not go to college because they took those courses which were dictated by their aptitudes and needs instead of courses prescribed by the college. On the other hand, many students do not take the courses which they need because they think they may go to college."

To quote a most significant statement from this document: "It is coming to be clearly recognized that the chief characteristic of education in a democracy, as contrasted with that in a society dominated by class distinctions, is the principle of the 'open door.' The principle of the open door is part of the great idea of the conservation of human gifts. It demands that personal worth should be recognized wherever found. The college is only one of the many doors that should be kept open."

The modern notion of the open door, as applied to secondary education, has in it, therefore, no antagonism to culture or to college; but it means more than a commercial course in stenography beside a course in Latin and Greek. It signifies a study of individual needs and an attempt to fit that individual for what the best wisdom of the moment considers his welfare! In the West, particularly, this has meant a program of studies made afresh for each boy and girl—exactly as nowadays corrective physical exercises are prescribed differently for each pupil. The resolute following out of this democratic formula has created a stir—as is always the case—reminding us that, "when the chemist disclosed what was in the preservative the result was a shock to the ultra-conservative."

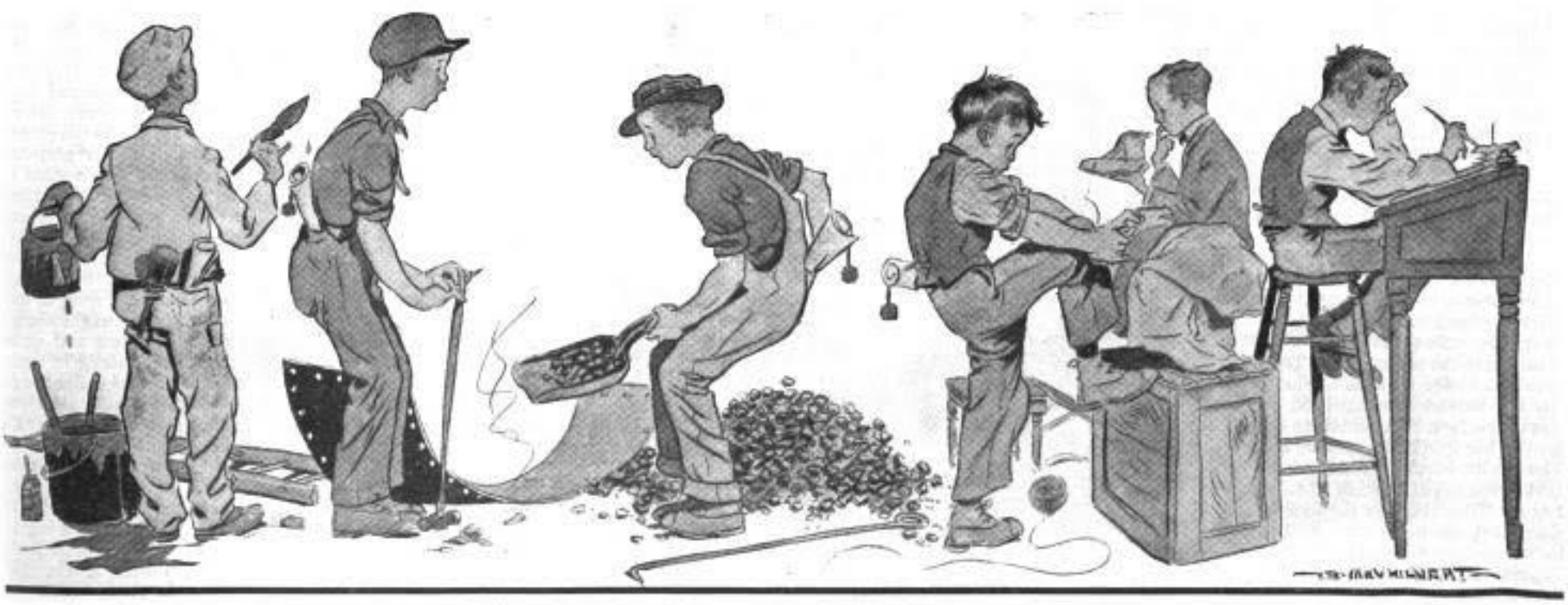
Most untraditional bedfellows sometimes appear. Blacksmithing may be pursued by a student who has already chosen Greek—suggesting Elihu Burritt; while a chap who needs to know more about agriculture is set to work in a field laboratory—and no one cares if he never studies French! In Massachusetts, Commissioner of Education Snedden is developing boys educationally in work that looks marvelously like landscape gardening, house-painting, furniture making; and he claims there's culture in it too! In the end, culture is bound to get you, whatever your original pedagogic position.

Culture Courses and Bread-and-Butter

FOR a while the people, who pay the bills and are therefore keen for bargains and cut rates, may seem to forget that to the ideal of preparing for life there is an ordinary interpretation and an exalted one. So one may expect to see the high schools turned topsyturvy and back several times before they settle into the normal again—which will never be quite the former normal. Still, the new owners show considerable insight. They do not care too much for out-and-out bread-and-butter courses. They give time ungrudgingly to "ornamental design" and to those marvelous four-part songs. Impracticable "organized play" is delightfully popular—the out-of-door and indoor games; the rhythmic wand drills and stately dances, revived from an older time. How it takes you when you see a half hundred skillful lads and maids "footing it featly" in motion poetry, almost Greek! And the new owners have no word of protest for the wonderful pageants and dramas that come with the new festival interest. What artistry the people's children show in the manipulation of wood and metal! And literature, as a vision of the heart of man—enjoyed, sensed, dreamed over—is richer than ever in its contribution to living and preparation for living. These new discoverers believe in vocational training, but they are too wise to ignore the avocational needs, to use George Drayton Strayer's phrase; they ask for an education to meet the hours of daily work, though they demand, not less earnestly, an education for the blessed hours of leisure. The bread-and-butter-fly that they seem to know lives too often on an impoverished diet and expires early of malnutrition—see Professor L. Carroll: Through the Looking-Glass.

The community has rediscovered the high school—the whole community, including those "persons of the better sort" who desire Greek and Latin and theoretical mathematics. The high school, as nowadays conceived, is a democratic institution that is attempting to meet every legitimate educational need of boys and girls between the ages of twelve and eighteen. Preparation for lifework is its ideal, which need not be a low one; and it bases its scheme of studies upon no traditional plan that will not bear the test of efficient service to the community about it.

It is the people's college, to describe it in the old phrase endeared by nearly seventy years of use; and, though the culturist was its original discoverer and the college its temporary captor, the whole people are absolutely its present owners. For proof, trace the source of the School Budget.



What Boots it Whether Your Graduate Knows How to Eliminate X and Y if He is Too Dainty to Paint a Roof or Pound Hot Bolts?

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THE RECORDING ANGEL

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT



She Felt Queer, as if an Angel Had Just Spit in Her Face

VII

THERE are bombs and bombs. Those, for example, cast honorably by a hostile army into a defenseless city, and the assassin variety, aimed by anarchists at the stomachs of respectable people, "and many others," as children say in the geography class when they are naming the products of foreign countries. But the most thrilling of all is the human bomb that drops down into a somnambulent community with its fuse burning. Jim Bone produced this effect upon the peaceful coma of Ruckersville. During the few weeks after his arrival there was a curious cleared space about him upon which no one intruded. That is to say, no one asked him how was his health, or what was his business, or how long he purposed to remain. But every one saw that his fuse was burning; and no one knew whether this meant that he would shoot the sheriff, or behave like the conventional prodigal and go up to be prayed for at the evening service in church, where the usual June revival was in progress. During the day he might be seen seated beneath the awning of Daddisman's Hotel, his chair tilted back against the wall, his long legs spread out impudently on the sidewalk, his body doubled till he sat on the small of his back, and his shirt laced up in front with a blue shoestring. He was really a wounded man suffering from the cupid fever. But no one knew this. The dog that had attached itself to him that first evening was literally the one creature who understood the situation. The dog lay always in front, hindlegs folded forward, forepaws extended and his red-brown hound's head resting upon them, while his adoring eyes never left the face of his friend except when some one passed. Then he arose, extended his tail, wagged it in expository fashion as much as to say: "This is Mr. Jim Bone, my new master. You may remember him; he left here some years ago. Nice fellow, feeds well and no bad habits."

The trouble was, nobody believed the dog. One day shortly after Bone's arrival Tony Adams, who had been sober long enough to shave and put on a clean shirt, hurried round the corner, came close to his chair and murmured in that mysterious male undertone men have when they smell blood:

"Better git up and git, Jim. The sheriff's after you. Swore out a warrant for you early this morning."

"Say, he did?"

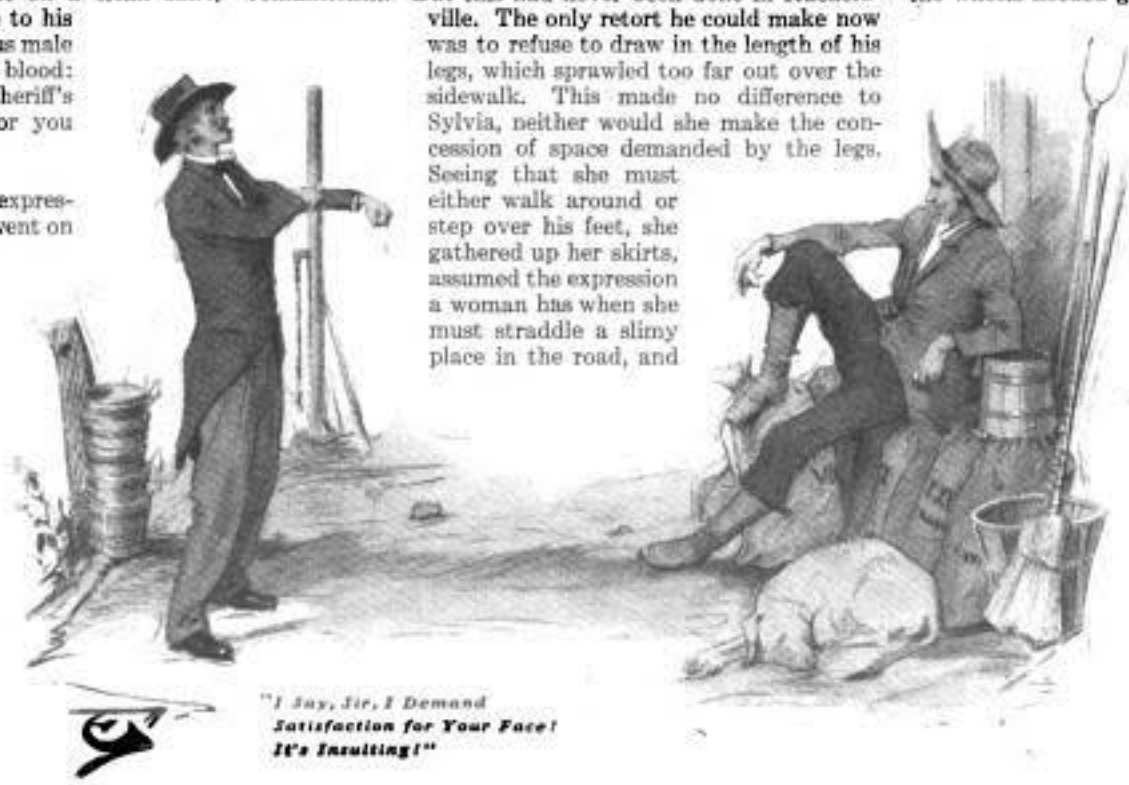
His lethargy was the superlative expression of contempt for the sheriff. He went on whittling the stick upon which he was at that moment engaged.

Tony had become his adoring but distant satellite. He would have been a boon companion like the dog, but Mr. Bone treated him with the same reserve that he did the rest of the community. Tony had the feeling that his fate hung in the balance of that dark, inscrutable face. He sometimes followed him into Bilfire's saloon and bore with humility the insult of not being asked to drink with the hero. Tony received the impression that, not being quite a man, he was not yet entitled to the privilege of drinking with one. He felt like a fool on probation. And he resented nothing. But he desired above everything that Jim would ask a favor of him. He was merely standing afar off, publican fashion, fascinated and waiting for this direful demigod in top-boots to make up his mind as to what sacrifice and service he desired of him.

The life of the world in miniature flowed slowly, softly through the streets of the town. And the peculiar features of it appeared to fascinate Bone. He was taking a census of the situation; he was being revived from the long past. He observed the young negro lads now in the rabbit-hunting period of their development, and recalled far back the time when he was their whooping companion upon the red hills in the broom sedge. He recognized the faces of certain old tubby black mammies, and of lean old men, black and white. All drifted by like shadows that memory cast upon the golden background of his youth. No one spoke to him. He was the italics of a dark and bloody night to them, now twenty years old but still remembered. Ruckersville was not in the habit of emptying its veins upon a card table. All difficulties were carried on in a vituperating vocabulary or, in extreme excess, with bare fists. Georgians do not like to kill. They have a morality against the shedding of human blood with a knife. And they were not inclined now to welcome the man who had left four scars, varying from three to five inches in length, upon the person of Tony Adams. Tony was nobody's pet, still his veins were a sacred trust imparted to him by Nature, which had been violated by this shanky prodigal. If he went up to be prayed for, good and well. If he did not, then he was not a proper prodigal and they would have nothing to do with him. This was about the size of it.

Meanwhile Jim made no advances. He had not determined in his own mind yet whether to continue the rôle of criminal, which had shadowed his past in Ruckersville and had since made him the hero of more than one Western tour; or to yield his scalp as a lover; or to become a prominent citizen; or simply to go away with his feathers singed. The whole situation had been complicated by Sylvia Story, the woman he had seen that first day upon the porch of the old house beyond the oat field. If Sylvia had been a star-faced maiden the situation might have been simple. He could have managed to kiss her by this time and, satisfied with that commonplace victory—which men of his type rarely press farther with star-faced maidens—he might have gone on about his business. The thing that troubled him was whether he could kiss Sylvia. She was the kind of woman who excites this sort of speculation in a man without gratifying his curiosity. He had seen her once on the street, and she made no modest pretense of not seeing him.

Once he was sitting under the hotel awning when she passed, stepping with that curious muscular grace common to some women and to jungle cats. She covered him some distance off with the dark mystery of her splendid eyes. It was the serene challenge of the woman who has the upper hand and knows it. He understood and resented the insinuation. No man knows how to court such a woman. His instinct is to catch her around the waist and walk off with her without any preliminary romanticism. But this had never been done in Ruckersville. The only retort he could make now was to refuse to draw in the length of his legs, which sprawled too far out over the sidewalk. This made no difference to Sylvia, neither would she make the concession of space demanded by the legs. Seeing that she must either walk around or step over his feet, she gathered up her skirts, assumed the expression a woman has when she must straddle a slimy place in the road, and was about to step over the first one, when he capitulated and jerked both out of the way with a growl.



"I Say, Sir, I Demand Satisfaction for Your Face! It's Insulting!"

"Still," the keen sting of a smile in the tail of Sylvia's eye seemed to say as she went on, "you had to move them!"

When a woman makes a point like that a man's animal self-respect compels him to remain upon the scene until he wins. Love is not love, either in men or women. It is the instinct to subjugate, an instinct of which Nature makes excellent use. This accounts for the unhappiness that love engenders in the breasts of its victims. There were evening hours every day when Mr. Bone felt like a particularly vicious steer that has had his horns sawed off. He was not himself. He was better than himself. He was forced by this ever-renewing emotion to "freshen up," so to speak. That is another natural thing about love that looks queer. It has a grotesque way of rejuvenating a man in spite of his age and habits. This is why the old widower wears a telltale blossom in his buttonhole. He cannot help it.

Nature is a series of nets prepared to catch us, to retain us a while as we drift downward on our way back to dust. God is not nearly so particular as some preachers represent about the way He redeems a man. The gospel is much broader than the Acts of the Apostles. Every instinct is a candle buoy to life everlasting. The only way you get down at the end is because you retain the awful privilege of falling from grace—every grace, including that of love. This is really an expression of His respect for man. You have forever the right to fall. And this was what depressed our hero as he considered his present situation. He had been in love so often, had so many times experienced the transitory recreation of passion. He was one who took his salvation backward and lost it every time he went forward. That is to say, the women he had loved were the women who had ended by tiring him the most. You could not trust them to last. He did not dream how equally true the reverse of this same experience was for the women in question.

In short, his plans had gone wrong. Fate had ignored them. He had somehow been deprived of cutting the figure he meant to cut when he decided to make this brief visit to the home of his youth. He was an indifferent ranchman, who had made a fortune accidentally by staking a claim somewhere in Colorado during one of his periodical sprees.

He was returning from New York, where he had been to close the deal in which he sold his stake for an amazing sum. By a digression from the straight route back to New Mexico he could take in Ruckersville, merely as an eagle might visit an old discarded nest. Nothing had been farther from his intention than to remain there longer than it would take to "paint the old town red." But from the moment he had set foot in it he had been in a trance, a trance that he knew was ridiculous, but that he could not make up his mind to break. The fact is, his mind had been dissolved, not only by Sylvia but by the whole situation. One day a wagon loaded with shingles and drawn by a pair of black-and-white spotted oxen passed. The hubs of the wheels needed greasing and gave a groaning voice to the thing as it went by. The oxen held their heads close to the ground beneath the yoke, leaned away from each other and crept along at a snail's pace. He restrained the impulse to run out and swing on to the pole that projected behind, as he had done when he was a boy. Really he was alarmed at this recrudescence of the youth he had been. Not being a psychologist, he did not understand how some accident of a long-forgotten sight, or a song, or any little circumstance, might change the mental cylinders and cause the mind to act merely in terms of the past. He was obliged to go to Bilfire's saloon and take three drinks before he could recover his normal consciousness.

When he was not loafing in the saloon or beneath the awning of the hotel he sometimes transferred himself to a seat upon a bag of seed potatoes in front of the store of Magnis, Luster & Co. He would there be flanked upon one side by a measure of rutabaga

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turnips and on the other by an open sack of dried peaches. He helped himself from each alternately, devouring both with equal relish. Turnips were the only fresh food he ate. At the hotel he persisted in demanding canned goods, mostly beef and tomatoes. This perversion of taste puzzled everybody in Ruckersville, for everybody had heard *of it*. He was the central topic of all the backbiting done in the town at this time.

"Eats like he'd been on an Arctic expedition," said Daddisman.

As a matter of fact, he had lived for years where the only food supplies were canned stuffs, such as men, when they have no women to cook for them, are very apt to resort to.

While he peeled his turnip and sliced it into his mouth, he stared at the monument raised in memory of the Confederate soldiers, which stood before him in the middle of the square and for some reason appeared to afford him amusement. The truth was, the figure of the soldier on the pedestal was of extremely short stature. This was due to the fact that the Daughters of the Confederacy, who had erected the monument, had not been able to afford the price demanded, and the skinflint sculptor shortened the legs of the hero to make up the difference. It was a sacred defect about which Ruckersville was so sensitive that it was never mentioned. No one doubts that as many men of low stature are brave as of tall stature; but the altitude of hero worship requires, if you raise a statue to the memory of a man, even if he is not over five feet high, that the thing shall be at least ten feet to produce the proper effect. Jim Bone had seen the world, particularly the world of the West, where the sense of things is gigantic. And the realistic brevity of the legs of the Confederate hero tickled him. He discovered in it that element of the grotesque that is so characteristic of the South, when it exalteth itself either in oratory or in any other form of exaggeration. The visible facts never warranted the proclamation. We are too poor in dollars and cents to evidence the greatness of our spirits.

One day as he sat contemplating the gallant pose of the duck-legged statue, with his mouth drawn back in a wedge-shaped smile and his nose tilted at the usual offensive angle above it, a sharp tenor voice interrupted his reverie:

"Sir, do you mean anything derogatory to the glory of the Confederacy by that damned grin?"

Slowly the wedge-shaped grin was turned up and fixed upon Captain Martin, who had placed himself directly, boldly, in front of the offense. It widened, increased, and it continued to mean the same thing, whatever that was.

"I say, sir, I demand satisfaction for your face! It's insulting!" He squared his poor old body, dashed at first one sleeve, then the other, to push them up, balled the skinny old hand into a fist, crooked the arm above, and grasped his biceps in the other hand with restrained emotion. His mustache bristled, his goatee worked furiously. His eyes danced with valorous frenzy.

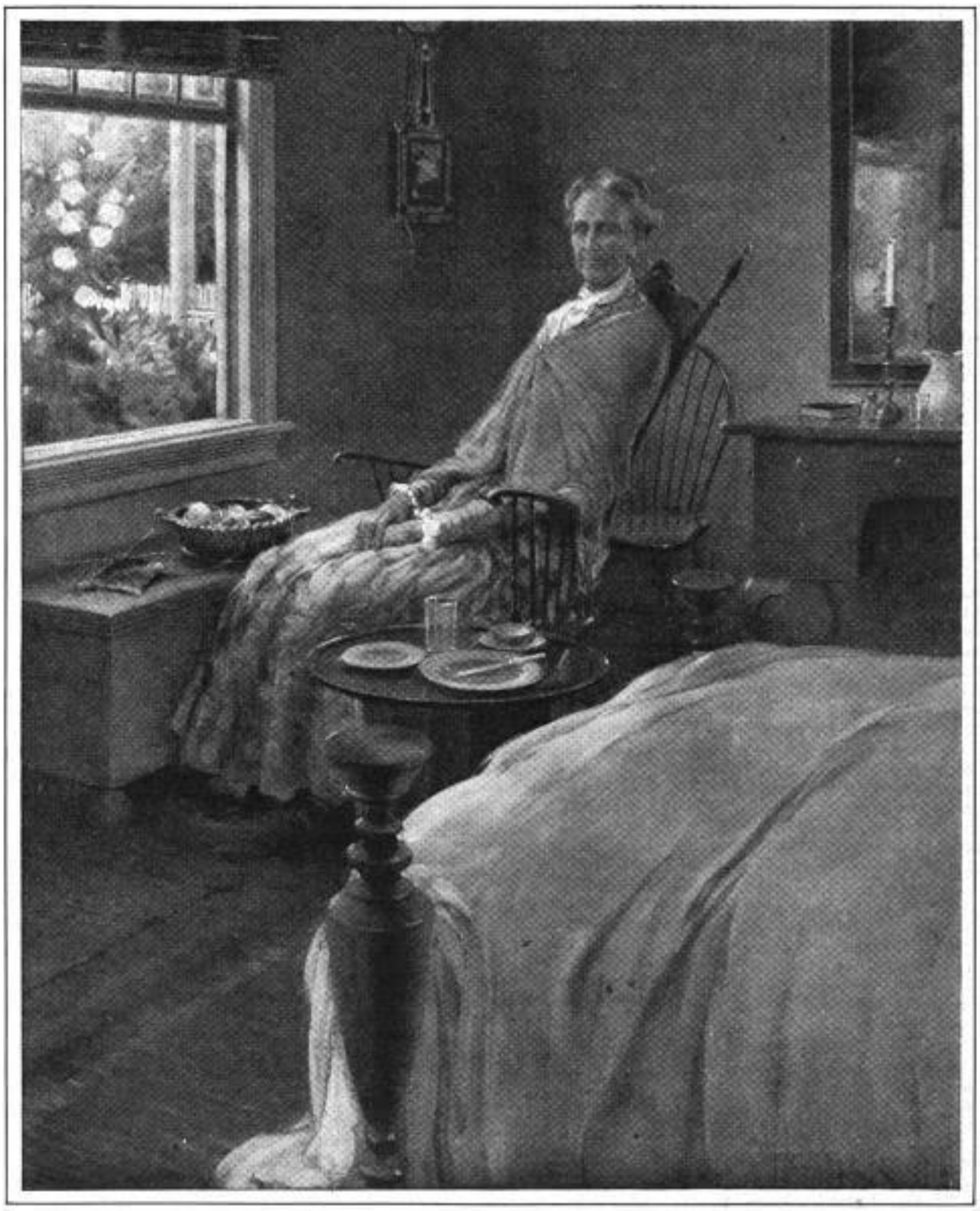
Bone stood up, shook his loose trousers legs down, closed his clasknife with a snap, turned his back upon the captain and remarked as he walked off:

"The legs of the durn thing's too short. Glory ought always to be long in its stride."

Every day Bone devoted the kissing hour of twilight to Sylvia Story. No one suspected this, least of all Sylvia, a circumstance for which he was devoutly thankful. For he was the sworn enemy of his passion and desired to escape before it should be discovered. Nevertheless, in the late afternoon he and the dog retired to his room in the hotel, where he made an elaborate toilet. That is to say, he scrubbed thoroughly, put on a clean shirt laced with a red shoestring, exchanged his corduroy trousers for a pair of gray checked ones—which showed his symptoms only by a green thread that ran through the checks—and brushed his boots. He was with his boots as a woman is with her corset—he could not do without them. They were a part of his magnificent leg consciousness. And, no matter how hot the weather was, if he was in love he wore boots, just as Mildred Percey would have tightened the waist laces of her corset. Love is probably the first evolution in the physical history of man and the inspiration of the first bath that Adam took. You will observe that the natural primitive boy never voluntarily bathes behind his ears or shaves the back of his neck until he reaches that age of adolescence when he actually "sees a girl." Then he begins to oil his wings and perfume himself. Later he leaves off the perfume and waxes his mustache.

The dog superintended these preparations with sympathy and every appearance of masculine intelligence. He applied the test of his nose to the checked trousers and found them satisfactory. He stood in front of the poor hobbled lover and wagged his tail in unison, while the afflicted one sat down, bent double, and secretly shined his boots as far up as they could be made to shine. When they were ready to start, and the lover made sure that his hat was on sideways at the lady-killing angle, the dog leaped pleasantly upon his hindlegs and did all he could to cheer Jim Bone, for it was perfectly clear to his hound's sense of the situation that the victim resented the bondage of decking himself according to the demands of love.

The two then went out together. Mr. Bone put his hands in his pockets, smoked a cigar which sustained the same angle to his nose that a hen's tail does to her back when she sings, and meant the same thing. He strolled through the town in this style, with Bimber trotting at his heels, the dog's hindlegs about two inches farther to the right than his forelegs, and his tail held delicately at half-mast. They were observed from behind the primly starched curtains of old Mr. Percey's residence as they went by, also from behind the equally maidenly reserved curtains of the Misses Yancey's residence. But neither of them was conscious of this flattery. From sundown to dark they engaged in a leisurely, spectacular walk upon the hill and in the pasture about the old house on the edge of town, where Sylvia Story lived with her father, Mr. Clark Story. That is to say, the dog pretended to hunt in order to give his master the decent cover of an occupation. The man merely strode moodily, grandly about after Bimber, filled with indignation and disgust for himself and an unendurable longing to see Sylvia at one of the windows or out on the old hooded porch. This was denied him. She was the kind of woman a man must overtake. She would never face about and wait for him. Her experience proved that this was not necessary in her case.



"He Loves Me—He Pets Me Yet, When I am So Old," Enunciated Amy Softly, as if She Whispered a Miracle

VIII

WHEN the hour for revival services at the church arrived, the prodigal, accompanied by Tony Adams and the dog, was always to be seen, seated three benches in the rear of the congregation. Tony wore the expression of a lost boy and occupied the darkest corner. The dog sat upon the floor and had to be kicked when certain hymns were sung to keep him from adding a howling refrain. Mr. Bone covered all the remaining space. His arms were stretched as far as they could reach along the back of the bench, his legs spraddled as usual in an ungainly manner. There was nothing offensive in his expression. It was merely enigmatical, and might have resembled Satan's if he had been permitted to attend choir practice in Heaven.

Ruckersville was a church-going community. The sinners believed in God even more than the saints did. This is generally the case. As a rule, a saint gets to believe more and more in himself; but a sinner is deprived of this privilege and continues probably the dearest child of the Father in this world, being sadly conscious of his unworthiness. And it explains in terms of humanity the reasons why the publican's prayer is so much prized to this day. It is the one proper prayer ever uttered by a mere man, and for that reason it is set down in the Scriptures as a pattern.

The trouble with Ruckersville was that about a generation before the present prodigal was born the saints had got the upper hand of the situation and had created a decimated public opinion, which excluded all worldly amusements, golden ornaments, and many other things as natural for men and women to have as their hair and legs. The crop of sinners resulting from this arrangement was overwhelming. If you played cards you were lost, and

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might as well go the whole hog—gamble—and have done with it. If you drank you were also lost, and might as well get drunk for the same reason. If young, male or female—but more particularly the latter—and experiencing that pastoral frivolity of the leg muscles that can only be relieved by dancing, your feet took hold on hell. You showed the evidence of a fallen nature. Virtue had gone out of you. There was not a girl or a respectable woman in Ruckersville who had ever danced a minuet or waltzed with a man's arm about her waist. It appeared that there was something contagious about either the arm or the waist. The subject was so scandalous that no one ever explained which one had the contagion. This, of course, was not the case in the old Joseph Rucker julep days of romance and king's-grant prosperity. But when your aristocrat becomes poor and religious in his pride, he is one of the narrowest-minded moral skinflints in creation. This was why there were so many well-born, bony, unmarried, chaste, poor-spirited women in the town. It also explained in part why all the men drank, played cards for money and went fox hunting in desperation. The poor creatures instinctively revolted against the lockstep of such inhuman respectability. Righteousness is a terrible thing when a conscientious fool enforces it. And if nine-tenths of us did not backslide, the world would dwindle down to a few childless ascetics on each continent and just the devil walking to and fro with all the natural instincts to tempt them back to life.

At the time of which I am writing there were but two persons in Ruckersville who had any inkling of this truth. One was Jim Bone, who was making a sort of heathen effort at comprehension as he sat behind the congregation and divided his attention between the wonderful head of Sylvia Story, who sat in the choir singing like a vestal virgin, and the general forlornness in the faces of the elder men and women, who appeared to have been saved by some kind of devastating grace.

The other person who really understood was Amy White, a blind pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, who sat in her gorgeously flowered calico dress with some of the older women in the amen corner, dreaming her dreams and thinking up broader salvation scriptures for her little Book of Life, into which Elbert copied them from time to time. Being blind and good she could not see to divide the sheep from the goats. She was in her heart that sweet rain that falls alike upon the just and the unjust. She was forgiven by those who saw her lack of discrimination because of her limitations.

The preacher's eloquence had become fiery and concentrated since the appearance of Jim Bone in the congregation. The preacher was a good man, who firmly believed that his Heavenly Father was a severe one. His religion was a sort of spiritual penitentiary of the soul, and nothing could exceed the ardor with which he sincerely labored for the incarceration of other souls. As the prodigal sat night after night apparently unmoved, the mind of the whole congregation settled upon him. Amy felt the tension, but was unable to account for it.

One night in the midst of a poignant silence, following an invitation to sinners to come forward for prayers, she leaned over to Rachel Martin, the captain's wife, her brow sweetly puzzled with fine wrinkles, and whispered:

"Rachel, what is the matter? There must be a terrible sinner present."

It was as if she had said:

"Rachel, there must be a skunk in the house. I smell him!"

"There is!" whispered Mrs. Martin. "It's that Jim Bone, settin' yonder on the back bench as if he enjoyed damnation, makin' of himself a stumblin' block to this revival."

"I remember him years ago," returned Amy. "He wasn't a bad boy."

"No," snapped Mrs. Martin, "just bad enough to slit Tony Adams open in four places with his pocket-knife the night before he left here. And from the looks of him he hasn't improved any out West where he's been livin'."

Mrs. Martin was righteously indignant. This is the severest form of indignation known to man, because it can be indulged to any extent conscientiously. And in Ruckersville she was the very fountain of it. She was in religious circles what Mrs. Fanning-Rucker was everywhere else, the moving spirit. Rachel Martin was a stout woman, whose hats refused to become her. Her features were too drastic to harmonize with anything so feminine as a turban or a lady's bonnet. She loved the captain with all her heart, talked about her neighbors scandalously, read a leaflet at every meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society, and always prayed for "a closer walk with God." But she was not a hypocrite. She was only a spiritual ignoramus. She had the courage of her convictions, a dangerous form of valor in any kind of ignoramus. And she was now about to show it. She moved restlessly in her place beside Amy—like a setting hen so ruffled and disturbed in her nest that she has a good mind to get up, get off of it and go peck somebody. The awful absurdity of her attitude was that she believed she was being "moved by the Spirit." The silence became frightful. The preacher stood waiting. Everybody forgot that they also were sinners, and waited with him.

If the prodigal on the back bench suspected that this was his affair, he did not show it in a single lineament of his face. His repose was profound. You might have said it was gentle. He really had been moved. He had been changed; but if it had been known how changed, the preacher at least might have fainted. It is astonishing what thoughts, what strange inspirations will come to a man in church. Suddenly, as Jim sat there with the people before him, he had a sense of them, what they had suffered; the poverty and stringency of their lives touched him half humorously, half compassionately. He did not hear the exhortation nor see the sad, beseeching, mourning faces turned in his direction. He was making up his mind to redeem the place and the people from the dullness and dreariness that stupefied them. He was enjoying the sensation of a humorist and a philanthropist at the same time.

Naturally Mrs. Rachel Martin could not have known this. She arose from her place, fixed her eyes calmly, compellingly upon him, and advanced down the aisle. Nothing is more common still in many communities, especially in the South, than a church-worker who will go about in the congregation during a revival, personally exhorting particularly hardened or refractory sinners.

There was a stir in the congregation, a mere stir. No one turned his or her head any more than you would look in on a boy who is about to be spanked by his mother. Every one expected a severe struggle between Rachel and the prodigal.

Mr. Bone remained serenely unconscious. He was absorbed in the sudden unfolding of his plans for the future. He did not even observe the approach of Mrs. Martin, and it had passed out of his memory what such a visitation might signify—so long a time had elapsed since he had been in a company where one man or woman considered himself better than any other. But Tony saw and understood with the helpless alarm of a poor sheep whose transgressions have long since relegated him to the company of goats.

Mrs. Martin paused halfway down the aisle to take out her glasses and put them on. Tony took advantage of this moment of inattention to slide gently, noiselessly down out of sight. He assumed a cramped but four-legged posture very gratifying to the dog, who accepted the advent as a personal compliment and immediately made room for him.

Rachel was surprised when she got her glasses on. She thought she had seen Tony back there, but she concluded that she must have been mistaken. She went in between the benches and sat down by the prodigal, who at once recalled his attention from the plans he was elaborating and fixed it, along with his eyes, upon Mrs. Martin. He remembered her as she looked when he was a youth. She had not changed. He recalled that in those days there was an undeclared enmity between them. The nature of it had to do with a certain June-apple tree in the Rucker-Martin garden.

She sat down beside him, regarded him serenely over the top of her glasses and began:

"Jim, I knew your mother. Her grandfather was my grandfather's second cousin. She's not here to do for you as a mother would, an' I'm goin' to take her place as near as I can."

It was as if she meant:

"I owe it to the family, and cannot allow even a distant relative of mine to be damned without making a conscientious effort to save him from such a fate."

Mr. Bone understood, drew his members together, crossed his legs, furled his arms, nodded his head, and gave her a steady, disconcerting attention.

"You've been here a month now, and this meetin's been goin' on and you here every night showin' no signs of repentance. You've come home to stay, I reckon, and we want you to lay aside your wildness, make up your mind to behave yourself, get up off of this bench, and go up yonder to that altar and pray for forgiveness."

"Just as lief!" was the astonishing reply, as if he had not thought of it before. He was not repentant, being of that class of men who grow the way they are going without the pruning of public prayers. And, like many another in a similar situation, he had no compunction about acting a lie, rather than undergo the hysteria of an argument about his soul. Such a man's soul is always his spiritual $x\ y\ z$, which equals the unknown.

"Come along then!" said Rachel, rising and making way for him.

The next moment they advanced down the aisle, Mr. Bone in front, with his hands tied behind him, so to speak. He was looking straight into the eyes of Sylvia Story. If you did not understand, you might have called it a sacrilege, that queer appeal of the $x\ y\ z$ to the unknown other half of his equation. Rachel brought up the rear. You experienced a change of heart at the sight of her. The tears were streaming down her grim old face, softening it. She had done a good deed. The sod of her soul was turning green, was blossoming before your eyes. A fool may become great in the twinkling of an eye. God has arranged it so without reference to our little systems of judgment. The hypocrite is sometimes a saint for one aurora moment, and the saint does not always avoid the limelight of hypocrisy. They knelt together, side by side. It was as if Rachel wanted the Lord to see her there. We are all such children as that in the presence of Him, sometimes hiding, sometimes showing off.

On his knees the prodigal was immense. On hers, the old tartar saint was no longer absurd.

Sylvia Story was the only person who was sufficiently detached from the scene at the altar to observe what was going on in the back of the house. Slowly the head of Tony Adams reappeared. His fine, thin, blond hair was tousled. He slyly lifted himself to a sitting posture upon the bench. He wore the expression of an actor who had missed his cue and had been left in the wings on this account. It was an expression of pathetic regret. This was his fate always; and if by any chance he got the right cue he invariably went on a spree and lost it. The dog crept out in the aisle, sat down, and pointed his nose inquisitively at the kneeling figure of his master. It seemed to him that he had better remain in the background with Tony. He hoped everything would turn out for the best. Still, that was a very queer, unmasterly attitude in which he beheld his master.

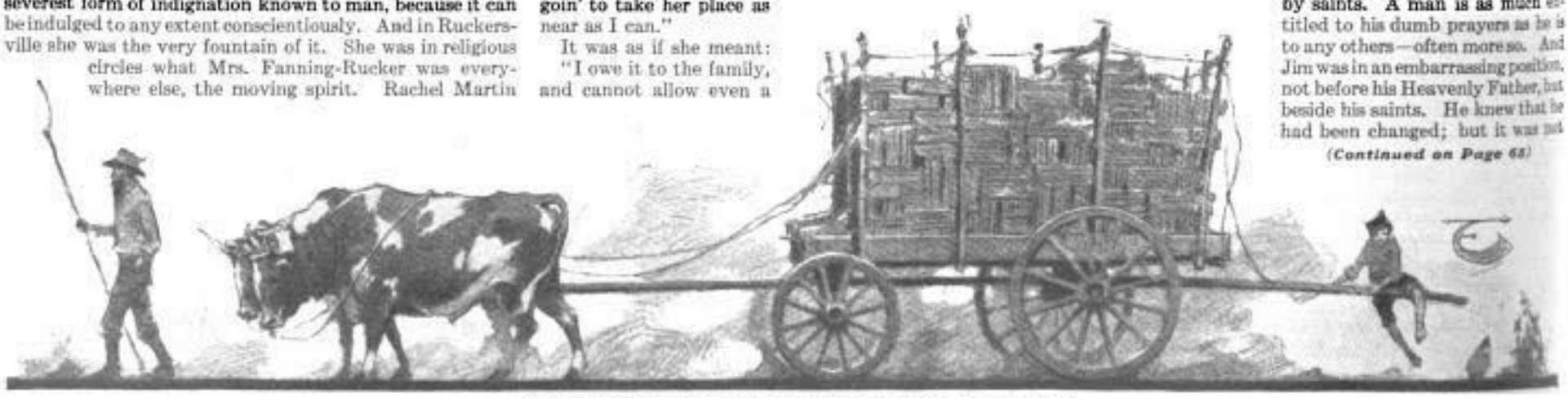
Young Mr. Ellis, the minister, stood inside the altar rail, wearing that peculiar animation of the transfigured human. If he had been Peter on the Sea of Galilee and had caught one fish—a leviathan—in his net, he could not have been better satisfied. Still, he looked out over the congregation and said: "Is there not another?"

No one moved. Apparently there was not. The sea flowed by in the sweet smile of thankful faces. He lifted his hands. "Let us pray!"

That is always a majestic sentence. It brings the Maker of the heavens and the earth upon the scene. It banishes the sneers of the world; it makes an atheist look like a rotten gourd. No matter what errors of doctrine went before, or what shallow sentimentality of singing, or how many hypocrites or sinners are present, the curtain rises for a moment upon the far eternity of man, and we have a fleeting glimpse of little stars holding up their hands to shut out the too-great glory of God.

It is neither here nor there that a few younger, prayer-messenger angels may have tittered at the dumbness of the prodigal kneeling so well-flanked by saints. A man is as much entitled to his dumb prayers as he is to any others—often more so. And Jim was in an embarrassing position, not before his Heavenly Father, but beside his saints. He knew that he had been changed; but it was not

(Continued on Page 65)



He Restrained the Impulse to Run Out and Swing on to the Pole

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THE LIGHTED WAY

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

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XXX

ARNOLD stood quite still for several moments. The shock seemed to deprive him of the power of speech.

"Is it my fancy," Sabatini inquired, "or is the name familiar to you?"

"The name is familiar," Arnold confessed. Sabatini for a moment appeared to be puzzled.

"Lalonde," he repeated to himself. "Why, Lalonde," he added, looking up quickly, "was the name of the young lady whom you brought with you to Bourne End. An uncommon name too."

"Her uncle," Arnold declared—"the same man beyond a doubt. The police tried to arrest him two days ago and he escaped. You might have read of it in the paper. It was spoken of as an attempt to capture an anarchist. Lalonde fired at them when he made his escape."

Sabatini sighed.

"It is a small world," he admitted. "I know all about Isaac Lalonde, but I am very sorry indeed to hear that the young lady is connected with him. She seemed—I hope you will forgive me—to speak as though she lived in straitened circumstances. Do you mind telling me whether this event is likely to prove of inconvenience to her?"

Arnold shook his head.

"I am making arrangements to find her another apartment," he said. "We have been through some very dark times together. I feel that I have the right to do everything that is necessary. I have no one else to support."

Sabatini hesitated.

"If one might be permitted——" he began with what was for him a considerable amount of diffidence.

Arnold interposed a little brusquely.

"The care of Ruth Lalonde is upon my shoulders," he insisted. "There can be no question about that. From me it is not charity, for she shared her meals with me when I was practically starving. I am going to ask you more questions."

"Proceed, by all means," Sabatini invited.

"Was Starling concerned in this Rosario affair?"

"Not directly," Sabatini admitted.

"Then why," Arnold demanded, "does he hide and behave like a frightened child?"

"A pertinent question," Sabatini agreed. "You have to take into account the man's constitutional cowardice. It is a fact, however, that he was perfectly well aware of what was going to happen, and there are circumstances connected with the affair—a document, for instance, which we know to be in the hands of the police—that account for their suspicions and would certainly tend to implicate our friend Starling. It would be quite easy to make out a very strong case against him."

"I do not understand," Arnold said after several moments' silence, "what interest Isaac Lalonde could possibly have had in killing Rosario."

Sabatini contemplated for a few moments the tip of his shoe. Then he sighed gently and lit a cigarette.

"For a young man," he remarked, "it is certain that you have a great deal of curiosity. Still you have also, I believe, discretion. Listen then. There is a certain country in the south of Europe which all those who are behind the scenes know to be on the brink of a revolution. The capital is already filled with newspaper correspondents; the thunder mutters day by day. The army is unpaid and full of discontent. For that reason it is believed that their spirit is entirely revolutionary. Every morning we who know expect to read in the papers that the royal palace has been stormed and that the king is an exile. This was the state of things until about a week ago. Did you read the papers on Tuesday morning last?"

Arnold shook his head. "Perhaps," he replied. "I saw nothing that I can remember."

"That morning," Sabatini continued—"the morning of Rosario's death—one read that the government of that country, which had vainly applied for a loan to all the bankers of Europe with a view to satisfying the claims of the army and navy, had at last succeeded in arranging one through the intervention of Rosario. The paragraph was probably inspired, but it spoke plainly. It went so far even as to say that the loan had probably averted a revolution. The man who had saved the monarchy of an ancient nation was Rosario. One of his rewards, I think, was to have been a title and a distinguished order. It was understood among us that this was the real bait. Rosario's actual reward you know of."

"But where does Isaac Lalonde come in?" Arnold demanded.

"Isaac Lalonde," Sabatini said, "is the London secretary of the revolutionary party of the country of which I have been speaking. I think," he concluded, "that your intelligence will make the rest clear."



Sabatini Paused Only to Light a Cigarette and Read the Telegram He Held Between His Fingers

With the palm of his hand Arnold struck the table on the edge of which he was sitting.

"Look here," he asked hoarsely; "if you knew all these things, if you knew that Isaac Lalonde had committed this murder, why do you go about with your lips closed? Why haven't you told the truth? An innocent man might be arrested at any time."

Sabatini smiled tolerantly.

"My dear fellow," he said, "why should I? Be reasonable! When you reach my age you will find that silence is often best. As a matter of fact, in this case my sympathies are very much involved. It is in the mind of many of those who hold the strings that when that revolution does take place it will be I who shall lead it."

Arnold was again bewildered.

"But you," he protested, "are of the ancient nobility of Europe. What place have you among a crowd of anarchists and revolutionaries?"

"You jump at conclusions, my young friend," Sabatini remarked. "The country of which we have spoken is my country, the country from which by an unjust decree I am exiled. There are among those who desire a change of government many aristocrats. It is not the democracy only whose hatred has been aroused by the selfish and brutal methods of the reigning house."

Arnold got down from his table and walked to the window. The telephone rang with some insignificant inquiry from a customer. The incident somehow relieved him. It brought him back to the world of everyday events. The reality of life once more obtruded itself upon his conscience. All the time Sabatini lounged at ease and watched Arnold, always with the faint beginning of a smile upon his lips.

"What I have told you," the latter continued after a few moments' pause, "must not during these days pass beyond the four walls of this singularly uninviting-looking apartment. I have nothing to add to or take from what I have said. The subject is closed. If you have more questions on any other subject I have still a few minutes."

"Very well, then," Arnold said, coming back to his place, "let us consider the Rosario matter disposed of. Let us go back for a moment to Starling. Tell me why you and your sister saw danger to yourselves in Starling's nervous breakdown? Tell me why, when I returned to Pelham Lodge with her that night, she found a dead man in her room, a man whose body was afterward mysteriously removed?"

"Quite a spirited number of questions," Sabatini remarked. "Well, to begin with, then, Rosario signed his death-warrant the moment he wrote his name across the parchment that guaranteed the loan. On the night when you first visited Pelham Lodge we heard the news. I believe that Lalonde and his friends would have killed him that night if they could have got at him. Lalonde, however, was a person of strange and inaccessible habits. He hated all aristocrats and he refused even to communicate with me. Speaking for myself, I was just as determined as Isaac Lalonde that Rosario should never conclude that loan. I told him so that night—Starling and I together. It was thought necessary, by those whose word I am content to accept, that what I had to say to Rosario should come through Starling. It was Starling, therefore, who told him what his position would be if he proceeded farther. I must admit that the fellow showed courage. He took a note of Starling's words, which he declared at the time should be deposited in his safe, so that if anything should happen to him some evidence might be forthcoming. The police without a doubt have been in possession of this document, and curiously enough Starling was at the Milan that day. You will perceive, therefore, that in the absence even of a reasonable alibi it might be difficult to prove his innocence. To our surprise, however—for we had some faith in the fellow—instead of taking this matter with the indifference of a brave man he has chosen to behave like a child. In his present half-maudlin state he would, I am afraid, if in serious danger of conviction, make statements likely to cause a good deal of inconvenience to myself, my sister's friends and others."

"Does he know himself who committed the murder?" Arnold asked.

Sabatini smiled.

"Perfectly well," he admitted, "but the fact helps him very little. Isaac Lalonde is rather a notable figure among European criminals. He belongs to a company of anarchists well-meaning but bloodthirsty, who hold by one another to the death. If Starling to save himself were to disclose the name of the real murderer he would simply make his exit from this life with a knife through his heart instead of the hangman's rope about his neck. These fellows, I believe, seldom commit crimes, but they are very much in earnest and very dangerous. If you ever happen to meet one of them with a red signet ring upon his fourth finger you can look out for trouble."

Arnold shivered for a moment.

"I have seen that ring," he murmured.

"You were a spectator of the tragedy, I remember," Sabatini agreed pleasantly. "Now are you quite satisfied about Starling?"

"I have heard all I want to about that," Arnold admitted.

"We come, then, to your last question," Sabatini said. "You demand to know the meaning of the unfortunate incident that occurred in my sister's boudoir. Here I think that I am really going to surprise you."

"Nothing," Arnold declared fervently, "could surprise me. However, go on."

"Neither Fenella nor myself," Sabatini asserted, "has the slightest idea as to how that man met with his death."

"But you know who he was?" Arnold asked. "You know why he was watching your house, why he seems to have broken into it?"

"I can assure you," Sabatini repeated, "that not only am I ignorant as to how the man met with his death, but I have no idea what he was doing in the house at all. The night Rosario was there it was different. They were on his track then, without a doubt, and they meant mischief. Since then, however, there has been a pronounced difference of opinion between the two branches of the revolutionary party—the one that I represent and the one that

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includes Lalonde and his friends. The consequence is that although we may be said to be working for the same ends we have drawn a little apart. We have had no communications whatever with Lalonde and his friends since the murder of Rosario. Therefore, I can only repeat that I am entirely in the dark as to what that man was doing in my sister's rooms or how he met with his death. You must remember that these fellows are all more or less criminals. Lalonde, I believe, is something of an exception, but the rest of them are at war with society to the extent of enriching themselves at the expense of their wealthier neighbors on every possible occasion. It is quite likely that the night they were watching Rosario it may have occurred to them that my sister's room contained a good many valuable trifles and was easily entered, especially as they seem to have had a meeting-place close at hand. That, however, is pure surmise. You follow me?"

Arnold sighed.

"In a way I suppose I do," he admitted. "But—it isn't easy, is it?"

"These matters are not easy," Sabatini agreed. "There are motives and counter-motives to be taken note of with which at present I do not weary you. I give you the clew. It is enough."

"But the mystery of the man's body being removed——" Arnold began.

Sabatini shrugged his shoulders.

"Our knowledge ends with what I have told you," he said. "We have no idea who killed the man, and what we know about his removal we know only from what you saw."

Arnold sat thinking for several moments. The telephone rang and some one inquired for Mr. Weatherley. When he had answered it he turned once more to his visitor.

"Do you know," he remarked, "that nothing that you have yet told me throws the slightest light upon the disappearance of Mr. Weatherley?"

Sabatini smiled.

"Ah! Well," he said, "I am afraid that as yet I have not fully appreciated that incident. In France it is by no means unusual that a man should take a hurried journey from his family. I, perhaps, have not sufficiently taken into account Mr. Weatherley's exactness and probity of life. His disappearance may, indeed, have a more alarming significance than either my sister or I have been inclined to give it, but let me assure you of this, my dear Chetwode, that even if Mr. Weatherley has come to serious grief neither Fenella nor I can suggest the slightest explanation for it. She knows of no reason for his absence. Neither do I. She is, however, just as convinced as I am that he will turn up again, and before very long."

Sabatini pushed away his chair and prepared to leave. His hand fell carelessly and yet almost affectionately upon the young man's shoulder.

"Perhaps," he said quietly, "I am what you are doubtless thinking me—something of a *poseur*. Perhaps I do like making a tax upon your sober British rectitude. I will admit that the spirit of adventure is in my heart; I will admit that there is in my blood the desire to take from him who hath and give to him who hath not; but on the other hand I have my standards, and I seriously do not think that you would be risking very much if you accepted my invitation to lunch today."

Arnold held out his hand.

"If I hesitate for a single moment," he replied frankly, "it is because of my work here. However, as you say that Mrs. Weatherley will be there, I will come."

"We shall look forward to the pleasure then," Sabatini concluded. "Now I will leave you to go on with your money-coining. *Au revoir!*"

He strolled gracefully out, pausing on his way through the clerks' office to offer a courteous farewell to Mr. Jarvis. The great automobile glided away. Arnold came back from the window and sat down in front of his desk. Before his eyes was a pile of invoices, in his brain a strange medley of facts and fancies.

Mr. Jarvis came bustling in.

"About those Canadian hams, Chetwode," he began.

Arnold recognized the voice of his savior.

"We'll go into the matter at once," he declared briskly.

XXXI

IT SEEMED to Arnold that he had passed indeed into a different world as he followed Count Sabatini's austere-looking butler across the white stone hall into the cool dining room, where the little party he had come to join was already at luncheon. Outside an unexpected heat seemed to have baked the streets and drained the very life from the air. Here the blinds were closely drawn; the great height of the room with its plain, faultless decorations, its piles of sweet-smelling flowers and the faint breeze that came through the closely drawn Venetians, made it like a little oasis of coolness and repose. The luncheon party consisted of four people—Count Sabatini himself, Lady Blennington, Fenella and a young man Arnold had seen once before, who was attached to one of the Legations. Fenella held out both her hands.

"I'm afraid I am late," Arnold said.

"It is my fault for not mentioning the hour," Sabatini interposed. "We are Continental in our tastes and we like to breakfast early."

"In any case you would be forgiven," Fenella declared with a fleeting smile, "for this, as you know, is our party of reconciliation."

"What, have you two been quarreling?" Lady Blennington exclaimed. "You don't deserve to have admirers, Fenella. You always treat them badly. How is it you've never been to see me, Mr. Chetwode?"

"Not because I have forgotten your kind invitation," Arnold replied, taking the chair by Fenella's side which the butler was holding for him. "Unfortunately I am at work nearly every afternoon."

"Mr. Chetwode is my husband's secretary now, you must remember," Fenella remarked, "and during his absence he naturally finds a great deal to do."

"Well, I am sure I am only too glad," Lady Blennington said, "to hear of a young man who does any work at all nowadays. They mostly seem to do nothing but hang about looking for a job. When you told me," she continued, "that you were really in the city I wasn't at all sure that you were in earnest."

Sabatini sighed.

"I can assure you, Lady Blennington," he declared, "that so far as my sex is represented here today we are very strenuous people indeed. Signor Di Marito here carries upon his shoulders a burden just at the present moment that few of the ambassadors would care to have to deal with. Mr. Chetwode I have visited in his office, and I can assure you that so far as regards his industry there is no manner of doubt. As for myself——"

Lady Blennington interrupted gayly.

"Come," she said, "I believe it of these two others if you insist, but you are not going to ask us to believe that you, the personification of idleness, are also among the toilers!"

Sabatini looked at her reproachfully.

"One is always misunderstood," he murmured. "This morning, as a matter of fact, I have been occupied since daybreak."

"Let us hear all about it," Lady Blennington demanded.

"My energies have been directed into two channels," Sabatini announced. "I have been making preparations for a possible journey and I have been trying to find a missing man."

Arnold looked up quickly. Fenella paused with her glass raised to her lips.

"Who is the missing man?" Lady Blennington asked.

"Mr. Weatherley," Sabatini replied. "We can scarcely call him that, perhaps, but he has certainly gone off on a little expedition without leaving his address."

"Well, you amaze me!" Lady Blennington exclaimed. "I never thought that he was that sort of a husband."

"Did you make any discoveries?" Arnold asked.

Sabatini shook his head.

"None," he confessed. "As an investigator I was a failure. However, I must say that I prosecuted my inquiries in one direction only. It may interest you to know that I have come to the conclusion that Mr. Weatherley's disappearance is not connected in any way with the matters of which we spoke this morning."

"Then it remains the more mysterious," Arnold declared.

"Fenella, at any rate, is not disposed to wear widow's weeds," Lady Blennington remarked. "Cheer up, dear, he'll come back all right. Husbands always do. It is our other intimate friends who desert us."

Fenella laughed.

"I am quite sure that you are right," she admitted. "I am not really worried at all. It is a very annoying manner, however, to go away, this—a desertion most unceremonious. And now Andrea here tells me that at any moment he too may leave me."

They all looked at him. Count Sabatini inclined his head gravely.

"Nothing is decided," he said. "I have friends abroad who generally let me know when things are stirring. There is a little cloud—it may blow over or it may be the presage of a storm. In a day or two we shall know."

"You men are to be envied," Lady Blennington sighed, speaking for a moment more seriously. "You have the power always to roam. You follow the music of the world wherever you will. The drum beats, you pull up your stakes and away you go. But for us poor women, alas! there is never any pulling up of the stakes. We, too, hear the music—perhaps we hear it oftener than you—but we may not follow."

"You have compensations," Sabatini remarked.

"We have compensations, of course," Lady Blennington admitted, "but what do they amount to after all?"

"You have also a different set of instincts," Signor Di Marito interposed. "There are other things in the life of a woman than to listen always to the wander music."

"The question is as old as the hills," Fenella declared, "and it bores me. I want some more omelet. Really, Andrea, your chef is a treasure. If you get your summons I think that I shall take him over. Who will come to the theater with me tonight? I have two stalls."

"I can't," Lady Blennington remarked. "I am going to a foolish dinner party; besides which, of course, you don't want to be bothered with a woman."

"Nor can I," Sabatini echoed. "I have appointments all the evening."

"I, alas!" Signor Di Marito sighed, "must not leave my post for one single moment. These are no days for theater-going for my poor countrymen."

"Then the duty seems to devolve upon you," Fenella decided, smiling toward Arnold.

"I am sorry," he replied, "but I too seem to be unfortunate. I could not possibly get away from the city in time."

"Absurd!" Fenella answered a little sharply. "You are like a boy with a new hobby. It is I who wish you to leave when you choose."

"Apart from that," Arnold continued, "I am sorry, but I have an engagement for the evening."

She made a little grimace.

"With your invalid friend?"

Arnold assented.

"I should not like to leave her alone this evening. She has been in a great deal of trouble lately."

There was a moment's silence. A slight frown had gathered on Fenella's forehead.

"I noticed that she was dressed wholly in black," she remarked. "Perhaps she is in trouble because she has lost a relative lately?"

"She appears to have no relatives in the world," Arnold declared, "except an uncle, and he, I am afraid, is a little worse than useless to her."

Sabatini, who had been listening, leaned a little forward.

"She lives entirely alone with the uncle of whom you have spoken?" he asked.

"Up till yesterday she has done so," Arnold answered gravely. "Just at present, as you know, he has gone away. I only wish that I could find him."

"Going away, as you put it," Fenella murmured, "seems to be rather the fashion just now."

Arnold glanced up quickly, but her expression was entirely innocent. He looked across the table, however, and found that Sabatini was watching him pensively. Fenella leaned toward him. She spoke almost in a whisper, but her tone was cold, almost unfriendly.

"I think," she said, "that with regard to that young woman you carry chivalry too far."

Arnold flushed slightly. Then Sabatini with a little murmur of words changed the conversation. Once more it became entirely general, and presently the meal drew toward a pleasant termination and Fenella and Lady Blennington left together. At the moment of departure the former turned toward Arnold.

"So I cannot induce you to become my escort for tonight?" she asked.

There was appeal, half humorous, half pathetic, in her eyes. Arnold hesitated, but only for a moment.

"I am sorry," he said, "but indeed I shall not be able to leave the office until after the time for the theater."

"You will not obey my orders about the office?"

"I could not in any case leave Ruth alone this evening," he replied.

Fenella turned away from him. The little gesture with which she refused to see his hand seemed to be one of dismissal.

"Signor Di Marito, you will take us to the automobile, will you not?" she said. "Perhaps we can drop you somewhere? Goodby, Andrea, and thank you very much for your charming luncheon. If the message comes you will telephone, I know."

Arnold lingered behind while Sabatini showed his guests to the door. When he too would have left, however, his host motioned him to resume his chair.

"Sit down for a few minutes," he begged. "You have probably seen enough of me for today, but I may be called away from England at any moment and there is a question I want to ask you before I go."

Arnold nodded.

"You are really in earnest, then, about leaving?" he asked.

"Assuredly," Sabatini replied. "I cannot tell you exactly how things may go in my country, but if there is a rising against the reigning house a Sabatini will certainly be there. I have had some experience in soldiering and I have a following. It is true that I am an exile, but I feel that my place is somewhere near the frontier."

Arnold glanced enviously at the man who lounged in the chair opposite to him. Count Sabatini seemed to carry even about his person a flavor from the far-off land of adventures.

"What I want to ask you is this," Sabatini said: "A few minutes ago you declared that you were anxious to discover the whereabouts of your little friend's uncle. Tell me why."

"I will tell you with pleasure," Arnold answered. "You see she is left absolutely alone in the world. I do not grumble at the charge of her, for when I was nearly starving she was kind to me and we passed our darkest days together. On the other hand, I know that she feels it

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keenly, and I think it is only right to try and find out if she has no relatives or friends who could possibly look after her."

"It is perfectly reasonable," Sabatini confessed. "I can tell you where to find Isaac Lalonde if you wish."

Arnold's little exclamation was one almost of dismay.

"You know?" he cried.

"Naturally," Sabatini admitted. "You have a tender conscience, my young friend, and a very limited knowledge of the great necessities of the world. You think that a man like Isaac Lalonde has no real place in a wholesome state of society. You have some reason in what you think, but you are not altogether right. In any case this is the truth. However much it may horrify you to know it, and notwithstanding our recent difference of opinion, communications have frequently taken place between the committee that is organizing the outbreak in Portugal, as one of which you may number me, and the extreme anarchists whom Isaac represents."

"You would not really accept aid from such!" Arnold exclaimed.

Sabatini smiled tolerantly.

"There are many unworthy materials," he said, "that go to the building of a great structure. Youth rebels at their use, but age and experience recognize their necessity. The anarchist of your halfpenny papers and police news is not always the bloodthirsty ruffian that you who read of him are led to suppose. Very often he is a man who strenuously seeks to see the light. It is not always his fault if the way that is shown him to freedom must sometimes cross the rivers of blood."

Arnold moved uneasily in his chair. His host spoke with such quiet conviction that the stock arguments that rose to his lips seemed, somehow, curiously ineffective.

"Nevertheless," he protested, "the philosophy of revolutions ——"

"We will not discuss it," Sabatini declared with a smile. "You and I need not waste our time in academic discussion. These things are beside the mark. What I had to say to you is this: If you really wish to speak with Isaac Lalonde and will give me your word to keep the knowledge of his whereabouts to yourself I can tell you where to find him."

"I do wish to speak to him for the reasons I have told you," Arnold replied. "If he were to disappear from the face of the earth, as seems extremely probable at the present moment, Ruth would be left without a friend in the world except myself."

Sabatini wrote an address upon a small slip of paper.

"You will find him there," he announced. "Go slowly, for the neighborhood is dangerous. Can I drop you anywhere?"

Arnold shook his head.

"Thank you," he said, "I must go straight back to the office. I have already been absent too long. I will take the tube from the corner."

Sabatini escorted his guest to the door. As they stood there together, looking down into the quiet street, Sabatini laid his hand upon the young man's shoulder.

"I will not say goodby," he declared, "because, although I am here waiting all the time, I do not believe that the hour has come for me to go. It will be soon, but not just yet. When we first met I thought that I should like to take you with me. I thought that the life in what will become practically a new country would appeal to you. Since then I have changed my mind. I have thought of my own career and I have seen that it is not the life or career for a young man to follow. The adventures of the worker in the cities are a little grayer, perhaps, than those that come to the man who is born a wanderer, but they lead home just as surely—perhaps more safely. *Au revoir!*" He turned away abruptly. The door was softly closed. Arnold went down the steps and set his face cityward.

XXXII

ARNOLD, as he neared the end of his journey, felt indeed that he had found his way into some alien world. The streets through which, after many directions, he had passed had all been strange to him, strange not only on account of their narrowness, their poverty, their ill flavor, but on account also of the foreign names above the shops, the street cries and the dark, unfamiliar aspects of the people. After losing his way more than once he discovered at last a short street branching out of a narrow but populous thoroughfare. There were no visible numbers, but, counting the houses on the left-hand side and finding the door of the seventh open, he made his way inside. The place was silent and seemed deserted. He climbed the stairs to the second story and knocked at the door of the front room. So far, although barely a hundred yards away was a street teeming with human beings, he had not seen a soul in the place.

His first knock remained unanswered. He tried again. This time he heard a movement or sound inside that he construed as an invitation to enter. He threw open the door and stepped inside. The blind was closely drawn, and to his eyes, unaccustomed to the gloom, there seemed to be no one in the place. Suddenly the fire of an electric torch flashed into his eyes, a familiar voice from a distant corner addressed him.

"What are you doing here?"

The light was as suddenly turned off. Arnold could see now that the man whom he had come to visit had barricaded himself behind an upturned table in the distant corner of the room.

"I want a word or two with you, Isaac," Arnold said.

"Who told you where to find me?"

"Count Sabatini."

"Have you told any one else?"

"No!"

"Are you alone?"

"Absolutely."

Isaac came slowly out into the room. His appearance, if possible, was a little more ghastly even than when Arnold had seen him last. He was unshaven and his eyes shone with the furtiveness of some hunted animal. In his hand he was holding a murderous-looking pistol.

"Say what you want—be quick—and get away," Isaac muttered. "I am not here to receive visitors—not your sort anyway. You understand that?"

"You seem to be prepared to receive some one in a most unpleasant manner," Arnold said gravely. "Is that sort of thing worth while, Isaac?"

"Worth while!"

There was a brief pause. Arnold, having asked his question, was looking at his companion half in horror, half in pity. Isaac, white with passion, seemed unable for the moment to make any intelligible reply. Then, drawing in his breath as though with an effort, he walked past Arnold and stood for a moment on the threshold of the door, listening intently. Satisfied, apparently, that there was nothing to be heard save the usual street noises, he closed the door softly and came back into the room.

"You," he said to Arnold, "are one of the clods of the earth to whom it is not given to understand. You are one of those who would fall before the carriages of the rich and hold out your hands for their alms. You are one of those who could weep and weep and watch the children die, wringing your hands, while the greedy ones of the world stuff themselves at their costly restaurants. The world is full of such as you. It is full, too, of many like myself, in whose blood the fever burns, into whose brain the knowledge of things has entered, in whose heart the iron burns."

"That's all right for Hyde Park," Arnold declared bluntly, "but do you imagine you are going to help straighten the world by this sort of thing?"

"In my way I am," Isaac snarled. "What do you know of it, you smooth-faced, healthy young animal, comfortably born, comfortably bred, falling always on your feet in comfortable fashion with the poison of comfort in your veins. You look at my pistol as an evil thing because it can spell the difference between life and death."

"It's the wrong method, Isaac," Arnold insisted earnestly.

Isaac threw out his hand—a little gesture half of contempt, not altogether without its touch of dignity.

"This isn't any place for words," he said, "nor is it given to you to be the champion of your class. Let me alone. Speak your errand and be gone! No one can tell when the end may come. It will be better for you, when it does, that you are not here."

"I have come on account of your niece whom you left penniless and homeless," Arnold said sternly. "With your immense sympathy for others, perhaps you can explain this little act of inattention on your part."

Isaac's start of surprise was genuine enough.

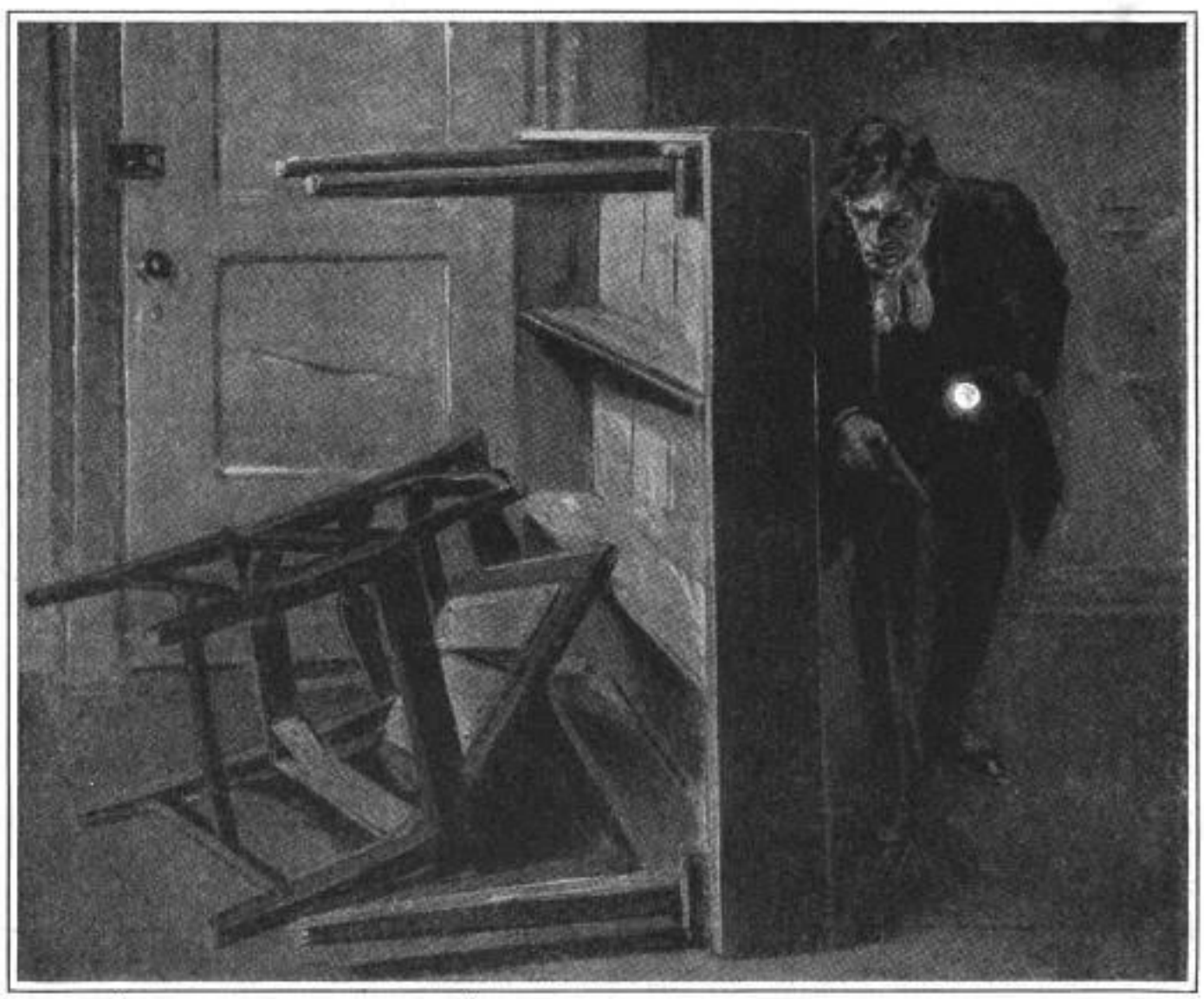
"I had forgotten her for the moment," he admitted curtly. "I saw the red fires that night and since then there has been hardly a moment to breathe or think—nothing to do but get ready for the end. I had forgotten her."

"She is safe for the present," Arnold told him. "My circumstances have improved and I have taken a small flat in which there is a room for her. This may do for the present, but Ruth, after all, is a young woman. She is morbidly sensitive. However willing I may be, and I am willing, it is not right that she should remain with me. I have always taken it for granted that save for you she has no relatives and no friends. Is this the truth? Is there no one whom she has the right to ask for a home?"

Isaac was silent. Some movements in the street below disturbed him and he walked with catlike tread to the window, peering through a hole in the blind for several moments. When he was satisfied that nothing unusual was going on he came back.

"Listen," he said hoarsely. "I am a dead man already in all but fact. I can tell you nothing of Ruth's relatives. Better that she starved on the streets than found them.

(Continued on Page 52)



"What are You Doing Here?"

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The Craze for Commissions

FIVE years ago Congress enacted that the Department of Commerce and Labor investigate and report upon "the industrial, social, moral, educational and physical condition of woman and child workers in the United States, wherever employed."

Congress, of course, has no power to legislate concerning the social, moral and physical condition of workers outside the District of Columbia, except possibly in certain cases where the work is a part of interstate commerce. The investigation was made, however, and the report is being published in forty-five volumes at a cost said to exceed three hundred thousand dollars.

It is now proposed that Congress shall establish in the Department of Commerce and Labor a permanent Children's Bureau—"to investigate and report upon all matters pertaining to the welfare of children and child life." There are not many mundane matters that do not in some way or other pertain to the welfare of children and child life, and that consequently would be outside the jurisdiction of this bureau; but, with rare exceptions, only the states can legislate upon the matters which the bureau would investigate. Since only the states can legislate it is urged that only the states should investigate; but a state that is backward about legislating would certainly be even more backward about investigating, and a report by the Federal Government might force its hand. In short, the bureau might be a very effectual muckraker of the backward states—and that seems to be its chief recommendation.

Constitutionally speaking, any state has an unquestioned right to be as backward as it pleases in regard to child welfare or any other social matter; but the strictly constitutional view of the relations between state and Federal Government is rapidly giving way. Not only does Congress steadily gain a wider field for direct legislation, but there is a constant demand that it help—indirectly—to do what it has no power to accomplish by direct act. In other words, the United States, like the industrial companies, tends more and more to consolidate.

Disorganized Uncle Sam

THE United States tends rapidly to consolidate. The powers and activities of the central Government, as compared with those of the states, steadily expand. Instead of striving, according to the Jeffersonian formula, to have the Federal Government do as little as possible, we are striving every day to have it do as much as possible. The Supreme Court gives it an ever-widening field for direct legislation, and investigations into matters that it cannot directly legislate upon are increasingly demanded of it. The reports upon woman and child workers and the Children's Bureau Bill are examples. Evidently the time is near at hand—if it has not already arrived—when virtually every business and social relationship will be, in some degree or other, under the hand of the general Government.

However, the Government itself doesn't consolidate. Its organization is a good deal what it was under Jefferson. The recent report of the President's efficiency commission shows how little unity there is in the huge concern at Washington. Every new bureau and every new investigation goes serenely on its own way. Congress hastily tacks on an office here, a commissionership there, in response to the pressing demand of people who are interested in that particular bit of work; but real organization is quite lacking. President and Cabinet are busy also with pressing demands of the moment, usually of a political nature. There is no board of directors—no executive committee—looking over the whole machine with an eye single to its most efficient working. "Who on earth," Senator Gallinger feelingly inquired, "is going to read forty-five volumes of a report on woman and child workers?" Nobody, we fear; and nobody, it seems, had any idea there was to be a forty-five-volume report. The investigation began with a very modest appropriation, which was increased year by year. It is all done piecemeal—which means it is all done wastefully. Why not organize?

A Banking Scandal

THE banking business in the United States probably pays about seven per cent on the money invested. Dividends paid by the national banks last year amounted to six and three-quarter per cent on the combined capital and surplus of the banks; and it is seldom that stock can be bought in a bank at less than its book value, including the surplus. City bank stocks usually sell, year in and year out, decidedly higher than any other class of shares in proportion to dividends paid—at such a premium that the purchaser gets only three or four per cent on the money invested. Of course, all the hazards incident to banking fall, first of all, upon the stockholder. The purchaser of bank stock must assume the risk, in case the concern fails, not only of losing his original investment but of being assessed to pay the depositors.

The steady demand for the stock of well-established banks at a high premium by expert investors shows, of course, how remote the chance of failure is; but that alone hardly explains the preference for bank-stock investments. Banking is the most genteel of trades. It receives, by and large, greater respect than any other. The banker, by immemorial custom, is a sort of quasi-public dignitary. Which brings us round to the point that several states—to their own disgrace and to the disgrace of their bankers—still permit the scandal of absolutely unregulated, unsupervised "private" banks of deposit. Any tramp who comes along can hang out a sign advertising himself as a "bank" and, playing upon the public's confidence in banks, take in deposits. This scandal could not continue if the bankers in those states discharged their duty to the public by denouncing it. No unregulated, uninspected bank of deposit should be tolerated anywhere.

The Short Story on the Stage

A FEW years ago the standard vaudeville program was taken up with song-and-dance artists, jugglers, contortionists, monologists, trained dogs and performing seals. Nowadays the typical program will contain two or three one-act plays or "sketches"—that is, dramatized short stories. Often the short story in dramatic form takes up half or two-thirds of the total time of the performance. Probably the vaudeville managers learned this from moving-picture shows, which are admittedly the most significant theatrical development of our times, and consist largely in presenting short stories in pantomime.

It has long been recognized that, on the whole, we do much better with short stories than with novels. A great many very successful short stories are published, but not a great many very successful novels. On the one hand, with relatively few exceptions, five or six thousand words is as much as an author really has to say at a given time on a given subject. On the other hand, comparatively few readers care to listen to more than that at a stretch. The stage is getting round to it by way of the moving-picture show and the vaudeville sketch. Probably some venturesome manager will begin giving a two-hour entertainment, say, consisting of anywhere from three to five one-act plays; and if the drama should work into the short story in that way our stage would begin to give a broader, truer picture of national life. Most of the plays that fail have something to commend them. Boiled down to one act—with that something retained—they might succeed very well.

The Fathers on Recall

AS TO the tenure of office of members of Congress, the first Constitution of these United States provided, in Article V: "Delegates shall be annually appointed in such manner as the legislature of each state shall direct to meet in Congress on the first Monday in November in every year, with a power reserved to each state to recall its delegates, or any of them, at any time within the year and to send others in their stead."

Some of the ablest among the framers of the present Constitution insisted that members of the House of Representatives should stand for reëlection every year, that their constituents might retain a firm hold over them. Gerry declared the people of New England would never surrender the principle of annual election of representatives. The Fathers debated long before adopting the compromise of a two-year term. Recall, in short, is by no means the newfangled and un-American invention of Insurgents which its opponents describe it as being.

The Farmer's Wife

IF YOU wish information upon any subject of a social nature—such, say, as the prevalence of lumbago among dockwallopers, or literacy in the Fiji Islands—you will probably find, upon inquiry in the proper quarter, that there is a well-established and flourishing association or society for the very purpose of dealing with the subject you have in mind. You will find an International Dockwallopers' Lumbago Association, or an International Society for Promoting Literacy in the Fiji Islands, holding yearly congresses and publishing instructive reports that tell you all about it.

This associating and convening and deliberating has extended to nearly every conceivable human condition. Just recently it was further extended to the next-to-oldest human condition. There was, that is, a First International Congress of Farm Women—held in Colorado and attended by delegates, who were actual farm wives, from foreign countries, as well as from the United States.

We hear and speak a great deal about the farmer. We call him the foundation stone of all industry, the original creator of wealth and the backbone of the country—especially when we wish him to vote for us or to buy another threshing machine; but the truth is, with all his merits, he is second fiddle to his wife. If there is any one class that this country should get down on its knees to it's the farm women. Whatever farm men have done the women have done—and more also. They haven't been heard from very much heretofore. It is significant that the president of this almost newest of associations is from Canada, and the vice-president is from Oklahoma.

Obituary Bombast

WE WISH Congress would pass a law or adopt a rule that only good sense shall be spoken of the dead. Grown-up men recently rose in that body and emitted sounds as follows:

"When the human harps of the nations of the earth shall sing out in after years in acclaim the songs of the memory of great men of past ages, none shall be more sweetly enjoyed by the people of the American Republic than the one of the life, labors, sacrifices and good deeds of ——." "In the field of politics he was a giant and in many respects comparable to the renowned Earl of Warwick, who in English history has been styled the setter-up and puller-down of kings." "A tall cedar has fallen, and many hearts are sad!"

The deceased member of Congress in whose memory these and other similar noises were made was a person of considerable ability and of many amiable qualities. It is a shame to make him a subject for laughter. When either house of Congress gives itself over to a memorial session people who really respected the deceased must shudder.

Failures in Business

BUSINESS in the United States, year in and year out, is really more stable than many people suppose. Failures are rare. It is true that last year, when commercial mortality was slightly above the average, over twelve thousand concerns went into bankruptcy; but there were over one million six hundred thousand concerns in business; so that, roughly, only one business concern out of every hundred and thirty failed. In view of the great number of small adventurers in business—the clerk who is setting up for himself largely on credit, and so on—this shows a stable condition. Indeed, over ninety per cent of the concerns that failed were of the smallest size, employing capital of less than five thousand dollars. Among larger concerns, failure, relatively speaking, scarcely ever happens. For example, in 1911 failures among concerns with liabilities of one hundred thousand dollars or over numbered only two hundred and twenty-one.

Bradstreet's, to which we are indebted for these figures, classifies business failures according to their causes—such as incompetent management, speculation outside of the business, neglect of business, personal extravagance, lack of capital, and so on. Its conclusion is that seventy-nine per cent of the failures are due to some fault on the part of the bankrupt, while only twenty-one per cent are attributable to causes that might be considered beyond his control. We suspect that this apportionment errs on the charitable side. Our own observation is that outright, absolute failure which was really unavoidable is the extremely rare exception—not only in business but in every walk of life. Relative failure, of course, is common. The man who doesn't fail at some point and in some degree may be born once in a thousand years, but utter bankruptcy that was unavoidable hardly ever occurs.

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Horatius at the Bridge

THERE is nothing personal in it—nothing at all personal—when William L. Ward's friends call him Slippery Bill. It is merely a little term of affection. As one intimate puts it deliciously, and with a nice discrimination as to personal pronouns: "We call him Slippery Bill as a term of affection—not that he is really that, you know; but there always seems to be such an atmosphere of mystery about his comings and goings and his whisperings that one catches oneself indulging in entirely unwarranted suspicions as to the stability of his convictions."

The fact is, Bill uses the star trap in his comings and goings for the same reason the actors use it—to mystify the audience. You see him in the headquarters of the Republican National Committee, for example; and suddenly—pouf!—he has disappeared, vanished. You do not know whether he has gone down through the floor or up through the ceiling; but he is gone! And while you are sitting there, dazed—bing!—in he comes through the side of the wall or up he bobs from behind the desk.

Language was made to conceal thought, we have been informed, but Bill has amplified that axiom by convincing all who know him that whispering was made to conceal language. Bill is as mysterious as a story-book detective. If he wants to take you to luncheon he will call you off to a corner, see to it that all the doors and windows are closed, and ask you as confidentially as if he were telling you of a plot to run William J. Bryan for the legislature from Westchester County, New York. Naturally Bill is of great use as a Republican national committeeman. He makes everything epochal by the cloak of mystery he throws around the circumstances involved, and thus preserves the ancient political tradition that politics must be secret and secretive. It would never do, you know, to tell the people what is going on at national headquarters. Of course the people have no rights in the premises. All they are supposed to do is to put up the money and vote as the committee wants them to—and ask no questions; by virtue of which condition they will be told no lies—which is the only way they can escape being lied to, at that.

Bill, as you must know, is the Republican boss of Westchester County, which is a large and populous section of the state of New York abutting on the city of New York, where thousands of commuters spend their nights. Moreover, Bill is the really-truly lay-me-down-and-cut-me-in-twoly boss of Westchester County. If so be Bill deemed it advisable to import a few Mexicans or a few Filipinos or a few Turks, and make them delegates to the national convention, that is exactly what would be done, and nothing else. His jurisdiction extends up along the Hudson River, and he jurisdictates in some of the contiguous territory.

What it Means to be a Friend to Caesar

HE HAS been in politics for many years, has Bill, and probably he has as extensive and varied a list of political acquaintances as anybody in this country, ranging all the way from his ward handy men to presidents and near-presidents and would-be presidents of these United States. His particular long suit is being able to prognosticate what is going to happen nationally by observing—in advance of the event—what is going to happen in Westchester County. Bill never fails. If, a few weeks before election, after he has made his prognosis, Bill is convinced that all is lost he retires to the high grass and it is impossible to find him until the scheduled calamity has befallen the Grand Old Party.

It is Bill's idea that politics is essentially a game in which the desired result is the greatest good to the greatest number; and to that end all is fish that comes to his net. Those who happen to know him well have heard him denounce eminent statesmen in the choicest Westchester manner, and also have observed him with his arms round their necks and his confidential whispers percolating into their eager ears—within the hour.

Moreover, Bill has other lines of merit. It is doubtful if any managing politician has a closer and more responsive acquaintance with men of large means than Bill; and it is undeniably the fact that no man in this country or any other has a wiser conception of the proper and beneficial uses of money in politics. And whenever it is necessary for Bill to appear on the scene, backed by the flattering and unanimous indorsement of his constituents, Bill always so appears. He is a wonder in that regard.

Quite recently Bill bulged into the limelight in Washington by putting on a show of his own in connection with the committee meeting that selected Chicago as the place to nominate the next Republican candidate for president. Always a student of history, Bill chose to personate Horatius on that occasion; and it must be said for him that he provided an interesting and highly moral entertainment. You remember Horatius had a little job which the exigencies of the situation required him to do single-handed—and he did it. To be sure, Horatius had two companions—and Bill had a couple of Westchester County men along; but, to all intents and purposes, Horatius turned the trick—and so did Bill.

"As we wax hot in faction," says Macaulay, "in battle we wax cold; wherefore men fight not as they fought in the brave days of old." Macaulay, of course, though he had a good working knowledge of Horatius, never knew Bill Ward; but he had a clear conception of the present Republican National Committee when he penned those lines about waxing hot in faction and waxing cold in battle. That is exactly how those Republicans waxed—all but William Ward.

He waxed hot in faction and he kept on waxing hotter and hotter until the time came for his performance; at which moment he told the messenger from the White House, who arrived with an invitation to dine within the flattering portals of that edifice, to go and take a long, running jump! As for Bill, he intended to dine where he was; and all this talk about an invitation from the White House being a command was pifflesque and piffilarious piffle—take it from him!

The point wasn't that Bill wouldn't dine at the White House, but it centers on the reason why he wouldn't. Bill had been a party to the selection of his warm and personal friend, Vice-President James S. Sherman, as chairman of a certain convention held at Saratoga a time agone, and Mr. Taft, who extended the invitation to dinner, had been a party first to the selection and then to the de-selection of the same. Hence Bill was sore; and, though he was no sorer than any of the others, he showed his soreness and stood by his hurts. In common with most of the other committeemen, he had been lambasting Taft from the minute he landed in Washington, and before and since; and he didn't care to be the guest of the man he was deprecating.

So Bill held the bridge alone, *à la* Horatius—held it to a Westchester County fare-you-well; "and even the ranks of Tuscany"—meaning the deprecators who didn't have the courage of their conversation—"could scarce forbear to cheer." All of which entitles Bill to a medal or two when viewed from certain angles; and all of which means, also, that unless Bill is propitiated there will be about four delegates to the next Republican convention from the state of New York who will not vote for William Howard Taft, the same being those engineered and personally conducted—to say nothing of personally selected—by William Lukens Ward.

Ward is a manufacturer who indulges in politics as a diversion or a politician who indulges in manufacturing as a side line—I forget which. He is rich. His business activities have been varied and successful. Those who know him well are unable to recall any line of business to which his attention has been devoted wherein he has not gained an advantage or two—or, mayhap, three.

Mr. William L. Bill Ward may not be so prominent in the public prints as some others, except when he is putting on a show at Washington; but any person of Republican leanings who desires official and organization Republican indorsement in the state of New York—and unanimous!—will do well to cultivate him. Likewise, that "any-person" designation includes all and sundry—and goes even and goes forcibly for so powerful an any-person as William Howard Taft, whose name is not unfamiliar to our readers.



PHOTO. BY CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Man Who Wouldn't Dine at the White House

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Return of Tommie

NOT long ago Governor Woodrow Wilson, whose various activities have had some small mention in the newspapers and other engines of publicity recently, went down to Augusta, Georgia—where he lived when a boy and where his father was a minister for some years—for a day or two of rest.

He told his friends he just wanted to roam round the old town, revisit familiar scenes and do nothing else. In the course of his wanderings he came to the house of a dear old lady who was a pillar in his father's church. Wilson's lost first name is Thomas; and when he was a boy—and, indeed, while he was in college—he was known as Tommie Wilson.

Mr. Wilson called on the dear old lady. She was very glad to see him after he had told her his name and recalled his father's pastorate.

"Why, Tommie," she said, "how you have grown!"

"Yes," assented the governor; "I have grown some."

"Indeed you have! I remember you perfectly when you were a little bit of a boy. And I certainly hope you have prospered."

The dear old lady was genuinely interested.

"Oh, yes; I have done very well," Governor Wilson said.

"I am so glad—so very glad! By-the-way, Tommie, what are you doing now?"

Distasteful Taffy

THE late Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, was dining at his hotel in Washington when an effusive stranger sat down near him. The stranger introduced himself to Senator Hoar and immediately launched into a eulogy of the senator in the most glowing terms. He taffied the senator for ten minutes, much to that statesman's apparent discomfort.

Finally he said:

"Why, only the other day, Senator, a man with whom I was traveling told me you are the greatest patriot and the greatest orator and the greatest statesman New England ever sent to the Senate! He was a well-informed man. I met him only the other day when he was on his way—on his way—to—odd, I can't remember—on his way to ——"

"A lunatic asylum!" snapped Hoar.

A Northern Exposure

IN THE days before the railroad reached Post, Texas, C. W. Post had a wagon train of fifty mules and thirteen wagons hauling freight ninety miles from the nearest railroad station.

During the winter "northers" sometimes came, with driving rain and snow. The freighters slept under the wagons in the regular canvas roll that was carried, no matter what the weather.

One night, when a "norther" was blowing, Post was with the outfit and was squatted over a fire trying to keep warm.

Some of the freighters had not turned in and were sitting round the fire smoking and talking. One of the huskiest of them said to Post:

"Say, boss, I've done quit sleepin' under my wagon."

"What's the matter, Jack?" asked Post. "Are you afraid the wagon will break down in the night and crush you?"

"Nope; 'tain't that. I put my roll out on the grass. It's too deuced confinin' under the wagon for me!"

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FOOLS AND THEIR MONEY



The For Sale Signs Have Been Removed to Give Way to a Huge Billboard

By I. K. FRIEDMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD M. BRETT

THERE are two classes of men who make a business of selling businesses—honest and dishonest. Statistics are not at hand for settling which class is in the majority, but fortunately common experience and common sense need no figures to prove that the former vastly outnumber the latter. Were the contrary true, the business of dealing in businesses would have come to an abrupt end long ago, for nothing is shorter lived than fraud, and the more patent the fraud the less chance it has for survival against the wits of the community made ever sharper by the constant growth in the means of publicity, education and social intercourse.

But, on the other hand, as there are tricks in every trade it would be unfair to expect that this branch of modern commerce be exempt from rascals and rogues, tricky brokers and unprincipled dealers in frauds. These, however small their numbers by comparison with their betters, are among the powers that prey, and how wary of them must be the confiding and the trustful on whom they prey, this article may prove. It may also prove that as nothing succeeds like success so nothing tends to breed dishonesty more rapidly than dishonesty, for generally speaking the man who has been swindled is corrupted by the hard process; he loses his high regard for human nature and grows cynical enough to be quite willing to fleece another in order to save himself. His faith in the golden rule gone, he would only too often do even as he has been done.

Smith, for instance, ventures practically his all in the purchase of a grocery store and finds out a few days after his name went up over the door that he has been viciously "stung"; but, instead of sitting down, wringing his hands, bemoaning his fate and wasting his time and money in consulting a lawyer, he simply laughs and says to himself: "I'll do as I was done by—and see if I can't find as thoroughgoing a sucker as I am to take my place." Straightway, invoking the power of the press to help him in his search, he inserts an advertisement to this effect:

"Owing to bad health, I must sacrifice for cash, before leaving for California on the doctor's orders, a highly profitable grocery store in a live neighborhood!"



Poor Redfern is Back at His Old Post

Willing Victims

JONES, who has just come from the country and can't wait until he finds an opening into which to drop his money, reads Smith's lament and rushes to the rescue. When he arrives on the scene to give first aid to the injured he finds poor Smith in a far corner of his shop, either hobbling round on a crutch or swathed in bandages. Smith greets Jones with a long face and then starts to inveigh against existence in terms that would have made Job seem by comparison a dilettante in pessimism.

Meanwhile Smith's faithful wife rushes to the telephone in the druggist's shop round the corner and tips it off to her own and her husband's relatives and friends that the curtain is up and the farce, A Fool and His Money, has begun. By the time she returns the procession of trade, thus artificially stimulated, has started its march on the shop to purchase a cake of stale yeast or two dried lemons or a loaf of moldy bread—all of which may be returned later on—in order to give the deserted shop the air of activity and the atmosphere of prosperity, if only by haggling over what the haggler doesn't intend to buy, or by asking questions one answer to which may satisfy as well as another.

Then the bell of Smith's own telephone chimes in to furnish a little lively music for the benefit of Jones, the impressed; and Smith limps across the floor to take a long order, which he hands over to his wife or Smith, Junior, to fill and put back—after the gentle Jones' departure—in the bins, the barrels and the boxes from which its component parts were gathered.

And between these various maneuvers he finds leisure to excoriate in vivid language the fate and the rheumatism that have conspired to snatch from him his thriving business. Jones, pretending to hide his eagerness to get possession of this valuable bit of property, keeps offering Smith more and more sympathy for his rheumatism and less and less money for his goodwill and assets. Finally they come to terms that represent a little less than Smith expected to realize and considerably more than Jones wanted to pay.

Some days later, Smith, a wiser and more sophisticated man, pulls off his bandages or throws away his crutch and travels in first-class style on Jones' money to parts unknown; and a week or two after that red-letter date Jones, regretting the cost attached to acquiring an education, sits up nights to frame an advertisement that will attract Brown, who is tired of clerking for Robinson and who wants to prove his caliber by starting out for himself.

Now in a community where there are enough Smiths, Joneses and Browns engaged in the innocent pastime of continuously fleecing one another, it would be incomprehensibly strange if somebody with a gift for organization, on surveying a field so rich in potentialities, didn't come to the conclusion that the waste inflicted by these individual operations was next to shameful. Accordingly this inevitable genius steps in and invents a scheme with such sublime simplicity to recommend it that one wonders why the invention was so belated. He starts with the assumption that the two greatest drugs on the market are real estate that won't sell and shops that are losing money. Since, save for the intervention of happy chance in the shape of a "sucker," it is difficult to sell such shops or real estate for hard cash or its equivalent, the schemer reasons it would be feasible and might prove profitable to play one against the other. Thereupon he makes it his business to ferret out lots in a vicinity where even the For Sale signs look as if they were ashamed of their presence. Next he calls on their discouraged owners and after a few minutes of eloquent dickering effects a purchase of several choice lots for something like fifty dollars, cash down, for each lot. Wanting something else besides the valueless dirt for his money, he is sure to take in each case a dummy mortgage of approximately twenty-five hundred dollars.

Armed with one of these instruments, he calls on Smith, Jones or Brown, and offers to trade him the mortgage for his grocery store and an extra cash consideration of three hundred dollars. The grocer, in bitter terms, may spurn his visitor's advances at first; but later, caught by the beguiling arguments, the grocer consents to taking a half-day's ride in the trolley in order to look at that bit of real estate located on the outer edge of the remote prairies. Over night the forlorn neighborhood in which that strip of land is located has suffered an extensive and wondrous change. The For Sale signs, with their hangdog appearance and their shamefaced expression, have been removed to give way to a huge billboard, on which is painted in brilliant white letters against a sober background of black:

PLEASANT VIEW SUBDIVISION

Extensive improvements in paving, drainage, sewage and landscape gardening to be begun immediately. Our beautiful plans may be seen on application at our office. Money loaned for the building of homes which meet with the approval of our architects. Choice lots for sale at a reasonable figure if bought at once. Only desirable parties need apply. No special assessments.

The grocer surveys the lot, looks at the sign, runs back to size up the lot once more, reads the sign again—and then reflects that, though present appearances may be slightly to the contrary, the property has a future. To purchase the mortgage, he concludes, may be a gamble; but then he is in a condition of mind where one's natural tendency is to throw good money after bad, in the desperate hope that the good may coax the erring and mistaken lucre back to the old homestead. Besides, he needs the exciting diversion of gambling to take his mind off worse trouble—and he succumbs to the temptation.

The Pussy in the Corner

PERHAPS, if he is a shrewder and more cautious Smith than the average Smith, he may admire the artistic lettering on the sign, but will realize that the less such art and business have to do with each other the better, and steadfastly refuse to make the trade. In which case the great organizer may induce him to consider another piece of property whereon there is a plaster of, say, only eighteen hundred dollars, offering to trade the mortgage, plus two hundred dollars in currency, for the grocery store. The mere mention of hard cash is an irresistible lure, and Smith reaches for it the way a falling acrobat reaches for a guy rope.

This part of the transaction being concluded, the organizer turns over his victim's staples and fixtures to the department of his three-cornered business which has special facilities for handling them and bides his time—usually no more than a day or so—for selling the goods at another generous profit to the man who replies to the advertisement:

"Forced bankruptcy sale on all kinds of up-to-date grocery supplies and fixtures at considerably less than one-third of their original cost."

So does organized effort cure sickness and do the ailing good. Possibly illness of this sort is treated as it so richly deserves; for only too often, when a man advertises that his business is for sale solely on account of bad health, it will be found on investigation that the business is what he falsely states about his health—very bad; and that his health is what he falsely states about the business—very good, indeed, thank you.

Not long ago one of the famous institutions of Chicago was a popular restaurant, established by a former waiter, that catered almost exclusively to transient trade. Farmers, stockmen and countryfolk in general used to dine there—and then go back home and entertain their neighbors with accounts of what one could make a quarter do in Chicago, if one only knew how to do it. Residents were wise enough to eat where they paid a little more and got a good deal less. The food was something no epicure would describe under any consideration—especially the meats, which, though they were treated to chemicals before they were served, should have been condemned before the stuff left the butcher's under cover of darkness.

The *restaurateur* heaped up a pretty fortune out of this questionable business; and he was adding to the wealth

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so accumulated when the Government stepped in and made it impossible for him to purchase his decayed supplies from decadent sources. He was now in a quandary—if he raised his prices or cut down the size of his portions he might as well suspend business. On the other hand, if he didn't boost the figures on the right-hand side of his bill-of-fare or diminish the cuts of what he had the temerity to call his choice meats, he would be running his establishment at a big loss. He racked his brains in the hope of discovering a remedy for his financial ills, and then he was struck with the happy idea that sickness might prove his cure. Suddenly he determined that he had incipient consumption. Far from making the attempt to keep to himself the secret of his dejected appearance and the loss of his onetime professional good humor, he went out of his way to take his rural trade into his confidence. The richer his patron the more confidential he became; and to the most affluent of them all, a Michigan lumberman, he bared his tender and capacious bosom and admitted openly that the dread disease might carry him away almost any day.

That night, lying awake in his bed at the hotel, the man from Michigan reflected that the restaurant might be just the thing needed to give his oldest son a start in life—and all the more so because his own lumber business had been slowly dwindling. He stayed on in Chicago, a week longer than his affairs necessitated, to talk Colorado to the victim of tuberculosis, who always shook his head gravely and looked as if his heart were breaking whenever a salubrious climate came up as a topic for conversation. Finally, with full many a groan and sigh, the *restaurateur* let himself be convinced that his first duty to life and the nation was to care for his health.

The Part That Bookkeeping Plays

THE first battle in the campaign having been won, the lumberman started out on his second, softly dropping the hint that he might possibly find a purchaser for the restaurant if its owner would let it go at anything like a reasonable figure. Here the enemy showed considerable vitality, energy and pluck—for a consumptive. He turned face and stoutly refused to give up his gold mine under any consideration whatsoever. The mere thought of so doing made him worse and brought on a dangerous fit of coughing. He had lived for his restaurant; now he intended to die with it. Besides, if he had wanted to sell—to do which he needed but to walk round the corner—he could get whatever he cared to ask. Ever since he had shown signs of failing health his wide circle of wealthy acquaintances and his numerous business friends had proved their profound sympathy by offering to relieve him of his property for half of what it was worth.

The lumberman masked his batteries for another day; then he resumed fire with all his guns blazing at full. The *restaurateur*, slowly retreating from a stronghold he had fought so stubbornly to maintain, acknowledged himself defeated at last and offered to capitulate for one hundred thousand dollars. A long parley over the terms of surrender followed; and the victor, seeing he could do no better with his valiant foe, offered to accept the enforced conditions if the books proved the charge was not exorbitant.



Skinner Received His Visitor in His Apartment at the Hotel

His antagonist, however, parried that thrust with the false remark that he had never kept books. Indeed, since he had made twenty thousand dollars a year for a period of twenty years without books, why should he go to the trouble of keeping them? He had taken warning from the number of good men who had gone to the wall for no other reason on earth except their cumbersome systems of accounting; it soon grew to be a fad and one watched one's books more than one's business. But how could he tell what he made without the aid of books? Simple enough! The cash he took in minus the cash he paid out represented his profits. But why didn't he check through a bank? The answer to that was still more simple: The first bank through which he checked had gone into bankruptcy, and after that bitter lesson he preferred to intrust his surplus earnings to a box in the safe-deposit vault. Whenever his savings reached the sum of ten or fifteen thousand dollars he withdrew them to invest the amount in real estate or first mortgages.



The Mere Thought Made Him Worse and Brought on a Dangerous Fit of Coughing

This story, when taken into account with the obvious success, the tangible assets and the thriving trade of its relator, was quite plausible; at any rate it was plausible enough to convince the man whose eagerness to grab the prize from a possessor so seemingly reluctant to let it go blinded his long and carefully cultivated sense of caution. Up to the day the son closed the doors of that restaurant and disposed of the lease on its premises the lumberman spent most of his time in answering advertisements and explaining to advertisers the reasons why he thought the keeping of books was a superstition that sensible men should not recognize.

However, it does not invariably serve the interest of a knave to deny that he has ever kept books. On the contrary, there are specialists in the line of selling businesses who go in for bookkeeping with all the vim of which they are capable. They pay to bookkeeping homage that is religious and they reverence it as the finest of the arts. Still, as the following may illustrate, they are not in the art for the art's sake.

A popular salesman for a Western drygoods store concluded that he was worth more to himself than to his employers; and, as his employers quite agreed with him when he made known his theory of values, he concentrated his savings and assets in the form of a draft and moved eastward with it. There is a theory current to the effect that one's chances of being separated from baggage of that sort increase in direct proportion as one moves toward the rising sun.

At any rate the Gideon had not much more than left his train at Chicago—whereupon he began to avail himself of the opportunity of talking as much and as loud as he liked while in the city—when it became a bit of trade gossip that he was in the market for a modest retail drygoods shop which would prove responsive to the efforts of a gifted merchandiser and—gradually taking on extra stories—lift itself and its owner to greater prominence.

This sensational news reached a broker in businesses whom for the sake of convenience we may call Skinner; and his civic pride and devotion were at once on edge lest the young Lochinvar leave Chicago to spend his money in some other city that might speciously offer to give him more for it. The agent, moreover, thought himself in the best possible position to satisfy the drummer; for only the week before he had agreed to find a purchaser for a North Side drygoods shop that belonged to an honest but rather inefficient German. There had been only one little proviso attached to the agreement—namely, that the German's books were to be examined by the agent's own accountant. In case Skinner failed to sell the business there would be no charge at all for the job; but should success crown his efforts the shopkeeper was to meet the expert's bill of five hundred dollars.

Trailing the Gideon and finding him, Skinner awakened his interest in the drygoods shop in less than no time; and before three days had passed he had worked him up to the buying point. Then he convinced his prospective customer that he ought, for his own sake and protection, to demand a thorough audit. No shrewd, farsighted merchant ever invested in a business without first having the books overhauled; and he, as a reputable agent with a name to maintain, never permitted his clients to embark on any venture unless they delved into the bottom of the ledgers first. The Gideon not only declared that the agent was absolutely in the right but he added also that the agent deserved the highest sort of commendation for thus protecting his customers; and right then and there Skinner drew up an agreement that was just the opposite of the one concluded with the owner of the shop—if the drummer bought out the German the auditing would cost him nothing; if he refused to buy he must pay the accountant's charges. When the inventory was taken and the final statement drawn up the drummer properly concluded that he would rather defray the expenses of the examination than evade them by buying a business the balance-sheet of which showed that for every dollar in assets it had at least two in liabilities. It was a tails-I-win-heads-you-lose game for Skinner, who paid the auditor one hundred dollars for services not worth fifty and pocketed the balance.

Why Redfern Ran Amuck

ANOTHER case in point is that of Redfern, the Chicago bookkeeper, whose shoulders had grown round and his hair gray by a good thirty years of toil at the desk when he fell heir to a fortune of fifty thousand dollars. Almost before he recovered from the shock he resolved to run his own business if for nothing more than to prove his executive ability and demonstrate to his employers what a mistake they had made in chaining him to a stool. The lawyer scarcely had delivered to him his inheritance in the shape of gilt-edge securities and first-class bonds before Redfern advertised that he was ready to invest the sum of his inheritance in a substantial manufacturing enterprise.

Among the host of answers that poured in on him, one in particular fascinated his attention. It was signed by the junior member of a well-known firm engaged in manufacturing a line of popular household remedies. The letter, which merely declined to give particulars by mail and asked for a personal interview, was not written on the firm's paper, but, oddly enough, on the stationery of the Pioneers Club. It was this oddity that at once claimed the former bookkeeper's serious consideration. To him the Pioneers represented, as it did in fact, the very temple of the respectabilities; and the temple was all the more sacred in his eyes because long ago he had given up his cherished hope of ever being admitted to it. Even the engraved letterhead of the Pioneers was to him a guaranty of inviolable faith.

When he called on Nicolls, the junior member of the firm aforesaid, he found that worthy, much to his surprise, in a condition that may be described best as moribund. There was no pretense about it—the man had one foot in the grave and the other dangling over it. Neither Redfern nor anybody else could fairly doubt Nicoll's statement that ill health was the only reason for his wish to retire from business; and yet his health was no worse than ever it had been, for Nicolls was the sort of man who always looks as if he were going to die and never does until he is well into the eighties.

Glibly, plausibly, yet without waste of words or the least show of anxiety, Nicolls related to his visitor that he had fought retiring from his business, to the building up of which he had sacrificed his health and his youth, as he had fought death itself—inch by inch and sword in hand. Now that he must surrender, he would do so with good grace and for a consideration. The consideration was fifty thousand dollars cash down and fifty more to be paid out of the profits of the business during the next four years. As for Cowles, the senior member of the firm, he wouldn't

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sell his half interest in the enterprise for—well, it was simply out of the question! He wouldn't sell. In fact, if Cowles' surplus capital weren't tied up in mining properties he wouldn't dream of letting half of the concern get out of the family.

In substantiation of all his statements, Mr. Nicolls turned his visitor loose on the books; and Redfern, who loved nothing more than a set of books well kept, was in Heaven. He came down to earth only when he discovered that the last year's profits of the firm showed a falling off of something like eighteen thousand dollars over the preceding three years. Nicolls explained all that in his easy, unruffled manner; the last year his health had been so much worse than ever it had been before that he couldn't give anything like the proper attention to his affairs, and Cowles had devoted so much of his energy and time to mines that the sale of medicine languished from the neglect. New blood and twelve months' concentration on the needs of the business would easily push the concern up to the pinnacle from which it had slipped back.

Then Redfern—simple soul!—made the fatal plunge and bought out Nicolls, who immediately handed over, in accordance with his previous agreement, one-half of the purchase money to Cowles. Less than a month later the new purchaser learned what he should have found out through a careful investigation in the first place—that the bottom had fallen out of the demand for the firm's once popular remedies and that, the wholesalers being overstocked with them, the stuff absolutely refused to move.

Today poor Redfern, who loves nothing better than to explain to those who will listen to him that the business and not his own ability was at fault, is back at his old post, his gray hair turned quite white and his round shoulders sadly bent.

Other men, less honest and perhaps more lucky than Redfern, have managed to creep from under their crushing difficulties by calling in some outside assistance. A salient example is that of a young inventor who sank all his earnings and the money he had accumulated from the profits of several successful patents in the manufacture of some kind of a cleaner. He was just about ready to put his machine on the market when he found himself outclassed by several other geniuses, who not only made a cleaner that was better and cheaper than his own but also had the insuperable advantage of making it first. Giving way to despair, our inventor was about to shut down his factory, sell his tools and supplies for old junk and go into bankruptcy, when one of his friends who had backed the venture recommended the services of that same Mr. Skinner whom we have met before.

The Schemes of Mr. Skinner

Skinner paid a flying visit to the factory, surveyed its now almost worthless paraphernalia with a critical eye and, after making the condition that he should get two-thirds of whatever he realized on it, took at once the preliminary measures for disposing of it. His first step was to change the name of the machine from the Majestic to the Little Giant Noiseless Cleaner. All other machines, he insisted, made too much noise. The Little Giant, therefore, must be featured as being absolutely noiseless. When the inventor protested that he could only reduce his contrivance to silence by removing the gears which made the cleaning possible, Skinner was quick to object that he didn't intend to guarantee the machine would clean but that it would run noiselessly.

The dustbag, he demonstrated to the wonder of the inventor—to whom that ingenious idea never had occurred—could be filled before the motor was started and the machine put to work on a carpet that had been beaten beforehand with a plain, old-fashioned stick.

His second step was to incorporate the company; and his third was to insert an advertisement in at least a dozen papers, declaring he had forty thousand dollars to invest in any live proposition which the state might have to offer to a gentleman moral enough to accept only eighteen per cent on his money. The answers which flooded in from every nook and corner of that commonwealth forced the mail-carrier who delivered them to Skinner to groan under his burden. One correspondent—no less a personage than the president of the Aurora Borealis Mines Corporation—faithfully promised him a two-hundred-per-cent return on his capital; and, since the highest offered by anybody else was only one hundred per cent, Skinner naturally decided to give him the preference. He telegraphed at once to the writer saying he would take the very next train and drive over to the town of Aurora Borealis to investigate the proposition for himself; and an hour after that message made the heart of its receiver quiver with delight he sent a second explaining that he had sprained his ankle on the way to the station and was obliged to keep to his room. That night, in the wilderness far-distant, a disappointed mortal vented his wrath on his long, unkempt whiskers and sought consolation from a black, wicked-looking bottle. In the morning, good sense returning with sobriety, he became fearful that, if he didn't go to Skinner, Skinner's money would go to somebody else; and accordingly he wired the broker that he would take the first train which would carry him to the broker.

With a crutch at his side, one foot carefully bandaged and half buried in the pillows that filled the seat of the chair on which it rested limply and resignedly, Skinner received his visitor in his apartment at the hotel. The president of the Aurora Borealis, pulling his sorrel whiskers condolingly and adjusting his face to the proper position, expressed more sympathy for that broken ankle than Skinner conscientiously felt would have been due him if the same accident had actually happened to his neck. His heart went out to the kind, bluff miner, and to prove it he opened a bottle that had been distilled in '63 and had gone on accumulating strength ever since the date of its birth. When his glass had been filled and emptied several times in rapid succession the president unlocked his satchel and pulled out of it a map showing the location of the seven hundred and fifty acres that belonged to the Aurora Borealis company, and pinned it on the wall. Then he cleared his throat and told in vigorous speech—to which Skinner listened with a grave face—all that Nature had done for that marvelously endowed tract of land.

Caught in His Own Net

Foreseeing that the Government would one day turn the great forests of the adjacent territory into a national reservation, and forbid steam engines to pass through it lest a spark set its magnificent trees on fire, Nature in her omniscience had created a series of magnificent waterfalls at the head of Lake Aurora Borealis in order that the company might convert their horsepower into electricity for pulling the cars on the outer edge of Uncle Sam's park. This monopoly would yield the Aurora Borealis corporation a profit of over a million and a half annually for hauling only the ores of its less fortunate competitors to the junction of the main line. An additional bagatelle of one hundred thousand dollars was to be earned by moving freight back to the mines and whirling thousands of summer tourists to the magnificent scenery at the end of the route. The tourists would stop at least over night in the Hotel Aurora Borealis—the plans for the construction of which were already complete—on top of the mountains overlooking the falls.

Ever busy falls! They were to entertain the tourist, haul the cars, supply a treatment of electrolysis to the company's eight-thousand-dollar daily output of gold and silver at an additional profit of five thousand dollars for every twenty-four hours, and turn the wheels of a huge mill to be engaged in continuously sawing up timber, purchased by contract from the Government at four dollars a thousand and sold at an annual profit of nine millions.

The president interrupted himself long enough at this point to display the highly polished samples of the woods and the rich specimens of the minerals which he drew forth from the bottom of his grip; and then he steamed on to mention casually the enormous by-products of wood-spirits, electric lights, turpentine, tar, charcoal, resin, creosoting material, paint and oil.

Nature evidently had forgotten nothing of which the president or anybody else could think.

Finally, drawing it out of the chamois-skin in which it was swathed, he produced the prize of the whole mineralogical and forestal collection—a lump of molybdenite, the rarest and most precious metal yet discovered by man. Only three mines of it in the whole world!—the largest, of course,

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on the property of the Aurora Borealis; the second, which was negligible, in Australia; and the third, which was owned by the government and had saved the whole country from going into bankruptcy, in Norway.

To the astounded Skinner, who asserted that he had never before heard of molybdenite, his bewhiskered visitor explained that its value arose from the fact that its properties, when combined with nickel, gave steel improved elongation and strength, and made it impervious to the shells of the enemy. Coat cartridges with it, and rapid-firing guns remained cooler than the men behind them.

Skinner, filling his guest's glass once more, toasted the Aurora Borealis—the greatest stock proposition, he was perfectly frank to confess, that ever had come to his notice. He was staggered when he paused to reflect that the mishap to his ankle had almost snatched out of his clutches the fortune he was about to grasp; and he could find no words to express his gratitude to the president, who had traveled all that distance to bring him the wealth he couldn't go to get. Two great things had happened to him in his whole business career—the Aurora Borealis Mines Corporation and the Little Giant Cleaner; but, of course, the Little Giant, which netted him only thirty-nine and one-half per cent on his investment, couldn't be compared with the Aurora. Here the president pricked up his long ears and showed even more avid interest in Skinner's modest statements concerning the Little Giant than in his bottle. Diplomatically he dropped the hint that, if it weren't for the possibly bad effect the short trip would have on his host's ankle, nothing would please him better than to inspect the factory where the Little Giant was adding so copiously to the world's wealth. Altruistically Skinner refused to let his ankle stand in the way of his visitor's pleasure. Indeed, why should he, since he could reach the works by the aid of his crutch, his chauffeur and his limousine, without putting his foot to the ground?

A Ruse That Worked Well

And when they did reach what Skinner had dignified by the name of "the works," they presented an unwonted and impressive appearance of activity, due to the fact that a number of loafers in overalls, hired especially for the occasion, had been distributed round its machinery, with instructions to look busy.

The Little Giant—so noiseless, so efficient, so cheap—captivated the fancy of the miner, and he suggested that a trade in Aurora Borealis for the cleaner stock might be effected on some basis or other; but Skinner waived aside that suggestion as absolutely unfair to the generous person from whom it emanated. Besides, he didn't believe in trades of the sort; bitter experience had taught him they usually resulted unsatisfactorily for both parties concerned. Hard cash was the one medium of exchange that left no regret, no basis for misunderstanding, no recrimination in its trail. The miner hemmed and hawed hesitatingly.

Then Skinner, rising equal to the critical demand of that psychological moment, executed his master stroke by proclaiming that he wouldn't even accept cash—nothing would induce him to do it!—unless the miner would protect himself beyond the peradventure of loss by accepting judgment notes to cover the entire amount of thirty thousand dollars which he might expend in purchasing the controlling interest of the Little Giant.

Two months after the man returned home, with a thick block of Little Giant stock wedged in his satchel between the specimens of molybdenite, gold, silver and woods, he began to show decided symptoms of worry over his bargain, for he had not received from Skinner his promised check for thirty thousand dollars to invest in Aurora Borealis. Immediately he wrote a sharp letter demanding a report on the affairs of the cleaner company; and the report that came in answer to his demand did so little to relieve the distress under which he labored that he instructed his lawyer to foreclose at once on his judgment notes, and the lawyer did foreclose—on a pile of useless machinery and a few dozen worthless Little Giants.

None the less, the miner who came to town to skin Skinner, and who was skinned by him, got at least the judgment notes for his money! Many defrauded purchasers of a business have received even less.



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OUT-OF-DOORS

The Weather and How to Foretell It

UNTIL he gets out into the open the city man hardly knows there is any such thing as weather; but it does not take him long to learn that it has much to do with his comfort and success in out-of-door occupations. For city men and others we maintain a somewhat expensive weather bureau, which does all it can to encourage the belief that whatever you see in the newspapers is true. In the old days, before there were any daily newspapers or weather bureaus, out-of-door men had to rely upon other methods of getting at the weather of the future. In many parts of the country there are men, such as hunters, trappers, anglers, or even farmers, necessarily much in the same condition as were the ancients, who relied upon the phenomena of Nature to help them in a forecast.

Government forecasts of the weather—in this country, at least—rest upon the general theory that there are three or four main storm paths, along which travel, with more or less regular speed, centers of low barometer, or storm centers. Round each of these centers, as it passes, the wind changes in direction like the hands of a clock. We may imagine a series of turbine wheels representing storms, passing, in broad terms, from the west and south toward the north and east, the mouth of the St. Lawrence River being a considerable clearing house for these different storm paths. Of course the bureau's predictions are made possible by means of the telegraph. It is easy to see that if it were raining three hundred miles west of you, and if that rainstorm were passing east at the rate of three hundred miles a day, you could learn by wire that it was going to rain at your place tomorrow.

No doubt, also, you have noticed that as the weather clears after a rainstorm it is apt to be a little cooler, very often with the wind coming from the northwest instead of the south or east. If it were the case that all storms advanced along given paths at regular rates of speed, and if it were true that there were no unexpected cross-currents of air breaking into their paths or their progress, weather forecasting in these days of telegraphic facilities would be a cinch. As it is, with these broad statements recognized as but approximately correct, it is not so much a cinch as it is an occupation.

In this article we have really no concern with the weather bureau other than to mark the difference between weather predictions today and those of two thousand years ago, and to inquire to what extent the old methods may be put in force today, with or without a weather bureau. There is a very curious and interesting literature on this matter which takes us back into very early days, and reminds us that the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome did not prevent men from being as anxious as they are today over the question whether or not to take an umbrella down to the office in the morning. Moreover, those old parties were as cocksure of the accuracy of their predictions as any weather chief today.

A Human Weather Vane

For instance, there was Colonel Virgil, famous for his connection with the original Troy laundry. He could write beautiful poetry; moreover, he could take a fall out of the weather with the best of them. Indeed, so good a predictor was he that it seems too bad he does not live today to help out in the presidential forecast. Virgil wrote for the farm papers in his time; and any one familiar with his Georgics must agree that he was the grandest little forecaster that ever came down the Appian Way. Yet he had only the simple machinery of the moon, the clouds, the mists, the appearance of the earth, and such other aids as the crow, the heron, the toad, the dog and other animals. With no better aids than these, he established a reputation as an out-of-door man which has kept him in the memory of anglers until today.

You may see many curious quotations from Virgil in a curious little book printed in 1807 in London, England, entitled A Concise Treatise of the Art of Angling, Confirmed by Actual Experience; Interspersed with Several New and Recent Discoveries; the Whole Forming a Complete Museum. For the Lovers of That Pleasing and Rational Recreation. The author of this book, which has long been out of print so far as known, is one Thomas Best; and his little volume, though not so well known as The Complete Angler, of Izaak Walton, is in some ways almost as interesting. With a calmness that would recommend him for Government purposes, Mr. Best remarks: "An angler should be able to form a judgment on the change of weather, on which his sport entirely depends. If he observes the following signs it will soon become familiar to him." Then he goes on with twenty pages or more of signs which are so interesting as to evoke the wish that his wisdom might be reprinted in full.

Mr. Best points out first the signs of the vapors. A white mist on a meadow usually means fair weather the next day. If a mist rolls up the sides of the hills in the morning there will be no rain. If, on the contrary, it hangs on the hills and drags along the woods, instead of overspreading the level ground, it will turn to rain. Though these weather signs are based on observations in Great Britain, they are worth trying out in this country as well.

The clouds are another factor in weather forecasting. There will be fair weather when the clouds seem to dissolve instead of to gather in denser masses. When there is going to be rain each cloud rises larger than the one before it. This is to be noted before a thunderstorm. Again, when the clouds are very white at the edges and deeply fleecelike toward the middle, with a very bright blue sky about them, they are of a "frosty coldness," and there will be snow, hail or rain.

No Doubting Thomas

When the clouds are high in air, in thin trains like locks of wool or tails of horses—what are known as mares' tails—look out for wind and very likely rain. Note now the accuracy of our author's forerunning of the weather bureau's method of tracing a storm center, with change of wind, and so on. Mr. Best says: "If the clouds as they come forward seem to diverge from a point in the horizon, a wind may be expected from that quarter or the opposite." Also, he says, it will rain before long when the sky is generally clouded, with small, dark or smoky clouds flying underneath. Old-time folks called these clouds "messengers," or "Noah's Arks." There is no surer sign of rain than two different currents of clouds.

Abundant dew on the grass after a fair day means another fair day to follow; but, says Mr. Best, if after such a fair day there is no dew upon the ground and no wind stirring, it is a sign that the vapors go upward and that there will be an accumulation above, which must terminate in rain. There is commonly either a strong dew or a mist over the ground between a red evening and a gray morning; but if a red morning follows there is no dew.

The out-of-door man must study the general look of the sky. If the earth vapors are not precipitated by the cold of night, but still remain hanging aloft, the light of the morning will be colored as it was in the evening and rain will be the consequence. It is bad to see a redness reaching too far upward from the horizon, either in the morning or in the evening. It means rain or wind—or both. If this redness reaches almost to the zenith in the evening, with very ragged clouds, look out for wind from the west or southwest, attended with rain.

One of the most certain signs of rain is a haziness aloft and a whitish, ill-defined sun. Again, if the moon and stars show dimly in the night, and if a ring or halo appears round the moon, there will be rain. This seems to be one of the oldest of the weather signs.

All boys know the appearance of the "sun sucking water" and know that it portends rain. Our old authority describes it thus:

"If the rays of the sun breaking through the clouds are visible in the air, and appear like those horns of irradiation which painters usually place upon the head of Moses,

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the air is sensibly filled with vapors which reflect the rays to the sight; and those vapors will soon produce rain."

A sun that sets white or shorn of rays, or that goes down behind a bank of clouds, may be said to indicate bad weather. Again, if the moon looks pale and dim we may expect rain; whereas if red we may expect wind. If white, or of natural color, we may expect fair weather.

The moon is the great stand-by of long-distance forecasting of all ages. Our gentle angler declares that if the moon is rainy throughout her course it will clear at the next change and then in a few days begin to rain again. On the contrary, if the moon has been fair throughout, and it rains at the change, the fair weather will probably be restored about the fourth or fifth day of the moon and continue as before. Mr. Dryden, translating from the original weather chief, Virgil, gave some advice which might well be marked by Professor Moore and the United States Weather Bureau in their endeavor to predict the weather a week or more in advance:

But, four nights old—for that's the surest sign—
With sharpen'd horns, if glorious then she shine,
Next day, not only that but all the moon,
Till her revolving race be wholly run,
Are void of tempests.

That these old-time weather prophets were on the trail of what is accepted as weather science today, may further be noted in Mr. Best's observation of the winds:

"When the wind veers about uncertainly to several points of the compass rain is pretty sure to follow. . . . Some have remarked that if the wind, as it veers about, follows the course of the sun, from the east toward the west, it brings fair weather—if the contrary, foul; but there is no prognostic of rain more infallible than a whistling or howling noise of the wind."

Thus it may be seen that, though our old fisherman knew nothing of a "center of low," he did know something about the changing directions of the wind as such a center passed. As to the whistling or howling noise of the wind, each reader will have his own guess.

Clouds and Their Conduct

Our author himself was much of a compiler and not unwilling to take the advice of many friends. He sums up with a few simple rules. If the sun rises red and fiery, he says, wind and rain; if cloudy, with decreasing clouds, certain fair weather. Large clouds mean great showers; small clouds increasing, much rain—large clouds decreasing, fair weather. A dapple or "mackerel" sky generally means rain. Black clouds in the clear evening mean rain; and so do black clouds near the sun or near the moon. If clouds suddenly appear, especially to the south or west, look for hard storms. If many clouds like fleeces of wool are scattered from the east they foretell rain within three days. A general mist before the sun rises, near the full moon, means fair weather. Sudden rains are short; but when the air grows steadily thicker, and the sun, moon and stars dimmer, "it is likely to rain for six hours."

Then follows another parallel of modern science: "If it begins to rain from the south, with a high wind for two or three hours, and the wind falls but the rain continues, it is likely to rain twelve hours or more, and does usually rain till a strong north wind clears the air." We are all familiar with the old adage: "Rain before seven, clear before eleven." Mr. Best says: "If it begins to rain an hour or two before sun-rising it is likely to be fair before noon and to continue so that day; but if the rain begins an hour or two after sun-rising it is likely to rain all that day—except the rainbow be seen before it rains."

Mr. Best goes on to give a long series of shrewd observations of the clouds and their conduct; the strength, direction and duration of the winds, and so on, as observed in the British Isles. And so curiously do these follow the later developments in the science of weather forecasting that it would, doubtless, be interesting to give them in full were they as applicable to this country as no doubt they were to Great Britain.

Yet greater interest, however, attaches to some of the other phases of weather

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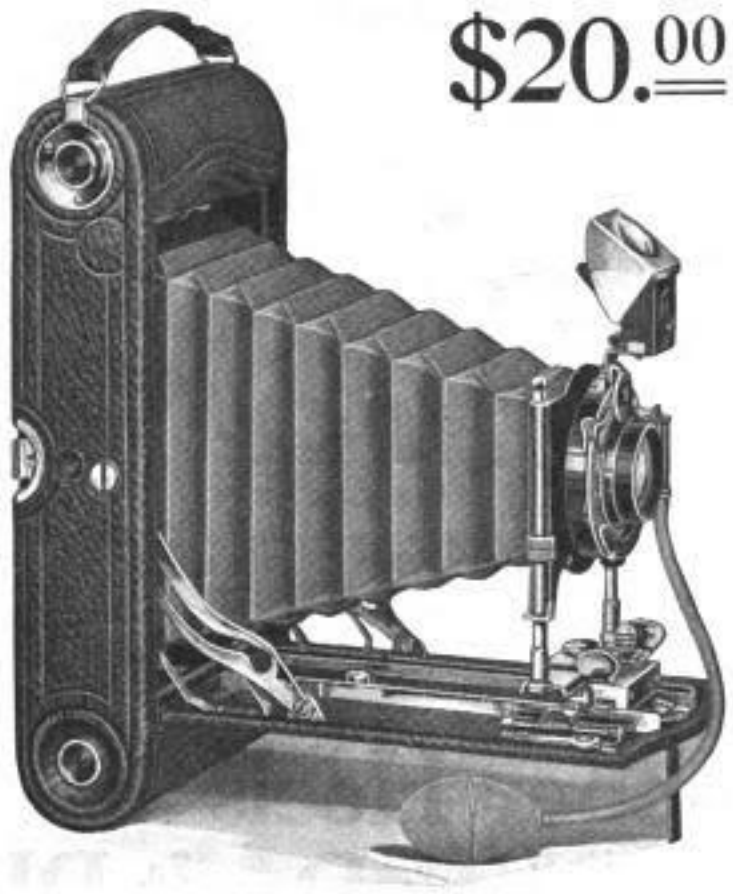
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prediction as they were understood at that time. No less a person than Lord Bacon is called into the game; and regarding him the author says: "The great Lord Bacon gives the following rules, and it is said these rules have never been known to fail: If the new moon does not appear till the fourth day it prognosticates a troubled air for the whole month. If at her first appearance, or within a few days, her lower horn is obscured or dusky or sullied it denotes foul weather before the full. If she be discolored in the middle, storms are to be expected about the full—or about the wane if her upper horn is affected in like manner. If on her fourth day she appears spotless, her horns unblunted, and neither flat nor quite erect, but betwixt both, it promises fair for the greater part of the month." We see here, perhaps, the origin of the old saying that it will not rain if the moon is slanted so the water runs out of the horns.

Lord Bacon was something of an all-round sharp—in fact, almost the household compendium of useful knowledge of his day; and he is much relied upon by Mr. Best in weather lore. Lord Bacon adduces other signs, such as the sweating of walls. He says that if walls that used to sweat are drier than usual at the beginning of winter, or if the eaves of houses drip more slowly than usual, we should expect a hard and frosty winter. A moist, cold summer portends a hard winter, according to Lord Bacon. A hot summer and autumn portend an open winter at first, colder toward the latter part. A warm and open winter portends a hot and dry summer. A serene autumn means a windy winter; a windy winter means a rainy spring; a rainy spring a serene summer—a serene summer a windy autumn. "So that the air on a balance is seldom dead or to itself; nor do the seasons succeed each other in the same tenor for two years together."

Lord Bacon was certainly a considerable prophet—next to Virgil; and, as he was an Englishman, no doubt Mr. Best thought his prophecies were better than those of anybody else, whether before or after the Christian Era. He does not fail, however, to quote from dear old Uncle Pliny. Pliny was strong for the crow as a weather prophet; and he states that it is a sign of rain when birds, especially crows, are noisy near the waters and wash themselves.

Signs of the Times

We have with us also dear old Judge Horace, who used to live round the corner in Rome, and who had a country house where, if the truth be told, he sometimes probably drank more than was good for him.

Horace also had a bet down on the crow, that wise bird of the ages. In the Seventeenth Ode of his Third Book, he remarks:

Aquæ nisi fallit augur,
. . . Annosa cornix.

Which, as any member of the Cliffdwellers' Club, of Chicago, will know, is to say:

. . . unless in vain
Croaks the old crow, presaging rain.

Regarding the same bird, Horace elsewhere remarks that it is "prophetic of impending showers."

Most of the weather observations given above have been those made in Southern Europe or in Great Britain. It might justly be said that weather produced in Great Britain ought to be good enough to go anywhere; but there are perhaps ways of forecasting weather more universally applicable than any we have yet mentioned. Our angling authority points out that the flying aloft of swallows surely means a serene sky; but if they skim along the ground or the water we judge rain is not far off—"and the observation will seldom fail." If sheep feed up the hills early in the morning the weather will gradually clear, though the day may start rainy. If the sheep hang to the lowlands rains will increase.

Dogs are sleepy and stupid before rain, and waterfowl dive and wash themselves more than usual before a rain. Even fish are affected and do not bite so well when rain is coming. Flies, on the contrary, bite better than usual. Also, toads may be seen in the paths in the evening, or in open places, where they rarely are seen except before a change in the weather. Our old weather prophet was no mean observer of animate Nature; and he goes on to say: "Before any considerable quantity of rain is to fall, most living creatures are affected



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in some sort as to render them in some way sensible of its approach and of the access of something new to the surface of the earth." He points out that moles work more than usual, and also worms; that ants are busier and all insects more active just before a rain. Bees are always busier just before a rain, but get to their hives before the storm arises. Snails, frogs and toads are uneasy; birds of all sorts are in action. Crows are "more earnest after their prey," as are also swallows and other birds. Swine discover much uneasiness; and sheep, cows and oxen "appear more solicitous and eager in pasture than usual." "Even human beings themselves are not exempt from some sense of a change in their bodies."

Most vegetables expand their flowers in sunshiny weather and against rain close them. This is visible in the down of the dandelion and the flowers of the pimpernel, the opening and shutting of which form the English farmer's weather bulletin. Many glowworms at night mean fair weather. Many gnats flocking out in the open air at sunset mean heat. If they play up and down in the shade expect warm showers. You may anticipate good weather when the larks rise very high and sing for a long time. Also—and bear in mind that all this wisdom is more than a hundred years old—"In men frequently aches, wounds and corns are more troublesome, either toward rain or toward frost."

If ducks and geese pick their wings and cackle or wash themselves very much rain may be expected. They know that if, after rain, there is a cold wind there will be more rain. Again, a sputtering candle, as no less an authority than Virgil points out, means an impending storm. Or as Dryden has it:

The nightly virgin, whilst her wheel she plies,
Foresees the storm impending in the skies
When sparkling lamps their splutt'ring light advance,
And in their sockets oily bubbles dance.

Dryden's translation of Virgil's Georgics points out the whisper which "runs along the leafy wood" before a strong wind. Before a storm also,

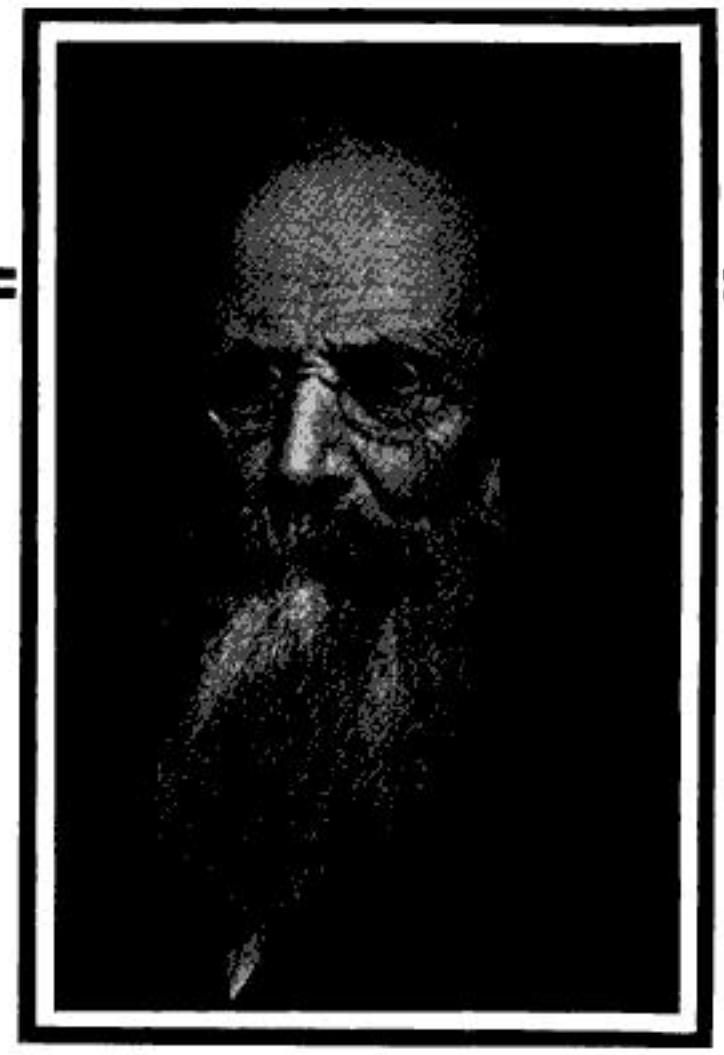
The chaff with eddying wind is tossed about,
And dancing leaves are lifted from the ground,
And floating feathers on the water play.

The Reason in Rhymes

There is a great deal of meat in this curious little book, of which the writer never saw but one copy. Enough has been set down to show both how much and how little we have advanced in the science of weather predictions—that is to say, weather predictions without a weather bureau—in the last two or three thousand years. We may also note that the practice of rhymes and jingles in connection with weather forecasts is a very ancient one. Thus there is a very old English jingle which shows that, even before Lord Bacon flourished, men thought they could predict the weather months in advance—even as they still think in Washington:

Janiveer freeze the pot by the fire.
If the grass grow in Janiveer
It grows the worst for't all the year.
The Welshman had rather see his dam on the bier
Than see a fair Februeer.
March wind and May sun
Make clothes white and maids dun.
When April blows his horn
'Tis good both for hay and corn.
An April flood
Carries away the frog and her brood.
A cold May and windy
Makes a full barn and a findy.
A May flood never did good.
A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
But a swarm in July
Is not worth a fly.

There are scores of other ways of weather forecasting known to sailors, hunters, trappers and savages, men who live much or altogether in the open; and it is sometimes astonishing with what accuracy men of this description will make day-to-day forecasts. The average man of today is not a close observer of Nature or of natural phenomena; but the true sportsman, whether angler or hunter, who desires to get out of his art everything there is in it, might do worse than cultivate his faculties of observation on some such lines as those indicated above. Ancient and honored as they are, it is for us to prove whether or not they are wholly dependable and accurate in our country.



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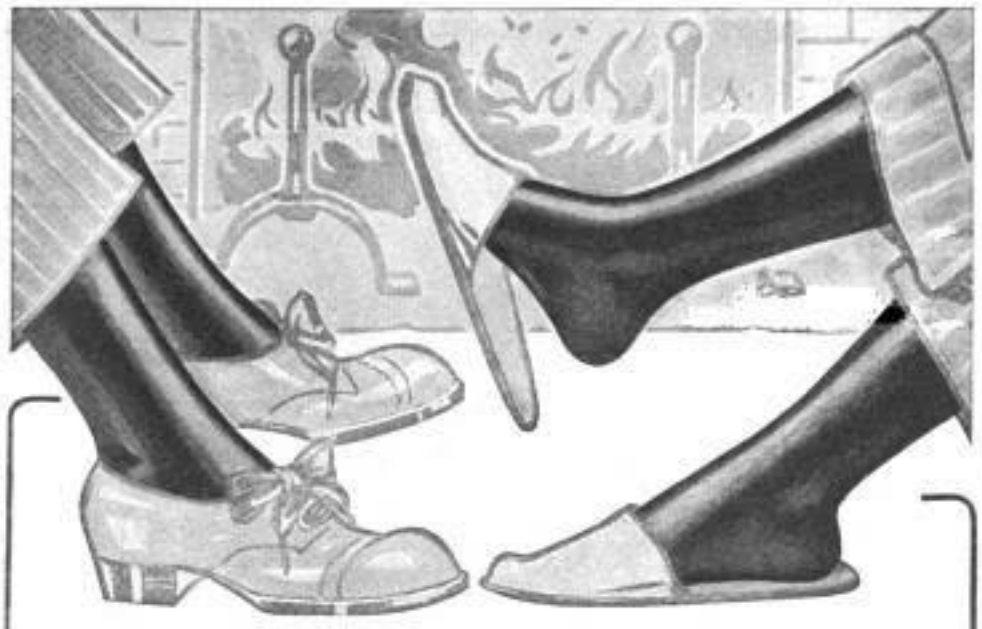
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THE MONEY MARKET AND INVESTMENT PRICES

By Roger W. Babson

THE president of a large New York bank was once asked by a person having a large sum to loan: "How much is money worth?" The banker replied by asking: "How much is a horse worth?" In retort the business man immediately answered: "A horse is worth what you can get for him." "Well," said the banker, "that's what money's worth." Now this simple story is the fundamental principle underlying the money market, for in a given locality with fixed conditions and fixed collateral or credit, money rates are dependent upon the supply and demand.

Of course, readers who live in small cities or towns probably pay a fixed rate of interest year in and year out, averaging the so-called legal rate of 6 per cent. Although there are certain wealthy and conservative sections of the country where the demand for money is fairly low and the rate only 5 per cent, yet, on the other hand, there are sections in the Northwest and South where the demand greatly exceeds the supply and the normal rate is 8 or 10 per cent or probably more. In all places, however, the above rule applies; for money rates, when all other conditions are fixed, are ultimately dependent upon supply and demand. These other conditions include such features as the security offered, the credit of the borrower, general confidence, the length of time the loan is to run, and various other considerations.

The Way Banks Make Money

I make these explanations primarily in order that the reader who is paying his local bank 6 per cent or more may not be dissatisfied when he sees in the newspaper that money is being loaned in New York and other large cities at from 2 to 4 per cent. If a New York bank were to loan you money it would demand as high a rate as your local banks demand, if not a higher one. When the New York banks loan at the low rates quoted they receive collateral or security which insures that the note will be paid at the moment it matures; if it is not paid they can sell the loan to some other bank. In other words, they can obtain the money any time they wish. When, however, a merchant in a country town borrows from his local bank, that bank will not sell him out if he does not pay his notes when they mature. In other words, the loans that the average country bank makes to local customers are in a way permanent loans; and, to my mind, such banks should always receive a rate almost double what New York banks receive on collateral loans, which truly are quick assets.

As the readers of this weekly know, there are two ways in which banks can make money. The one is by paying from 2 to 4 per cent on deposits and loaning the money at from 5 to 6 per cent, thus making a small difference thereon. This is the method used by the majority of country banks today, and in it lies the explanation of the fact that so many of these banks are just struggling along, the president working for a few hundred dollars a year and the bank clerks depriving themselves in order that the bank may eke out a small dividend. It takes no brains to pay a certain per cent on deposits and loan the same money for a little more; and in any work that does not require brains there is a tremendous amount of competition.

On the other hand, there are a few banks that make money in a much more intelligent and justifiable manner. These banks are practically merchants dealing in money as a commodity, storing up money when it is cheap, as the iceman stores up ice when it is a nuisance, and then loaning out this money for the purchase of raw materials or high-grade securities when money is in great demand and merchants and manufacturers are willing to sacrifice almost anything in order to obtain it. Such banks perform a great service to the community. They perform the same function for business that the governor on an engine performs in regulating the speed of the engine.

Now the country banks simply have use for time money, and are interested simply in loaning it for as high a rate as possible at all times. It is the great city bank, operated with judgment and along the lines above indicated, that uses call rates. When money is a drug on the market these great city institutions loan it on call at a low rate, knowing that the time is coming when it will be in great demand, and that, therefore, they can best serve the business man by having the money ready for his instant use. On the other hand, when money is high and the financial situation is being cleaned up through failures and drastic liquidations, these great banks, knowing that the trouble is over, loan their money on time and obtain a handsome rate, together with special commissions for so doing.

As most of my readers are probably more familiar with the money rates of their local banks than they wish they were, I shall not dwell further on this point; but shall explain in a few words the statement of the money market as it appears each day in the large daily papers of the country, the following being clipped from a recent Boston paper:

Current quoted rates, bank clearings, and so forth, follow:

	BOSTON	NEW YORK
Call loans	4½ @ 5	5 @ 5½
Time Money:		
Sixty and ninety days	4	5½
Four and six months	4 @ 4½	5½ @ 6
Year money	4½ @ 4½	4½ @ 4½
Commercial paper	4 @ 4½	4 @ 4½
Corporation notes	5½	5½

	TODAY	YEAR AGO
Bar silver in New York	.55	.54½
Mexican dollars	.46½	.46

AT THE CLEARING HOUSE

	PAR
New York funds	
Exchanges Boston	$ 30,769,592
Year ago today	26,982,729
Balances	2,140,750
Sub-Treasury credit	18,500
Exchanges New York	310,643,209
Year ago today	292,424,128
Balances	18,316,548
Sub-Treasury credit	503,726
New York banks lost on Sub-Treasury operations yesterday	1,456,000
Net loss since Friday	6,546,000

FOREIGN EXCHANGE

In the foreign exchange market today, sterling was easy and Continentals were practically unchanged. Afternoon rates, actual business between bankers, as follows: Sterling—cables, $4.8650; demand, $4.8695 @ 4.8610; sixty days, $4.8260 @ 4.8280; commercial bills, $4.8160 @ 4.8180. Francs, 5.20⅞ less 5/64; marks, 95, plus 1/64; guilders, 40⅞, plus 1/32.

Call and Time Rates

It will be noticed that the first reference is to call rates, and it will be seen that on said day call rates are a little higher in New York than in Boston. Now when a man borrows on call, he borrows with the understanding that he must either pay his loan any moment the bank desires the money, or else he must accept any change in rate that the bank desires to make at any time. That is to say, the rate on call loans may be changed by the bank any day, and the borrower must pay either the said rate or his loan. During the greater part of 1911 call rates were lower in New York than in Boston, owing to the fact that during the larger part of the year small banks all over the country had a large amount of idle money in the New York banks. Owing to the fall and Christmas business, during December these banks withdrew money from New York, which made it necessary for the New York banks to have some of their call loans paid in order to get the money to send West. To have said loans paid these banks chose the method of marking up their rates. As comparatively few country banks outside of New England carry accounts in Boston, Boston banks were not affected in this way, and therefore the Boston rate for call money was not advanced so much.

The next item refers to time rates. Time money, as all readers must know, refers to notes that are given for a definite period at a definite rate. When one borrows from a bank for sixty days, he agrees to keep the money for sixty days and the bank agrees to let the rate remain fixed for sixty days. Therefore, in the case of time money the bank cannot advance the rate during the life of the note; but, on the

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other hand, the borrower cannot pay the note before it is due or have the advantage of any lower rate in case money should decline. In the case of call money, however, although the bank has the privilege of calling and advancing the rate at any time, yet the borrower also has the privilege of paying up at any time or insisting on a reduction in rate in case money becomes easier.

The first three items under time money show the rates for different periods, and illustrate very well why the country bank must have a higher rate for a permanent loan than the large city bank demands for active loans. It will also be seen that the large city bank demands about one-half of one per cent more for year money than for sixty and ninety day money. The last two items under time money refer to commercial paper and corporation notes, and suggest that corporation notes stand higher than ordinary business paper, as the banks are discounting these corporation notes at 3¾ per cent, though they are asking 4 to 4½ per cent on the business paper and collateral loans.

Another interesting feature in connection with the above statement lies in the reason why call money demands a higher rate than time money. By watching the relation between two rates one may usually ascertain how the large bankers feel as to the course of money rates. When the rate for time money is less than the rate for call money on the same collateral and in the same city, one may usually be certain that the bankers of that city feel that rates are to continue easy and therefore prefer to loan money for long periods rather than to loan on call. On the other hand, when the rate for call money is considerably less than the rate for time money, as was the case during the summer of 1911, one may rest assured that the bankers feel that the rate for time money is abnormally low, and consequently that it is better to loan on call at a low rate than to tie up funds for from four to six months at a slightly higher rate. In a later article I shall explain to the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST the other items on the above clipping, including foreign exchange; but space will not permit me to do this at the present time.

Adjustments in the Money Market

What I wish to show in connection with this article is the relation between money rates and investment prices, for we find that there is a constant and intimate connection between monetary conditions and the prices of stocks and bonds. No market has continued indefinitely upward in the face of high money rates, and the only cure for strained monetary conditions is a recession in business or an area below the country's line of normal growth.

The ten high-grade investment stocks, of which I have a list extending back practically to the Civil War, sold in 1890 at an average high price of about $141 a share. At that time the percentage of loans to deposits was around 95 per cent, while the percentage of specie to loans was about 20 per cent. In the latter part of that year, however, the loans advanced to 102 per cent of deposits, while specie declined to about 18 per cent of loans. Moreover, this was accompanied—which is the point I desire to emphasize—by a decline in the average price of these stocks to $98 a share and a still further decline in 1891 to about $95 a share. Furthermore, from 1891 to 1893 almost every marked fluctuation in money conditions was reflected in stock-market prices, and in 1893 the proportion of loans to deposits rose to 109 per cent, while the ratio of specie to loans declined to 13 per cent, accompanied by a drop in the average price of our ten stocks from $135 in 1892 to $98.

This strange condition of affairs, however, was immediately corrected by an area of rest-developing below the nation's line of normal growth, and in the next year or two the proportion of loans to deposits fell to 80 per cent and specie rose to 30 per cent, while the average high price of these ten shares increased to $128.

Although the situation greatly improved during the next one or two years, yet conditions were not cured. Like sick patients getting up too soon, business men unfamiliar with fundamental conditions, not being content to let the area of depression sufficiently develop and mature, forced business too hard, and in 1896 sent the proportion of loans to deposits up to 102 per cent, while the ratio of specie to deposits

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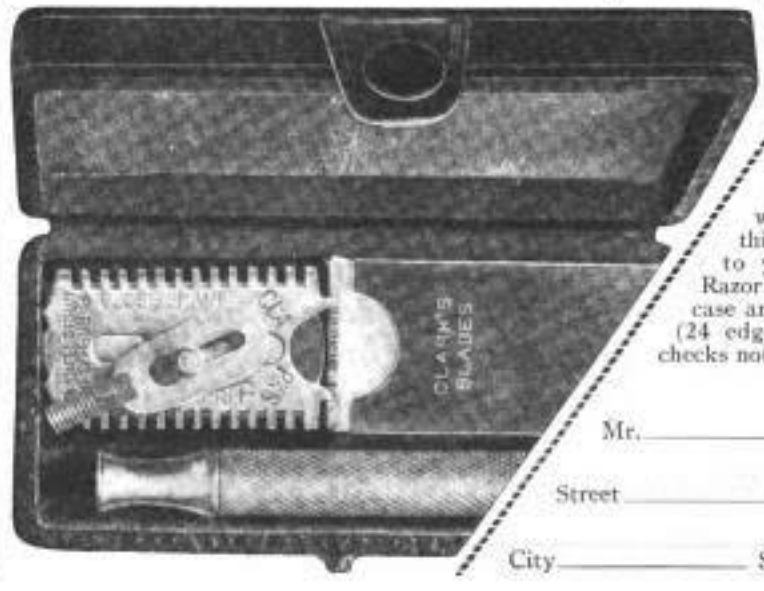
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fell to 10 per cent. Certainly these patients were quickly sent back to bed again, for conditions were immediately checked by the crisis of 1896, when the average price of these ten investment stocks dropped to $100. After this affairs were allowed to take their natural course and the area of depression was allowed naturally to come to completion; and in July, 1898, loans were only 83 per cent of deposits, while the banks held specie to the amount of 30 per cent of deposits, and the average price of these securities followed suit by advancing from $106 to $133.

In following conditions from 1900 to 1902 we find another area of prosperity developing above the country's line of normal growth, with a corresponding increase in the proportion of loans to deposits and a decrease in the ratio of specie to loans. In September, 1902, the proportion of loans to deposits was 99 per cent and the proportion of specie to loans about 17 per cent, while our ten investment stocks reached an average high price of about $200 a share.

To the student of monetary conditions it was self-evident that this spelled trouble in capital letters, and such was the case. In 1903 we had our "rich man's panic," when these conditions were readjusted and another area of rest began to develop below the line of normal growth, accompanied by a drop in the average price of our ten stocks to about $150 a share. During this period of rest the proportion of loans to deposits was reduced to 90 per cent, while the ratio of specie to loans increased to 25 per cent, accompanied by advancing prices of securities until an average high price of over $200 a share was reached in January, 1906.

How to Prevent Panics

If we had been willing to hold things in check, keeping down loans, building up our specie reserve and being content with a normal growth, the panic of 1907 could have been avoided. But unfortunately this is not the American way of doing things. It is our nature either to have the throttle wide open and run at breakneck speed, or else to have the throttle closed tightly and to be almost at a standstill. For instance, in January, 1907, the percentage of loans to deposits had been increased to about 102 per cent, and the relation of specie to loans had been cut down to about 17 per cent, while our ten investment stocks still sold at an average high price of about $180 a share. Moreover, a large area of prosperity had been developing above the nation's line of normal growth—an area approximately equal to the preceding areas of prosperity and depression—and nothing else could happen but a drastic liquidation in order to relieve these strained monetary conditions. What happened is well known to all. Our New York banks were strained almost to the breaking point, and, in fact, several of them did break. Large commercial institutions were forced into bankruptcy and some of our great railroads were placed in the hands of receivers, while the average of our ten stocks fell to $119 a share.

Again the readjustment process began, and as an area was developed below the nation's line of normal growth the ratio of loans to deposits decreased to 95 per cent, while the ratio of specie to loans was increased to 22 per cent, accompanied by an uplift in the prices of securities, and our ten stocks sold at an average price of over $190 a share in August, 1909. Since that date loans have again been increased and today they amount to about 100 per cent of deposits, while the ratio of specie to loans has fallen to 19 per cent, and stocks have been steadily declining since August, 1909. Not very encouraging, is it, reader, when one realizes that all these foreign disturbances to business could have been avoided if we had been willing to study the money market and other fundamental factors upon which all manufacturing and commercial progress ultimately depends?

Now from the above facts certain fundamental principles can be deduced, which should be of value to the reader in diagnosing future conditions. It is very evident, for instance, that the first things to note in the bank statement, as published both by the Comptroller of the Currency five times a year, covering all national banks, and by the Clearing House of New York once a week, covering New York banks, are these two most important items: the relation of loans to deposits and the relation of specie to loans. If we find that loans are in excess



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of deposits and the percentage of specie small, it is usually safe to assume that fundamentally the monetary situation is unsound.

In other words, an increase in loans and discounts with no corresponding increase in cash usually reflects unsound monetary conditions, even if the advance in loans and discounts is fully offset by deposits. There are various reasons for this, but the simplest reason is that there are two classes of deposits—namely, the real deposit and the credit deposit. When a miner in California takes gold from the earth and carries it to his bank for deposit, that man is creating a real deposit; and the same illustration applies if the man who takes iron, copper, wheat or cotton from the ground and deposits it or its equivalent. Such men are really wealth-producers and their deposits are well worthy the name. Unfortunately, however, such deposits often form a very small proportion of the total, for by far the greatest number of deposits are what are known as credit deposits. For instance, a merchant takes a piece of blank paper and makes thereon a note for $10,000. He then gives this note to the bank, discounts it for six months at 5 per cent and the bank gives him back, say, $9750. The merchant then goes to another window of the same institution and deposits this money, and the bank's deposits are immediately increased $9750, while the local board of trade of said city points to the city's increased bank deposits, forgetting all about the corresponding increased loans.

Real deposits should be welcomed, and such are the deposits that cause our nation's line of normal growth to go upward; but these credit deposits—although necessary to a certain extent—are our curse and an ultimate source of great trouble. Let us hope that the time will come when our Comptroller of the Currency will demand that these credit deposits be separated so that we may know how the bank is increasing its deposits in a given community. In the meantime let every reader look not at the deposits but at the proportion of loans to deposits, and especially at the percentage of specie, which really means cash.

Meaning of Business Depression

It will therefore be seen that the money market bears a very intimate relation to the welfare of the merchant and the business man, as well as to that of the investor and speculator; in fact, the relations could be carried on much farther than I have outlined above. The changes in the New York bank statement from week to week are scanned by many anxious faces; the surplus reserve item, which shows how much reserve the banks hold in excess of their legal requirements, is a figure especially watched.

It often happens that certain periods of the year, such as January and July, call for the use of large sums in the payment of interest, dividends and other semi-annual disbursements. The first of April and October are also important dates in the money market. As we understand the analyses further, we must allow for more and more exceptions; and as these exceptions increase the value of cast-iron rules diminishes. Such studies are somewhat like those of speculators, who figure that the prices of stocks are always high at certain seasons of the year and low at other seasons. There is nothing in such doctrines. True it is that prices have often been high early in January and July, owing to the large investment-buying at these times; but every two or three years so many people figure on this and make their purchases a month or two earlier that there is a general decline in the market in January and July.

There is, as a fact, nothing in such cast-iron rules. Nobody knows what month or year money rates will be low or high, and the man who attempts to predict by naming the month is making a pure guess. What we do know is that when money conditions are unsound, when credits are inflated and business unhealthy, and a large area of depression has developed above the nation's line of normal growth, then money will be scarce and will continue to be scarce until conditions are readjusted, loans liquidated and cash reserves strengthened—which can be accomplished only by the development of an area of rest, commonly known as a business depression. Therefore, I urge readers to study the relation of loans to deposits and the relation of specie or cash to loans.

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It's a food-drink without being a fad-drink. Nature puts elements in the grape that help the human system — brains, blood and nerves. We keep those elements there.

Welch's
The National Drink
Grape Juice

The juice as you pour it from the bottle is just as Nature made it in the grape — full of summer's sunshine and autumn's richness.

A corking good punch is the Welch Grape Punch. You can make it in a jiffy. Juice of three lemons and one orange; small cup of sugar; pint of WELCH'S; quart of plain or charged water. Garnish with sliced fruits to suit taste and serve *cold*.

Stewards and housekeepers of Fraternity Houses and College Clubs: Write us today for our *free* book of recipes for WELCH'S drinks and desserts.

Get the Welch Habit—It's One That Won't Get You

A sample four-ounce bottle mailed for 10 cents. If you cannot get Welch's of your dealer we will send a dozen trial pints for $3, express prepaid east of Omaha.



The
Welch Grape Juice Co.
Westfield, N. Y.

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Hands Across the SEAL

To The Man In The Street!

WHEREVER YOU SPY the circular sign of Kahn-Tailored-Clothes in a merchant's window, let your eye telegraph to your mind: *"There's the best tailor in town."*

OUR Authorized Representative is more than a nimble measure-taker — he is backed by every force and resource of our "crystal-palace" shops, often called "the greatest tailoring institution in America." *He* is *we.*

WE choose our Authorized Representative with the same probing care with which we choose our fabrics — he is sound-fibred and "all wool" with no "cotton streak." In *his* hands you're in *safe* hands — careful, cheerful, responsive to suggestion and responsible to *us* and to *you.*

GO to our Representative to-day to be measured for your Spring Clothes. Our seal, pictured below, is in his window and on our label. It guarantees our tailoring as though bond-backed.

To The Man In The Store!

WHEREVER YOU ARE you can gain the clientele of the "best-turned-out" men of your community — "the spenders" — by being the *Authorized Representative* of Kahn-Tailored-Clothes.

INDIVIDUALITY of style and integrity of tailoring — a body-gracing fit — pure-wool, new-wool fabrics — the best linings and trimmings that money can buy — deliveries that don't disappoint — these make *clients who cling.*

INDIANAPOLIS is *not* a "clothing market" — *not* the camp for an army of "ready-made operatives." We employ only custom tailors trained *our* way to do a task the *best* way — the way of the "crack" metropolitan tailor with all his niceties of drafting, draping and technique.

IN the few towns in which we are without an Authorized Representative we seek one of a character that befits the high character of our tailoring. If you are this man, write to us immediately.



Kahn Tailoring Company
of Indianapolis, Ind.

The Senator's Secretary

THERE are large numbers of noisy patriots roaming about this country verbiagerating vociferously about what they have done, are doing and intend to do to make certain the success of the Democratic party in the next presidential campaign. Also, there are hundreds of crafty politicians who have plans and specifications for that success, drawn by themselves and based on their individual ideas of procedure. When it comes to advice, instruction and admonition the Democratic party is loaded to the guards. It has within its ranks the greatest accumulation of prophets, seers, prognosticators, directors, guides, philosophers and scientific shop managers ever gathered in one political organization.

They have emerged from the high grass in all parts of the country, have roamed in from the hills, dropped from the trees, come up out of the caves; and they are all prepared to tell exactly what course to pursue in order that the principles of the late Thomas Jefferson, as modified to suit the exigencies of this occasion, shall triumph mightily at the polls, to the great glory of said principles and to the subsequent recognition of the advisers in the shapes of some sort of connections with the Federal payroll.

Some of these advisers and directors and managers, of course, haven't been in the high grass. There are old and experienced men, who have been advising and directing the Democratic party for years and years — not with any great results, to be sure, but with a persistence that shows them to have faith in themselves whether any other has faith in them or not. They are active — these old standbys — active and vocal and fluent; and they are handing it out hot and inspired twenty-four hours a day. The efforts of these regulars are ably supplemented by the Democratic editors, who, seeing a chance for a winning, have quit moaning about the iniquities of Uncle Joe Cannon and Nelson W. Aldrich, and are now engaged in telling Oscar Underwood and Champ Clark exactly how to proceed.

They are all weighted down with the burden of direction. The entire problem is up to them — each individually, to hear each tell it; and unless the Democrats do as each individual says all will be lost and the Grand Old Party — to wit, the Republicans — will remain arrogantly in power and the waiting Democratic patriots will continue without the recognition — and the salaries — that are their just dues as rewards for services performed, said services consisting of advice. Any Democratic leader can obtain an exact, illustrated, specific and annotated plan of campaign, covering every detail of policy and action, for the coming crucial months by standing in a receptive attitude in a Washington hotel lobby, or by reading his mail instead of making his secretary read it.

The Lead Horses of the Democrats

And the interesting part of it is that the has-been boys, the high-grass boys, as well as the regular, perennial advisers, think they have the correct system in mind; and think, too, that the Democrats will be wrecked unless things are attended to as the boys insist. Indeed, they are certain of it, and consider themselves the instruments whereby Mr. Taft's party will be defeated and whereby the Democrats will come into power. These fellows are impatient of the suggestion that perhaps there are some men in the party and in position who know better than they what the difficulties are, and what remedies are obtainable, and what procedure politic and possible.

Nevertheless, the men in the Democratic party who will have most to do with Democratic success or failure next fall are the leaders in the House of Representatives. This is the only branch of the Government where the Democratic party is in the majority; and the party, as a whole, will be judged in a national sense largely by what the Democratic House does and does not do. There are half a dozen men in the House who may be said to be the leaders; and of these, of course, Oscar Underwood stands first, he being not only the designated floor leader, but also the man of greatest ability and resource. Allied with him are John J. Fitzgerald, chairman of the Appropriations Committee and a Representative from Brooklyn; William Hughes, of New Jersey, who is on the Ways and Means Committee; Swagar Sherley, of Kentucky, one of the ablest men in the House, and one or two others. Champ Clark, the Speaker, is actively a candidate for the nomination for president, and he, too, is intensely concerned in having the Democratic House perform satisfactorily to the country, though his congressional attitude is not openly active in managing and directing. However, he has his say. Underwood is a candidate for the nomination also.

Laying aside the personal aspirations of these men, theirs is a real anxiety that the Democratic House shall make a good, clean, consistent, satisfactory record — and theirs is the task of seeing to it that this record is made. Also, theirs is the responsibility. The larger part of the burden is on them. If the House shall make any mistakes the great army of advisers and directors now operating on the outside will be first to emit the loud yell of consternation and denunciation. If the House makes no mistakes the said great army will have its claims in for credit before sunrise. Meantime these men have the hardest job any legislators have had in our time or theirs.

Radishes, not Radicals

The Democrats have the House for the first time in sixteen years. They couldn't do much but pass tariff legislation at the extra session; but now the first regular session of Congress is in full swing, and the Democrats, having been outside so long, are looking at the perquisites and perks from the seats of the mighty — and want theirs. Moreover, any Democrat — and that means most of them — who has any pet or radical idea for legislation that is positively needed for the future welfare and stability of the nation is totally at a loss to understand why that pet idea shall not be enacted into law, inasmuch as he is a Democrat and the Democrats are in the majority. The fooler the idea, the stronger the conviction that this is the panacea. Large numbers of these Democrats who think and assert they are radicals are in reality not radicals at all, but radishes; but there is no way of making them understand this. They rush wildly into caucuses and on the floor of the House and demand that what they propose shall be indorsed as Democratic doctrine and enacted into Democratic law.

There is no way of stopping these persons if they have industry enough to write their ideas into bills or resolutions — that is, there is no way to prevent the newspapers from printing what these particular Democrats propose. But there are methods of stopping action, and these are adopted from time to time and are the particular jobs and responsibilities of the Democratic leaders. The leaders cannot know — not being mind-readers — when a wild-eyed and breathless Democratic patriot, who has oozed into the House from some sort of a district, will slide in a resolution that may have a public appeal in it, but that would work backward in a political sense if adopted. Constructively the introduction of one of these boomerang affairs is placed to the credit of the Democratic party because a Democrat introduced it; but, likewise, its killing is also laid at the door of the party when the leaders find that murder must be done.

Also, there is the question of pork. The Democrats are hungry and want pork. They cry they must have it. Not a few of them have discovered there are "metropusses" of five and six thousand population in their districts where there are no Federal buildings; and many a one has demanded that some creek that meanders through his home counties shall be dredged. Added to this are wild cries for all other kinds of patronage, and wild cries for money to be spent in the district — real money from the Treasury, which, as is well known, has vault after vault literally bulging with gold and silver and bills of large denominations that might just as well be expended in Pohick and Booginville, to the great aid and comfort of the Democratic party, the communities of Pohick and Booginville, and last, but not least — to the representative who makes the demand.

The leaders know they cannot get anywhere before the country if they duplicate in size the appropriations of the former Republican Houses. They must, at least, create a semblance of economy, whether they want to or not. They have been yelling that the extravagant rascals of the

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Republican party must be turned out; and they cannot become extravagant rascals themselves because they have been turned in. The leaders know all this, but the individuals who make up the Democratic majority do not. They are in power. They have the votes. The Treasury is there, waiting to be tapped; and these Democrats cannot understand why they shall not be permitted to do the tapping, especially as the Republicans jimmied the vaults open time after time and year after year, for sixteen years and more.

Economy, as a political precept, is always the slogan of the minority. It is always satisfactory and patriotic and advisable to be economical when you can't be anything else, because you have no chance to be profligate; but, when you have the money at your disposal, why not spend it, especially as it is the Government's money and not yours? Inasmuch as the leaders of the present majority in the House have decided to be economical, their first job has been to convince the hungry members of the Democratic majority that they must help. They are having a lovely time doing it. The boys want pap and pork to help them back home, to support their individual political aspirations.

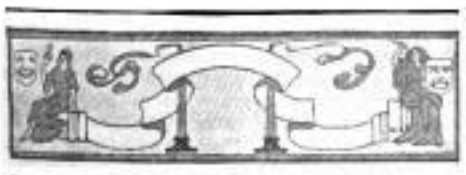
They want all sorts of alleged iniquities investigated. They want all sorts of laws passed. They want anything that will give them a little advertising. They want to do things, to get action, to raise a dust; and the desire is always predicated on the individual ambition instead of on the broader party policy.

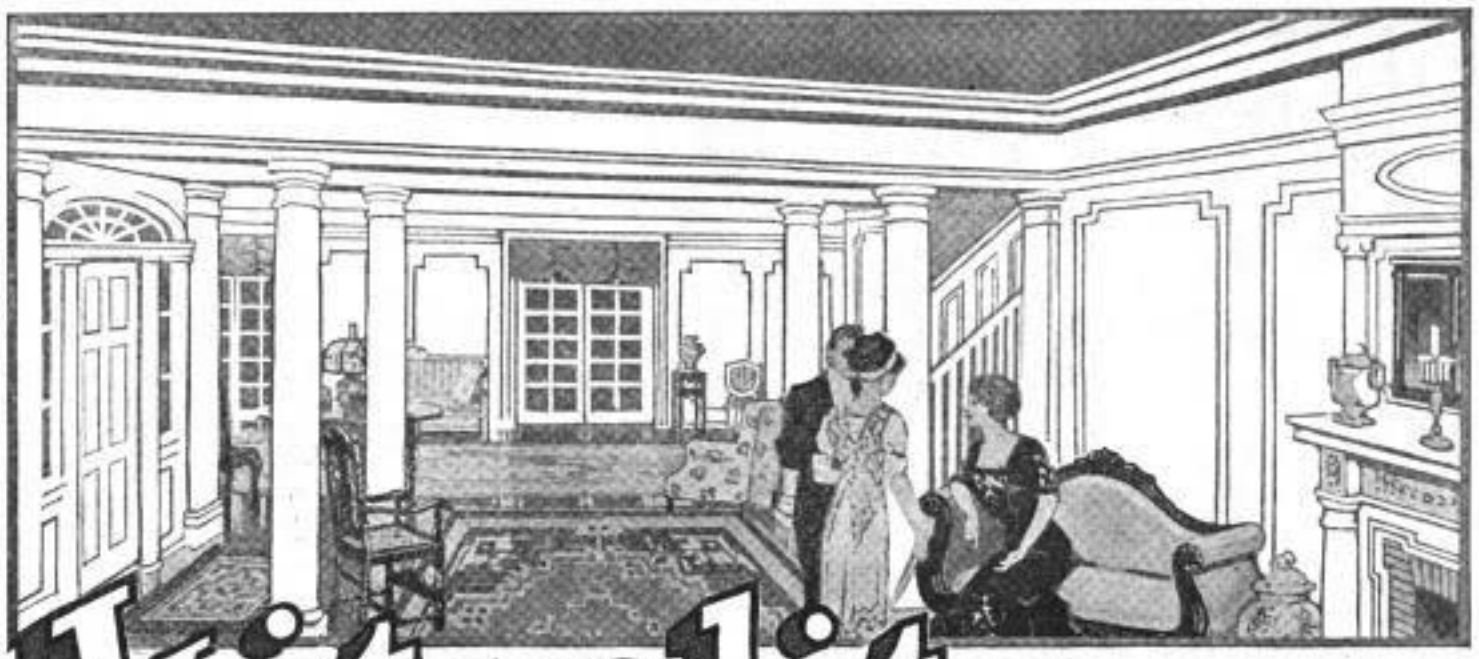
The copybooks used to tell us this world is made up of many men of many minds, and which precept is applicable for the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives. By a gigantic effort, these men were held reasonably in line during the extra session of the Congress that began in April, 1911, and ended in August of the same year; and the success of that holding in line was largely attained because the leaders insisted there should be no legislation except the tariff. Now the gates are open. This is a regular session—not a special one. The boys have free swing. They want what they want. Of course it is vastly important that a Democratic president shall be elected; but that necessity pales into insignificance beside the vastly more important one that the individual representatives must be elected.

Friends Who are Foes

The Democratic leaders gained much credit for the coherent and cohesive action of the Democrats in the extra session. They must be equally successful this time, for the people are not yet ready to give them an unqualified vote of confidence. The success of the Democratic party at the polls will be predicated largely on the record of the House now sitting. The leaders know this. They want to be sane and reasonable and Democratic and economical and businesslike; and the greatest foes they have are not in the opposition Republican minority, but in their own Democratic majority. It is doubtful if any set of men in politics ever had a greater task than these men in the Democratic House who are trying to keep the lid on, to hold things down, to keep in check their hungry colleagues—and thus help to elect a Democratic president. They must work at it night and day. They must be constantly on guard. Else, when they are not looking, some of their hungry friends on the same side of the House will start something that will inevitably spill all the beans.

CONDENSATION NOTE. An honorable legislator from West Virginia, who contributed in his autobiography to the Congressional Record that deathless sentiment concerning himself, "He is thoroughly reliable; works hard, late and early as a congressman, and is reflecting credit upon the country by his manly, conservative and wise course in Washington as a representative of all the people," has eliminated this and the half page of similar heartfelt self-appreciation that originally appeared in the directory, and now confines his autobiography to three prosaic lines.





Vitralite

The Long-Life WHITE ENAMEL



IN hall, living-room, dining-room or bed-room, Vitralite, "The Long-Life White Enamel," harmonizes with any color scheme. Its attractiveness and beauty never tire. Use Vitralite and the finish will be *permanent.* It will not turn yellow, crack, chip nor show brush marks. It gives a wonderfully smooth, fine surface—inside or outside—on wood, metal or plaster.

You may leave Vitralite a rich gloss or have it rubbed to a dull finish. The effect is that of fine porcelain. Can be tinted to any shade if desired. Vitralite is easily cleaned because it's water-proof—just the thing for bathroom or kitchen. Fine for furniture.

Send for Free Vitralite Booklet and Sample Panel

finished with Vitralite. Judge it for yourself. A copy of our **"Decorative Interior Finishing"** will prove valuable if you are interested in an attractive home. Ask for it—it's free.

Use "61" Floor Varnish on floors where you want a mar-proof, water-proof and heel-proof protective finish. It does not crack nor chip.

Send for Free Sample Panel and test it with hammer and heel. Ask for **"The Finished Floor."** It will prove interesting and instructive.

If your dealer can not supply "P & L" Varnishes, write to 83 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y.; in Canada, 25 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

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The Simplest and Most Agreeable Way to Keep

The Skin Soft, Smooth and Fair

is to use, morning and night, also before and after exposure to the weather

HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM

We are sure there's nothing more delicate and refreshing. We have been sending it into refined homes for many years and thousands of letters have come back to us expressing appreciation of the benefit produced by Hinds Cream.

Every bottle is guaranteed absolutely pure and harmless,—free from greasy, sticky properties, or anything that can cause or aid a growth of hair. Every application of Hinds Cream will soften the skin, retard a tendency to wrinkles, relieve sore conditions and add attractiveness to the complexion.



50 cents—Sold everywhere or postpaid by us if not obtainable. Don't take a substitute, but write us at once.

Liberal Sample Bottle and Booklet Sent Free.—No Duplicating.

A. S. HINDS 89 West Street PORTLAND, MAINE

Bachelors' Friend TRADE MARK **HOSIERY**



Three grades: 6 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $2.00; 6 pairs, $2.50. Wear guaranteed for six months.

This new summer weight hosiery weighs less than three-quarters of an ounce to the pair. It is the lightest, sheerest, silkiest of all summer cotton socks.

Look carefully at the graduated reinforcement of the heel—the strongly reinforced foot. They give you *wear*, even in this light, comfortable gauzy weight. The yarn used in this reinforcement costs us $1.40 a pound—four times the cost of ordinary yarn.

Consider these new features: Genuine French Welt—the best welt ever put on a seamless stocking. Reinforced at every point where wear comes. Reinforcement graduated to top of shoe. Toe looped on two-thread looping machines. Combed Sea Island cotton.

We do not sell direct. But if no dealer in your town has them, we will see that you have an introductory lot, if you will send us money order covering the amount. Charges prepaid.

Joseph Black & Sons Co. York, Pa.

No need of this since he wears Bachelors' Friend.

Electric light is necessary to bring out the reinforcement.

THE RED CROSS GIRL

(Continued from Page 6)

"I'm tired of being called a good sport," she protested, "by men who aren't half so good sports as I am. I'm tired of being talked to about money—as though I were a stockbroker. This man's got a head on his shoulders, and he's got the shoulders too; and he's got a darned good-looking head; and he thinks I'm a ministering angel and a saint; and he put me up on a pedestal and made me dizzy—and I like being made dizzy; and I'm for him! And I'm going after him!"

"Be still!" implored Helen Page. "Any one might think you meant it!" She nodded violently at the discreet backs of the men servants.

"Ye gods, Parker!" cried Anita Flagg. "Does it take three of you to pour a cup of tea? Get out of here, and tell everybody that you all three caught me in the act of proposing to an American gentleman over the telephone and that the betting is even that I'll make him marry me!"

The faithful and sorely tried domestics fled toward the door.

"And what's more," Anita hurled after them, "get your bets down quick, for after I meet him the odds will be a hundred to one!"

Had the Republic been an afternoon paper, Sam might have been at the office and might have gone to the telephone, and things might have happened differently; but, as the Republic was a morning paper, the only person in the office was the lady who scrubbed the floors and she refused to go near the telephone. So Anita Flagg said, "I'll call him up later," and went happily on her ride, with her heart warm with love for all the beautiful world; but later it was too late.

To keep himself fit, Sam Ward always walked to the office. On this particular morning Hollis Holworthy was walking uptown and they met opposite the cathedral.

"You're the very man I want," said Holworthy joyously—"you've got to decide a bet."

He turned and fell into step with Sam.

"It's one I made last night with Nita Flagg. She thinks you didn't know who she was yesterday, and I said that was ridiculous. Of course you knew. I bet her a theater party."

To Sam it seemed hardly fair that so soon, before his fresh wound had even been dressed, it should be torn open by impertinent fingers; but he had no right to take offense. How could the man, or any one else, know what Sister Anne had meant to him?

"I'm afraid you lose," he said. He halted to give Holworthy the hint to leave him, but Holworthy had no such intention.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed that young man. "Fancy one of you chaps being taken in like that! I thought you were taking her in—getting up a story for the Sunday supplement!"

Sam shook his head, nodded and again moved on; but he was not yet to escape.

"And, instead of your fooling her," exclaimed Holworthy incredulously, "she was having fun with you!"

With difficulty Sam smiled.

"So it would seem," he said.

"She certainly made an awfully funny story of it!" exclaimed Holworthy admiringly. "I thought she was making it up—she must have made some of it up. She said you asked her to take a day off in New York. That isn't so, is it?"

"Yes, that's so."

"By Jove!" cried Holworthy—"and that you invited her to see the moving-picture shows?"

Sam, conscious of the dearly bought front-row seats in his pocket, smiled pleasantly.

"Did she say I said that—or you?" he asked.

"She did."

"Well, then, I must have said it."

Holworthy roared with amusement.

"And that you invited her to feed peanuts to the monkeys at the Zoo?"

Sam avoided the little man's prying eyes.

"Yes; I said that too."

"And I thought she was making it up!" exclaimed Holworthy. "We did laugh! You must see the fun of it yourself."

Lest Sam should fail to do so he proceeded to elaborate.

"You must see the fun in a man trying to make a date with Anita Flagg—just as if she were an unknown somebody!"

"I don't think," said Sam, "that was exactly my idea." He waved his stick at a passing taxi. "I'm late," he said. He abandoned Hollis on the sidewalk, chuckling and grinning with delight, and unconscious of the mischief he had made.

An hour later at the office, when Sam was waiting for an assignment, the telephone boy hurried to him, his eyes lit with excitement.

"You're wanted on the 'phone," he commanded. His voice dropped to an awed whisper. "Miss Anita Flagg wants to speak to you!"

The blood ran leaping to Sam's heart and face. Then he remembered this was not Sister Anne who wanted to speak to him, but a woman he had never met.

"Say you can't find me," he directed.

The boy gasped, fled and returned precipitately.

"The lady says she wants your telephone number—says she must have it."

"Tell her you don't know it; tell her it's against the rules—and hang up."

Ten minutes later the telephone boy, in the strictest confidence, had informed every member of the local staff that Anita Flagg—the rich, the beautiful, the daring, the original of the Red Cross story of that morning—had twice called up Sam Ward and by that young man had been thrown down—and thrown hard!

That night Elliott, the managing editor, sent for Sam; and when Sam entered his office he found also there Walsh, the foreign editor, with whom he was acquainted only by sight.

Elliott introduced them and told Sam to be seated.

"Ward," he began abruptly, "I'm sorry to lose you, but you've got to go. It's on account of that story of this morning."

Sam made no sign, but he was deeply hurt. From a paper he had served so loyally, this seemed scurvy treatment. It struck him also that, considering the spirit in which the story had been written, it was causing him more kinds of trouble than was quite fair. The loss of position did not disturb him. In the last month too many managing editors had tried to steal him from the Republic for him to feel anxious as to the future. So he accepted his dismissal calmly, and could say without resentment: "Last night I thought you liked the story, sir?"

"I did," returned Elliott; "I liked it so much that I'm sending you to a bigger place, where you can get bigger stories. We want you to act as our special correspondent in London. Mr. Walsh will explain the work; and if you'll go you'll sail next Wednesday."

After his talk with the foreign editor Sam again walked home on air. He could not believe it was real—that it was actually to him it had happened; for hereafter he was to witness the march of great events, to come in contact with men of international interests. Instead of reporting what was of concern only from the Battery to Forty-seventh Street, he would now tell New York what was of interest in Europe and the British Empire, and so to the whole world. There was one drawback only to his happiness—there was no one with whom he might divide it. He wanted to celebrate his good fortune; he wanted to share it with some one who would understand how much it meant to him, who would really care. Had Sister Anne lived, she would have understood; and he would have laid himself and his new position at her feet and begged her to accept them—begged her to run away with him to this tremendous and terrifying capital of the world, and start the new life together.

Among all the women he knew, however, there was none to take her place. Certainly Anita Flagg could not take her place. Not because she was rich, not because she had jeered at him and made him a laughing-stock, not because his admiration—and he blushed when he remembered how openly, how ingenuously he had shown it to her—meant nothing; but because the girl he thought she was, the girl he had made dreams about and wanted to marry without a moment's notice, would have seen that what he offered, ridiculous as it was when offered to Anita Flagg, was not ridiculous when offered sincerely to a tired, nerve-worn, overworked nurse in a hospital. It was because Anita Flagg had not seen that she could not now make up to him for

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e girl he had lost, even though she herself had inspired that girl and for a day ven her existence.

Had he known it, the Anita Flagg of his agining was just as unlike and as unfair the real girl as it was possible for two ople to be. His Anita Flagg he had ated out of the things he had read of her impertinent Sunday supplements and m the impression he had been given of r by the little ass, Holworthy. She was t at all like that. Ever since she had ne of age she had been beset by sycoants and flatterers, both old and young, th men and girls, and by men who nted her money and by men who wanted . And it was because she got the motives the latter two confused that she was so en hurt and said sharp, bitter things that de her appear hard and heartless.

ls a matter of fact, in approaching her the belief that he was addressing an irely different person, Sam had got rer to the real Anita Flagg than had any er man. And she knew it; but Sam not know it. And so—when on arriving he office the next morning, which was Friday, he received a telegram read-

"Arriving tomorrow nine-thirty from enwich; the day cannot begin too soon; 't forget you promised meet me. Anita gg"—he was able to reply: "Extremely y; but promise made to a different on, who unfortunately has since died!"

/hen Anita Flagg read this telegram e leaped to her lovely eyes tears that ng from self-pity and wounded feelings. turned miserably, appealingly to Helen e.

But why does he do it to me?" Her was that of the bewildered child who has ck her head against the table and from naughty table, without cause or provion, has received the devil of a bump. efore Miss Page could venture upon an anation, Anita Flagg had changed into ry angry young woman.

And what's more," she announced, "he t do it to me!"

e sent her telegram back again as it word for word, but this time it was d, "Sister Anne."

an hour the answer came: "Sister is the person to whom I refer. She is ."

m was not altogether at ease at the me of his adventure. It was not in ature to be rude—certainly not to a an, especially not to the most beautioman he had even seen. For, whether ame was Anita or Anne, about her ty there could be no argument; but sured himself that he had acted within ghts. A girl who could see in a wellit offer to be kind only a subject for le was of no interest to him. Nor did telegrams insisting upon continuing acquaintance flatter him. As he read , they showed only that she looked him as one entirely out of her world—e with whom she could do an uncononal thing and make a good story t it later, knowing that it would be ted as one of her amusing caprices.

was determined he would not lend lf to any such performance. And, es, he no longer was a foot-loose, y-go-lucky reporter. He no longer need for experiences and material to turn copy. He was now a man with a nsible position—one who soon would nferring with Cabinet Ministers and ng ambassadors at their ease. He ered if a beautiful heiress, whose was sought in marriage by the nobil- England, would understand the imnce of a London correspondent. He d some one would tell her. He liked hink of her as being considerably essed and a little unhappy.

urday night he went to the theater hich he had purchased tickets. And ent alone, for the place that Sister was to have occupied could not be by any other person. It would have sacrilege. At least, so it pleased him etend. And all through dinner, which te alone at the same restaurant to h he had intended taking her, he con- d to pretend she was with him. And e theater, where there was going for- the most popular of all musical com-, the seat next to him, which to the nce appeared wastefully empty, was m filled with her gracious presence. Sister Anne was not there—that the y romance he had woven about her nded in disaster—filled him with real t. He was glad he was leaving New . He was glad he was going where nothing would remind him of her. And then he glanced up—and looked straight into her eyes!

He was seated in the front row, directly on the aisle. The seat Sister Anne was supposed to be occupying was on his right, and a few seats farther to his right rose the stage box; and in the stage box, almost upon the stage, and with the glow of the footlights full in her face, was Anita Flagg, smiling delightedly down on him. There were others with her. He had a confused impression of bulging shirtfronts, and shining silks and diamonds, and drooping plumes upon enormous hats. He thought he recognized Lord Deptford and Holworthy; but the only person he distinguished clearly was Anita Flagg. The girl was all in black velvet, which was drawn to her figure like a wet bathing suit; round her throat was a single string of pearls; and on her hair of goldenrod was a great hat of black velvet, shaped like a bell, with the curving lips of a lily. And from beneath its brim Anita Flagg, sitting rigidly erect with her white-gloved hands resting lightly on her knee, was gazing down at him, smiling with pleasure, with surprise, with excitement.

When she saw that, in spite of her altered appearance, he recognized her she bowed so violently and bent her head so eagerly that above her head the ostrich plumes dipped and curtsied like wheat in a storm. But Sam neither bowed nor curtsied. Instead, he turned his head slowly over his left shoulder, as though he thought she was speaking not to him but to some one beyond him, across the aisle. And then his eyes returned to the stage and did not again look toward her. It was not the cut direct, but it was a cut that hurt; and in their turn the eyes of Miss Flagg quickly sought the stage. At the moment, the people in the audience happened to be laughing; and she forced a smile and then laughed with them.

Out of the corner of his eye Sam could not help seeing her profile exposed pitilessly in the glow of the footlights; saw her lips tremble like those of a child about to cry; and then saw the forced, hard smile—and heard her laugh lightly and mechanically.

"That's all she cares!" he told himself.

It seemed to him that in all he heard of her, in everything she did, she kept robbing him still further of all that was dear to him in Sister Anne.

For five minutes, conscious of the footlights, Miss Flagg maintained upon her lovely face a fixed and intent expression, and then slowly and unobtrusively drew back to a seat in the rear of the box. In its darkest recesses she found Holworthy, shut off from a view of the stage by a barrier of women's hats.

"Your friend, Mr. Ward," she began abruptly, in a whisper, "is the rudest, most ill-bred person I ever met. When I talked to him the other day I thought he was nice. He was nice. But he has behaved abominably—like a boor—like a sulky child. Has he no sense of humor? Because I played a joke on him, is that any reason why he should hurt me?"

"Hurt *you?*" exclaimed little Holworthy in amazement. "Don't be ridiculous! How could he hurt you? Why should you care how rude he is? Ward's a clever fellow, but he fancies himself. He's conceited. He's too good-looking; and a lot of silly women have made such a fuss over him that when one of them laughs at him he can't understand it. That's the trouble. I could see that when I was telling him."

"Telling him!" repeated Miss Flagg—"Telling him what?"

"About what a funny story you made of it," explained Holworthy. "About his having the nerve to ask you to feed the monkeys and to lunch with him."

Miss Flagg interrupted with a gasping intake of her breath.

"Oh!" she said softly. "So—so you told him that, did you? And—what else did you tell him?"

"Only what you told us—that he said 'the day could not begin too soon'; that he said he wouldn't let you be a manicure and wash the hands of men who weren't fit to wash the streets you walked on."

There was a pause.

"Did I tell you he said that?" breathed Anita Flagg.

"You know you did," said Holworthy.

There was another pause.

"I must have been mad!" said the girl.

There was a longer pause and Holworthy shifted uneasily.

"I'm afraid you are angry," he ventured.

"Angry!" exclaimed Miss Flagg. "I should say I was angry!—but not with you.



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I'm very much pleased with you. At the end of the act I'm going to let you take me out into the lobby."

With his arms tightly folded, Sam sat staring unhappily at the stage and seeing nothing. He was sorry for himself because Anita Flagg had destroyed his ideal of a sweet and noble woman—and he was sorry for Miss Flagg because a man had been rude to her. That he happened to be that man did not make his sorrow and indignation the less intense; and, indeed, so miserable was he and so miserable were his looks, that his friends on the stage considered sending him a note offering, if he would take himself out of the front row, to give him back his money at the box office. Sam certainly wished to take himself away; but he did not want to admit that he was miserable, that he had behaved ill, that the presence of Anita Flagg could spoil his evening—could, in the slightest degree, affect him. So he sat, completely wretched, feeling that he was in a false position; that if he were it was his own fault; that he had acted like an ass and a brute. It was not a cheerful feeling.

When the curtain fell he still remained seated. He knew before the second act there was an interminable wait; but he did not want to chance running into Holworthy in the lobby and he told himself it would be rude to abandon Sister Anne. But he now was not so conscious of the imaginary Sister Anne as of the actual box party on his near right, who were laughing and chattering volubly. He wondered whether they laughed at him—whether Miss Flagg were again entertaining them at his expense; again making his advances appear ridiculous. He was so sure of it that he flushed indignantly. He was glad he had been rude.

And then, at his elbow, there was the rustle of silk; and a beautiful figure, all in black velvet, towered above him, then crowded past him, and sank into the empty seat at his side. He was too startled to speak—and Miss Anita Flagg seemed to understand that and to wish to give him time; for, without regarding him in the least, and as though to establish the fact that she had come to stay, she began calmly and deliberately to remove the bell-like hat. This accomplished, she bent toward him, her eyes looking straight into his, her smile reproaching him. In the familiar tone of an old and dear friend she said to him gently:

"This is the day you planned for me. Don't you think you've wasted quite enough of it?"

Sam looked back into the eyes, and saw in them no trace of laughter or of mockery, but, instead, gentle reproof and appeal—and something else that, in turn, begged of him to be gentle.

For a moment, too disturbed to speak, he looked at her, miserably, remorsefully.

"It's not Anita Flagg at all," he said. "It's Sister Anne come back to life again!"

The girl shook her head.

"No; it's Anita Flagg. I'm not a bit like the girl you thought you met and I did say all the things Holworthy told you I said; but that was before I understood—before I read what you wrote about Sister Anne—about the kind of me you thought you'd met. When I read that I knew what sort of a man you were. I knew you had been really kind and gentle, and I knew you had dug out something that I did not know was there—that no one else had found. And I remembered how you called me Sister. I mean the way you said it. And I wanted to hear it again. I wanted you to say it."

She lifted her face to his. She was very near him—so near that her shoulder brushed against his arm. In the box above them her friends, scandalized and amused, were watching her with the greatest interest. Half of the people in the now half-empty house were watching them with the greatest interest. To them, between reading advertisements on the program and watching Anita Flagg making desperate love to a lucky youth in the front row, there was no question of which to choose.

The young people in the front row did not know they were observed. They were alone—as much alone as though they were seated in a biplane, sweeping above the clouds.

"Say it again," prompted Anita Flagg. "Say Sister."

"I will not!" returned the young man firmly. "But I'll say this," he whispered: "I'll say you're the most wonderful, the most beautiful and the finest woman who has ever lived!"

Anita Flagg's eyes left his quickly; and, with her head bent, she stared at the bass drum in the orchestra.

"I don't know," she said, "but that sounds just as good."

When the curtain was about to rise she told him to take her back to her box, so that he could meet her friends and go on with them to supper; but when they reached the rear of the house she halted.

"We can see this act," she said, "or—my car's in front of the theater—we might go to the park and take a turn or two—or three. Which would you prefer?"

"Don't make me laugh!" said Sam.

As they sat all together at supper with those of the box party, but paying no attention to them whatsoever, Anita Flagg sighed contentedly.

"There's only one thing," she said to Sam, "that is making me unhappy; and because it is such sad news I haven't told you. It is this: I am leaving America—I am going to spend the winter in London—I sail next Wednesday."

"My business is to gather news," said Sam, "but in all my life I never gathered such good news as that."

"Good news!" exclaimed Anita.

"Because," explained Sam, "I am leaving America—I am spending the winter in England—I am sailing on Wednesday. No, I also am unhappy, but that is not what makes me unhappy."

"Tell me," begged Anita.

"Some day," said Sam.

The day he chose to tell her was the fifth day they were at sea—as they leaned upon the rail, watching Fire Island disappear.

"This is my unhappiness," said Sam, and he pointed to a name on the passenger list. It was: "The Earl of Deptford, and valet." "And because he is on board!"

Anita Flagg gazed with interest at a pursuing seagull.

"He is not on board," she said. "He changed to another boat."

Sam felt that by a word from her a great weight might be lifted from his soul. He looked at her appealingly—hungrily.

"Why did he change?" he begged.

Anita Flagg shook her head in wonder. She smiled at him with amused despair.

"Is that all that is worrying you?" she said.

What She Came For

A NORTH CAROLINA darky was about to be hanged for murder. As a special privilege, the widow of his victim, a very large and very dark person, was permitted to witness the execution of the law.

She sat and fanned herself industriously with a large turkey-wing fan.

On the gallows, after tying up the murderer, the sheriff inquired if the darky had anything to say.

"Yas, suh," was the answer; "I has jest wants to say that I done got forgiveness frum on high fur whut I done. The foreman of the jury sent me word that he didn't bear me no grudge, and so did the jedge and the persecutin' attorney. An' now Ise ready to go straight to Heaven, but fust I'd like to git the furgiveness of the wife of that nigger I killed." He raised his voice addressing the large figure in white. "Lady," he said, "does you furgive me fur shootin' yore husband?"

There was no answer. Aunt Dilsey fanned on. Twice more he put the question, each time more pleadingly, without any result.

"Here, Jim," said the sheriff: "let me try her. Aunt Dilsey," he called out, "Jim is goin' away from here in about a minute and he won't be back. You don't want to spoil the whole day for him, I know. Say something to him—tell him you don't have any hard feelin's for him—won't you?"

The turkey-wing fan only moved a trifle faster.

"Come on, Jim, and let's get this over," said the sheriff. "You see how contrary she is. It's hot out here in this sun and I've got to be gettin' home for dinner."

"Jest one minute mo', please, suh," entreated the doomed darky. "Lemme make jest one mo' effort to reach that nigger woman's heart. Lady," he entreated, and there was all the pathos in the world in his tone, "wid my dyin' breath I asks you to please, ma'am, furgive me for shootin' your late husband six times with a forty-fo'-caliber revolver!"

Aunt Dilsey's fan halted in midair—for the first time she spoke.

"Go on, nigger!" she said. "Git it—Git hung!"

—*Irvin S. Cobb*

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THE COST OF LIVING

(Concluded from Page 7)

were paragraphs giving accounts of meetings in many countries, some of which were attended by violence, to protest against high prices.

"It is a noticeable fact that many prices have risen in spite of reduced tariffs in our own country—as in the cases of hides and shoes. In the whole list of increases, from 1899 to March, 1910, there is no more notable illustration than that of crude rubber, on which there is no duty. The price rose from eighty cents in the former year to $1.99½ in 1910. On the other hand, raisins and prunes, upon which there is a considerable duty, have shown a material fall; and sugar has not greatly increased in price except very recently—due, it is claimed, to crop conditions. Instances might be indefinitely multiplied of the rise and fall of prices here and elsewhere irrespective of the duties levied. These illustrations show that the tariff is only one of the numerous causes affecting relative prices. It may often happen, as in the cases cited, that other causes so far outweigh the influence of the tariff that its effect cannot be discerned."

What the Senator has to say about labor is also very interesting:

"As regards the cost of labor, though a high standard of wages is maintained in the United States and there have been notable increases in the wages of many classes of employees, it cannot be said that there has been a disproportionate increase; the facts are quite the contrary, because, generally speaking, the cost of living has more than kept pace with the increase in compensation.

"As a rule, wages, as well as retail prices, do not immediately respond to changes so readily as wholesale prices, or as rent and other items which make up the ordinary expenses of living. The basic fact which should be considered is the relative proportion of personal service and of improvements accomplished by inventions or labor-saving devices in the production or distribution of any commodity."

As a conclusion to this article, I herewith give the last paragraph of Senator Burton's great speech before the American Economic Association, from which speech I have—with the Senator's permission—drawn heavily for the above quotations.

"It would be rash to predict an early return to low prices. All the great factors which I have partially portrayed depend upon new conditions that have arisen, some of which are inseparably connected with substantial benefits to the human race. If prices have increased human enjoyment has also increased.

"That which is most noticeable in the consideration of this problem is the wide variation in the changing cost of divers commodities and facilities. After making due allowance, however, for this variation, there is a manifest increase in the general price level. Great economic laws will be potent in their effect upon this condition. The enormous increase in the production of gold will be checked as this metal becomes less valuable in comparison with useful articles. Indeed, this fact is already forecast by the diminished annual increase in the years 1910 and 1911. Whether or not there be a movement 'back to the farms,' more scientific methods in agriculture will respond to the increasing prices of farm products. There may be some readjustment in population between city and country; but, whether this is so or not, the average yield an acre will no doubt increase. More intelligent and more adequate control will be exercised over great industrial and commercial organizations, so that the benefit of modern developments in industry and commerce may accrue in proper measure to those of limited means.

"The same advances that have been made in production and in the distribution of great masses of commodities will, so far as possible, be applied to the minutest details of distribution. Our natural resources, which have been wasted or too largely absorbed by the few, will be more carefully utilized, and every possible means be taken to preserve a proper share of them for the future. Thus, in this present increase of prices, as in all great economic changes, there may be reasonable assurance that the ultimate effect will bring to all substantial benefit rather than harm."





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THE PLAY BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 18)

not only saved me much money and time, but assured the opening of the play on the date announced, thereby keeping faith with the public.

A manager saves much money by buying his own properties rather than delegating that work to a subordinate. I make it a point to go out and search for furniture, bric-à-brac, and so forth, in keeping with the period and character of the play. I always bear in mind the circumstances of the characters. Though the properties may be characteristic of a period the persons may be very different as to taste and condition. I sometimes have great trouble in developing scenery to suit me. We have our studios for painting, our carpenter shop and upholstering department. We ourselves make everything we use. Sometimes it is very difficult to get the idea into the space we have. There was one ceiling that it took all summer to build. When the play started we had to discard it and make another that we could put up and take down. I've developed scenes, got them all painted, decorated and on the stage, and then have had to throw them out and get something else. On one occasion a third act was an interior. It turned out to be a bad act and the author decided to rewrite it and make an exterior of it. Of course the entire scenery was wasted. To be sure we put it in our storehouse, but we may never use it again. Going over the furniture that I have in storage the other day I noticed some that was used in my first production and has never been used since; in fact I have hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of material put away that may never be brought out. We often find that it is cheaper to build new than to remodel.

Costly Touches of Realism

In former days everything was sham; today every bit of furniture is real. In early days the floors were painted; today they are covered with carpets of fine quality. This painstaking realism makes a production cost twenty thousand dollars, where it would have cost four hundred dollars years ago.

All the arts and devices used behind the footlights, apart from the acting, are more carefully thought out than formerly. Everything must contribute to the effect desired. In the play On the Eve we had a hundred supernumeraries on the stage that were not seen at all. The realistic effect of numbers could not have been got any other way. In The Heights we worked for three months to get the snow effect. Snow was supposed to have drifted against the door and the window, and whenever the former was opened the snow came swirling into the room. We installed a blower in the cellar to force the particles from pipes all round the door. Four men were stationed above the door and window dropping it down. We used forty barrels of salt on the stage to give the effect of banked snow. This was used over and over again of course. Twenty-two workmen were required for twenty-three minutes' work, running electrical machines and handling the salt, which was dredged through a kind of sieve that we call a snow cloth. When this device was put into operation during the dress rehearsal it did not suit. I spent a day's work on it and got what I required.

The question of lighting on the stage is, I believe, in its infancy. We do our best to make the atmosphere seem real. We can copy daylight or cloudy light, but we cannot get the real thing either in black night or moonlight. Belasco has come nearer to it than anybody else. In preparing a play we spend weeks at studying and experimenting with lighting effects. In this we have to consider everything, not only the colors in the scenes but also the actor's makeup and his costume. It is necessary to prevent shadows, because the least of these will attract the attention of the audience and take the eye off what we want them to see. Even with lights coming from all directions a shadow will be cast if one is not very careful. The public is getting educated up to realistic effects and is very severe in criticising any defect.

Again weeks are spent in effects other than lighting, such as the birds whistling, horses passing by in the distance. If the characters are talking about the flowing of water outside of windows we must

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somehow give an effect, even if invisible, that will lend color to their words.

Luck is an important factor even in the most carefully executed plans. Let a manager be never so careful in his cast and production, and still the whole thing may fall flat from lack of merit. The public decides. There is consolation in a complete, downright failure, but the maddening thing is to have some neglected detail "queer" a show. I knew of a play that was ruined on the opening night—and it is the opening night that counts—because the cleaners had failed to clean up the theater. In his rush of business the manager had overlooked it, and the women in the audience, constantly harassed by the thought that their gowns were being spoiled by the dirty seats, paid no attention to the play and it fell perfectly flat. The manager of the play has also to be very careful of the condition of the stage. A leak in the roof over the stage in a certain theater caused the failure of a play that had cost forty thousand dollars to produce. There was a constant dripping of water on some papers on a table in the big scene that was to carry the play. This trifle so distracted the attention of the audience that they lost sight of the play and the actors. When the curtain fell on this particular scene it was evident that it was a failure.

Stagehands can easily ruin a play by creating long waits. It is not an unknown thing for managers to give to the stagehands after the opening performance from one hundred to five hundred dollars. Nor is this a bad scheme. It is said that Mr. George Tyler handed the stagehands a thousand dollars after the first night of The Garden of Allah.

Criticism That Counts

Even the stage doorman may hold the balance in the manager's fortune. Especially on opening nights is this man valuable. The actors are keyed up to concert pitch; the least thing will throw them off their stride. I knew of a performance where the stage doorman was absent for a few minutes, and his substitute let a messenger boy get in with a message announcing the death of a relative of one of the principal members of the company. The actor, shocked, went through the performance in such a half-hearted manner as to throw the whole thing out of gear, greatly jeopardizing the chances of the play.

If the play "gets over" the footlights in good shape there is still the critic to call a halt on the manager's hopes. An adverse criticism, however, can only temporarily hurt a good play, and it is often more desirable to have a difference of opinion in the press, as this creates controversy and talk. Many of the biggest successes we ever had in this country—including The Lion and the Mouse—incurred a consensus of adverse press reviews. But the country is big and criticism is merely local. Plays that have been roasted in Chicago have been lauded in New York and vice versa. The opinion of the critic in Syracuse is just as good as that of the metropolitan reviewer, although the latter regards him as provincial. He is honest and independent and no whit influenced by the New York man's views. Indeed we have no criticism in New York any more. All we have is the individual opinion of a professional playgoer who often does not echo the sentiments of the audience.

In spite of the difficulties the manager has much to compensate him for his trials. The theatrical field has been commercialized—praise be to Allah! Individual theater owners who were shifty and elusive have under the new conditions become responsible business men. Much time is saved in arranging for dates. Booking a tour is simplicity itself. In former years, when I had to deal with the manager in every town where I proposed playing, it took three months to book two shows—mostly by correspondence. Now I can book thirteen companies for a season in one hour. The booking system is so perfect that it requires no more than one or two failures to disarrange the whole scheme.

It sometimes takes six or eight weeks to prove the box-office quality of a play—sometimes only a week. It sometimes happens that a play that failed outside will be a "go" in New York. But once a play has been a success in the metropolis it is practically sure of good business on the road. So if we can keep a play running here—no matter what the critics say about it—for a couple of months, we succeed in creating a demand for it throughout the country.





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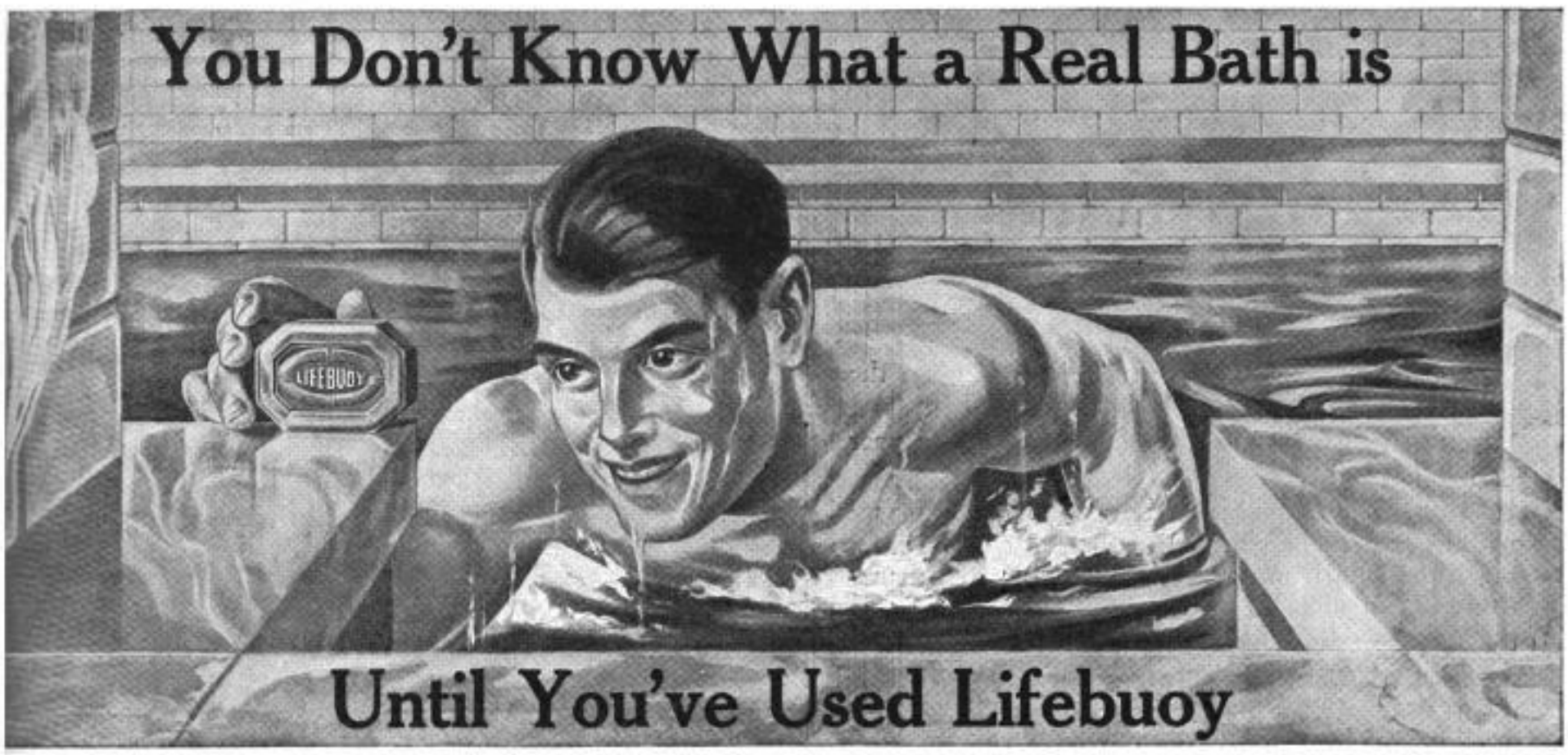
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Bathe with it, shampoo with it, wash your hands with it—*just once—and the Lifebuoy habit has got you.*

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You've washed them thoroughly. They *look* clean.

Yet within half an hour after washing they have touched a dozen germ-laden things, from which there is danger of infection—car straps, money, library books, nets, countless every-day things. These invisible germs are the chief cause of sickness, of infectious ailments, and of skin disorders.

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Lifebuoy is made of pure cocoanut oil, pure natural red palm oil and a mild carbolated infusion (the greatest secret of the complexion specialists). It clears and beautifies the skin and deodorizes the pores. And made so pure that a $5,000 guarantee of purity *is given with every* cake.



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Lifebuoy will clean them instantly and thoroughly. Prevents chapped skin and protects from *infection of cuts and scratches.* Leaves the hands clean and wholesome and sound.

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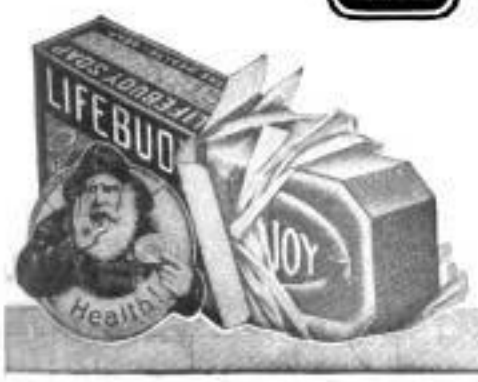


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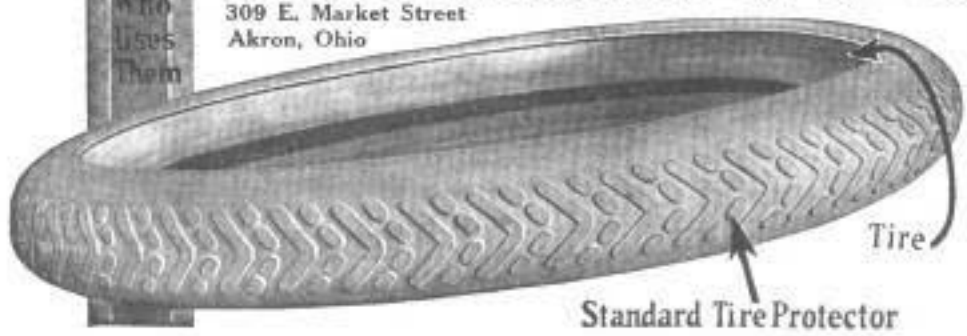
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Ask the Man Who Uses Them



THE LIGHTED WAY

(Continued from Page 38)

But there is her chance still. My mind has been filled with big things and I had forgotten it. Before we moved into Adam Street the last doctor who saw Ruth suggested an operation. He felt sure that it would be successful. It was to cost forty guineas. I have saved very nearly the whole of that money. It stands in her name at the Westminster Savings Bank. If she goes there and proves her identity she can get it. I saved that money myself!"

"Tell me the name of the doctor," Arnold asked.

"His name was Heskell and he was at the London Hospital," Isaac replied. "Now I have done with you. That is Ruth's chance—there is nothing else I can do. Be off as quickly as you can. If you give information as to my whereabouts you will probably pay for it with your life, for there are others besides myself who are hiding in this house. Now go. Do you hear?"

Arnold's anger against the man suddenly faded away. It seemed to him, as he stood there, that he was but a product of the times fashioned by the grinding wheel of circumstance, a physical wreck, a creature without love or life or hope.

"Isaac," he said, "why don't you try to escape? Get away to some other country, out on to the land somewhere. Leave the wrongs of these others to come right with time. Work for your daily bread, starve your brain by wearing out your body."

Isaac made no reply. Only his long, skinny forefinger shot out toward the door. Arnold knew that he might just as well have been talking to the most hopeless lunatic ever confined in a padded room.

"If this is to be farewell, Isaac," he continued, "let me at least tell you this before I go: You are doing Ruth a cruel wrong. I am willing enough to take charge of her, but it's none the less a brutal position for you to put her in. You have the chance, if you will, to set her free. Think what her life has been up till now. Have you ever thought of it, I wonder? Have you ever thought of the long days she has spent in that attic when you have been away, without books, with barely enough to eat, without companionship or friends? These are the things to which you have doomed her by your cursed selfishness. If she has friends who could take her away, and you refuse to speak, then all I can say is that you deserve any fate that may come to you."

Isaac remained silent for several moments. His face was dark and dogged. When he spoke it was with reluctance.

"Young man," he said, "every word that you have spoken has been in my brain while I have lain here waiting for the end. A few hours ago I slept and had a dream. When I awoke I was weak. See here."

He drew from his pocket two sheets of closely written foolscap.

"The story of Ruth's life is here," he declared. "I wrote it with a stump of pencil on the back of this table. I wrote it, but I have changed my mind. I am going to tear it up."

Arnold was light on his feet, with a great reach, and Isaac was unprepared. In a moment Isaac was on his back and the soiled sheets of foolscap were in Arnold's pocket. Isaac's fingers seemed to hover upon the trigger of his pistol as he lay there, crouched against the wall.

"Don't be a fool!" Arnold cried roughly. "You'll do no good by killing me. The girl has a right to her chance."

There were several seconds' breathless silence, during which it seemed to Arnold that Isaac had made and unmade his mind more than once. Then at last he lowered his pistol.

"We'll call it chance," he muttered. "I never meant to write the rubbish. Since you have got it, though, it is the truth. Do with it what you will. There is one thing more. You know this man Sabatini?"

"If you mean the Count Sabatini it was he who gave me your address," Arnold reminded him.

Isaac smiled grimly.

"Citizen Sabatini is all we know him by here. He knows well that to a man with his aspirations, a man who desires to use as his tools such as myself and my comrades, a title is an evil recommendation. He came to us first as a man and a brother—he, Count Sabatini, Marquis de Lossa, Chevalier de St. Jerome, Knight of the Holy Roman Empire—an aristocrat, you perceive, and one of the worst. Yet we have trusted him."

"I do not believe," Arnold exclaimed, "that Sabatini would betray any one!"

"I am not accusing him," Isaac said solemnly. "I simply hold that he is not the man to lead a great revolutionary movement. It is for that reason among others that I have rejected his advances. Sabatini as president would mean very much the same thing as a king. Will you give him a message from me?"

"Yes," Arnold answered; "I will do that."

"Tell him that if indeed he has the courage that fame has bestowed upon him, to come here and bid me farewell. I have certain things to say to him."

"I will give him your message," Arnold promised, "but I shall not advise him to come."

A look of anger flashed in Isaac's face. The pistol that had never left his grip was slowly raised, only to be lowered again.

"Do as I say," he repeated. "Tell him to come. Perhaps I may have more to say to him about that other matter than I choose to say to you."

"About Ruth?"

"About Ruth," Isaac repeated sternly.

"You would trust a stranger," Arnold exclaimed, "with information that you deny me—her friend."

Isaac waved him away.

"Be off," he said tersely. "I have queer humors sometimes lying here waiting for the end. Don't let it be your fate to excite one of them. You have had your escape."

"What do you mean?" Arnold demanded.

Isaac laughed hoarsely.

"How many nights ago was it," he asked, "that you threw up a window in the man Weatherley's house—the night Morris and I were there seeking for Rosario?"

"I never saw you!" Arnold exclaimed.

"No; but you saw Morris," Isaac continued. "What is more, you saw him again on the stairs with me that night and it very nearly cost you your life. Lucky for you, young man, that you were not at Hampstead the night when Morris went there to seek for you!"

Arnold was speechless.

"You mean that he was there that night looking for me?" he cried.

"He hated you all," Isaac muttered, "you and the woman and Sabatini, and he was a little mad—just a little mad. If he had found you all there ——"

"Well?" Arnold interposed breathlessly.

Isaac shook his head.

"Never mind!"

"But I do mind," Arnold insisted. "I want to know about that night. Was it in search of us ——"

Isaac held out his skinny hand. There was a dangerous glitter in his eyes.

"It is enough," he snarled. "I have no more to say about what is past. Send me Sabatini and he shall hear news from me."

Arnold retreated slowly toward the threshold.

"If you will take the advice of a sane man," he said, "you will throw that thing away and escape. If I can help ——"

Isaac was already creeping back to his hiding-place. He turned round with a contemptuous gesture.

"There is no escape for me," he declared. "Every day the police draw their circle closer. So much the better! When they come they will find me prepared! If you are still here in sixty seconds," he added, "I shall treat you as I shall treat them."

Arnold closed the door and made his way into the street.

XXXIII

SABATINI, already dressed for the evening, his coat upon his arm, paused only to light a cigarette and read once more the telegram he held between his fingers before he left his house to step into the automobile that was waiting outside. His servant entered the room with his silk hat.

"There is a young gentleman here, sir," the man announced. "He has just arrived."

"The young gentleman who was here before, today?" Sabatini asked.

"The same, Excellency."

Sabatini laid down his coat.

"You may show him in," he directed. "Wait for me outside."

Arnold, who had come straight from the unknown world in which he had found Isaac, was shown in immediately. Pietro

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closed the door and withdrew. Sabatini looked inquiringly at his visitor.

"You have seen Isaac?" he asked.

"I have seen him," Arnold assented.

"You bring me news?"

"It is true," Arnold replied. "I bring news."

Sabatini waited patiently. Arnold remained for a moment gloomily silent.

"You will forgive my reminding you," Sabatini said quietly, "that I am on the point of starting out to keep an engagement. I would not mention it, but in one respect London hostesses are exacting. There are many liberties that are permitted here, but one must not be late for dinner."

Arnold's memory flashed back to the scene that he had just left—to Isaac, the outcast, crouched beneath his barricade of furniture, waiting in the darkness with his loaded pistol and murder in his heart. Sabatini, calm and dignified in his rigidly correct evening dress, his grace and good looks, represented with curious appositeness the other extreme of life.

"I will not keep you long," Arnold began, "but there is something that you must hear from me, and hear at once."

"Assuredly," Sabatini murmured. "It is something connected with your visit to this poor, misguided outcast. I am afraid there is nothing we can do for him."

"There is nothing any one can do for him," Arnold declared. "I went to see him because when he fled from his rooms and they were seized by the police his niece was left penniless and homeless. Fortunately the change in my own circumstances permitted me to offer her a shelter—for the moment at any rate. I have told you something of this before, but I am obliged to repeat it. You will understand presently. It is of some importance."

Sabatini bowed.

"Miss Lalonde seemed to me," he murmured, "to be a very charming and distinguished young lady."

"I am glad to hear you say so," Arnold declared. "Today I went to Isaac that he might tell me whether there were not some relatives of hers in the world to whom she could apply for help and shelter. I pointed out that he had left Ruth alone and penniless; that although the charge of her was nothing but a pleasure to me it was not fitting that I should undertake it. I insisted upon his telling me the name of one at least of her relatives, so that I might let them know of her existence and beg for a home for her."

"It was a reasonable request," Sabatini remarked. "I trust that the fellow recognized the situation."

"He had already written out Ruth's history," Arnold said, his voice shaking a little. "He had written it out in pencil on a couple of sheets of foolscap. He gave them to me to bring away with me. I read them coming up. I am here now to repeat their purport to you."

Sabatini gave a little nod of interest. His glance at the clock was apologetic. He had thrown his overcoat once more upon his arm and, with his hand resting upon the back of a chair, stood listening in an attitude of courteous ease.

"I shall be glad to hear the story," he said. "I must admit that although I only met the young lady for those few minutes at Bourne End I found myself most interested in her. I feel sure that she is charming in every way. Please go on."

"If Isaac's story is true," Arnold continued slowly, "you should indeed be interested in her."

Sabatini's eyebrows were slightly raised.

"I scarcely understand," he murmured. "I—pray go on."

"According to his story," Arnold said, "Ruth Lalonde is your daughter."

Sabatini stood perfectly motionless. The slight expression of tired attention with which he had been listening had faded from his face. In the late sunshine that still filled the room there was something almost corpselike in the pallor of his cheeks, his unnatural silence. When he spoke his words came slowly.

"Is this a jest?"

"Isaac's story is that you married her mother, who was his sister, in Paris nineteen and a half years ago. Her name was Cécile Ruth Leneveu and she was acting at one of the theaters. She was really Isaac's half sister. His father had brought him from Paris when he was only a child and married again almost at once. According to his story Ruth's mother lived with you for two years—until, in fact, you went to Chile to take command of the troops

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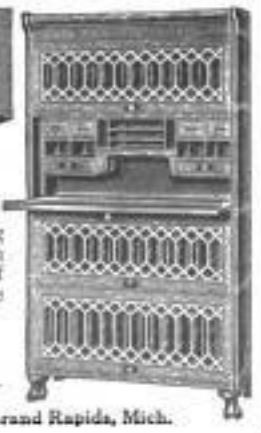
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there at the time of the revolution. When you returned she was dead. You were told that she had given birth to a daughter and that she, too, had died."

"That is true," Sabatini admitted slowly. "I came back because of her illness, but I was too late."

"The child did not die," Arnold continued. "She was brought up by Isaac in a small convent near Rouen, where she remained until two years ago, when he was forced to come to England. He brought her with him as, owing to her accident, she was unable to take the post of teacher for which she had been intended, and the convent where she was living was unexpectedly broken up. Since then she has lived a sad life with him in London. His has been simply a hand-to-mouth existence."

"But I do not understand why I was kept in ignorance," Sabatini declared. "Why did he not appeal to me for help? Why was my daughter's existence kept a secret from me?"

"Because Isaac is half a fanatic and half a madman," Arnold replied. "You represent to him the class he loathes, the class he has hated all his life and against which he has waged ceaseless war. He hated your marriage to his sister, and his feelings were the more embittered because it suited you to keep it private. He has nursed a bitter feeling against you all his life for this reason."

Sabatini turned stiffly away. He walked to the window, standing for a moment or two with his back to Arnold, looking out into the quiet street. Then he came back.

"I must go to this man at once," he said. "You can take me there?"

"I can take you," Arnold assented doubtfully, "and I have even a message from him asking you to visit him, but I warn you that he is in a dangerous mood. I found him the solitary occupant of a miserable room in the back street of a quarter of London that reminded me more than anything else of some foreign city. He has cleared the furniture from the room, reared a table up on end, and is crouching behind it with a pistol in his hand and a box of cartridges by his side. My own belief is that he is insane."

"It is of no account, that," Sabatini declared. "One moment."

He touched the bell for his servant, who entered almost immediately.

"You will take a cab to 17 Grosvenor Square, Pietro," he directed. "Present my compliments to the lady of the house and tell her that an occurrence of the deepest importance deprives me of the honor of dining with her tonight."

"Very good, your Excellency!"

Sabatini turned to Arnold.

"Come," he said simply, "my automobile is waiting. Will you direct the man?"

They started off Cityward. Sabatini for a time sat like a man in a dream, and Arnold, respecting his companion's mood, kept silent. There seemed to be something unreal about their progress. To Arnold, with this man by his side, the amazing story that he had gathered from those ill-written pages with their abrupt words and brutal cynicism still ringing in his brain, their errand seemed like some phantasmal thing. The familiar streets bore a different aspect; the faces of the people they passed struck him always with a curious note of unreality. Ruth was Sabatini's daughter! His brain refused to grasp so amazing a fact. Yet, curiously enough, as he leaned back among the cushions the likeness was there. The turn of the lips, the high forehead, the flawless delicacy of her oval face, in the light of this new knowledge, were all startlingly reminiscent of the man who sat by his side now in a grim, unbroken silence. The wonder of it all remained unabated.

Presently Sabatini began to talk, rousing himself as though with an effort and asking questions concerning Ruth, about her accident, her tastes. He heard of the days of her poverty with a little shiver. Arnold touched lightly upon these, realizing how much his companion was suffering. Their progress grew slower and slower as they passed into the heart of this strange land, down the narrow yet busy thoroughfare that seemed to be the main artery of the neighborhood. As they neared the last corner Arnold leaned out and his heart sank. In front of the house in which Isaac was hiding he could see the crowd kept back by a line of police.

"We are too late!" he exclaimed. "They have found him! They must be making the arrest even now!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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Confidence includes Reliability, Safety, Power, Speed and Ease of Control. They're all essential. For years the Indian has been progressively proving all of these factors. The Indian holds the record for practically every kind of contest held in America and Europe.

The latest and greatest Indian achievement was the winning of the great International Tourist Trophy Contest, held in England last July; a contest organized especially to demonstrate reliability in touring motorcycles. The distance was 187½ miles, and the Indian entries finished *First, Second* and *Third* out of 57 starters, including the leading motorcycles of Europe.

The winning machines were of the 1912 type, which we are now delivering through 1200 Indian dealers throughout the country. No matter where you may ride, you're always in Indian territory.

14 IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS

are embodied in our 1912 models, placing the Indian fully 12 months ahead of the motorcycle design and construction field. A number of these improvements are detailed on the margin of this page. Part of the secret of Indian supremacy is to be read in each paragraph.

Note these two new ideas:

1. **A highly important feature of the 1912 Indian is that with each model you get the Free Engine Clutch and New Indian Armored type Magneto without extra charge.**
2. **Increased production has enabled us to reduce our prices $50 on each model for 1912.**

SEND FOR NEW 1912 CATALOG

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Free Engine Clutch
This device is now fitted to all 1912 Indian machines without extra charge. Enables the rider to start from a stand-still or on a steep incline; to regulate speed without reducing engine power; to afford easy control especially in crowded streets. The 1912 7 H. P. Indians have a clutch with an increased diameter, insuring more gradual action and greater holding power.

Ignition
The new Indian Armored type Magneto is now supplied without extra charge with all 1912 Indians. This Magneto is protected from dust, dirt, oil or moisture by side plates. The terminals are also enclosed. Absence of ignition trouble and greatly increased reliability are the result of this improvement.

The Carburetor
The Carburetor now being fitted to all Indian Motocycles is the Hedstrom Carburetor with auxiliary jet, a recent ingenious improvement. This device overcomes the old difficulty of adjusting the carburetor to work efficiently at high speed, and also operate steadily at very slow speed. With this new improvement the Indian motor can be run dead slow without decreasing the engine power, and when operated in conjunction with the Free Engine Clutch, makes the Indian motor extremely "flexible" and easy to control.

The Grip Control
The Indian Grip Control, the original device of its class, is positive and instant in its action. A twist of the wrist does everything necessary for operating the machine and controlling its speed. The Indian double grip system is ingeniously simple, consisting of a flexible cloth. No wires are used. The left grip operates the throttle and the right grip controls the ignition and lifts the exhaust valve.

Valve Mechanism
Both the valves in the Indian motor are placed in a single, compact valve chamber. This is so designed that it is exposed all around to the cooling influence of the air. The valves used in the Indian motor are all of unusually large size, those for 1912 being still larger than heretofore. The Indian system of mechanical valve operation insures the positive and regular action of both valves under every possible condition of speed and power.

The Gasoline Tank
In all 1912 Indians the capacity of the gasoline tank has been increased one-half gallon, making the total capacity now 2½ gallons. This simple expedient has increased the radius of the machine 40 to 60 miles.

Mud Guards
The front mud guard has been extended forward on all 1912 Indian models. For riding over wet or muddy roads this is a distinct improvement. The neat appearance of riders has always been considered and provided for in designing the Indian Motocycle.

The Cradle Spring Fork
The Indian Cradle Spring Fork was designed with the express purpose of absorbing the shock resulting from the concussion of the front wheel against obstacles and inequalities of the road. The "C" shaped end of the Indian leaf spring has not only the result of giving greater spring length in a short space but it materially assists in eliminating the rebound of the spring itself. All shocks are transmitted backward and upward. This mechanical principle minimizes wheel shocks both to the fork and to the machine.

Brakes
On all regular models the Indian Coaster hand brake is fitted. This is a very powerful brake, and can be applied gradually or suddenly, according to the will of the rider or the need of the moment. A few application of this brake will bring the machine to a dead stop within a few lengths when operated in conjunction with the right grip—that is, by switching off the spark and utilizing the engine compression as an auxiliary brake.

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MY FRIEND TAGLIALATELA

(Continued from Page 11)

after we are waiting ten, eleven minutes behind a freight wagon on one side of the railtracks, along comes my friend Taglialatela with his mandolin and knocks on the door of the house. Miss Giovannina Ralli herself she opens it, and she looks in front, behind, and kisses my friend Taglialatela, which I am obliged to confess in Province Potenza, Napoli and Salerno we are not so refined as Americans when it comes to swearing. Even this Cornu is in disgust.

"Stop it," he says to Annibale Bove. "From such *bestemmia* no luck can come."

So pretty soon Bove gets calm some more, and then when the window is lighted we four go quiet from behind the freight car and take inspection to discover certainly that my friend Taglialatela is sitting on sofa, also Miss Giovannina Ralli.

Bove is breathing hard and shakes himself like he would have fever.

"Soon the train arrives," Cornu says to console him, and we are lying flat on the ground together.

"So soon you hear far off the train whistle," Cornu tells Di Candia, "rise up and shoot." And he pricks Di Candia's leg with the rattail file so that Di Candia nods his head while everything is so quiet I can hear to tick my gold watch, gift of a poor Calabrese barber who once settled with me private on my own account when we first started this Protection Association. Before long, however, I hear also another sound, and Bove swears some more.

"——!" he says. "He is tuning up his mandolin."

And sure enough, we can hear just for same like being in the same room that my friend Taglialatela is playing some *stornello popolare di Napoli: "Ogni sera, di sotto al mio balcone."*

"Vipera!" Bove shouts, and Cornu jumps on him and clasps a hand over his mouth. Then they lie struggling, while my friend Taglialatela finishes up his tune; and at last Bove gets quiet, but no train is coming. Instead, we hear again the mandolin, and this time comes out from the house a melody solemn and sweet, and I am free to confess it sounds to me much different from the times before. Right away Miss Giovannina Ralli's head appears against the shade, and it moves to one side in profile, so it is possible to see her mouth open, and at similar time her voice joins with the mandolin, which although I am hearing many times at San Carlo or the Teatro Bellini *prime donne le molte rinomate* in all the world out in that darkness where we are lying it seems to me there never was such music like Home Sick Home.

Again comes back to me what my friend Taglialatela tells us about the song. "It makes no difference if you are in Argentina or New York, there is no place like Province Salerno, Cosenza or Napoli, as the case may be, if you come from one of these places. Also you would be living here in a swell hotel, and over in the old country you was living in a rotten little place like Poggiomarino or Boscotrecase, yet you are more stuck on them two holes like you are on New York."

At this thought in my neck comes up a big ball, and so soon as the song is finished up I cannot help myself, I am crying like a child.

As for Di Candia, his shoulders go up and down and he makes so much noise as automobile. Even Cornu is moved.

"Stop it, Di Candia," he sobs, "or I cut your heart out."

"Cut!" Di Candia weeps. "What do I care?"

Only Annibale Bove is free from emotion.

"Pazzo!" he says to Cornu. "Listen to that noise!"

We listen and there is a faint rumble.

"Quick!" Cornu hisses, and he prods Di Candia with the stiletto. "The train is coming."

"Coming!" Bove cries. "It is going. You are so busy weeping you ain't noticed it."

"Another will pass soon," Cornu says, drying his eyes, and as he turns again to Di Candia just for give him some more courage, Bove flats himself on the ground.

"Look out!" he says. "Some one is coming."

Sure enough we are seeing big man crossing the *ferroria.*

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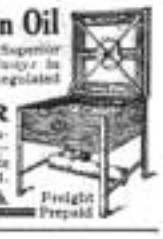
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"A policeman!" Di Candia whispers.

"A policeman, yes, but also the father," Bove says.

"No, no," Cornu denies. "Only one man comes."

"Sure," Bove agrees. "The policeman is Patrick Ralli, father of Miss Giovannina Ralli. See, he is entering the house."

At this Bove laughs.

"Why do you laugh?" Cornu asks.

The door closed behind the policeman and Bove stretches himself and gets up.

"Come," he says, "all is over for tonight."

"But why do you laugh?" Cornu asks.

"In two, three moments you will see why I laugh," Bove says, and no sooner he speaks than there comes from the house a scream, just for same like Gilda in the second act of Rigoletto. At similar time the door opens again and my friend Taglialatela comes out. After him certainly also comes the policeman Ralli, and with stupendous force he kicks my friend Taglialatela off the threshold. My friend Taglialatela then falls down, and the policeman Ralli drags him up again by the coat collar, only to rekick him violently as before, whereat my friend Taglialatela nearly falls down again, but on second thoughts he does not do so and runs very fast away from the house.

Meantimes Miss Giovannina Ralli weeps aloud in the house, and after the policeman Ralli returns and shuts the door we rise and hurry us across the *ferrovia* in direction of the White Plains Road.

"Even now if we hasten," Bove says, "we may catch up to him."

"Catch up to him?" Cornu asks. "What for do you want to catch up to him?"

"Of course the shotgun is now out of the question," Bove answers, "but you still have your rattail."

Cornu stops and faces this Annibale Bove.

"So," he says, "you think I am assassin. What? You think I am to murder my friends so you could satisfy your revenge. What?"

"Taglialatela your friend?" Bove exclaims.

"He was my friend before you poisoned my mind toward him," Cornu says, "because you knew very well that he is not on such terms with the policeman Ralli that he will inform against us. Rather are you a friend of the policeman Ralli than he."

"I a friend of the policeman Ralli!" Bove cries. "Why, the way he treats Taglialatela is nothing. A month ago that monster seizes me in his arms and throws me through the door. Then for one kilometer he kicks me down the *ferrovia*. I am still all bruises from head to foot from it."

"And yet you claim the policeman Ralli is such a person for Taglialatela to repose confidence in so as to betray us," Cornu remarks sternly, and without removing his eyes from Bove's face he says: "Di Candia, give me the gun."

At this Bove he shrieks aloud and in one second he is off like a wind.

"Quick," Cornu says, "the gun!"

He turns round to where he thinks Di Candia is standing, and certainly me I turn also, but of Di Candia and the gun we can see nothing.

"Di Candia!" Cornu shouts again, and me I light a match, but Cornu jumps at me and knocks it out of my hand. Then he drops on his hands and knees and me I do the same, and not too late, for just as I am doing so there is a noise like the Duca d'Aosta would be arriving from his yacht at the Borgo Marinaro, and all the cannons in the Castell' dell' Uovo gets shot off together.

At similar time twigs and branches of trees falls round us, and then there is silence, except we hear Di Candia runs in one direction and Bove in another.

As for me, I am not knowing if I am dead or alive, and I am shaking myself so I cannot to speak for some minutes.

"Cornu," I ask at last, "you are hurt?"

Cornu moves a little and then he says, "No." Also he says a lot more which it is impossible to put down here, among other reasons because there is no polite English equivalent for the same.

"Come," he says when he is nearly without breath, "let us get on to the *trattoria*. I need to drink something."

And so in ten minutes we once more enter the *trattoria* on the White Plains Road, and no sooner do we come in than who do we see but my friend Fortunato C. Taglialatela. Cornu grasps my arm tight,

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meaning for me to say nothing, and then he walks right up to my friend Taglialatela.

"Hello, Taglialatela," he cries in hearty voice, like he would be meeting in America an old friend from Italy after many years' parting. Suddenly he seems to notice for the first time that Taglialatela's nose is to bleed, one eye is closed and his swell coat and trousers is all torn and dirty. "Why," he says, "what has befallen you?"

Taglialatela looks at Cornu and afterward at me.

"Come," he says, "sit down and I will tell you everything."

This we do, and we order some more strong *vino di Capri*, which the big man called by the *ostessa* Felice, brings to us; and pretty soon my friend Taglialatela tells us that which we already know—of his visit to the house of the policeman Ralli and its disastering results as above put forth.

"But, my friend," Cornu says finally, "why is it you neglect us for so many days?"

"Because," Taglialatela replies—"because I am loving so much Miss Giovannina Ralli I am impossible to do or to think anything. But now it is over."

"You mean you no longer love her?" Cornu asks, and a tear comes out of my friend Taglialatela's eye—the one which is not swelled up tight—and falls into his wine.

"I still love her," he says, "but I am not so crazy like all that. Because this here is the fourth time in two weeks that the policeman Ralli comes home unexpected, and so I will conquer my love."

"But if you had married her," Cornu asks, "what of us?"

"Would you have betrayed us?" I says.

"Betrayed you?" my friend Taglialatela cries. "Never, I swear it. Why would I betray you? And then, too, all the more reason if I get married I must keep on with you. I must make my living, must I not? Besides, a policeman for a father-in-law would be a big advantage in our Protection Association. It would impress our clients."

Cornu nods, and at this time there draws near our table the big fellow called by the *ostessa* Felice.

"What's the matter?" he asks. "You are in a little *affare d'onore?*"

"Something of the kind," my friend Taglialatela replies.

"Then let me suggest a morsel of beefsteak," he says. "The *ostessa* will give it to you to take home. First bathe the eye with cold water and then put on the beefsteak and keep it there all night."

He puts his hand on his forehead and lifts up the hair from his temple.

"See this scar," he says. "Once I am working in Bagnoli, and I have a quarrel with a workman in the place I am employed. While I am stooping down he hits me with a block of iron. They take me away for dead, but my mother, now with the saints in Heaven, puts on my head a piece of beefsteak, and today I am as strong as ever. The only effect is that my memory is better."

"Was the place you worked the cannon factory of Armstrong?" Taglialatela asks.

"The very same," says the big man.

"Then the man that hits you was no other than Di Candia," I suggest, and the big man makes remarks ordinarily colloquial in Naples, but liable to be considered offensive among refined people in America.

"That's the fellow," he says. "Tell him Felice Barone was looking for him if you see him again."

"I don't expect I shall see him again," Cornu replies, "because my impression is he will sail for Italy tomorrow morning."

Which indeed subsequently proves to be the case. Also the next week my friend Taglialatela and this Cornu makes visit to poor Calabrese bootblack stand, with result that the following day afterward my friend Taglialatela also sails for Italy to break the news to Cornu's widow in Province Salerno.

As for myself, I am now bookkeeper in bank and passage ticket-office Grugnola, Vergani & Co., with access only to postage stamps perforated by initials G. V., and therefore of no use to me personally. It is all in a lifetime, however, as I am convinced from the experiences above set forth that sooner or later, as the case may be, honesty is the best policy.

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THE UP-TO-DATE DEFENSE OF CY N. IDE

By J. W. FOLEY

REMARKS BY COUNSEL

TOW, may it please the Court and you,
Peers of the realm, who come to do
our highest duty in the land—
s jurymen, you understand—
utline briefly for our side
e case for Mr. Cy N. Ide—
y client here—whose whole life shows
m pure as the new-falling snows;
victim, I may say, of chance
d much confusing circumstance.

PRELIMINARY OBJECTIONS

st, then, we ask the Court to quash
e whole indictment—pray read Bosh
Bluff and Bluster, Chapter Two:
k must be black and never blue;
d if the ink used is not black
ground to send the whole case
back!"
e rule, pray please the Court, is
plain;
t here I read the law again—
uote now from authority
Blow and Buncombe—Chapter Three:
ny t shall not be crossed,
dot of any i be lost,
ese grave omissions, then, shall be
ough to set defendant free!"
here we have the law; and see—
re is a naked, uncrossed t!

COLLATERAL EXCEPTIONS

the indictment, then, is wrecked—
l of omission and defect.
ge Pinn Hedde, in his able work
Fifteen Thousand Ways to Jerk
Props from Prosecution, says:
comma, standing out of place
he indictment, may upset
very best indictment yet.
better Murder should go free
an we should have an uncrossed t!"

PARTICULAR ERROR

on these vital points I might
st upon my client's right
be set free; but there are more
which we set much greater store:
Witness Blank, when on the stand,
s sworn while raising his left hand;
l so his evidence, no doubt,
Honored Court will have thrown out.
l in support of this I read
m Shyster on the High Court's Need
Being Even More than Loath
Tolerate a Lefthand Oath!

GENERAL OBJECTIONS

is were all it were enough
set my client free—see Bluff
Half a Thousand Reasons Why
Law Loves Technicality.
, lest your Honor should refuse
claims, my client now renews
ection to the Court, its looks,
urisdiction and its books;
ection to the Evidence,
ctment—as to form and sense;
ection to the desks and chairs,
tables and State Counsel's airs—
act, my client now objects
everything; and he expects
show, by Bluff, by Crook, by Bragg,
Shyster, Petti Fogg and Snagg,
that great friend of crime, D. Lay,
Trick, by Subb Terr Fuge and Stay,
t he should be set free because
ll these loopholes in the laws.

CONSTITUTIONAL PRIVILEGES

client, Cy N. Ide, now please
Court, no technicalities
uld urge, save that they all transgress
constitutional—express,
lied, declared and specified—
rogatives of Cy N. Ide,
o stands here, making naught but one
uest—that Justice shall be done!
l we are here, as man to man,
l mean to do Her if we can!

EXPRESS RESERVATIONS

w, please the Court, we do not waive
ingle right that we can save;
l we except—some more, some less—
jurors, clerks and witnesses.

And, having made our attitude
As clear and frank as well we could,
We come now to the minor phase
Of testimony in the case.

INSANITY

First, we have shown by proof quite plain
That Cy N. Ide is hardly sane.
The eminent Doctor Ale Yay Nisst,
By reflexing my client's wrist
And tapping on his frontal bone,
Finds absence of the Moral Tone.
And Doctor Ekks Spurt finds one ear
The thousandth of an inch too near
The cheek—a symptom, as you see,
Of irresponsibility.
So, by your oaths, you should agree
To Cy N. Ide's insanity,
And so acquit him of intent
And free him that he may repent.

THE ALIBI

But we have other proofs if this
Phase of defense may seem amiss:
My client, Cy N. Ide, proves by
His witnesses an alibi.
He was, upon the fatal day
This deed was done, ten miles away;
So, if you find him sane, you're bound
To free him on this other ground,
As jurors who are sworn to do
The will of justice, good and true.
Whichever way you look you will
Find Cy N. Ide impregnable
As Truth itself—no crime can lie
With such a perfect alibi!

EVIDENCE OF SELF-DEFENSE

But, if again you are in doubt
Of how this crime has come about,
My client gives sworn evidence
The deed was done in self-defense.
The victim of this homicide
Made fierce attack on Cy N. Ide,
As he so graphically swore,
With sword and pistol—aye, and more!
And, as he shot and stabbed and tried
To end the life of Cy N. Ide,
My client, much to his dismay,
Was forced to shoot or run away;
And so he shot—the deed was done
Since he was lame and could not run!
So it is plain the evidence
Is ample proof of self-defense.
And so you must acquit, you see,
On one ground, two, or even three!

NO CORPUS DELICTI

But not alone on this defense—
This bulwark firm of evidence—
Do we rely; for we have brought
The eminent expert, Tellus Watt,
And he quite sturdily agrees
The victim died of heart disease.
In which event the case must fall,
Since there was no crime done at all.
The eminent expert, Tellus Watt,
Says, in the interval 'twixt shot
And when the bullet struck its mark,
Excitement quenched the vital spark
Within the victim's breast; and he
Died not of crime but naturally.
So, here again, my client stands
And asks acquittal at your hands.

EXCEPTIONS, REQUESTS, MOTIONS, PETITIONS AD LIBITUM

Now, please the Court, we ask the case
Dismissed—'tis now the time and place.
And, failing that, we move the Court
Instruct the jury to report
A verdict of not guilty! Should
The Court not hold our motion good,
We ask the jury to acquit
On any ground it may see fit—
Insanity, if it so please;
Or alibi or heart disease;
Or self-defense. If homicide
Is found we ask it set aside.
And, failing that, we straightway move
Another trial, that we may prove
A new defense—if 'tis denied
We ask an appeal certified.
And, failing that, we ask to be
Petitioners for clemency.
And, failing that, we ask but leave
To file petitions for reprieve.
And failing that—well, Cy N. Ide
By then will have grown old and died!



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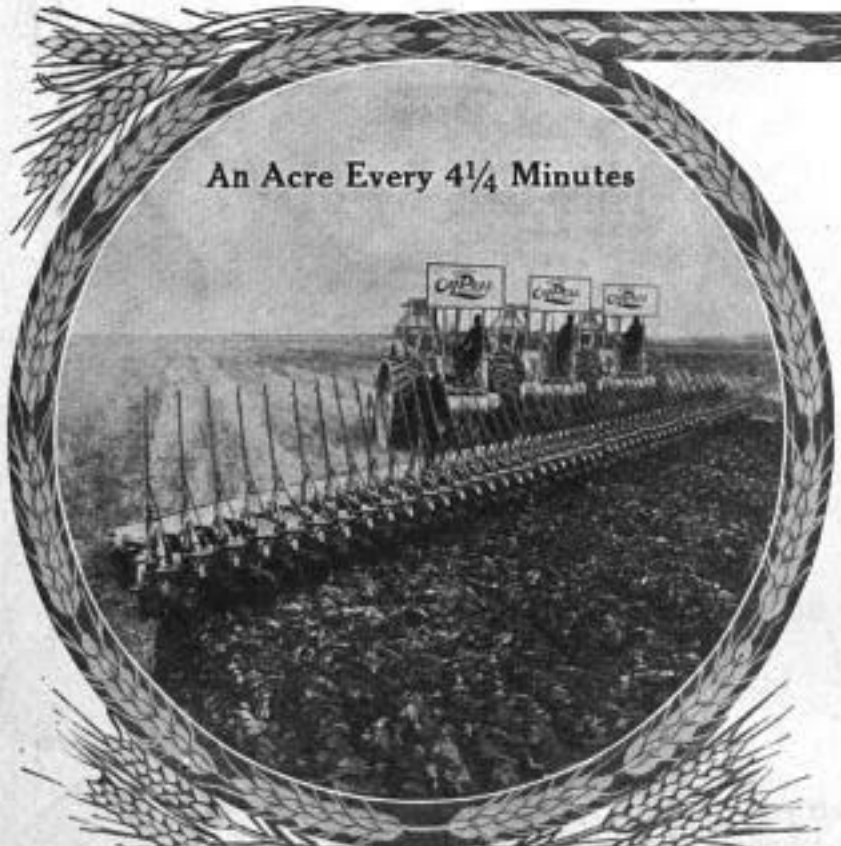
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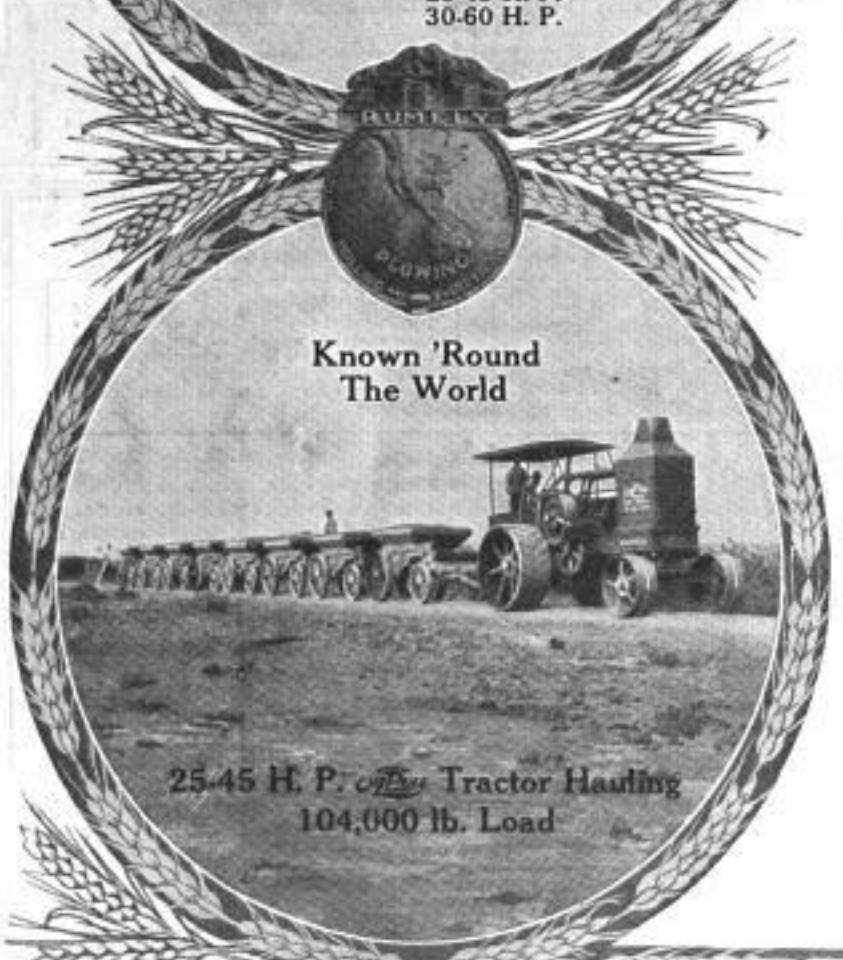
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Little Brother of the OilPull

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CONSIDER THE LIVER

(Concluded from Page 18)

the liver, but are a curious alteration
he amount of coloring matter or pig-
t which is present in every skin, even
whitest. They are probably due to
disturbance of the nerve twig supply-
he patch of skin affected, and usually
ar in conditions in which there is ex-
ive disturbance of the nervous system,
as certain chronic nervous diseases and
rious wasting and disorganization of
kin which occurs in old age. Their
arance need not give rise to any un-
ess, as they seldom become marked
gh even to disfigure the complexion,
never give rise to any other than
etic trouble and disappear when their
is removed.
e only reason, in fact, why these spots
ever connected with the liver, even
ame, was that, to the innocent and
like eyes of our ancestors of the Middle
, these marks bore a slight resemblance
e to the color of that one fairly common
rbance of the color of the skin which
used by the liver, the well-known
lice, or "the yellows." However, the
ency of this disturbance has been
nously exaggerated, and our ideas of
usation began, like most of our he-
beliefs, simply by our putting the cart
e the horse.
ndice is not due, as popularly be-
, to the liver working overtime and
ng more bile into the blood than the
can dispose of, but to the fact that
r that form of body waste which colors
forms the bile is being produced in
er quantities than the liver can handle,
t the tube called the bile duct, through
the liver pours bile into the intestine,
ecome blocked either by gallstones or
amatory swelling.
ong the garbage-burning and waste-
ying functions of the liver is the duty
ding care of and discharging from the
the remains of the red blood corpuscles
are broken down in the work of the
by millions and billions every day. It
e well-known red coloring matter—
globin—of these corpuscles, which
broken down causes the yellowish or
ish color of the bile. Exactly the
change can be easily seen taking
in the classic "black eye," or the
and blue—more accurately black
reen—discoloration of a severe bruise
here upon the body.

e Cause of Our Complexions

dow that makes a black mark is simply
which has ruptured one or more tiny
vessels and allowed the blood to
e into the tissues, where it quickly
goes this greenish discoloration.
happens, then, in jaundice is that, to
roughly, some poison or poisons in
ystem are breaking down the red
cells with greater rapidity than
; so that the liver is unable to filter
coloring matter out of the blood rap-
nough and the whole body becomes
a yellowish green.
at is why diseases which directly
the red cells of the blood, such as
ia, are so often accompanied by
jaundice or a yellowish discolora-
f the skin. A striking illustration is
in the dreaded yellow fever, in
, so to speak, all the blood in the
starts to melt and break down at
leaking out on the surface of the skin
rm the dreadful yellow mask, and
gh the thinner and more porous wall
stomach to produce the fatal "black
." Any of the acute infections—
a common cold—may be followed by
jaundice.
other chief way in which jaundice is
ced is by a blocking up of the bile
, so that the liver can no longer pour
ile which it has separated from the
into the bowels to be got rid of.
commonest cause of this obstructive
ice is, of course, the formation of gall-
s or inflammatory processes in the
ladder; and it can be cured by open-
he gall-bladder and either draining
e germs which are causing the inflam-
n or removing the gallstones which
structing the bile ducts.
a matter of fact, however, jaundice is
ne-fourth so common as is popularly
ved, for the reason that, having once
fied the liver and the bile with the
holic frame of mind and depressed
conditions of the system, it was instantly concluded that any one whose complexion appeared sallow or yellow, or of a greenish hue, was suffering from jaundice or an attack of liver. What really happens is this, that all human skins, even the whitest, have considerable yellowish pigment in them—people having an average complexion a good deal, and those of a brunette complexion still more. In conditions of vigorous health this yellow tint is masked or neutralized by the abundant supply of red blood in the vessels of the skin; but when either the amount of blood in the skin is diminished by a weakening of the force of the heartbeat or the color of the blood itself becomes less vivid from disease, then this natural yellow tint stands out in all its naked hideousness. That is why the majority of people, when they become pale or anemic, become yellow or sallow at the same time.

This natural pigment or coloring matter in the skin has also given rise to an absurdly old and popular superstition that persons with a brunette or dark complexion are more subject to liver trouble and more readily become bilious, the only basis for this belief being that when from any cause the rosy hue of health disappears from their skins their natural yellow or brownish color stands forth with vivid distinctness. They are not a particle more bilious than the palest and chalkiest-faced blonde. Those of us with more than a certain amount of pigment in our skins, popularly known as brunettes, turn yellow instead of white when we become pale.

"Liver-Gazing" a Necessity

Not infrequently the liver falls a victim to its own devotion from the fact that some of the numerous germs or parasites which are carried to it to be strained out of the blood manage to find a foothold and grow in its own tissues—not very frequently, fortunately, for the liver is a tough and wary old fighter; but often enough to cause the death of the body later.

One of the commonest invaders to find a foothold in the liver in this way is the tubercle bacillus. Tuberculosis of the liver is a fairly common complication—next, indeed, after that of the lungs and the bowels. The human liver, however, resists tuberculosis very well, and its attack is seldom the cause of death; but in cattle and birds, particularly domestic poultry, the liver is one of the commonest sites of tuberculosis; and the most serious changes that take place anywhere in the body occur here. In birds, for instance, it is three or four times as frequently affected as the lungs are, just reversing the usual human proportion. It is well for wary housekeepers to do a little "liver-gazing" on their own account, and to insist on seeing and carefully examining the liver of every chicken and turkey they buy.

The commonest organic disease of the liver is abscess, which again is due to the setting up of inflammation or pus formation in the liver by various disease germs—most commonly those which cause dysentery or diarrheal disturbances of the bowels, and are from that point carried to the liver. The well-known "tropical abscess" of the liver is largely due to the attack of the germs of dysentery, diarrhea or malaria.

Several of the animal parasites that infest the alimentary canal are also carried to the liver, and one group of them, the so-called hydatids, undergoes a stage of development there, producing large cysts or bladderlike growths filled with fluid and with the larvæ of the parasite. One of this group of parasites is exceedingly serious and fatal in both cattle and sheep—the famous, or rather infamous, liver fluke.

The liver also, like every other organ consisting of epithelium or secreting stuff, is subject to the attack of cancer, and in rather a high degree, being about the fourth most common site of cancer in men, only the lips, tongue, stomach and bowels ranking ahead of it—and the fifth most frequent in women. Even this, however, serious as it is, is far from the hopeless death sentence that it was fifteen or twenty years ago. Modern surgery, with its perfected methods, does not hesitate boldly to attack and remove cancer or any other growth from the very substance of the liver itself, and—if its presence can be detected early enough—with fair success.



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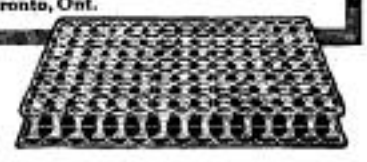
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THE TENTH COMMANDMENT

(Concluded from Page 13)

silver dollar out of his leather wallet and flung it on to the table, for the paper read: "In consideration of one dollar cash in hand paid, the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged." The coin struck hard and spun on the oak board. "There," he said, "is your silver. It is the money that Judas was paid in and, like that first payment to Judas, it is all you'll get."

Dillworth got on his feet. "Abner," he said, "what do you drive at now?"

"This," replied Abner: "I have bought your lawsuit; I have paid you for it, and it belongs to me. The terms of that sale are written down and signed. You are to receive a portion of what I recover; but if I recover nothing you can receive nothing."

"Nothing?" Dillworth echoed.

"Nothing!" replied Abner.

Dillworth put his big hands on the table and rested his body on them; his head drooped below his shoulders, and he looked at Abner across the table.

"You mean—you mean ——"

"Yes," said Abner, "that is what I mean. I shall dismiss this suit."

"Abner," the other wailed, "this is ruin—these lands—these rich lands!" And he put out his arms, as toward something that one loves. "I have been a fool. Give me back my paper." Abner arose.

"Dillworth," he said, "you have a short memory. You said that a man ought to suffer for his lack of care, and you shall suffer for yours. You said that pity was fantastic, and I find it fantastic now. You said that you would take what the law gives you; well, so shall I."

The sniveling creature rocked his big body grotesquely in his chair.

"Abner," he whined, "why did you come here to ruin me?"

"I did not come to ruin you," said Abner. "I came to save you. But for me you would have done a murder."

"Abner," the man cried, "you are mad. Why should I do a murder?"

"Dillworth," replied Abner, "there is a certain commandment prohibited, not because of the evil in it, but because of the thing it leads to—because there follows it—I use your own name, Dillworth, 'hell's work.' This afternoon you tried to kill Lemuel Arnold from an ambush."

Terror was on the man. He ceased to rock his body. He leaned forward, staring at Abner, the muscles of his face flabby.

"Did you see me?"

"No," replied Abner, "I did not."

The man's body seemed, at that, to escape from some hideous pressure. He cried out in relief, and his voice was like air wheezing from a bellows.

"It's a lie! a lie! a lie!"

I saw Abner look hard at the man, but he could not strike a thing like that.

"It's the truth," he said, "you are the man; but when I stood in the thicket with your weapon in my hand I did not know it, and when I came here I did not know it. But I knew that this ambush was the work of a coward, and you were the only coward that I could think of.

"No," he said, "do not delude yourself—that was no proof. But it was enough to bring me here. And the proof? I found it in this house. I will show it to you. But before I do that, Dillworth, I will return to you something that is yours."

He put his hand into his pocket, took out a score of buckshot and dropped them on the table. They clattered off and rolled away on the floor.

"And that is how I saved you from murder, Dillworth. Before I put your gun back into the hollow log I drew all the charge in it except the powder."

He advanced a step nearer to the table.

"Dillworth," he said, "a little while ago I asked you a question that you could not answer. I asked you what lands were included in the notice of sale for delinquent taxes printed in that county newspaper. Half of the newspaper had been torn off, and with it the other half of that notice. And you could not answer. Do you remember that question, Dillworth? Well, when I asked it of you I had the answer in my pocket. The missing part of that notice was the wadding over the buckshot!"

He took a crumpled piece of newspaper out of his pocket and joined it to the other half lying before Dillworth on the table.

"Look," he said, "how the edges fit!"

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THE RECORDING ANGEL

(Continued from Page 22)

an orthodox conversion, and the fruits of it were to be strange apples of discord in that community. Still, he knelt. It was all a man could do when Rachel set her heart upon it.

I have been obliged to record this scene and these circumstances because these pages are tablets taken from life. And any record of life in the South that leaves out the hornet veteran of the Civil War and the candle-lit drama of salvation in some church is not veracious. It is merely long-tailed-monkey fiction, however interesting it may be. In the South we are honestly religious. Our faith in God is so strong that it amounts to a great despair. This is the heavenly hall mark of simple souls. The fact that most of us are ignoramuses in the practice of Christianity is a stage that shall pass. When it is passed we shall still have "the mighty hopes that make us men." It is the way we are made—poor candles lighted for the glory of God, that shine a while and are blown out in this wind, to burn again somewhere else.

Your New England Yankee and your Western cowboy may trade us out of our houses and lands, but in the end we are the gallant poor in spirit who shall inherit the earth by faith, which is the only unmortgageable way of getting the earth and holding it.

IX

JIM BONE was not seen again at the revival services. He had gone to Atlanta, in fact, to make extensive arrangements that were to result in another kind of revival in Ruckersville. But he had disappeared without taking any one into his confidence. The good people were mystified, Tony Adams sank again into the insignificance of inebriation, and Bimber was disconsolate. He spent the nights baying at the moon and in keeping a dog wake in memory of his master.

We shall have our hands full when Jim comes back upon the scene. I am, therefore, taking a hurried advantage of his absence to relate another circumstance that stirred the community as nothing else had since the old days when a fresh installment of Grouped Thoughts and Scattered Fancies appeared in The Southern Literary Messenger.

Every evening, now, Elbert White sat in front of his wife with a table between them, upon which burned a kerosene lamp with a poorly trimmed wick. Scattered about were the loose pages of Amy's Book of Life. Nothing was farther from her mind than that a line of it should be printed. She was content to share the fate of other Ruckersville authors. Her story was a sort of brocade of the human heart which she left to posterity, the one publisher in whose judgment and appreciation the Ruckersville literary genius had any confidence. She dictated to Elbert queer little elegies upon life. She sketched in the characters of the men and women she knew with a literalness and veracity that was thrilling, if you knew how to estimate the difficulty of being truthful in interpreting such a natural hyperbole as man. She narrated little incidents of the day, such as that Captain Martin had gone uptown that morning with four dozen collard plants for Mrs. Luster, and that Rachel had been out all day collecting missionary dues, and how Mildred Percey had read a new poem at the Woman's Club. These were really tag sentences that led to loving scriptures set down in behalf of each person. Amy was very far from being a mere diary maker. She had the mathematical faculty of the spirit, which enabled her to reduce the people of her acquaintance to their little digit in the great common equation of life. Artlessly, without the least suspicion of what she was doing, she destroyed the ideal of each and calculated him upon the basis of his actual deeds. Nothing can be more devastating to the self-conscious importance of personality than this method. The greatest hero never does more than a dozen great deeds. Most of life is passed in insignificance. Thus the captain was shorn of his war record and appeared as an old man with a sore on his back, who was not above selling collard plants. And Rachel was a Shylock, reaping where she had not sowed dimes for the heathens. On a certain evening Amy devoted a paragraph to the Feltons' baby. It seemed that, while Mrs. Felton was pouring out her soul in a romance she was writing, Mr. Felton fed the baby on rancid black walnuts. The next day the child interrupted its mother by having convulsions. Elbert was for leaving the baby out. But Amy protested.

"The point is this, Elbert," she explained. "It is unfortunate to discover that you have any other gift after you have already the gift of a child. I mean that it is really superfluous. You can put all you know into the child; but if you put it into a story, the father has to take the mother's place while she is doing it. And a father may be a good provider, but he makes a poor mother. For one, I do not doubt that every hen bird watches the worms her mate offers their nestlings. She never can tell when he will poison one with a spider."

It is impossible to set down here the results of Amy's notes. Their insignificance was so literal of life and their value was incalculable, because probably never before had so close a record been kept of so many different men and women in the same community. You had only to add up each one's column to understand how barren existence is of the extraordinary: how unlike every man and every woman is to the impressions we receive of them in history, where only a few of their best deeds are recorded; or in fiction, where the imagination selects and augments characters to suit the emergencies of the tale. And the truth so often makes the last come first and the first come last. Thus, according to Amy, the debit column of Tony Adams was shorter than that of Rachel Martin. Tony was such a poor creature that he dared not do good in the open after the more or less brazen manner of Rachel. But Amy remembered certain days Tony spent in her garden, and she set down her hollyhocks and zinnias to his credit. She recorded of him a thousand aimless little charities to which he confessed in their hours of confidence, such as trundling old Mr. Percey—who was paralyzed—down in his back yard, and going to mill for a widow, who had the corn and the horse, but could not sit astride her own sack. He never attempted anything great in the line of goodness. He felt so unworthy of a shining mark; he desired to escape attention. Virtue, he felt, was so little characteristic of him that he exercised what he had after the manner of the best saints, without suspecting that this was the case. It was only in Amy's scriptures that he shone like a shamefaced candle in a naughty world.

But the trouble with most scriptures is that they do not come direct from the source of inspiration. They are copied by some one else, and matter foreign to the original source is thus injected. This is what happened to Amy's Book of Life. Elbert was the unscrupulous medium through which these scriptures passed. He had undertaken the writing with misgivings and merely to humor her. But almost at once he comprehended that she was making copy very different from the prevailing fashion of literature in Ruckersville. He was just enough depraved to put into her innocent records matter that fitted sins in the lives of the victims, thus rounding out the tale with a horrible veracity. He was a worm, and he was the amanuensis of a blind angel, and he was a little old fat knave who enjoyed the joke of inserting spitball comments where the effect would be most outraging to sensibilities. Sometimes when she wandered vaguely, with the curious lilting mental movement of the blind and the inspired, near the region of his own mildewed character, he would lift his old head, push back the thin aigrette of white hair at the top of his forehead and stare at her in genuine alarm. But in time he perceived his security and the nature of it. She saw every one clearly, but him she concealed with the garment of her love.

The excuse he made to himself for the sacrilege of his interpolations was that he desired to render the manuscript available for publication. And in this he succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. As fast as Amy produced her scriptures and he could get them into diabolical shape, he disposed of them to The Monthly Mercury, a popular magazine; and he appropriated the revenue from them without a qualm of conscience. You do not offer dividends to a blind angel.

Now on the very day of Mr. Bone's singular disappearance, the first installment of this remarkable work came out in



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THOUGHTFUL people throughout the country arrange policies in the POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY because, *first*, it supplies sound legal-reserve protection at lower net cost than any other company and, *second*, because it performs an important service in *health-conservation* for its policyholders.



Postal Life Building
35 Nassau St., New York

The Company cuts out all middlemen and agents; it deals *direct* with the public; its *policyholders* save, and may deduct from their *first* premium (monthly, quarterly, semi-annual or annual), *a guaranteed commission-dividend* (ranging up to 50% of the premium) corresponding to what *other* companies pay out the *first* year to their *agents*.

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***Bear in mind*, POSTAL LIFE policies are binding on the Company, *wherever the insured lives*.**

By doing business through the mails—*direct*—the Company is able to effect important savings for policyholders, and also *brings* the benefits of insurance protection and health conservation to the *remotest sections of the country*, thus performing *a genuine public service* akin to rural free delivery and the proposed parcels post.

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Fifth: Operates under *strict State requirements* and subject to the United States postal authorities.

Just write and say: *"Mail full insurance particulars as per advertisement in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of March 2nd."*
And be certain to give your occupation and the *exact date of your birth*.

The Company will then promptly send you *(by mail only) exact figures for your age* with the amount of dividends, *guaranteed* and otherwise, now being paid.

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WM. R. MALONE, President
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MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. R-55 CHICAGO, ILL.

the Mercury, under the misleading title of The Town Testament. And it was signed The Recording Angel.

This was scandalous enough if the contents had not been still more shocking. The whole composition was written in a manner so simple and so veracious as to surpass mere literary style. Literary style is always a fashion in words that costs some sort of illusion. This is what it is for. But the scriptures of men and women in Ruckersville as set forth in The Town Testament in The Monthly Mercury were clothed in no fashion of words. They were naked—not disgracefully so, you understand, but stripped to the heart of man.

The mercy and cruelty of it were inconceivable. Each sketch was a faithfully stern and tenderly delineated daguerreotype of the inside life, merely dramatized by some incident. And in every case the physical features of the victim were so dimly portrayed as to be vague and indistinct. This, of course, was due to the fact that the Amy-angel was blind and saw only the invisible. But it was a feature of the Testament that produced an effect in Ruckersville so queer that it bordered upon the ridiculous. Every man and every woman that saw themselves photographed in the little two-legged epigrams of the angel's entrances were silenced. They were like old Adams and Eves, dropping their apple cores to run around behind their fig bushes to read the thing more privately. During the year that these awful scriptures ran in The Monthly Mercury not one person in the town discussed them or even mentioned them to his neighbor. There was, of course, the telltale eye, but the eye only intimates. It has not a voice. Sometimes the captain met Clark Story immediately after a new installment of The Town Testament appeared, with an interrogative expression which, being interpreted, meant:

"Have you read that damned thing in the Mercury this month?"

And old man Story, who had long since recognized himself as the ridiculous optimistic Job of these naïvely naked scriptures, would shift his eyes about, as much as to say: "Who? Me? I never read The Monthly Mercury. I haven't the least idea what you are talking about."

As a matter of fact, Daddisman, who kept a news stand at the hotel, was probably the only man who could have told how many had taken to their fig bushes. From selling three or four copies a month he now sold about fifty.

This is what happened. On this same day after Jim Bone had signified his repentance, Rachel Martin was sitting upon her front veranda in the early afternoon, thinking of her success with the prodigal the night before and wondering what she could do for the Lord that day, seeing that Jim had disappeared. Presently, like an answer to prayer, a deep suspicion of a certain situation occurred to her. She arose, untied her apron, pinned on her hat—which never would remain straight upon her head because she had so little hair to hold the pins steady—and went over to see Amy White. She found exactly what she expected—the house in disorder, the kitchen stove full of cold ashes, a pile of soiled dishes on the table, and Amy sitting beside her bedroom window with a glass of milk in her hand and her face veiled as usual in her sweet smile.

"You are starving," Rachel Martin exclaimed, coming in and standing before her friend with one hand upon each fat hip.

"No," answered Amy, "the milk is all I need. But you will find the house in disorder. Elbert was in a hurry this morning."

"Hurry, nothing!" Rachel retorted indignantly. The illusions of the blind woman concerning this husband of hers were a sore cross to Mrs. Martin.

She faced about and walked emphatically into the kitchen. She always set her heel down as if it had a sting in it that she wished to thrust in as deep as possible. There was to be heard immediately the breaking of kindling, the scratching of matches and the banging of stove lids. Twenty minutes later she set a tray of tempting food before Amy. When she had eaten, Rachel put on her severest, most conscientious expression, armed herself with a broom and dust rag, and gave herself over body and soul to cleaning the house.

"Elbert neglects you shamefully!" Rachel asserted.

"He never does," said Amy, smiling the smile of perfect trust. "He does everything for me, who can do nothing for him."

(Continued on Page 69)

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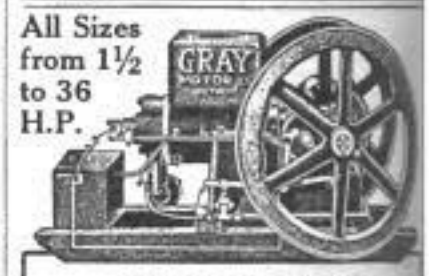
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(Continued from Page 66)

Amy was thinking more particularly of his latest grace in copying her notes in the little Book of Life she was so artlessly keeping.

"He does as little as he can for anybody," persisted the accuser, slinging the counterpane around the bed corner.

"He loves me—he pets me yet, when I am so old," enunciated Amy softly, as if she whispered a miracle.

This really silenced the old dust-rag saint. The captain would no more have dared pet her than he would have spit upon his finger and laid it upon the red-hot stove. The moment he entered his own house-door he was no longer the valiant veteran. He was a poor invalid, whom she might take a notion to put to bed any time with a plaster on his back. Her love had reduced him to that.

As Rachel was returning from her visit to Amy, she remembered that this was the day upon which the new Monthly Mercury was always put on sale at Daddisman's Hotel. She went by and purchased a copy. When she was again comfortably seated upon her veranda she put on her glasses, moistened her forefingers and began to turn the leaves. Presently this title at the top of the page attracted her attention, The Town Testament.

She had the vision in her own mind of an old worn Bible that was passed from house to house in some poor village. She began to read. She caught her breath; the pupils of her eyes dilated. It was like reading up one street and down another in Ruckersville. There was one stranger in the throng of characters whom she said she did not know. She said that over and over to herself, yet this woman in particular excited her curiosity and indignation.

"And there was a certain woman in the town who went about collecting missionary dues; and this woman's tongue was the rod she laid upon her neighbors' backs.

"And she committed no sins, but God was obliged to forgive her nearly all the good she did. For this woman did good as if she were beating the lost and undone, and as if it were a shame that good had to be done at all."

Rachel laid The Monthly Mercury in her lap and looked up. She felt queer, as if an angel had just spit in her face. She wiped it roughly with the corner of her apron. She was wounded—unaccountably wounded and angry. And she did not know what to do about it, since she supposed the captain was still downtown. If he had been at home she could have worked off her feelings by putting him to bed. She often did this.

Fortunately she was very far from recognizing him as the hero of the next verses of the Recording Angel's scriptures. The captain was the one living creature besides herself who could and did throw dust into Rachel's eyes. She knew all about his backache, but less about him than about any other man in Ruckersville.

At this moment he was seated in a secluded corner behind his beegums, also reading a copy of The Monthly Mercury. It seemed that the Recording Angel had been wandering along in his or her mind, adding up the men of Ruckersville as he came to them, putting in little stories to defend them and to illustrate the general inefficiency of men, comparing them with women, and so on, until he came upon the theory that women neither know nor can know men. Apparently this was the total of a column and a half of illustrations, all taken with startling frankness from the lives of Ruckersville benedicts. These illustrations were put together with the distinctness of a formula of experience, with the devil's tail sticking out.

One incident in particular had been culled from the captain's most private annals, which he guarded with the sacred care a man always bestows upon his vices, though his virtues may be weather-beaten from exposure. This incident had to do with a certain sum of money given the captain by Rachel, to be credited upon her own account at the bank. Unfortunately he had lost it in a game of poker before he reached the bank. The Angel seemed to pause and ponder over the curious phenomenon, that a man never became so honest that he would not steal from his wife—either her prayers, her confidence or her money. The conclusion of the whole matter was set down in one of those imitation rib verses from Ecclesiastes, and ran something like this:



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In these Grand Trunk Pacific new towns, General Stores, Hardware Stores, Livery Stables, Blacksmith Shops, Hotels, Clothing Stores, Grocery Stores, Millinery Shops, Barber Shops, and so forth, are needed. You may, if you desire, purchase property direct from the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company on easy terms if preferred, but this is not compulsory, or even necessary; for, through their authorized agents, the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company will bring you in direct touch with leading wholesale houses, commercial clubs, industrial organizations and individuals who can best assist you in choosing the town or city which meets your requirements. In Western Canada, where it's

Village Yesterday—Town Today—City Tomorrow

you'll find all the advantages offered by a new country without a new country's disadvantages. You'll find modern cities, growing, going towns, excellent schools and churches, a splendid telephone system, modern transcontinental railways, a fine climate, mountains, prairies, forests, lakes, rivers. You'll find 700,000 American Farmers; you'll find twelve cities which grew 501.5 per cent in 10 years. In one Grand Trunk Pacific New Town of 500 population the merchants did $700,000 worth of business in 1910. In another, property which was purchased direct from the railway company for $325—easy terms—sold less than a year later for $1,442.50 cash. For other interesting facts, send for free, illustrated book—

"A Chain of Opportunities"

Send for it tonight. Write to us—tell us what you want to do. Give your age—tell whether married or single—in fact, give such details as you think will be of value to us in getting you located in the one best place for you. Your letter will have individual attention and its message will be held in confidence. Write tonight.

G. U. RYLEY, Land Commissioner

Grand Trunk Pacific Railway

(18) Room 315 Union Station, Winnipeg, Canada

"A man may know his wife, but no woman knoweth her husband.

"If thy husband kiss thee, count thy silver; he may have stolen a spoon.

"If he praise thee, look for Hagar in the bushes; he loveth another."

This was horrible, not because it was the truth—the captain never for a moment questioned that—but because incidents had been taken from his own life and hung like mottoes in the tale to prove it. He leaped to his feet, hissing with impotent fury. He clinched his fist and whirled this way and that in his rage.

"I will find him and shoot him, the fiend!" he swore softly, looking back to make sure his voice did not carry as far as the stout figure of Rachel, seated upon the veranda.

He was an old reed shaken in the wind, suddenly compelled to share his private character with the unknown. He was distressed, like a man who posed for his portrait in a gold-braided uniform and beheld in the negative his thin, old, naked legs.

But if others were astonished by the appearance of The Town Testament, the Woman's Club was prostrated. Mrs. Fanning-Rucker was silent, suffering and mystified. She knew that no member of the club could or would write such a thing. The blindness of Amy excluded her as a possibility from any one's mind. The Angel had not honored Mrs. Rucker with any concluding verse of scriptures. She was merely a poor dunce left sitting upon a stool, in the tale, shorn of her greatness—merely a fat old girl who had missed her lesson and was being kept in after school by the Angel. The crowning insult to this indignity was that it was apparent in every line that the writer desired neither to punish nor to caricature. It was as if a spirit had determined to tell the truth about everybody in Ruckersville, without reference to their station or their feelings. The women of the club suffered most because it seemed that the Angel had them upon his conscience in the form of a compassionate anxiety, and that he really knew what was the matter with them.

"Fill the heart of a woman, and her mind will not trip thee; but if thou leavest her loveless she will split thy hairs with arguments.

"The woman who maketh an idea and pursueth it and teaseth it into words may write a masterpiece; but she hath poisoned the milk of her babe.

"The mind of a woman dwelleth by nature upon the small point; it fitteth into the cradle and on the forefinger, but not into the hatbrim of a man."

Mildred Percey saw one of her poems in print for the first time in The Town Testament. She could not have been more astonished if she had seen it in the Old Testament. The title was Loneliness.

Oh, heart, thou wert not made
Alone to linger on;
To wander thus, through light or shade,
With none to lean upon.

To look around and see
No pulse to answer thine;
No tender eyes to smile on thee,
No lips to call thee "Mine."

The tendril of the vine
That seeks in vain to cast
Its arms around aught besides, must twine
Upon itself at last.

The heart that seeks in vain
Some answering heart to find,
Turns on itself and weaves a chain
That it cannot unbind.

She had read these lines once at the club, and she did not know it, but she had loaned Elbert White a book with a copy of this poem scribbled upon a loose sheet of paper. She had had a letter from this same magazine declining them. Now they appeared like a row of little candles in a drizzling night, flickering and going out, one by one. They were preceded by a sort of epitaph of her character, and after them came this Æsop scripture:

"Man sinneth if he leaveth the woman to abide single until the seeds of poetry ripen in her, and she bringeth forth only verses."

Mildred stared in awe that was nearly superstitious at the signature of The Recording Angel.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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This booklet, with accompanying catalogue, giving the dimensions of "CREX" rugs, carpets, hall runners, etc.—and reproducing the products in actual colors—should be carefully read by every housekeeper. A postal request will do.

Most dealers sell "CREX" products. If you cannot find the pattern you want, write us. We will see that you are supplied. *All grass floor coverings are not "CREX." Be sure the trade mark below is on the rug.*

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Mills: St. Paul—Superior

CREX
Grass Carpets and Rugs
TRADE MARK



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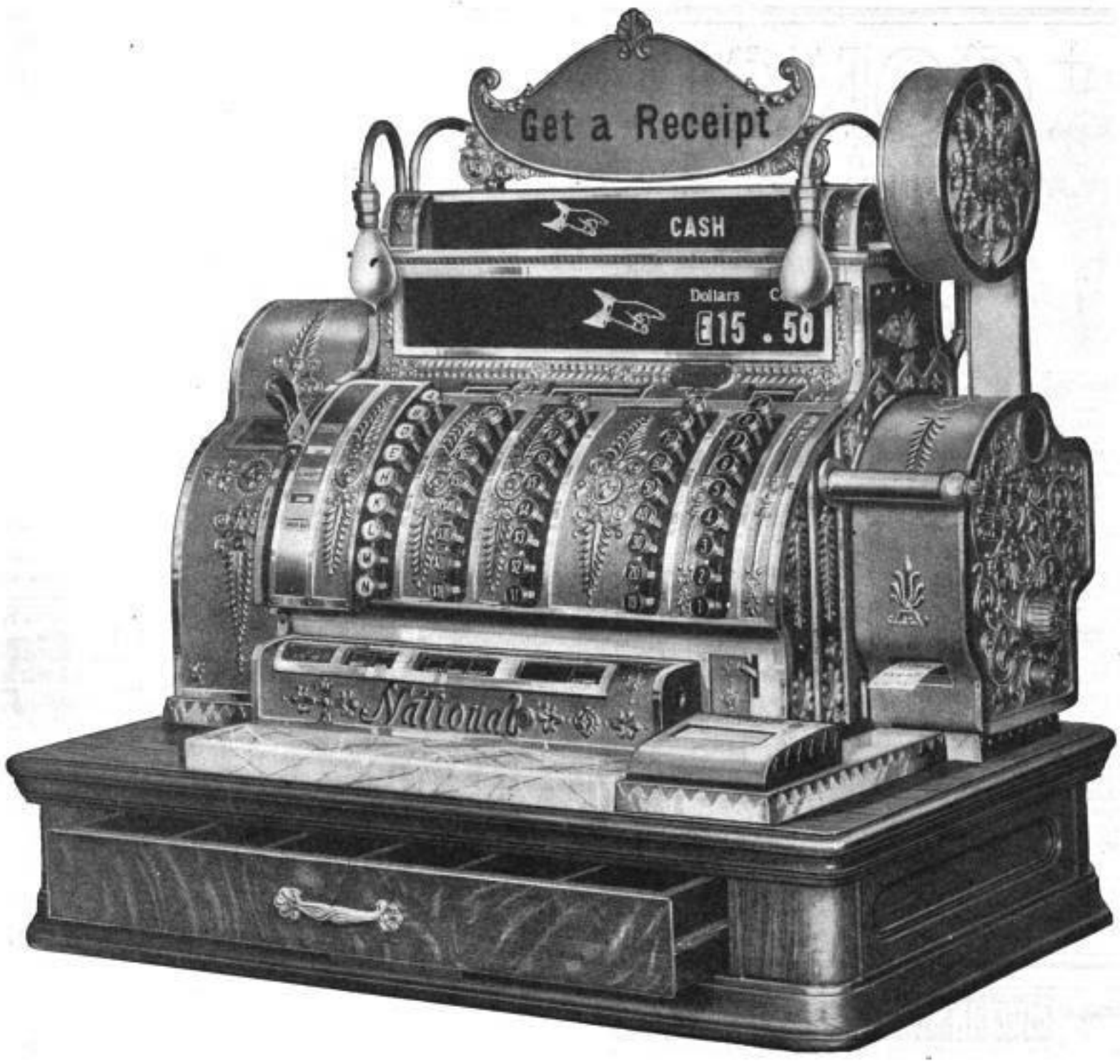
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How long will it last? That is the question you want answered when you buy roofing. Congo Roofing will last ten years—that is guaranteed.

You will find a genuine Surety Bond *in the center of every roll of Congo Roofing*. It goes into effect after you have laid Congo on your roof and returned the guarantee to us properly filled in ready for signature.

The guarantee on 2-ply and 3-ply Congo is for *ten years*.

Our primary motive in establishing the guarantee plan is to show people that we mean what we say. We want our statement to stand as a plain unvarnished fact. We don't want people to say "Ten years?—Probably they mean seven." We want people to realize that we mean ten years and hence *this positive guarantee!*

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Copy of the Guarantee Bond and a Sample of Congo and booklet will be sent free on request.


National Surety Company
CONGO ROOFING
Guarantee Bond

Fac-simile of 10 Year Bond

The only way in which a definite and enforcible guarantee could be given was by the aid of a Surety Company, and accordingly we have arranged with the National Surety Company of New York, one of the great Surety Companies of the United States with assets of $12,000,000 and over, to issue a Genuine Surety Bond with every roll of Congo Roofing.

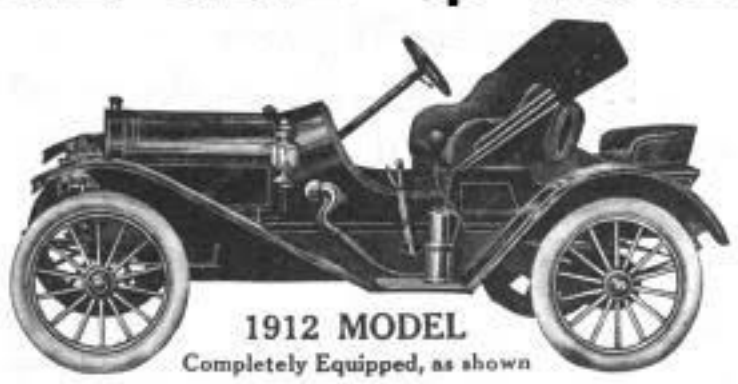
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METZ $495



1912 MODEL
Completely Equipped, as shown

Four Cylinder 22 H. P. Water Cooled

Mr. Brisbane, in a recent editorial on automobiles, asked this question: "Who will be the FIRST to put this great industry on a sensible, economical, permanent basis—WHO will give to the people of this country a strong, reliable, sane, REALLY LOW-PRICED CAR?"

The answer is, THE METZ COMPANY; and you see pictured, above, the car itself! A complete car in every respect, standard in construction and standard in equipment, a car with a remarkable record for endurance and efficiency—for $495.00!
The METZ "Twenty-Two" develops from 5 to 50 miles per hour on the high speed. It is guaranteed to climb hills as fast as any other stock car made, regardless of its power or price, and the operating expense is less than any other car. It is easy-riding, simple in operation, and absolutely dependable under all conditions.
To Dealers.—The METZ "Twenty-Two" is the big seller for 1912. Write us for particulars.

METZ COMPANY, 100 Gore St., WALTHAM, MASS.

HOW TO BEAT THE BUILDING GAME

(Concluded from Page 9)

circles the most famous fire of the generation is that of the magnificent dwelling of a well-known man in Boston, which, at the time of building, with its stone and tile walls and floors, and reënforced concrete stairs, was supposed to be the last word in unburnable construction; but this house was then entirely lined with very elaborate and massive panelings, carvings, casings of wood, as well as wood floors. And one day between seasons, that fateful time of house opening and closing, a careless servant put an electric platewarmer, in commission, on the kitchen floor—and went out, leaving the house alone. The whole interior burned like a fiery furnace and collapsed into a total wreck!

One great point of economy is to avoid multiplying trades in a building. On a house in New Jersey, that was planned for an otherwise economical combination of brick and concrete, the bricklayers insisted that they should have the laying of the concrete. As this would have involved a labor cost for the concrete four times as great as if done by concrete men, the house was changed to all-concrete. Even without such difficulties it is not well to multiply materials. The economical way to build is to organize your gang and keep it going all the time without delays. If this cannot be done it will be found that the unit costs given, which are correct for large or small operations, will not balance because of these interfering conditions. For such reasons, local conditions, and so on, it is sometimes much cheaper to build in one material than another, even when unit costs are equal; and such conditions should be very carefully canvassed, with both the architect and the contractor, before the decision as to the material of the house is made.

Houses That Grow Old Gracefully

The competent architect will be able to advise his client as to all these points—the suitability of climate, labor conditions and environment to the material or combination of materials he proposes. Too many owners rush blindly into the fad of the moment and drag their professional advisers after them on the penalty of losing the job. The architect who dared to advise against the "roughcast" craze of a few years ago was all too likely to be voted an old fogy. It is in just such matters, however, that the client should recognize his own ignorance and the need of expert authority.

The conservative architect will probably say that for the permanent home in a thickly built-up suburb, with few trees, a brick or native stone exterior is likely to be more harmonious with its surroundings than concrete; and today the range of delightful color in brick is so wide that no difficulty should be found in suiting the background. For the country, among trees especially, concrete should come to its own.

However, whether brick or concrete, tile or wood, the owner must decide if possible before choosing his design. Too often the procedure is quite otherwise. The owner gives the architect the general dimensions he wants and the architect draws a pleasant design. It is submitted for approximate bids, as counseled in our first paper, in concrete, brick or hollow tile. In these circumstances, the concrete bid is far the higher, because the necessities of the peculiar type of construction demand certain special forms which in such a general design are not likely to have been provided for.

The special virtues of the concrete construction, however, as regards repairs and sanitation, can be largely enjoyed with a reënforced concrete interior structure and hollow-tile partitions; and it is this interior combination, adapted to an exterior of whatever kind the environment calls for or the architectural type demands, whether cut stone, rough native stone, brick or reënforced concrete, which it is safe to recommend for every permanent house of the class costing above twenty-five thousand dollars.

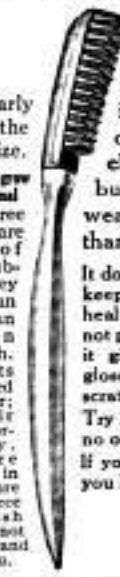
Choose your material first, a material suited to the purpose and the neighborhood and you will get a good design. And, with a design suited to its material, climate and environment, your house will grow old gracefully, whether it's of mud, ice or concrete!



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Is a Rubber Tooth Brush invented by a prominent and experienced dentist. It is not a **cheap** rubber brush, but a **good** one and wears many times longer than a bristle brush.

It does not cut the gums but **keeps them refreshed** and healthy. Its vigorous use is not painful to sensitive teeth—it gives them a white and glossy look and does not scratch the enamel.

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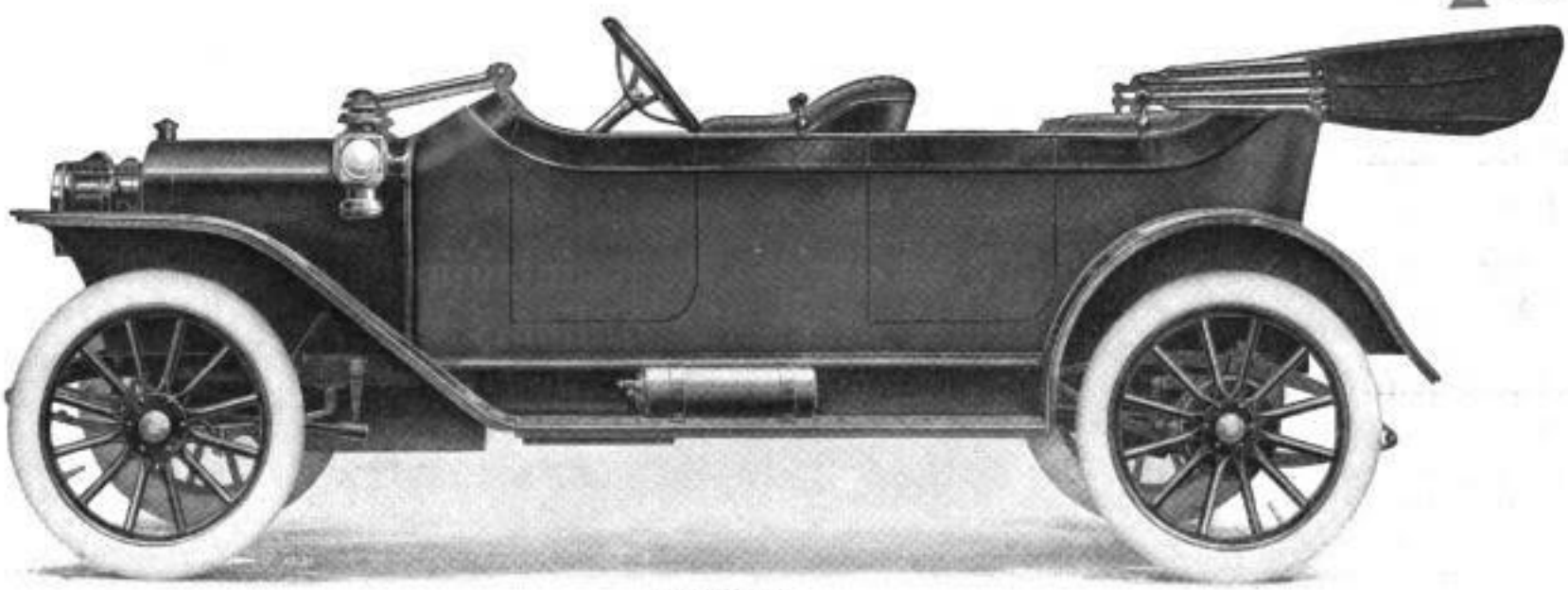
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R-C-H "Twenty-Five"



Model S S

5-passenger touring car—110-inch wheelbase

950 Equipped with self-starter, 32 x 3½ tires, dual ignition, demountable and quick-detachable rims, gas tank, extra rim, top, windshield, 5 lamps, horn, tools, and tire repair kit, long stroke motor, 3 speeds, enclosed valves, magneto.

O. B. Detroit

You can pay $1500—but what more will you get?

'HAT'S the basis on which we'd like you to judge the R-C-H. Take any car you have in mind at 0—or more. Compare it, item by item, with the -H—equipment, specifications, special features, construction details. The results will surprise you. We're satisfied to sell the R-C-H on this basis: "Buy the car value that beats it—if you can find one." And we're satisfied to take your judgment after you've seen the car.

LONG-STROKE MOTOR

's a feature that alone places the R-C-H in a class of its own. automobile engineers long ago demonstrated that a long-ke with a relatively narrow bore developed the maximum efficiency per fuel unit; and this construction is used on the riced European cars.

C-H is the first American car to adopt it. The ratio of bore (3½ x 5) was determined after thorough study of European ion, and after exhaustive engineering tests. It is *really* long-ot merely a square motor with stroke lengthened and bore n proportion. And on the other hand, it does not carry the e idea to extremes.

a prophecy. Before another year rolls around you'll see 75 d motor-car manufacturers in a scramble to feature the long-ke.

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n't believe there's a better built car in the world than the But we'd prefer to have you judge that for yourself.

There are 123 drop forgings in the R-C-H—more than in any other car at any price. Drop-forgings are far stronger and more durable than castings. And drop-forgings permit an absolute accuracy of machining impossible with castings. This means much greater interchangeability of parts.

The accessibility of every part of the R-C-H is another feature that makes it distinctive. We don't believe any other car approaches it in this respect—but that, too, you can judge for yourself when you see the car.

Chrome nickel steel is used throughout all shafts and gears in the transmission and rear axle; high carbon manganese steel in all parts requiring special stiffness.

OTHER FEATURES

There are too many to do more than mention a few.

Left side drive; center control, convenient to the operator and at his right hand; the roomy, graceful, beautiful English type of body, used on the highest priced European cars, but only on the R-C-H among American cars at a popular price—there are dozens of others.

But the best way to know them is to see the car.

STANDARD MODELS

Regular equipment of top, windshield, lamps, generator, horn, tools and kit, without self-starter and other special equipment quoted above.

5-passenger Touring Car	**$850**
Touring Roadster	**800**
Roadster	**700**
(Equipped for 4 passengers)	**750**
Colonial Coupé	**1050**

CANADIAN PRICES

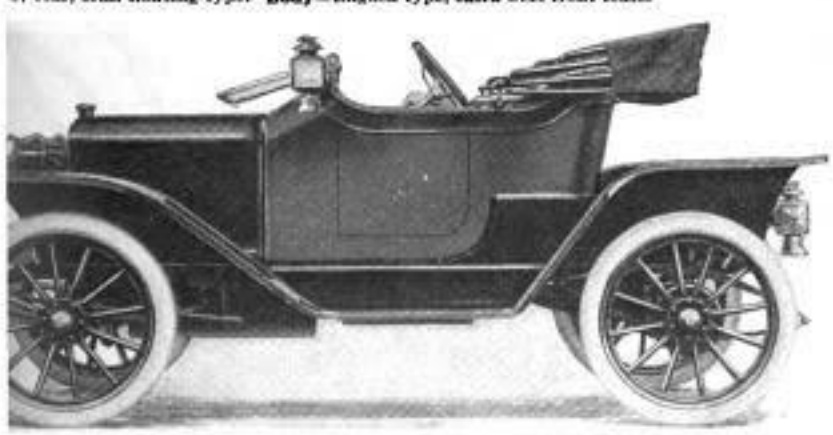
These are as follows, f. o. b. Windsor, duty paid, ***S S Models***—Touring Car, $1175; Touring Roadster, $1125; Roadster, $975; Roadster, 4-passenger, $1050; Coupé, $1425. ***Standard Models***—Touring Car, $1090; Touring Roadster, $1000; Roadster, $850; Roadster, 4-passenger, $925; Coupé, $1300.

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GENERAL R-C-H SPECIFICATIONS

—4 cylinders, cast en bloc—3½ inch bore, 5 inch stroke. Two-bearing crank shaft. Timing gears and closed. Three-point suspension. **Drive—left side.** Irreversible worm gear. 16 inch wheel. **Control—ver** operated through H plate, integral with universal joint housing just below. **Springs**—Front, semi-tar, full elliptic and mounted on swivel seats. **Frame**—Pressed steel channel. **Axles**—Front, I-beam, d; rear, semi-floating type. **Body**—English type, extra wide front seats.



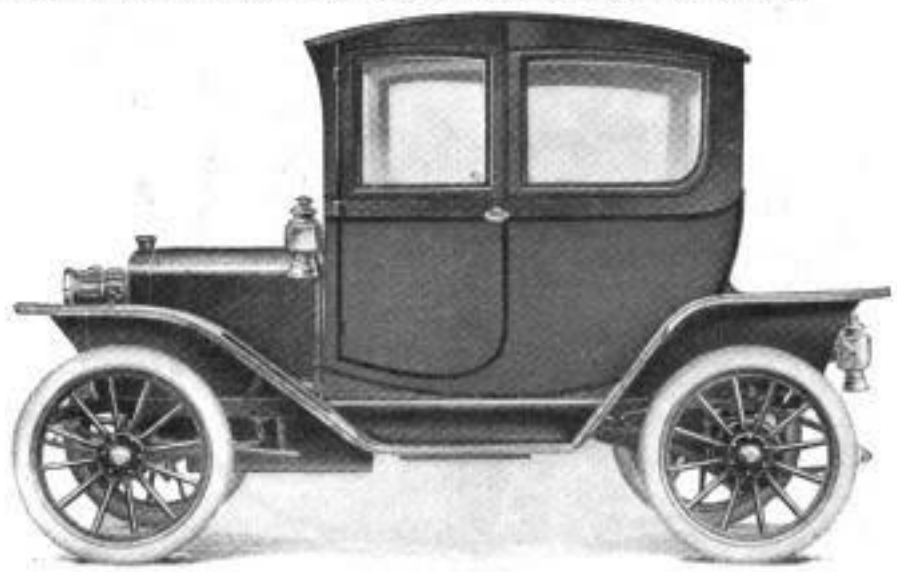
Model S S

300 R-C-H "Twenty-Five" English Body Roadster

3. Detroit

Equipped with self-starter, 32 x 3½ tires, dual ignition, demountable and quick-detachable rims, gas tank, extra rim, top, windshield, 5 lamps, horn, tools and tire repair kit—long-stroke motor—3 speeds—enclosed valves—magneto.

Touring Roadster, same equipment, **$900.** Extra large gasoline and oil capacity. Wheelbase of roadsters, 86 inches—other specifications same as touring car.



Model S S

$1150 R-C-H "Twenty-Five" Colonial Coupé

F. O. B. Detroit

SPECIFICATIONS:—Enclosed body; drop seat for third person; 100 ampere hour lighting battery. Full equipment includes 2 electric lamps, combination electric and oil side and tail lamps. Other specifications and complete equipment same as roadster. In no closed car at any price will you get greater comfort, service and beauty than this.

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The Only Competition That Hurts

Last year we spent over $50,000 on devices for maintaining and improving the quality of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes which the ordinary observer *cannot even see.* We spent thousands of dollars more to insure our getting none but the hearts of the best white corn from which to make our flakes. Thousands more were spent for inspections and for other features which make for higher quality.

Our competitors, with very few exceptions, are not so careful. We could take you through factories where a dozen or more brands of corn flakes are produced—but that would hardly be necessary—a glance at the buildings alone would be enough to prove that *they haven't the facilities* to make a food like Kellogg's.

Yet these same products are marketed on the claim that they are "just as good as Kellogg's." The retailer who buys them naturally sells them on the claim the salesman made for them when he sold them to *him.*

What happens when a customer buys these flakes and finds them flavorless and unpalatable? Naturally he isn't very keen for any kind of corn flakes after that. In such a case the one sale of a competitive brand of corn flakes may cost us the entire future business of a customer who would have been satisfied if he had secured "the original."

This isn't exaggeration. It's the history of every success. And the originator's loss is equally the loss of the trade man and the customer. The one sale doesn't count for much, but the business killed by a poor product does.

We are frank to confess that this kind of competition hurts.



W. K. Kellogg

The Original Has This Signature for Your Protection.



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Covent Garden, W.C.

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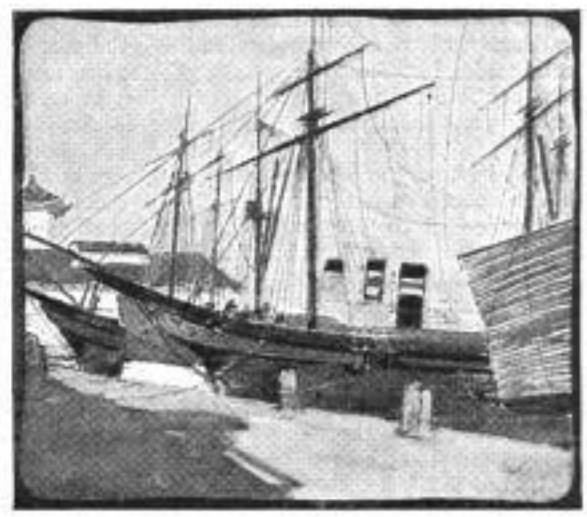
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The Achievements of Dollar Diplomacy

By PHILANDER C. KNOX
Secretary of State







THE diplomacy of the Taft Administration, when not directed toward the reconciliation of the turbulent elements warring or threatening war in some of the smaller and weaker southern republics or otherwise largely occupied in conducting our foreign relations with the nations of the earth and in endeavoring to establish peace among mankind, has found opportunity to advance the commercial interests of the American people in foreign markets, to encourage the use of our abundant means in assisting less forward countries to develop their resources and to advance reforms necessary to national stability and progress in regions aspiring toward a higher civilization. These latter phases of the activities of the Department of State have been called "Dollar Diplomacy," in honor of the instrumentality employed for so much that is good; and, in view of the many disparaging things that have been said about the American dollar—especially at home—there should be a general sense of satisfaction with its present honorable association with the good work that is being done abroad.

The achievements of dollar diplomacy have been conspicuous in the acquisition of American dollars by the expansion of American trade, and in the use, for example, of American dollars by assisting to rehabilitate the weaker American republics and in advancing reforms in China. To speak first of the commercial side, the promotion of American commerce is one of the first duties of American diplomacy. There has never been a time in our history when so much attention has been given as at present to the promotion of the foreign trade of the United States.

In the tariff negotiations of 1910, which were carried on with many foreign countries for the purpose of adjusting their tariff laws and regulations so as to meet the requirements of the maximum and minimum provisions of the Payne-Aldrich Law, the Department's commercial diplomacy accomplished far-reaching and enduring results in aid of American commerce. Substantially adopting the principle of minimum for minimum as the basis of adjustment with the various countries having a dual tariff system, the Department took advanced ground in the interest of equality of commercial treatment in foreign markets for the products of the United States with the like products of competing countries. This principle of settlement was so generally recognized that at the close of the negotiations in question there remained no instance of "undue discrimination" on the part of any foreign country against American commerce.

Important Contracts Secured for American Manufacturers

THE occasions for the exercise of the same practical diplomacy by the Department of State are numerous and unending. Every time the customs officers at some foreign port so change the tariff classification of American goods as to involve the application of increased rates, the Department of State is likely to be appealed to by the American manufacturer or exporter concerned; and often the matter thus becomes the subject of diplomatic activities, provided, of course, that the complaint appears well founded. In a large majority of these instances the diplomatic interposition of the United States has been effective in obtaining prompt remedial action by foreign authorities.

It is not only by commercial diplomacy, however, that the Department of State has been able to render valuable service to American commercial interests. Both branches of the foreign service, as well as the departmental system of administration, have been organized and improved with the primary purpose in view of rendering more effective aid to American trade expansion. Every effort has been exerted to obtain from the consular and diplomatic agents of the United States reliable information of practical value in regard to commercial and industrial conditions and opport .nities for American trade development abroad. The quality of these trade reports has improved, according to the testimony of the business interests of the United States for which they are intended, and the intelligent system provided by our Government is utilized and appreciated to an extent hitherto unknown.

Aside from the influence of the Department exerted in special instances for obtaining, in behalf of American citizens, foreign concessions and contracts—estimated to have aggregated over $100,000,000 in the past two years—attention properly may be directed to the remarkable expansion of our export trade in crude and manufactured goods. Such commerce, once established, grows through force of merit and through the individual enterprise of those directly interested. Its expansion through State Department aid is fully justified, because there are opened new and permanent opportunities equally and directly helpful to American labor and capital employed in factories, forests, farms and mines. It is, perhaps, sufficient comment to point to the increase of our exports for the calendar year 1911, which, as compared with those of 1910, exceed the latter by the vast sum of $230,000,000. They exceed the exports of 1907, the year of greatest previous record, by over $163,000,000. Manufactured products for 1911 make an astonishing showing. They exceed $1,275,000,000, being in excess of similar exports for 1910 by $191,000,000, and exceeding the same class of exports for 1907 by $166,000,000. The excess of total exports over imports in 1911 was above $525,000,000. This was in excess of the showing for 1910 by $259,000,000. The balance of trade for 1911 exceeded that in 1909 by over $300,000,000, and was greater than the excess of 1907 by over $53,000,000. Domestic exports in 1911 were $2,058,413,224.

The Work of the Bureau of Trade Relations

THE activities of the Department through its Bureau of Trade Relations and its diplomatic and consular service constantly and consistently have been shaped for the promotion of such foreign trade as gave best promise of permanency. Notable among the recent accomplishments of the Department, whereby the growth of American export trade has been materially promoted, may be mentioned the following instances:

There has been obtained the recognition on the part of all importing nations of the food certificates of the United States Department of Agriculture as evidence of the purity of the products so certified under the provisions of the Pure Food and Drugs Act of June 30, 1906. Such recognition has operated to remove restrictions that previously had barred American pork products from several countries and had embarrassed our meat and lard trade in others. The gain in exports of these commodities in 1911 over 1910 exceeded $25,000,000. Our total foreign sales of pork products for 1911 amounted to over $125,000,000.

There has been brought about the adoption by various governments of regulations adequate for the improvement of sanitary and other conditions connected with the preparation and export of fruits and other vegetable products shipped to the United States. These precautionary measures are in the interest of the health of the American people.

Measures have been taken which have led to the modification on the part of various European governments of regulations and tariff measures restrictive of the importation and use of refined cotton-seed oil. This is a product almost exclusively of American origin.

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The ground taken by the Department that American cottonseed oil, by reason of its excellence and purity, was entitled to the same tariff and administrative treatment as that accorded to competing edible vegetable oils, has met with recognition on the part of nearly all important importing countries.

Various suggestions offered by the Department have been adopted by foreign governments for the improvement of the international parcels-post service from the United States, and measures for the further betterment of this service are under consideration. This is obviously beneficial to American mail-order houses, to all exporters of small-package goods, and aids in the distribution of samples of merchandise.

The Department properly has encouraged enterprises looking to the establishment of direct steamship transportation service between American ports and numerous foreign ports, to the end that trans-shipment at intermediate ports may be avoided and thus the time of transit may be reduced to between fifteen and twenty days, as against the transit time of thirty to one hundred and twenty days where goods are trans-shipped en route.

There have been accomplished various instances of modifications in foreign consular regulations with respect to fees and other details which the experience of American shippers had demonstrated to be restrictive of or embarrassing to exports from the United States.

Modifications have been obtained in foreign regulations respecting Merchandise Marks Acts, which, because of their susceptibility to technical construction in certain countries, were found to be unfavorable to American exporters.

In some instances materially enlarged foreign markets have been opened to American trade by the granting, at the suggestion of the Department, of preferential duty rates applicable to considerable and important lines of American-made commodities.

Official Services to American Exporters

THE aid and influence of the Department have been extended for the inauguration of the exportation of American coal, following development work through specially detailed consular activity where markets were thought to be available.

Actual and important trade thus has been secured where little or none heretofore existed.

American diplomatic and consular officers throughout the world are responding faithfully and actively to the demands upon them—in the interest of trade extension—in the way of valuable advice and personal effort, whenever their services are sought by American exporters, whether directly or through the Department of State.

That perhaps our competitors appreciate better than we ourselves do the impetus now sought to be given our foreign trade may be illustrated by the following comment by a writer in the English Quarterly Review:

> The methods of the Foreign Office [British] in this and other respects may profitably be compared with those in practice in the United States, in order to judge how far we lag behind our cousins in such matters. Although, as has been shown, the United States Government expends less upon its consular service than the British government, it employs a far larger staff; and it secures a surprisingly beneficial result in the form of reports, general information and estimates. . . . There is in force a complete system of intelligence relating to trade matters in the United States, by means of which information is published in the form of daily reports and circulated broadcast.

The experience and observation of the Department have convinced me that we now have reached a point where Section 2 of the Tariff Act of August 5, 1909, should be so modified as to meet the contingencies that have arisen, where discrimination in tariff or administrative treatment in the minor relations of commerce and not undue as to the whole commerce of this country may be met and overcome by an application of special duty rates elastic enough to meet each case as it arises, by opening a way for fair mutual adjustment.

So frequently has the attention of the Department been directed to the unsatisfactory condition in which American cotton arrives at foreign ports and the losses incident to insufficient covering and improper baling, that a careful investigation was instituted as to the causes responsible for this condition, recognized generally as being an unfortunate one. Commercial and legislative bodies in the South have represented to the Department that the loss incident to present baling methods amounts to an exceedingly large sum, variously estimated at from twelve to twenty million dollars annually. It is thought that to a large extent this loss ultimately must fall upon the American producer. Investigations abroad have been conducted and reported upon by American consular officers in all important cotton-importing ports. These reports and the recommendations of the Department have been placed before Congress and, at the instance of the Honorable W. G. Brantley, of Georgia, a concurrent resolution has been introduced and passed by the House that will insure the wide distribution of the Department's findings throughout the cotton-producing states. I have recommended identical legislation in the interested states both for the standardization of the cotton bale as to the size and weight and for the standardization of the tare, or the weight and kind of bands and covering. Such standardization, in my opinion, would increase the relative value of American cotton and would eliminate the present losses.

Then there is this matter of Latin American trade, and in particular South American trade, in which I always have felt a special interest. I don't think our people yet appreciate our progress there. We are making headway, too, in the face of adverse conditions. Few of our people look at the map often enough to know that geographically we have no advantage over Europe on the east coast of South America, where the bulk of the trade and of the population of that continent is, and that through its subsidized ocean steamship lines Europe is far better off than we are. England was a century ahead of us in going after that trade, and Germany a quarter of a century. I don't believe in scolding our own people too severely for neglecting South American trade, because until a few years ago they felt they had a wide enough field for their energies here at home.

When they did wake up to the importance of that market they found the tremendous advantage European competitors have over us in the way of banking and transportation facilities, the ownership of railway lines and banks, the larger number of their people resident in those countries, and the value of the financial relations thus established. There was also the influence of the newspaper press. Leading European journals were known and quoted in South America, and European countries have local organs or special editions for South America. South American newspapers gave much space to European news and very intelligent editorial discussion of European affairs. Naturally all this helped to create trade currents both ways.

Now we in the United States are coming into our own. Latin America is better understood here and we are getting to be better understood there. Our commercial diplomacy has been coördinated with our national policy in reference to Latin America, which has been a policy of mutual helpfulness, sympathy and peaceful progress through the encouragement of commerce and industry.

Our total trade with South America—that is, imports and exports—last year was $291,518,644, as against $154,767,537 ten years ago. Our exports were $108,894,894, an increase of $64,494,699 in ten years. That is making some headway. We shall continue to make headway both in the east coast countries, with their great internal development, and on the west coast with the results that will come from the Panama Canal.

Let me illustrate, with a few specific instances, what dollar diplomacy has done for our export trade:

As a result of the efforts of this Department the Brazilian Budget Law, in effect during the fiscal year 1911, was extended for 1912. Flour had been given a preferential duty reduction of thirty per cent, and a considerable number of other American products have now been granted a reduction of twenty per cent from the regular duty rates.

Large purchases of arms and military supplies have been made by Cuba under a special arrangement with this Government.

As is already well known, the Argentine government placed contracts for the construction in the United States of two battleships to cost more than $20,000,000, and these contracts were closely followed by others through which that government will fill its requirements for powder and other explosives almost exclusively from the United States. Purchases of $1,000,000 worth of American-made ordnance for equipping other vessels have been made by the Argentine government. Our legation at Buenos Aires was influential in obtaining for American paper manufacturers the contract to supply annually $200,000 worth of print paper for a leading publication there. The Argentine general post-office placed an order in the United States for 120,000,000 postage stamps. The Argentine State Railroad placed orders with American firms for material exceeding $1,600,000 in value.

Salvador granted a reduction of twenty-five per cent of the duty rate on American flour, and a fifty per cent reduction in the duty on cement.

Turkish manufacturers in Smyrna have bought largely of American machinery and equipment.

Our Growing Trade With the Orient

OUR exports to Japan, which in 1910 were $26,500,000, increased to $44,100,000 in 1911. The treaty recently negotiated with Japan accords the United States favored-nation treatment, and as a result American imports will enjoy the benefits of any reduction from the statutory tariff which Japan may grant to other powers.

American trade with Manchuria in tobacco and oil shows material growth.

Mining companies in Korea are importing American mining machinery on an extensive scale.

Our merchants are doing a greatly increased business with far-off India in flour and various manufactures of paper.

The $50,000,000 railway loan, recently negotiated with China by American and European financiers, will be expended largely for materials, American materials having equal preference with those of the other three countries interested in the loan. As the contract likewise provides for branches and extensions subsequently to be built on the same terms, the opportunities for American materials will reach a very considerable figure.

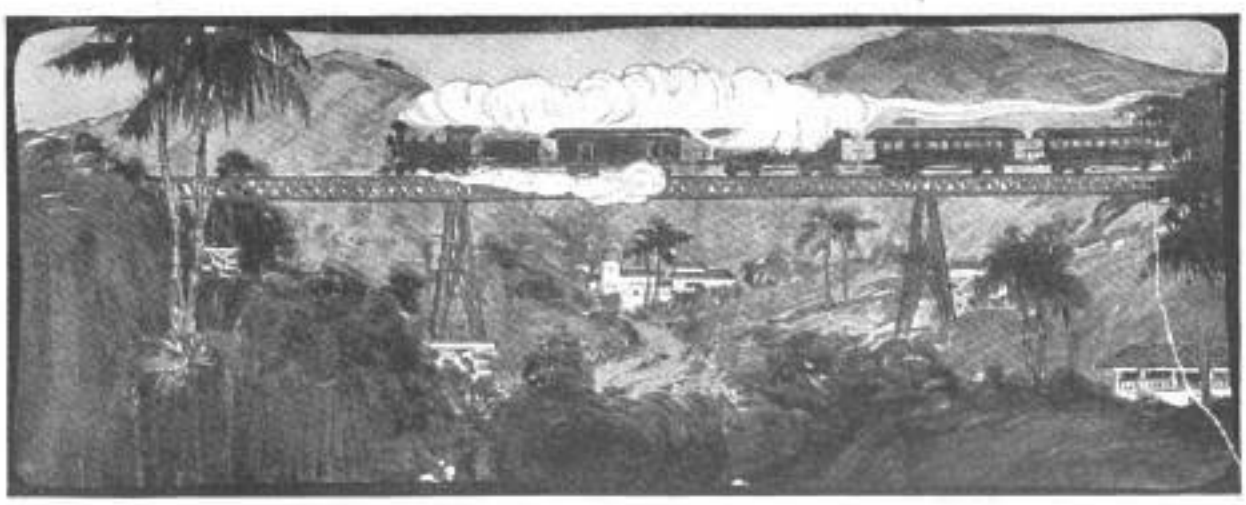
The loan of $50,000,000 for currency reform and industrial improvement, which has also been signed, will greatly improve the conditions upon which trade is conducted in China; and an opportunity has been created for American materials in connection with the plans of the industrial developments in Manchuria, with a prospect of larger opportunities in the future as the work of development is extended.

There are dozens of instances of orders for American goods placed as the direct result of the activities of the foreign service, which in themselves may seem insignificant, but when it is considered that three hundred consulates all over the world and fifty diplomatic missions are doing this kind of work, the aggregate of business thus obtained goes far toward accounting for the gratifying increase in our exports.

Let me now speak of dollar diplomacy as illustrated by our relations with South and Central America. The meaning of the phrase, "dollar diplomacy," has been admirably stated as follows: "It means

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ON MAIN STREET

The Bogus Badness of New York



DECORATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

CONSERVATIVE dressers wear those stop-look-and-listen waistcoats and words-and-music shirt patterns when going somewhere on railroad trains. Persons who are ordinarily included among the total abstainers put quart flasks into their valises before starting on a trip, not necessarily for imbibing purposes but as an evidence of good faith when delving after a clean collar in the sleeping-car washroom the next morning.

Gentlemen who rarely touch a drop where they live become arid, avid and ardent for the clandestine cocktail on being marooned over Sunday in a dry town. The writer once knew a man so precise he would let his dinner get cold while he corrected typographical errors in his alphabet consommé, and so polite he had been known to remove his hat and bow on passing a washline containing articles of feminine wearing apparel; but when he came East to buy fall goods the stunned and startled folks back home would be hearing Things about him for weeks.

In short, it would appear that travel begets a broad and tolerant—not to say a devil-may-carish—aspect of life in general upon the part of the traveler. And so it is, therefore, that dear little old New York—friendly little old, hospitable little old New York—with its motto of "He was a stranger and we took him in good and plenty"—good little old New York, I repeat, whither every day seventy thousand visitors repair, all greatly desiring to be shown—New York, the aforesaid, has seen fit to provide custom-made wickedness for the out-of-town trade.

Its champions are given to calling New York the most moral great city in the world. Its defamers are wont to say New York has Sodom and Gomorrah looking like twin flag stations up a branch line in a strict prohibition district. Both are perhaps right and both are undoubtedly wrong. New York, being pretty well policed and fairly well lighted after dark, is probably no better and no worse than any other great cosmopolitan community.

When Your Country Cousin Comes to Town

"WHAT," asks the returned penitent—who has been to New York and has looked it over and has then gone back to the place whence he came—"What of the haunts of sin and the dens of vice and the cesspools of corruption and the rumholes that are so thickly studded along the main streets and the contiguous thoroughfares of that city—not to mention those crime-waves that the papers tell about?" It is time, high time, that these inquiring ones should know the truth, which is that most of the show-places of wickedness in New York, if not all of them, are absolutely bogus. They are shiny counterfeits, expressly designed, organized and maintained for the benefit of those who come from elsewhere, seeking, as the cant phrase goes, to see the town.

Mind you, I'm not saying that New York isn't sufficiently and enthusiastically wicked; but the real wickedness of New York, as is ever the way with wickedness wheresoever found, keeps as much under cover as possible, or else it goes disguised as virtue; and often it takes a mighty wily witch-finder to smell it out. It's there, but you don't see it unless you know where to look for it, and how. However, the places which advertise their wickedness, so to speak—the places which are famous from coast to coast as making a specialty of toughness—are, with hardly a single exception, cheap and gaudy imitations, that are got up and kept up for the express benefit of slumming parties of natives and of sightseers from out-of-town.

It is part of the pose of the dweller in New York—and he is generally quite a busy little plastic poser and every move is a picture—to pretend a deep and thorough acquaintance with the underworld when he is away from New York. The chances greatly are that he lives the life of the average self-respecting New Yorker, which is to say that he wags back and forth between his place of residence and his place of business, with occasional excursions to the theater, and once in a while to a café for dinner. He has a wink, however, which says as plain as words that he knows every chorus girl in town by her first name, and that all the stage doorkeepers and all the barkeepers and all the all-night cabdrivers are just the same to him as lodge-brothers. He invites an admiring circle of Country Mice to come to New York to see him any old time—vaguely, like that—and promises, when they do, he will personally pry the lid off and give them a look at the real saucy doings. Some day one of the fellows from back home packs his grip and comes up to New York, and then it devolves upon the New Yorker to make good and produce the materials.

It is customary to begin a night of pleasure by going to a regular dance-hall. There are perhaps a dozen of these establishments scattered along the skirts of the Tenderloin and all of them are patterned after one model. No matter which one you may select, you will find the same set of props and the same kind of performers. There will be on the wall certain oil paintings done by artists of the circus-wagon school of applied design. There will be beer-slopped tables, and an orchestra blaring, and waiters in greasy uniforms circulating freely and urging the reluctant to drink up and have a good time. The women present will be dressed more modestly and painted less gaudily than many of the women one sees in a New York theater audience. On a creaky dancing-floor a few couples are dancing in a fashion that seems commonplace after one has been witnessing the dances that are so popular this season on the musical-comedy stage. The air is sure to be thick and hot and full of smoke and ropy with variegated smells, and there is no ventilation to speak of. Until recently women were not allowed to smoke cigarettes openly in these dance-halls. There is a story told of two women who lit cigarettes in one, whereupon the gentlemanly bouncer approached and said, "Hey! Cut that out! Where do you two think you are, anyhow—in the Blitz-Barkington?" naming a big and fashionable hotel, newly opened, where it had been announced women could smoke publicly.

It is all very cheap and very tawdry, and very dreary and very weary; and the whole thing is especially devised for exhibition purposes; but the visitor, gazing owl-eyed upon the scene, somehow is convinced that he is seeing New York, with the top thrown back.

"Look out for knock-out drops in your drink—they'll do anything to a greenhorn in this place!" tensely whispers his guide, remembering that he had read somewhere how victims are drugged and robbed; and the countryman, with fascinating little tremors permeating his being, sups suspiciously at the very small glass of beer the waiter has just deposited at his elbow—beer which is nine-tenths foam and one-tenth a mild domestic brew, but charged for at imported prices.

Up to the Standard of Edgar Allan Poe

IF HE only stopped to think, Mr. Out-of-Towner would know that in his home city, wherever it may be, there are probably just such places as this—places of which he heard all his life, but which he would never think of patronizing. If he only opened his ears and his eyes he would sense the hollow, artificial bogusness of the whole plant—the tired eyes and stupid, bleak faces; the sad blaring of the music and dragging feet of the dancers. He doesn't, however, because that would spoil everything. He is in New York, taking in the town; and the town is wide open and he is in peril any minute of being doped and robbed; and this is the Big Night, and there is a glamour of adventure and danger over everything—and altogether he feels that at last he is looking upon and actually taking a part in the gay night life of the Paris of America. Gay night life? Wow! Paris of America? Zowie!

Having seen enough of this place our two bold adventurers next go to another that is exactly like the first, and to a third exactly like the second. There is just one New York dance-hall that differs in any essential respects from all the other New York dance-halls. It was opened up a few months ago by a crafty campaigner who knew exactly how to stage-manage the production so as to produce the most thrills. He has a sense of melodramatic proportion that would make Lincoln J. Carter look like a beginner. His place is down a side street, a block or two west of where the yellow streak called Broadway burns a long, lurid hole in the night. The front is a hooded, blinded house, all dark and deserted-looking. You cannot get in that way—no, indeed!—that seemingly empty house, with its boarded-up windows, is there to fool the police. Sh-h-h—careful now! You go to a small side entrance opening into a dimly lighted alleyway and you rap in a guarded manner upon a door that is locked and barred. It's all too Edgar Allan Poeish for words—not to say Anna Katharine Greenish!

As above stated, you knock. A bolt slides back, grating harshly in the customary manner, and a husky voice wants to know what you want. You crave to enter and so announce. "Sorry, gents," says the unseen guardian; "but you can't git in without yous are members and has your admission cards. This here is a strictly private club!"

If you grow discouraged at this and turn to go away he calls you back, and if you keep on going it practically

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spoils the whole evening for him; but as a general proposition you do not go away. You slip a dollar bill into his palm and beg him to use his personal influence with the manager to procure admission for self and friend to the mysterious precincts of this most delectable and exclusive of resorts. He promises to do his best, bars the door again and departs, leaving you outside.

There follows now a stage wait, dramatically spaced and well-devised. Then the boss comes—a hoarse person in a dress suit, with an under jaw like a street-car fender and a voice full of iron rust; and the boss, after looking you over carefully, decides to let you in—you look like nice "quiet gents wot won't tip the joint off to the bulls"—and he opens the door just far enough to admit your grateful forms, he meanwhile standing vigilant and ready, in case the entire detective staff of the Central Office should take advantage of this golden opportunity and come swooping round the nearest corner with drawn revolvers.

Once inside, you follow him, tiptoeing back through a maze of dim and narrow hallways to a dance-hall at the extreme rear. Except that it is feebly lighted instead of blazing with electrics, as the others are, this dance-hall is just like the rest—just as smelly, just as dirty and just as sad. There isn't the slightest prospect, moreover, of its being raided. Every policeman in the precinct knows where it is and what it is. It is a part of the stagecraft, however, for some one to be constantly warning you that this is altogether a most desperate and secret enterprise, and that it behooves you to be careful, quiet and confidential. You are urged, no matter what happens, to keep your voice down—the waiters are able to hear the slightest whisper, anyhow—and you mustn't start anything; and, of course, you will never divulge the true nature of the orgies you have this night witnessed.

Then they add an artistic, really an almost exquisite touch. The waiter taps you on the shoulder and, bending over you, whispers in a voice not any louder than his own breath that the man sitting at the second table to the left—"no, don't look yit, boss, he might ketch on"—that that man yonder is one of the most "desprit" characters in New York, the toughest guy on the whole West Side and the head of the "turrible" Hell's Kitchen gang.

"The cops is after him now for bumpin' off a guy!" confides the waiter. "See how he sets with his back to the wall and his face to the door, ready to die fightin'!"

Whereupon the self-made mankiller, who is on duty afternoons and evenings, except on his Sundays out, tries to look a little more ferocious and only succeeds in looking a little slinkier; but the stranger is thereby hypnotized into paying twice as much for beer as any of the other dance-halls in the neighborhood charges. And when finally, with more mummery and mystery, he is ushered out into the night, he comes forth convinced he has been rubbing shoulders with death and sitting face to face with violent destruction.

At about this stage of the night's unbridled dissipations it is customary for the Town Mouse to take his country cousin to a Chinese restaurant, on the principle that no evening is complete without a hearty bait of the enlivening chop-suey. So they climb the stairs to a Chinese restaurant that is located over a bird-and-animal store and next door to a place where they cure hides and pelts; and there, amid quaint oriental decorations, manufactured in Jersey City, they partake sparingly of a guessing contest in a small blue crock.

"Very interesting place, isn't it?" says the New Yorker. "Famous resort, you know! All the Bohemian set—artists and poets and writers, and everything like that—come here to eat and get inspiration and local color. It's really just the same as being in China," he adds, raising his voice above the roar of a Sixth Avenue Elevated train that is whizzing by about a foot and a half from the front window. "Isn't it?"

The visitor agrees that it is and gazes about him at the assembled Bohemians—ninety per cent of them being sightseers like himself—and sniffs appreciatively at the true Bohemian atmosphere of the establishment. It may jar him for the moment to observe a large colored person shoveling in chow-main at the next table, but he remembers that art knows not color or race. How should he know that negroes are the most constant and consistent patrons of Chinese restaurants in New York, finding in the food, which is mostly pork and chicken, something which particularly appeals to the Afro-American palate? And how should he know that chop-suey isn't a real Chinese dish at all, but an Americanized product that came originally from San Francisco, where a Mexican is said to have invented it and a Chinaman to have improved on it?

After this trip to the haunt of the real Bohemian set comes the climax of this eventful and adventurous incursion into wickedness—the host suggests that they go uptown to a certain restaurant and see the college boys fight with the waiters. The visitor assents joyously. He has heard of this restaurant. He has read of it in all the stories of gay New York life, written by persons residing at South Bend, and points West; and so they hail a half-shell hansom or a taxicab with a feverish meter that seems to give an excitable throb and jump ten cents every ten seconds, and in state they are conveyed to the establishment where the half-shot halfbacks will hurl the half portion.

What they find is a large and carefully run place, where the food is slightly better and slightly cheaper than in the average New York restaurant; where the waiters are perfectly ordinary waiters and the patrons perfectly ordinary patrons. Some of these last have come because they like the cookery, and some because it is an all-night place and they can stay as late as they please so long as they behave themselves; and some, like Mr. Country Mouse, because they have heard those tales of the nightly battles of the collegians and wish to round out the evening with a few exciting chapters of unrestrained carnage. Oh, yes; the college students are there too—we mustn't forget them—brawny, hardy college students, fresh from the business college and just bubbling up and overflowing with the real college spirit.

Once upon a time, far back in the dim and misty past, it is reported that a flying wedge of waiters did throw a son of Yale or Harvard or Elmira out of this establishment on his head. Nobody remembers just when this happened or why it happened, and further details of it are wrapped impenetrably in the enshrouding mists of antiquity; but from so slender a foundation has grown up the pleasing tradition that it occurs all over again every night. And so every night the strangers come piling in, to be present when the clubbed ketchup bottle begins to splinter upon the reënforced undergraduate skull and tables are overturned and blood is spilt, and women scream in the well-known and popular manner known as piercing.

As a matter of cold and sober fact, nothing happens here that doesn't happen in any other large all-night restaurant; in fact, rather less happens, because this particular restaurant is managed by warworn veterans of the restaurant business who, by reason of long experience, know exactly how to temper justice with mercy and mercy with the calming word and the soothing admonition. Once in a while some gentleman goes to sleep in his lobster salad

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THE FEATHERS OF THE SUN

By JACK LONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

IT WAS the island of Fitu-Iva—the last independent Polynesian stronghold in the South Seas. Three factors conduced to Fitu-Iva's independence. The first and second were its isolation and the warlikeness of its population; but these would not have saved it in the end, had it not been for the fact that Japan, France, Great Britain, Germany and the United States discovered its desirableness simultaneously. It was like gamins scrambling for a penny. They got in one another's way. The war vessels of the five Powers cluttered Fitu-Iva's one small harbor. There were rumors of war and threats of war. Over its morning toast, all the world read columns about Fitu-Iva. As a Yankee bluejacket epitomized it at the time, they all got their feet in the trough at once.

So it was that Fitu-Iva escaped even a joint protectorate; and King Tulifau, otherwise Tui Tulifau, continued to dispense the high justice and the low in the frame-house palace built for him by a Sydney trader out of California redwood. Not only was Tui Tulifau every inch a king but he was every second a king. When he had ruled fifty-eight years and five months he was only fifty-eight years and three months old—that is to say, he had ruled over five million seconds more than he had breathed, having been crowned two months before he was born.

He was a kingly king, a royal figure of a man, standing six feet and a half high, and, without being excessively fat, weighed three hundred and twenty pounds; but this was not unusual for Polynesian "chief stock." Sepeli, his queen, was six feet three inches and weighed two hundred and sixty; while her brother, Uiliami, who commanded the army in the intervals of resignation from the premiership, topped her by an inch and notched her an even half-hundredweight. Tui Tulifau was a merry soul, a great feaster and drinker. So were all his people merry souls, save in anger, when, on occasion, they could be guilty even of throwing dead pigs at those who made them wroth. Nevertheless, on occasion, they could fight like Maoris, as piratical sandalwood traders and blackbirders in the old days learned to their cost.



"Me He Fined Two Pounds and Five Pigs"

II

GRIEF'S schooner, the Cantani, had passed the Pillar Rocks at the entrance two hours before and crept up the harbor to the whispering flutters of a breeze that could not make up its mind to blow. It was a cool, starlight evening, and they lolled about the poop waiting until their snail's pace should bring them to the anchorage. Willie Smee, the supercargo, emerged from the cabin, conspicuous in his shore clothes. The mate glanced at Willie's shirt—of the finest and whitest silk—and giggled significantly.

"Dance tonight, I suppose?" Grief observed.

"No," said the mate. "It's Taitua. Willie's stuck on her."

"Catch me!" the supercargo disclaimed.

"Then she's stuck on you, and it's all the same," the mate went on. "You won't be ashore half an hour before you'll have a flower behind your ear, a wreath on your head and your arm around Taitua."

"Simple jealousy," Willie Smee sniffed. "You'd like to have her yourself—only you can't."

"I can't find shirts like that—that's why. I'll bet you half a crown you won't sail from Fitu-Iva with that shirt."

"And, if Taitua doesn't get it, it's an even break Tui Tulifau does," Grief warned. "Better not let him spot that shirt or it's all day with it."

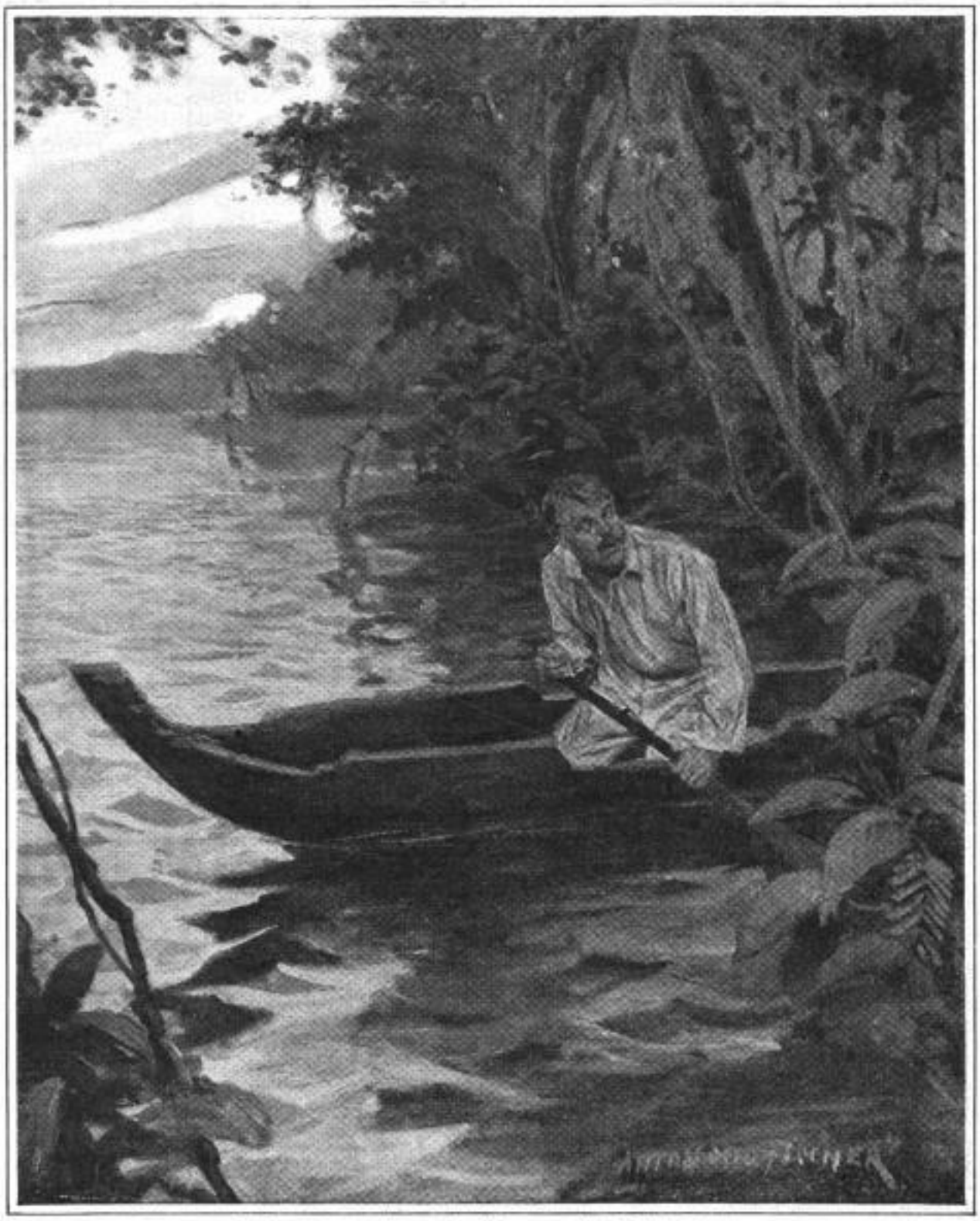
"That's right," Captain Boig agreed, turning his head from watching the houselights on the shore. "Last voyage he fined one of my Kanakas out of a fancy belt and sheath-knife." He turned to the mate. "You can let go any time, Mr. Marsh. Don't give too much slack. There's no sign of wind and in the morning we may shift around."

A moment later the anchor rumbled down. The whale-boat, already hoisted out, lay alongside

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and the shore-going party dropped into it. Save for the Kanakas, who were all bent for shore, only Grief and the supercargo were in the boat. At the head of the little coral-stone pier, Willie Smee, with an apologetic gurgle, separated from his employer and disappeared down an avenue of palms. Grief turned in the opposite direction past the front of the old mission church. Here, among the graves on the beach, lightly clad in *ahus* and *lava-lavas*, flower-crowned and garlanded, with great phosphorescent hibiscus blossoms in their hair, youths and maidens were dancing. Farther on, Grief passed the long, grass-built, *himine* house, where a few scores of the elders sat in long rows chanting the old hymns taught them by forgotten missionaries. He passed also the palace of Tui Tulifau, where, by the lights and sounds, he knew the customary revelry was going on—for, of the happy South Sea Isles, Fitu-Iva was the happiest. They feasted and frolicked at births and deaths, and the dead and the unborn were likewise feasted.

Grief held steadily along the Broom Road, which curved and twisted through a lush growth of flowers and fernlike algarobas. The warm air was rich with perfume, and overhead, outlined against the stars, were fruit-burdened mangoes, stately avocado trees and slender, tufted palms. Every here and there were grass houses. Voices and laughter rippled through the darkness. Out on the water, flickering lights and soft-voiced choruses marked the fishers returning from the reef.



It Was a Leaky and Abandoned Dugout, and He Paddled Slowly

At last Grief stepped aside from the road, stumbling over a pig that grunted indignantly. Looking through an open door, he saw a native sitting on a heap of mats a dozen deep. He wore glasses and was reading methodically in what Grief knew to be an English Bible; for this was Ieremia his trader—so named from the Prophet Jeremiah.

Ieremia was lighter-skinned than the Fitu-Ivans, as was natural in a full-blooded Samoan. Educated by the missionaries as a lay teacher, he had served their cause well over in the cannibal atolls to the westward. As a reward, he had been sent to the paradise of Fitu-Iva, where all were or had been good converts, to gather in the backsliders. Unfortunately Ieremia had become too well educated. A stray volume of Darwin, a nagging wife and a pretty Fitu-Ivan widow had driven him into the ranks of the backsliders. It was not a case of apostasy. The effect of Darwin had been one of intellectual fatigue. What was the use of trying to understand this vastly complicated and enigmatical world?—especially when one was married to a nagging woman! As Ieremia slackened in his labors, the mission board threatened louder and louder to send him back to the atolls, while his wife's tongue grew correspondingly sharper.

Tui Tulifau was a sympathetic monarch, whose queen, on occasions when he was particularly drunk, was known to beat him. For political reasons—the queen belonging to as royal stock as himself and her brother commanding the army—Tui Tulifau could not divorce her, but he could and did divorce Ieremia, who promptly took up with commercial life and the lady of his choice. As an independent trader he had failed—chiefly because of the disastrous patronage of Tui Tulifau. To refuse credit to that merry monarch was to invite confiscation; to grant him credit was certain bankruptcy. After a year's idleness on the beach, Ieremia had become David Grief's trader, and for a dozen years his service had been honorable and efficient—for Grief had proved the first man who successfully refused credit to the king or who collected when it had been accorded.

Ieremia looked gravely over the rims of his glasses when his employer entered, gravely marked the place in the Bible and set it aside, and gravely shook hands.

"I am glad you came in person," he said.

"How else could I come?" Grief laughed.

Ieremia had no sense of humor and he ignored the remark.

"The commercial situation on the island is damn bad," he said with great solemnity and an unctuous mouthing of the many-syllabled words. "My ledger account is shocking!"

"Trade bad?"

"On the contrary. It has been excellent. The shelves are empty—exceedingly empty. But"—his eyes glistened proudly—"But there are many goods remaining in the storehouse. I have kept it carefully locked."

"Been allowing Tui Tulifau too much credit?"

"On the contrary. There has been no credit at all and every old account has been settled up."

"I don't follow you, Ieremia," Grief confessed. "What's the joke? Shelves empty, no credit, old accounts all square, storehouse carefully locked! What's the answer?"

Ieremia did not reply immediately. Reaching under the rear corner of the mats, he drew forth a large cashbox. Grief noted and wondered that it was not locked. The Samoan had always been fastidiously cautious in guarding cash. The box seemed filled with paper money. He skinned off the top note and passed it over.

"There is the answer."

Grief glanced at a fairly well-executed banknote. "The First Royal Bank of Fitu-Iva will pay to bearer on demand one pound sterling," he read. In the center was the smudged likeness of a native face. At the bottom was the signature of Tui Tulifau and the signature of Fulualea, with the printed information appended: "Chancellor of the Exchequer."

"Who the deuce is Fulualea?" Grief demanded of his employee. "It's Fijian, isn't it?—meaning the feathers of the sun?"

"Just so. It means the feathers of the sun. Thus does this base interloper caption himself. He has come up from Fiji to turn Fitu-Iva upside down—that is, commercially."

"Some one of those smart Levuka boys, I suppose?"

Ieremia shook his head sadly.

"No; this low fellow is a white man and a scoundrel. He has taken a noble and high-sounding Fijian name and dragged it in the dirt to suit his nefarious purposes. He has made Tui Tulifau drunk. He has made him very drunk. He has kept him very drunk all the time. In return, he has been made Chancellor of the Exchequer and other things. He has issued this false paper and compelled the people to receive it. He has levied a store tax, a copra tax and a tobacco tax. There are harbor dues and regulations, and other taxes; but the people are not taxed—only the traders. When the copra tax was levied I lowered the purchasing price accordingly. Then the people began to grumble; and Feathers of the Sun passed a new law, setting the old price back and forbidding any man to lower it. Me he fined two pounds and five pigs, it being well known that I possessed five pigs. You will find them entered in the ledger. Hawkins, who is trader for the Fulcrum Company, was fined—first pigs, then gin; and, because he continued to make loud conversation, the army came and burned his store. When I declined to sell, this Feathers of the Sun fined me once more and promised to burn the store if again I offended. So I sold all that was on the shelves—and there is the boxful of worthless paper. I shall be chagrined if you pay me my salary in paper; but it would be just—no more than just. Now what is to be done?"

Grief shrugged his shoulders. "I must first see this Feathers of the Sun and size up the situation."

"Then you must see him soon," Ieremia advised. "Else he will have an accumulation of many fines against you. Thus does he absorb all the coin of the realm. He has it all now, save what has been buried in the ground."

III

ON HIS way back along the Broom Road, under the lighted lamps that marked the entrance to the palace grounds, Grief encountered a short, rotund gentleman of florid complexion, in unstarched ducks, who was just emerging. Something about his tentative, saturated gait was familiar. Grief knew it on the instant. On the beaches of a dozen South Sea ports had he seen it before.

"Of all men, Cornelius Deasy!" he cried.

"If it ain't Grief himself, the old devil!" was the return greeting as they shook hands.

"If you'll come on board I've some choice smoky Irish," Grief invited.

Cornelius Deasy threw back his shoulders proudly and stiffened.

"Nothin' doin', Mr. Grief. 'Tis Fulualea I am now. No blarneyin' of old times for me. Also, and by the leave of His Gracious Majesty, King Tulifau, 'tis Chancellor of the

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Exchequer I am; an' Chief Justice I am, save in moments of royal sport when the king himself chooses to toy with the wheels of justice."

Grief whistled his amazement. "So you're Feathers of the Sun!"

"I prefer the native idiom," was the correction. "Fulualea, an' it please you. Not forgettin' old times, Mr. Grief, it sorrows the heart of me to break you the news. You'll have to pay your legitimate import duties same as any other trader with mind intent on robbin' the gentle Polynesian savage on coral isles implanted. . . . Where was I? Ah! I remember. You've violated the regulations. With malice intent have you entered the port of Fitu-Iva after sunset without sidelights burnin'. Don't interrupt! With my own eyes did I see you. For which offense are you fined the sum of five pounds. Have you any gin? 'Tis a serious offense. Not lightly are the lives of the mariners of our commodious port to be risked for the savin' of a penny-'orth of oil. Did I ask—have you any gin? 'Tis the Harbor Master that asks."

"You've taken a lot on your shoulders," Grief grinned.

"'Tis the white man's burden. These rapscallion traders have been puttin' it all over poor Tui Tulifau, the best-hearted old monarch that ever sat a South Sea throne an' mopped grog-root from the imperial calabash. 'Tis I, Cornelius—Fulualea, rather—that am here to see justice done. Much as I dislike the doin' of it, as Harbor Master 'tis my duty to find you guilty of breach of quarantine."

"Quarantine!"

"'Tis the rulin' of the Port Doctor. No intercourse with the shore till the ship is passed. What dire calamity to the confidin' native if chicken-pox or whoopin'-cough was aboard of you! Who is there to protect the gentle, confidin' Polynesian? I, Fulualea—the Feathers of the Sun—on my high mission."

"And who is the Port Doctor?" Grief queried.

"'Tis me—Fulualea. Your offense is serious. Consider yourself fined five cases of first-quality Holland gin."

Grief laughed heartily.

"We'll compromise, Cornelius. Come aboard and have a drink."

Feathers of the Sun waved the proffer aside grandly.

"'Tis bribery! I'll have none of it—me, faithful to my salt! And wherefore did you not present your ship's papers? As Chief of the Custom-House, you are fined five pounds and two more cases of gin."

"Look here, Cornelius. A joke's a joke, but this one has gone far enough. This is not Levuka. I've half a mind to pull your nose for you. You can't buck me."

Feathers of the Sun retreated unsteadily and in alarm.

"Lay no violence on me!" he threatened. "You're right. This is not Levuka. And by the same token, with Tui Tulifau and the royal army behind me, buck you is just the thing I can and will. You'll pay them fines promptly or I'll confiscate your vessel. You're not the first. What does that Chink pearlbuyer, Peter Gee, do but slip into harbor, violatin' all regulations an' makin' rough-house for the matter of a few paltry fines! No; he wouldn't pay 'em—and he's somewhere on the beach now, thinkin' it over."

"You don't mean to say ——"

"Sure an' I do! In the high exercise of office I seized his schooner. A fifth of the loyal army is now in charge on board of her. She'll be sold this day week. Some ten tons of shell is in the hold and I'm wonderin' if I can trade it to you for gin. I can promise you a rare bargain. How much gin did you say you had?"

"Still more gin, eh?"

"An' why not? 'Tis a royal souse is Tui Tulifau! Sure, it keeps my wits workin' overtime to supply him, he's that amazin' liberal with it. The whole gang of hanger-on chiefs is perpetually loaded to the guards. It's disgraceful! Are you goin' to pay them fines, Mr. Grief, or is it to harsher measures I'll be forced?"

Grief turned impatiently on his heel.

"Cornelius, you're drunk! Think it over and come to your senses. The old rollicking South Sea days are gone. You can't play tricks like that now."

"If you think you're goin' on board, Mr. Grief, I'll save you the trouble. I know your kind. I foresaw your stiff-necked stubbornness. An' it's forestalled you are. 'Tis on the beach you'll find your crew. The vessel's already seized."

Grief turned back on him in the half-belief still that he was joking. Fulualea again retreated in alarm. The form of a large man loomed beside him in the darkness.

"Is it you, Uiliami?" Fulualea crooned. "Here is another sea-pirate. Stand by me with the strength of thy arm, O herculean brother!"

"Greeting, Uiliami," Grief said. "Since when has Fitu-Iva come to be run by a Levuka beachcomber? He says my schooner has been seized. Is it true?"



Grief Reached Out an Angry Hand for Cornelius

"It is true," Uiliami boomed from his deep chest. "Have you any more silk shirts like Willie Smee's? Tui Tulifau would like such a shirt. He has heard of it."

"'Tis all the same," Fulualea interrupted. "Shirts or schooners, the king shall have them!"

"Rather high-handed, Cornelius," Grief murmured. "It's rank piracy. You seized my vessel without giving me a chance."

"A chance, is it? As we stood here, not five minutes gone, didn't you refuse to pay your fines?"

"But she was already seized!"

"Sure, an' why not? Didn't I know you'd refuse? 'Tis all fair, an' no injustice done—Justice, the bright, particular star, at whose shining altar Cornelius Deasy—or Fulualea, 'tis the same thing—ever worships! Get thee gone, Mr. Trader, or I'll set the palace guards on you! Uiliami, 'tis a desperate character, this trader man. Call the guards!"

Uiliami blew the whistle suspended on his broad, bare chest by a cord of cocoanut sennit. Grief reached out an angry hand for Cornelius, who titubated into safety behind Uiliami's massive bulk. A dozen strapping Polynesians, not one under six feet, ran down the palace walk and ranged themselves behind their commander.

"Get thee gone, Mr. Trader!" Cornelius ordered. "The interview is terminated. We'll try your several cases in the mornin'. Appear promptly at the palace at ten o'clock to answer to the followin' charges, to wit: breach of the peace; seditious and treasonable utterance; violent assault on the Chief Magistrate, with intent to cut, wound, maim an' bruise; breach of quarantine; violation of harbor regulations; an' gross breakage of custom-house rules. In the mornin', fellow—in the mornin'! Justice shall be done. And the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

IV

BEFORE the hour set for the trial, Grief, accompanied by Peter Gee, won access to Tui Tulifau. The king, surrounded by half a dozen chiefs, lay on mats under the shade of the avocados in the palace compound. Early as was the hour, palace maids were industriously serving squarefaces of gin. The king was glad to see his old friend, Davida, and regretful that he had run foul of the new regulations. Beyond that he steadfastly avoided discussion of the matter in hand. All protests of the expropriated traders were washed away in proffers of gin. "Have a drink," was his invariable reply, though once he unbosomed himself enough to say that Feathers of the Sun was a wonderful man. Never had palace affairs been so prosperous. Never had there been so much money in the treasury or so much gin in circulation. "Well pleased am I with Fulualea," he concluded. "Have a drink."

"We've got to get out of this pronto," Grief whispered to Peter Gee a few minutes later, "or we'll be a pair of boiled owls! Also, I am to be tried for arson, or heresy, or leprosy—or something—in a few minutes; and I must control my wits."

As they withdrew from the royal presence, Grief caught a glimpse of Sepeli, the queen. She was peering out at her royal spouse and his fellow tipplers, and the frown on her face gave Grief his cue. Whatever was to be accomplished must be done through her.

In another shady corner of the big compound Cornelius was holding court. He had been at it early, for when Grief arrived the case of Willie Smee was being settled. The entire royal army, save that portion in charge of the seized vessels, was in attendance.

"Let the defendant stand up," said Cornelius, "and receive the just and merciful sentence of the court for licentious and disgraceful conduct unbecomin' a supercargo. The defendant says he has no money. Very well. The court regrets it has no calaboose. In lieu thereof, and in view of the impoverished condition of the defendant, the court fines said defendant one white silk shirt of the same kind, make and quality at present worn by defendant."

Cornelius nodded to several of the soldiers, who led the supercargo away behind an avocado tree. A minute later he emerged, minus the garment in question, and sat down beside Grief.

"What have you been up to?" Grief asked.

"Blessed if I know! What crimes have you committed?"

"Next case," said Cornelius in his most extra-legal tones. "David Grief, defendant, stand up. The court has considered the evidence in the case, or cases, and renders the following judgment, to wit: —— Shut up!" he thundered at Grief, who had attempted to interrupt. "I tell you the evidence has been considered—deeply considered. It is no wish of the court to lay additional hardship on the defendant, and the court takes this opportunity to warn the defendant that he is liable to contempt. For open and wanton violation of harbor rules and regulations, breach of quarantine and disregard of shipping laws, his schooner, the Cantani, is hereby declared confiscate to the Government of Fitu-Iva, to be sold at public auction ten days from date, with all appurtenances, fittings and cargo thereunto pertaining. For the personal crimes of the defendant, consisting of violent and turbulent conduct and notorious disregard of the laws of the realm, he is fined in the sum of one hundred pounds sterling and fifteen cases of gin. I will not ask you if you have anything to say. But will you pay? That is the question."

Grief shook his head.

"Meantime," Cornelius went on, "consider yourself a prisoner at large. There is no calaboose in which to confine you. And finally, it has come to the knowledge of the court that at an early hour of this morning the defendant did willfully and deliberately send Kanakas in his employ out on the reef to catch fish for breakfast. This is distinctly an infringement of the rights of the fisherfolk of Fitu-Iva. Home industries must be protected. This conduct of the defendant is severely reprehended by the court; and on any repetition of the offense the offender and offenders, all and sundry, shall be immediately put to hard labor on the improvement of the Broom Road. The court is dismissed."

As they left the compound, Peter Gee nudged Grief to look where Tui Tulifau reclined. The supercargo's shirt, stretched and bulged, already encased the royal fat.

V

"THE thing is clear," said Peter Gee at a conference in Ieremia's house. "Deasy has gathered in about all the coin. Meantime he keeps the king going on the gin he's captured on our vessels. As soon as he can maneuver it he'll take the cash and skin out on your craft or mine."

"He is a low fellow," Ieremia declared, pausing in the polishing of his spectacles. "He is a scoundrel and a blackguard. He should be struck by a dead pig—by a particularly dead pig!"

"The very thing!" said Grief. "He shall be struck by a dead pig. Ieremia, I should not be surprised if you were the man to strike him with the dead pig. Be sure and select a particularly dead one! Tui Tulifau is down at the boathouse broaching a case of my Scotch. I'm going up to the palace to work kitchen politics with the queen. Meantime you get a few things on your shelves from the storeroom. I'll lend you some, Hawkins. And you, Peter, see the German store. Start in, all of you, selling for paper. Remember, I'll back the losses. If I'm not mistaken, in three days we'll have a national council or a revolution. You, Ieremia, start messengers around the island to the fishers and farmers—everywhere, even to the mountain goat-hunters. Tell them to assemble at the palace three days from now."

"But the soldiers!" Ieremia objected.

"I'll take care of them. They haven't been paid for two months. Besides, Uiliami is the queen's brother. Don't have too much on your shelves at a time. As soon as the soldiers show up with paper, stop selling."

"Then will they burn the stores," said Ieremia.

"Let them. King Tulifau will pay for it if they do."

"Will he pay for my shirt?" Willie Smee demanded.

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"That is purely a personal and private matter between you and Tui Tulifau," Grief answered.

"It's beginning to split up the back," the supercargo lamented. "I noticed that much this morning when he hadn't had it on ten minutes. It cost me thirty shillings and I only wore it once!"

"Where shall I get a dead pig?" Ieremia asked.

"Kill one, of course," said Grief. "Kill a small one."

"A small one is worth ten shillings."

"Then enter it in your ledger under operating expenses." Grief paused a moment. "If you want it particularly dead it would be well to kill it at once."

VI

"YOU have spoken well, Davida," said Queen Sepeli. "This Fulualea has brought a madness with him and Tui Tulifau is drowned in gin. If he does not grant the big council I shall give him a beating. He is easy to beat when he is in drink."

She doubled up her fist, and such were her Amazonian proportions and the determination in her face that Grief knew the council would be called. So akin was the Fitu-Ivan tongue to the Samoan that he spoke it like a native.

"And you, Uiliami," he said, "have pointed out that the soldiers have demanded coin and refused the paper Fulualea has offered them. Tell them to take the paper and see that they be paid tomorrow."

"Why trouble?" Uiliami objected. "The king remains happily drunk. There is much money in the treasury. And I am content. In my house are two cases of gin and much goods from Hawkins' store."

"Excellent pig, O my brother!" Sepeli erupted. "Has not Davida spoken? Have you no ears? When the gin and the goods in your house are gone, and no more traders come with gin and goods, and Feathers of the Sun has run away to Levuka with all the cash money of Fitu-Iva—what then will you do? Cash money is silver and gold, but paper is only paper. I tell you the people are grumbling. There is no fish in the palace. Yams and sweet potatoes seem to have fled from the soil, for they come not. The mountain-dwellers have sent no wild goats in a week. Though Feathers of the Sun compels the traders to buy copra at the old price, the people sell not, for they will have none of the paper money. Only today have I sent messengers to twenty houses. There are no eggs. Has Feathers of the Sun put a blight upon the hens? I do not know. All I know is that there are no eggs. Well it is that those who drink much eat little, else would there be a palace famine. Tell your soldiers to receive their pay. Let it be in his paper money."

"And remember," Grief warned, "though there be selling in the stores, when the soldiers come with their paper it will be refused. And in three days will be the council—and Feathers of the Sun will be as dead as a dead pig."

VII

THE day of the council found the population of the island crowded into the capital. By canoe and whaleboat, on foot and donkeyback, the five thousand inhabitants of Fitu-Iva had trooped in. The three intervening days had had their share of excitement. At first there had been much selling from the sparse shelves of the traders; but when the soldiers appeared their patronage was declined and they were told to go to Fulualea for coin.

"Says it not so on the face of the paper," the traders demanded, "that for the asking the coin will be given in exchange?"

Only the strong authority of Uiliami had prevented the burning of the traders' houses. As it was, one of Grief's copra-sheds went up in smoke and was duly charged by Ieremia to the king's account. Ieremia himself had been abused and mocked and his spectacles broken. The skin was off Willie Smee's knuckles. This had been caused by three boisterous soldiers who violently struck their jaws thereon in quick succession. Captain Boig was similarly injured. Peter Gee had come off undamaged, because it chanced that it was breadbaskets and not jaws that struck him on the fists.

Tui Tulifau, with Sepeli at his side and surrounded by his convivial chiefs, sat at the head of the council in the big compound. His right eye and jaw were swollen as if he, too, had engaged in assaulting somebody's fist. It was palace gossip that morning that Sepeli had administered a conjugal beating. At any rate, her spouse was sober and his fat bulged spiritlessly through the rips in Willie Smee's silk shirt. His thirst was prodigious and he was continually served with young drinking nuts. Outside the compound, held back by the army, was the mass of the common people. Only the lesser chiefs, village maids, village beaus and talking men with their staffs of office were permitted inside. Cornelius Deasy, as befitted a high and favored official, sat near the right hand of the king. On the left of the queen, opposite Cornelius and surrounded by the white traders he was to represent, sat Ieremia. Bereft of his spectacles, he peered shortsightedly across at the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

In turn, the talking man of the windward coast, the talking man of the leeward coast and the talking man of the mountain villages, each backed by his group of lesser talking men and chiefs, arose and made orations. What they said was much the same. They grumbled about the paper money. Affairs were not prosperous. No more copra was being smoked. The people were suspicious. To such a pass had things come that all the people wanted to pay their debts and no one wanted to be paid. Creditors made a practice of running away from debtors. The money was cheap. Prices were going up and commodities were getting scarce. It cost three times the ordinary price to buy a fowl—and then it was tough and like to die of old age if not immediately sold.

The outlook was gloomy. There were signs and omens. There was a plague of rats in some districts. The crops were bad. The custard apples were small. The best-bearing avocado on the windward coast had mysteriously shed all its leaves. The taste had gone from the mangoes. The plantains were eaten by a worm. The fish had forsaken the ocean and vast numbers of tiger-sharks appeared. The wild goats had fled to inaccessible summits. The poi in the poi-pits had turned bitter. There were rumblings in the mountains and night-walking of spirits; a woman of Punta-Puna had been struck speechless, and a five-legged she-goat had been born in the village of Eiho. And that all was due to the strange money of Fulualea was the firm conviction of the elders in the village councils assembled.

Uiliami spoke for the army. His men were discontented and mutinous. Though by royal decree the traders were bidden to accept the money, yet did they refuse it. He would not say, but it looked as if the strange money of Fulualea had something to do with it.

Ieremia, as talking man of the traders, next spoke. When he arose it was noticeable that he stood with legs spraddled over a large grass basket. He dwelt upon the cloth of the traders, its variety and beauty and durability, which so exceeded the Fitu-Ivan wet-pounded tapa, fragile and coarse. No one wore tapa any more. Yet all had worn tapa and nothing but tapa before the traders came. There was the mosquito-netting, sold for a song, that the cleverest Fitu-Ivan net-weaver could not duplicate in a thousand years. He enlarged on the incomparable virtues of rifles, axes and steel fishhooks, down through needles, thread, and cotton fish-lines, to white flour and kerosene oil.

He expounded at length, with firstlies and secondlies and all minor subdivisions of argument, on organization and order and civilization. He contended that the trader was the bearer of civilization and that the trader must be protected in his trade, else he would not come. Over to the westward were islands which would not protect the traders. What was the result? The traders would not come and the people were like wild animals. They wore no clothes, no silk shirts—here he peered and blinked significantly at the king—and they ate one another!

The queer paper of Feathers of the Sun was not money. The traders knew what money was and they would not receive it. If Fitu-Iva persisted in trying to make them receive it they would go away and never come back. And then the Fitu-Ivans, who had forgotten how to make tapa, would run round naked and eat one another.

Much more he said, talking a solid hour and always coming back to what their dire condition would be when the traders came no more. "And in that day," he perorated, "how will the Fitu-Ivan be known in the great world? '*Kai-kanak*' [man-eater] will men call him—'*Kai-kanak! Kai-kanak!*'"

Tui Tulifau spoke briefly. The case had been presented, he said, for the people, the army and the traders. It was now time for Feathers of the Sun to present his side. It could not be denied that he had wrought wonders with his financial system. "Many times has he explained to me the working of his system," Tui Tulifau concluded. "It is very simple. And now he will explain it to you."

It was a conspiracy of the white traders, Cornelius contended. Ieremia was right so far as concerned the manifold blessings of white flour and kerosene oil. Fitu-Iva did not want to become *kai-kanak*. Fitu-Iva wanted civilization; it wanted more and more civilization. Now that was the very point—and they must follow him closely. Paper money was an earmark of higher civilization. That was why he, the Feathers of the Sun, had introduced it. And that was why the traders opposed it. They did not want to see Fitu-Iva civilized. Why did they come across the far

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On Foot and Donkeyback the Five Thousand Inhabitants Had Trooped In

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The Box-Office Value of Laughter

By MARY SHAW

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

JUST now there are twice as many comedies as serious plays in New York. It would seem, then, that laughter has a greater box-office value than tears. And so it has in the gross—but not in the net. Most plays in which laughter predominates—musical comedies and the like—are very expensive productions, having large choruses and high-priced comedians. On the other hand, the serious play, in which tears predominate, may have a cast of from six to eight moderately paid actors. From this one will see that laughter is nowhere near so powerful an agent as tears. To sustain a comedy, mirth must begin at the rising of the curtain and keep up unceasingly until the performance is over; whereas in a serious play one tremendous scene with tears as the great factor not lasting more than fifteen minutes, may carry the whole thing to success.

Laughter is indispensable in any play; whereas tears are not. The first question a manager will ask when a play is submitted is: "Has it comedy relief?"

Why has laughter such a value and what sort of material is available for its production? One would think that the laugh-promoter would be at his wit's end for a subject. As a matter of fact, he can use old material over and over again, with but slight changes. Many will laugh at the same thing as often as others will shed tears at the same story. And there are always numerous things happening in real life that the observing "laugh-man" can use on the stage.

Darwin, in The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals, says laughter is the result of a pleasurable surprise. In all laughter there is a kind of surprise or slightly nervous shock. Sudden contrasts—marked or shocking incongruities—often compel it. The laughmaker turns everything to account—even the lugubrious. All kinds and conditions of men unconsciously contribute to his everlasting mill. Death itself is not exempt. The whole thing depends upon the right treatment.

The Art of Satisfying Our Sense of Humor

FEW things are more pathetic than poverty—less laughable. And poverty is doubly pathetic when associated with death. How, then, can a laugh be had from such a combination—two of man's grimmest experiences! It took



The Act of Swindling the "Rubes" is Another Prolific Source of Merriment



He Can Use Old Material Over and Over Again

such a genius as Ned Harrigan, with his knowledge of human nature, to accomplish this. In one of his plays a funeral is supposed to take place "off stage." Persons arrive, cross the stage and exit in the direction of the church. At last comes a cab drawn by a typical East Side barnyard nag. It stops directly over a trap, which is disguised, of course, and through which persons enter the cab and step out of it before the audience. Fully thirty persons descend from that cab. After the fifth, the audience begin to titter. With each succeeding passenger the laughter grows until, when the last one gets down from the cab, the house fairly rocks with mirth.

It is a good scheme to observe children. What makes the little ones laugh will make grown-ups laugh. Most writers of farce and comedy know this. One is astonished to find how little the scope of laughter enlarges as the life of the individual proceeds. So simple a thing, for instance, as one person treading on another's toe has been used by all the clowns in the pantomime since the beginning of things. And if the injured one holds up his toe and dances about with it in his hand it becomes a source of inextinguishable laughter. This device can always be used with the same result, and credit is due to the actor that he so seldom resorts to it. An oath that is not too blasphemous is good comedy material. The reason for this is that for a long time the use of an oath on the stage was forbidden. The pleasure of hearing an oath used now may be due to our secret joy in forbidden things. Obviously anything that causes pain in real life should not be a source of mirth; but, when translated into action on the stage, things can be made comical in spite of the latent idea of pain. The clown, when beaten into subjection with a blown-up bladder, represents an unpleasant situation. Yet everybody laughs at all the accidents that happen to him. It is on the same principle, I suppose, that we laugh spontaneously on seeing a person fall—particularly a fat man—though we know he may be injured.

Once I took my four-year-old niece to see a pair of accomplished acrobats. These gentlemen were supposed to be only funny. The terrible things that happened to them all through their act were received with universal joy by the whole audience—mainly women and children. My little niece, however, hid her face on my arm, shivered all over and begged me to take her out of the theater. She absolutely refused to fall in with the common acceptance of the thing. My surprise at her way of taking it showed me how much a matter of course the attitude of the audience had been to me.

Nor do serious things require to be translated from real life to the stage to be made funny. I remember, when I was a girl, seeing a certain fat man, one Fourth of July, come across a young fellow who was celebrating the day with a small-caliber pistol. Now the fat man was very nervous about such things and he turned to hurry away from the danger zone. The young man, in a spirit of fun and miscalculating the distance, sent a bullet about the size of a buckshot after the fat man, thinking it would spend its force and drop harmlessly near him—giving him a slight scare; but the bullet struck the fat man in a certain fleshy part of his anatomy and, shrieking in agony, he rolled over in the dust. It was only a skin wound, but the shock laid the poor fellow up for several weeks and at one time threatened to end fatally. Now why laugh at this? There was the misfortune of the man in being helplessly fat—a disease; there was the fright and the agony of it. Yet, even as I philosophize thus, I cannot help the mirth that comes to me at the recollection of the accident.

Laughter, though spontaneous, really has modes and fashions quite as much as sentiment has. Keeping strictly to the stage, we find that people laughed at things two or three hundred years ago that they would now resent. Up to Shakspere's time it was impossible to represent a Jew on the stage in any serious situation. The prejudice against the race was so great that audiences would only accept them as a joke. Shakspere conceived and put into eternal poetry the character of Shylock. Nothing more perfect and tragic than that figure can be imagined. Yet Shylock had to be represented in his time as a comic personality. His mental sufferings over the injustice to his religion and race, his agony over his daughter's unfaithfulness, and his final spiritual and financial defeat were received by the audience of that day with wild outbursts of exultant merriment. The most popular comedian would not have the courage to go on the stage and present the character of Shylock to an audience in that way nowadays, unless with the full understanding that it was all done in the spirit of pure burlesque. So far have we traveled in the stage world from that idea of the Jew! The same was true of physical deformities in the bygone. These were all subjects of great merriment to an audience. The hunchback was an unfailing source of amusement. Any character that was lacking in comic relief had only to be made up with such a deformity and the comedy element was at once supplied.

During the Restoration other physical deformities were added to the list. The cripple, the man blind in one eye or having but one hand, were by these misfortunes made peculiarly available for comedy purposes. The hunchback and the cripple have gone from comedy—even burlesque seldom knows them; but the misfortunes that still provoke laughter are the deaf man, the stammerer, the fellow with the harelip and the man without a palate. Bernard Shaw castigates the playwrights who hark back to the cruelty of earlier days by introducing these elements.

The Plot of La Gioconda

HOW far the feeling of mirth at physical deformity has passed away may be sensed in the representation of the character of the woman in D'Annunzio's La Gioconda. This really great modern drama has been handicapped in its effect by the sense of the painful physical accident to the heroine. She is the wife of a sculptor who has fallen in love with his model. In one act she goes to the studio and, in an effort to break the spell of the model over the husband, tells her that the artist has sent his wife there to tell the model that she no longer inspires him and that he does not require her services. The model, enraged at this, pushes the half-finished statue from the pedestal, and the wife, seeing that her lie is about to destroy her husband's work, which may bring about further disaster between her and him, attempts to save the statue; but she is borne down by it and her hands crushed so badly that they have to be amputated.

In the last act she sits looking out at the sea, abandoned by her husband. He has gone off with the model to begin again the work that she destroyed. Long, hanging sleeves cover all evidence of the disaster that has come to her. She sits there, a wonderfully tragic figure without hands—as the audience knows. Yet so terrible is the realization of it through that whole act that modern audiences find it impossible to stand the strain of the story. No one would say that D'Annunzio has reached any greater heights of human truth and sympathy than Shakspere in his magnificent portrayal of the Jew in Shylock; but so great has been the change in our attitude toward physical or spiritual pain that the lesser story of the modern Italian defeats itself by the introduction of a torturing effect from the handless arms of this woman.

It is hard to tell whether we are less cruel today than they were in the time of Shakspere. Certainly we cannot determine the question by what we laugh at. However incongruous our laughter may be now, it has plenty of

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humor and no spite to it. When the lugubrious is presented it must be only as a basis for a humorous presentation of a very human touch. We laugh at cowardice when it is exaggerated, yet there are few more dreadful qualities. Anger, also, though often the immediate cause of tragedy, is good for comedy purposes. There is one thing about an anger scene on the stage that is remarkable. An angry retort between men is all right, but such a scene between women is one of the most dangerous things to play seriously. No matter what the situation may be, there is always a chance for laughter. Even Modjeska used to call forth snickers in the scene in Adrienne Lecouvreur where she is shut in a dark room and her infuriated rival is looking for her. There is nothing funny in this scene, yet it is one that has always been dreaded by actresses. The spite of the two women, though seriously treated in the play, comes perilously near arousing continuous amusement.



A Much-Dreaded Interruption in the Serious Play is the Theater Cat

The safest thing to do with the anger of women dramatically is to make it comic. The same thing holds good of love scenes to a degree. Except in the hands of a great master of drama, it is better to have some element of comedy even in the most straightforward and direct love-making. The slightest deviation, the slightest lack of continuity in keeping the attention in a love scene, precipitates it instantly into the absurd—the grotesque. This is the reason there is so much giggling in serious love scenes.

Audiences, during serious situations, are always on the lookout for something that will relieve the tension. The experienced actor knows how thin the dividing line is between tears and laughter; in fact, the more absorbing the situation the greater is the danger of the opposite extreme being the result if the least thing out of the ordinary occurs. If a caster is missing from the leg of a sofa when the sobbing heroine throws herself upon it, and one corner suddenly goes down just a little, the scene is ruined by that apparently trifling incident. If, in a serious situation, an actor takes a chair and it cracks as if it were going to break, or if he picks up something and it suddenly falls to pieces or he loses his grip on it, a disconcerting laugh is sure to follow.

A much-dreaded interruption in the serious play is the theater cat. The cat is allowed to prowl about the stage all day, but is carefully locked up before the play begins. This creature seems to have a mania for walking on the stage—not in highly comic scenes where it would add to the hilarity, but always where any interruption must seriously interfere. In spite of the precautions taken, often in the midst of a very serious scene the house cat walks majestically upon the stage, goes down to the footlights, surveys the audience calmly and walks off on the other side. All the finest acting that ever came forth from the soul of a talented actor is powerless against this simple, unexpected innovation.

Classics That Have Turned to Slang

ON THE modern stage there is much laughter that is purely local. Playing a part full of slangy sayings that are current in the larger cities, the actor will, after a number of weeks, feel that these sayings are inherently funny. Yet he will find that the same slang falls upon the ears of the out-of-town people without conveying any meaning and therefore without any effect. There is a distinct vocabulary in jokes as there is in other matters. Expressions which at one time were fraught with deep meaning and intensity come to be used as slang, and are henceforth totally inadequate on the stage for the situations in which they were originally used. One has to be very careful, in old plays, to eliminate all such expressions. In Adrienne Lecouvreur, for instance, one of the most touching situations is where Adrienne, having discovered the perfidy of her lover, agonizingly cries out: "Oh, how I suffer!"

This expression was taken by the comedians and used as slang in mock trouble. It became a great laughmaker in burlesque misery. I shall never forget the amazement of Madame Modjeska when she delivered this line, which had always gone with such terrible, telling effect—and it was greeted with shrieks and roars of laughter! We explained to her that a well-known burlesque actor had been using it. After that it was cut out. The expression, "Forget it!" which was very often used in scenes of great power, was another that had to be eliminated. I remember, in one of Marie Corelli's plays, at the end of a terrific scene, yelling out "Forget it!" which up to that time had been an absolutely safe expression in emotional work. I was not familiar with the slang use to which it had been put after the blowing up of the Maine; and I was dumfounded when, after a silence of a moment, some gamin from the top gallery shouted: "And remember the Maine!"

The house rocked with laughter. It is safe to say that this expression has never since been put into any serious drama.

One rarely feels human sympathy with an unfamiliar race of people. The Chinaman, for instance, is never taken seriously, no matter what the rôle may be. On the stage he is still the incarnation of all that is laughter-provoking. This quality of the ludicrous must be guarded against in the costuming of strange people on the stage. Absolute correctness in such cases is impossible. The wise managers of an earlier day represented the barbarian in one set costume of skins and long, matted hair. That particular make-up stood for the barbarian, and the audience accepted him as belonging to any race.

A foreign language is always amusing to people who do not understand it. At the time of the National Congress of Women, in London, delegates from all parts of the world were present. Most of them spoke in their native tongue. I observed with great interest how that polite English audience wrestled with a sense of the ludicrous as celebrated personalities arose and gave long and serious addresses in tongues totally unfamiliar to everybody. The Chinese woman who spoke very solemnly of the changed conditions of women in China proved no funnier to those present than did the stately, beautiful Russian actress who elaborately pointed out in Russian the glorious achievements of the stage in her country. It would seem that the organizers of this convention were sadly lacking in a sense of humor.

We do not laugh at deformity as they did a hundred or more years ago, but we do something quite as bad—we laugh at disaster and at trickery. The comedian can make a highwayman holding up a poor old woman or the despicable act of a tramp stealing a baby's milk-bottle funny if he gives it the right twist. A baby shrieking with the pain of teething or colic and the helpless father trying to quiet him, if rightly done on the stage, will bring down the house. I am not so sure that the curious twist given in the depicting of misfortune is not the most prolific source of hilarity.

Things that are mean and insulting when said or done in real life become very laughable on the stage. For instance, a hardened fellow, wishing to insult another man, addressed a letter to him as follows:

To Peter Tief, a one-eyed scrub,
This letter's bound to go.
He's choppin' cordwood for his grub
In Silver City, Idaho.

The letter reached its destination and came within an ace of causing a tragedy; yet it got into the hands of a comedian and was immensely successful as a laughmaker.

The oldest joke on the stage, and one that never fails of laughter, is about the mother-in-law. Searchers into the obscure tell us that this joke originated in the matriarchal period. At this stage of civilization the family took its name from the mother. She was the absolute ruler of the family. Suitors for the hand of the daughter and the women selected as brides for the son were obliged to come and live within the tribe or clan for one year before the wedding was consummated. During this time their fitness was decided by the mother. The anxieties and sufferings of these candidates in the matriarchal civilization have been immortalized in the mother-in-law joke.

Here's a sample of the vulgarity that marks many of the jocular allusions to the mother-in-law. O'Reilly, whose mother-in-law has just died, goes to a friendly barkeeper and asks the loan of a hundred dollars with which to bury her. The barkeeper counts his cash and reports that he has only eighty-five dollars on hand. Upon which O'Reilly exclaims: "Lend me the eighty-five, and I'll drink up the other fifteen—celebrating!"

Another story with the mother-in-law trend to it is about the man whose wife was dying. She called him to her side and told him that she had one request and begged that he wouldn't deny it. He committed himself to a promise and the wife said: "I want you to ride to the grave in the carriage with me mother!"

Patrick appeared shocked; and the dying woman, noticing this, reiterated her plea.

"You'll not break your promise—you will do it, won't yer?" she said, seizing his hand imploringly.

"Yes," said Pat grudgingly: "I'll do it—but it'll spoil the day for me!"

Audiences enjoy jokes about human misery such as the one where the starving tramp, in an attempt to show his desperation, begins to eat the grass in the dooryard. The man of the house, coming upon him suddenly, exclaims:

"Why, my poor fellow, are you so hungry as all that?"

"Yes," moans the tramp.

"I'm sorry for you," observes the other. "Come round to the back yard—the grass is longer!"

Irreverent allusions to parents, such as "Everybody works but father," are used by the laughmakers. Yet every one knows that, as a rule, the father is the hardest-working member of the family. Why is it that the drunken father is an inexhaustible source of comedy, though the drunken mother is one of the most serious things to handle in a play? From a practical point of view her shortcoming is no more serious than the father's. Their moral responsibilities would seem to be equal; yet one can be used for comic purposes—the other cannot. A drunken woman is a very ticklish thing to handle on the stage.

The act of swindling the "rubes" is another prolific source of merriment. So is the contemptible act of picking a drunken man's pocket. The horror of nightmare, as set forth in moving-picture shows, is good entertainment. I am not deprecating such shows. The man on the stage does not create these curious faculties of enjoyment in the human mind—he simply finds out what they are and contributes to them. The business of educating is expensive. I knew of an advertiser who spent five hundred thousand dollars to teach the public the meaning of a trademark.

Old Friends With New Faces

RELIGION and all sacred things seem to be good material for laughter. Saint Peter and Noah have furnished more opportunities than any other famous characters; but the jokers are careful that the persons whose religions they ridicule are a very small minority of the audience. One never hears Napoleon, in France, or our own Washington or Lincoln, in this country, referred to in a jocular way. Somehow they don't lend themselves to it. Curiously success does not lend itself to joke-making—only failure.

From Biblical stories constantly heard one gets a rather definite idea of Saint Peter—not wholly flattering. One thinks of him as having a bunch of keys and a scrutinizing look, shrewd, yet something of a good fellow—not too strict in his examination if one could placate him with a good story—something of a wag.

Any kind of burlesque seems to be everlasting The old idea of the Englishman with the side whiskers and checked clothes still goes; or the Frenchman with the Louis Napoleon goatee and mustache; or the German with his enormous stomach and tiny hat; or the Jew with his shabby frock coat, vast shoes curled up at the toes, and crinkly whiskers. Lawyers, doctors, plumbers, druggists and farmers are burlesqued. So are clergymen.

At one time the Irish comedian was the whole thing in side-splitting comedy; but his scepter has passed to the Jew. The popular type changes, but not the essence of things. It is interesting to note, however, that certain nationalities never rise to the glory of being used on the stage as great laughter-producers. Strenuous efforts have been made to displace the Irishman and the Jew with the

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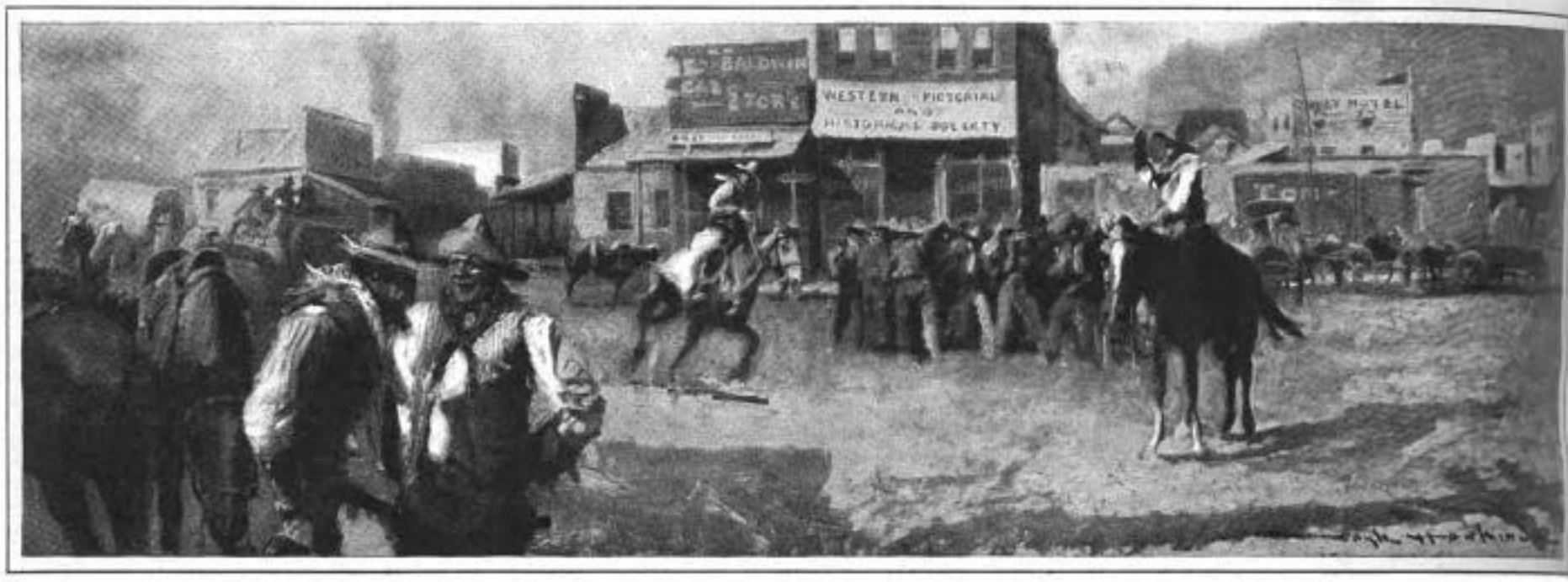


The Oldest Joke is About the Mother-in-Law

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ART AND INDUSTRY

Curly Discovers How Things Can Happen in Both



"For the Next Week They Was More People in That Town Than They Ever Was Before or Since"

By EMERSON HOUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

"THESE here are great times!" said Curly, fitting a stick into the neck of the frying-pan and whetting the bacon-knife on his boot. "It shore is fine doings when a plain cowpuncher, with red hair, kin make six million dollars in a few moments—an' lose it again in about half that long!"

"That's good as Wall Street," I was obliged to admit.

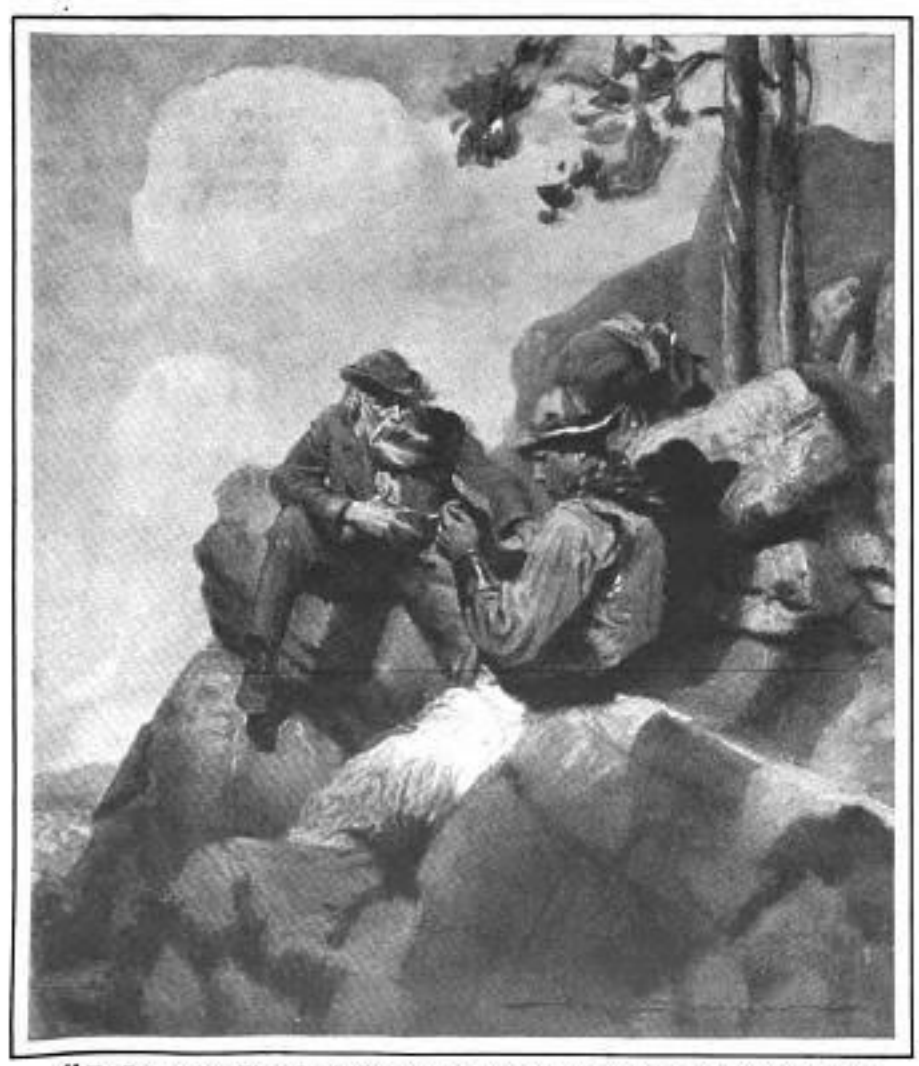
"I dunno nothin' about Wall Street; but, takin' a chancet, I'll bet it ain't got any the best o' Wyomin' fer sudden action. Now where else but in a region full o' opportunities fer young an' active men—like Emmett Dewees says in his railroad books—could I 'a' made, say, six million dollars in one little round-up? Of course only a young an' active man could 'a' lost it in, say, four or five hours; but ef I could lose that much I must 'a' had it, huh?—er else thought I had. I'd 'a' had it now, an' would be one o' the most beloved people you ever seen—'stead o' settin' here fryin' bacon—ef it wouldn't of been fer so many things happenin' wrong. I notice that's a way things come, somehow, right often.

"Now, lots o' folks 'a' been makin' money in land lately; an' when I fell in with Emmett Dewees, sort o' actin' as a guide, helpin' folks git back to the soil, I taken down some months several hunderd dollars—what they call commissions; though I dunno what made Emmett give it to me, fer I'd 'a' rode out with folks any time fer nothin' to oblige Emmett. He said I was entertainin'. Maybe I was. I fergit what all I used to say to them pilgrims—whatever I happened to think of. Seems like that's the thing to do, though I was only yarnin' because the sun was shinin' an' I felt cheerful-like.

"Trouble with any fool cowpuncher is, he ain't got no sense, except in spots, occasional, an' not fer long at a time." Curly wiped the bacon-knife on his leg and squatted back on his heels, rider-fashion, as he settled down to his story.

"Fer a little while things come my way on roller skates, an' I 'lowed it never rained money but they was a cloud-burst. Most all that season I took things easy, sellin' land to folks from Iowa, an' Illinois, an' Indiana, where it seems they ain't no land no more. I made money; an' I handed out money to anybody that wanted it—in Pateelse an' everywhere else. By diligent lendin' an' spendin', I managed to just about break even.

"It was while I was engaged in them simple pastimes that I met a man—sort o' long-haired, ole-lookin' party, who seemed to have a past—who had blew in somewhere from the Lander Trail down below. He 'lowed he probably was a artist oncet, an' certainly was hungry now; so we fell to conversin' one night an' he unfolded the story o' his life. Now, that artist person learnt me things that I never would 'a' learnt any other way in the world. Seems like he was one of a organized band o' highwaymen that spent their lives makin' out what they call County Histories. You know what a County History is—a big book that weighs about five pounds and lays on the parlor table, with the top of the page turned down where Poppa's picture is at. Along with the picture there is always printed a story of Poppa's life an' adventures, which always begins: 'The subjeck o' this sketch was borned early in life, of pore but honest parents, in the village of Harmon's Crossing'—



"He Points Out That Gold-Bricks an' Green-Goods Still Has a Ready Sale"

or wherever the place is. I reckon you'll see them books in your own time, an' maybe you know that their real idee ain't so much to enlighten later generations as it is to separate Poppa an' his family plumb away from about a hunderd dollars for this portrait an' the explanation of it. Sometimes, too, they put in a picture o' Poppa's general store, or his farm, with likenesses o' Poppa holdin' his livestock by the bridle or lookin' over the fence at his hawgs. That costs about five hunderd extry, on the side.

"Now, this artist man he told me that he followed the game fer years, makin' pictures o' Poppa an' his cattle—or even, when the liter'ry gents was all dead, writin' the story that begins: 'The subjeck o' this sketch.' He said the company he worked for must have printed hunderds o' tons o' these histories, an' that they was distributed on parlor tables all the way from Pennsylvania to Kansas, along with the family Bible an' the album which has a picture o' Poppa an' Mamma in their weddin' clothes. This here long-haired artist allows that them histories done a great good to posterity, showin' future generations how the perminent citizens of past days really looked.

"'This feller he told me that human nature don't learn nothin' at all from day to day, an' that any good way of takin' money away from folks always stays good. He points out that gold-bricks an' green-goods still has a ready sale; an' he says there never was any place in the country where they was a boom goin' on where a man couldn't sell Poppa a picture o' hisself an' his family fer to put on the parlor table in a history.

"Says he to me one day, when he was feelin' confidential: 'I see you have energy an' ability, my friend, as well as wide acquaintance in this here country, where now shore is on the boom. Ef you could furnish me a small capital—myself, havin' had expected remittance from home this month—why, what we could do in these Mormons in here with this County History business would be almost a shame.'

"'Who—me?' says I. 'I'd look fine askin' a man fer five hunderd dollars to printin' his picture in a book, wouldn't I? I've never done such a thing in my life. I've always lived honest in my life—or most of the time anyway.'

"'Man,' says he to me, 'you surprise me—you certainly do! Honest? Why, this is the honestest business in the world. Besides, you kin make a thousand dollars a month easy.'

"'Repeat softly,' says I.

"'A thousand dollars a month easy,' says he.

"'Friend,' says I to him, 'you shore have got me goin' a few.'

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"'Well, listen, then,' says he. 'There's about ninety-eight per cent profit in this game—because we will have no commissions to pay agents, bein' the whole company ourselves. Now, supposin' you only landed one rancher a week, an' only fer five hunderd dollars—full-page portrait. Ain't that two thousand a month? An' ain't one-half o' that a thousand fer you—or so near you couldn't see no difference? All you'd have to do would be to go out an' visit among your friends here, an' say that you represented the Western Illustrated History Society, Limited—or some such name—an' it would be limited, to us two; an' that you was acceptin' orders fer portraits done by the celebrated Perfessor Cæsar Lombroso Messonyer, who is tarryin' in this country fer a brief time. Ain't anybody in the world that don't like to talk about havin' his portrait painted or drawed, or even photographed. You've got 'em right from the start! Why, I've knowed our men in the old days back in Ohio to write contracks fer five thousand dollars in two days.'

"'An' half o' that's mine?' says I.

"'Shore. An' it's so easy! You get the first one started fer the corral, an' you can't head the others off. They just come along an' beg to be took in. This here thing is founded on human nature as it really is, my friend. Fer instance, you says right proud an' stern, that only the best kind o' folks can get into a proposition swell like this is—only members o' the Four Hunderd, with birth an' breedin' an' money back o' them. You let on you can't take in but one or two people an' one or two hunderd will come an' say they'll sue you fer damages ef you don't let 'em in! Then, at last, you let on that you got to yield, not wantin' no lawsuits o' that nature. Then you hand each of 'em a contrack, which is a promissory note—takin' ten per cent down, not necessarily fer publication. From that time on it's easy, I tell you; fer I've seen it tried enough—so I ought to know.

"'Now, when you begin to study into it,' says he, 'you find that men is awful near to bein' human. They all think they're handsome an' they all think they're perminent citizens. They's one crop that don't fail, no matter how little rain there is—an' that's the crop o' human nature. My experience is that, try hard as you can, you can't hardly keep people from givin' their money to you when you start out with a County History.

"'You see,' says he, 'they ain't much to photograph in this country; but I'm this kind o' artist that can put in trees, an' houses, an' things o' that kind, where there ain't none; so that a hardworkin' rancher out here can send back to his folks in the East pictures showin' what the glorious climate of Wyomin' can do fer a feller in a few years. I can draw a public square in a dog-town, an' make a four-story courthouse from the architeck's plans, easy as takin' a drink. Same with any kind o' houses, or any kind o' men—I fix 'em the way they ought to look!

"'It's best to stand in with the local newspapers, o' course, an' to head off the list with some good man fer a beginner. After that, it's simple. Now I suppose maybe you make four or five hunderd dollars a month punchin' cows'—I gasped then—'but, ef you ain't doin' as well as that, why don't you? I'm offerin' you a even break in this, me furnishin' the skilled labor of drawin' all the portraits o' Poppa, his cattle an' his folks. All you do is to get the contrack signed an' deliver the books an' make the collections. Then we meet over in the mountains somewhere an' divide up—I don't never do the collectin' part, because it ain't perfessional fer a artist to do that.'

"'My friend,' says I, 'it looks to me like they might be elerments o' risk in this game in these parts.'

"'Maybe some,' says he; 'but there's always got to be some risk where you git big profits. Ef you like bankin' I'd start a bank with part of my money, ef I was you. Then you can go to Congress ef you want to. Ef you don't make enough money in bankin' or in Congress you can work this scheme all over again about every five years. It don't never wear out, not even in Ohio—an' ef we can rob 'em in Ohio, say, what couldn't we do in Wyomin', where it's all new? It makes me sort o' dizzy to think of it.'

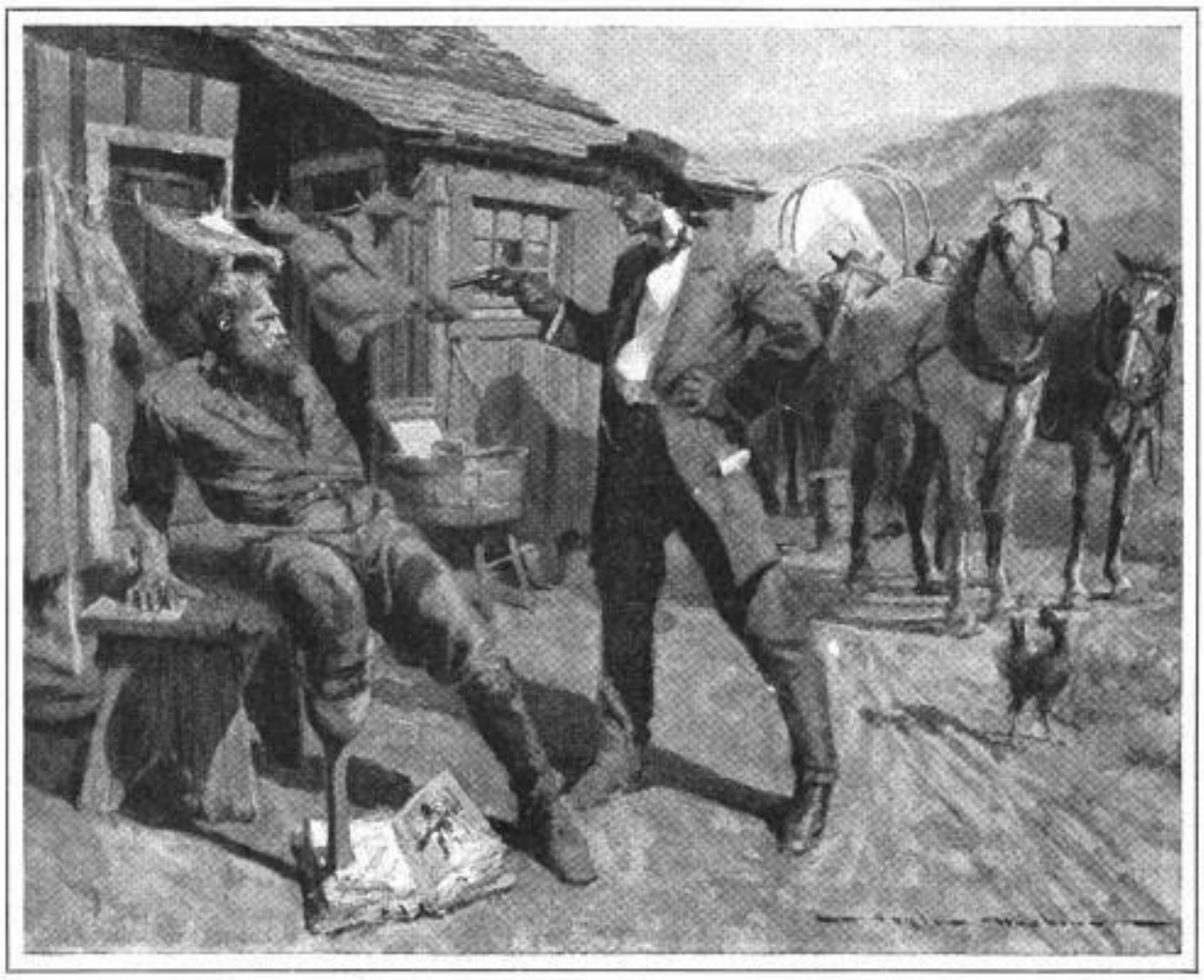
"I admit my head was swimmin'—when he goes on.

"'Just begin to count up,' says he. 'There's seventy Mormon families in this valley below town, an' every Mormon will have his six wives, an' every wife at least six children—I'm makin' a conservative estimate. Say there is a even three dozen in each family. We charge fifty dollars fer small portraits of the children. Now you multiply thirty-six by fifty an' add to that what you git by multiplyin' two hunderd an' fifty by six—fer we do wives at half prices, two hunderd an' fifty per each,' says he; 'an' you git one part o' one valley! Now, when you figger that there is other valleys, an' even some towns—well, you begin to see what you got.'

"Well, sir, I tried to figger that out, an' couldn't! It was like he said—it made me too dizzy.

"'Fine business,' says I at last. 'An' you tell me you kin do this every five years, over an' over again?'

"'Shore!' says he.



"'My Friend,' Says I, 'What Seems to be Agitatin' You About This Here Picture?'"

"'Curly,' says she, 'you can't make me believe that any man with whiskers would pay five hunderd dollars for a picture of hisself, which very likely he couldn't tell from Jesse James er Justice Hughes.'

"I was in too deep to git out now, fer when you start acrost a ford it's a pore place to turn round. Besides, I shore was knocked silly when I seen how near true everything that feller had said come out.

"I went back to Pateelse, an' we got some contracks printed that was promissory notes, an' we put a piece in the paper sayin' that me, Curly, would be there at Pateelse all next week, takin' orders fer spaces from a few selected perminent citizens for the forthcomin' County History o' Park County, Wyoming—only a few bein' elergible.

"Well, fer the next week they was more people in that town than they ever was before or sence. They had to put up tents to accommodate the perminent citizens that come in from Rock Creek an' the Sunshine Basin, an' from down the Lander Trail an' from both ways on the Gray Bull, an' from all along the Shoshone Valley—you see, every one o' them fellers was surprised at seein' everybody else here, thinkin' he was the only perminent citizen worth goin' into a thing o' this kind.

"Well, the wonder is that somebody didn't start somethin'; but I managed to git round among 'em an' keep peace. Ole long-hair, Cæsar Lombroso Messonyer, he proves a good organizer. We fixes up a office, an' we lets 'em in one at a time, every one of 'em thinkin' he was the only remainin' cinch fer such space as was left. Before any one of 'em got out, we had his name on this promissory note, agreein' to pay us from five hunderd to a couple o' thousand fer one of our peerless County Histories on deelivery—ten per cent down to bind the contrack. Well, ef I would tell you how much money we got out o' our feller citizens, you like enough wouldn't believe me what I have at all.

"Then I went back to the little woman, with my overalls full o' real money, an' says I: 'Seems to me that you're wrong about folks with whiskers—I ain't found one yet that wouldn't give five hunderd dollars to have a picture made o' hisself. Lookahere!'

"'Ef these things is true, my friend,' says I, 'it's easy fer me to see that I ain't been appreciated up to this time in this country.'

"Well, to cut it short, we done organized that night, under the name o' the Western Historical an' Pictorial Society. I give the artist feller, Perfessor Cæsar Lombroso Messonyer, about all the money this here wild-eyed party Emmett Dewees had give me. When I looked at that name of our company, an' felt that I was half the company, I felt prouder of myself than I ever did for fixin' over a brand in all my life.

"'No more travelin' round at three er four hunderd dollars a month fer punchin' cows!' says I to the little woman when I went home next day.

"'What are you goin' to do now, Curly?' she says. An' then I told her.

"'Well, of all things! Curly, you didn't give him any o' that money, did you?'

"'I had to,' says I, 'because he was broke. Besides, you can't have a partnership unless you put up somethin'.'

"'Curly,' says she, 'you're the worst bluff at a business man I ever did see!'

"'Huh! I am, am I?' says I. 'Well, you wait. Here I am, a-tryin' to get rich, an' you cut in with cold feet thataway! Why, lookahere ——'

"Then I throwed in an' told her the whole scheme—figgered up all them Mormon families—showed it to her by figgerin' on the back of a envelope. Some women, you can't show 'em nothin'! The more I talked, the more cold water she poured on the scheme.

"She taken away most o' my money from me, o' course; an' maybe it was all right she did, at that, because there's nearly always some one you kin manage to git to take your money down at Pateelse—or anywhere else, I've noticed.

"'Curly,' says she, 'you ought to be 'shamed o' yourself. You'll be runnin' sheep next—an' you oncet a good cowpuncher!'

"'Well, I don't know,' says I; 'there's a heap o' good men in sheep right now—we got the names of a heap of 'em right here on our paper,' says I.

"But, seein' we couldn't come to no agreement about that, I went back to Pateelse again.

"We had to git some one to do the stories about the life an' adventures, an' we 'lowed that ole man Johnson, o' the Pateelse newspaper, would be a good man to do this. He said he'd do it fer nothin' ef we let him have his own way about it. So he prints a little piece in the paper announcin' that he's to do this work—an' then you ought to seen the money that come in fer back subscriptions for ole man Johnson! You see, every one o' them fellers that was goin' to be in the history, he didn't dare take a chancet o' not standin' in strong with Johnson. They was more coin come into Pateelse on account o' me an' my long-haired friend than that town ever saw before. Ole Johnson he gits lit up constant every day, an' he falls on my neck an' sobs with joy at seein' some real money fer the first time in all his life. Me, I swelled up like a horned toad, seein' what a benefactor I was to the valley.

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ABSENTEE LANDLORDISM

A Real Weakness in American Railroading



By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

DECORATIONS BY WILLIAM HARNDEN FOSTER

A BIG railroad president—a man big in mind and heart and body—sat in his office at the top of a city skyscraper, on the February day of last year when the Interstate Commerce Commission made public its famous decision on freight rates, and poured out his woes to a reporter.

"I don't understand it," protested the railroad man. "We played fair and then lost out. We raised the wages of the men and we made public the increased cost of operating our business. It was a good case—legally and morally—and then the good case lost! I feel, myself, as if I had been hit across the face!"

The reporter nodded assent. He was a sympathetic soul and yet he knew; for it so happened he had come from a little country daily, printed in a town that was reached only by a side line of the largest of the big man's railroads. The side line—let us call it the Tremont & North Valley—had been originally built to cut into the earnings of a great trunkline which, with the same reticence for using real names, we will designate the Tremont & Southwestern. Tremont & Southwestern had been a pretty prosperous railroad since the beginning of the business. It had grown rich on the carrying revenues of a single great state; and the cities and towns of the great state along its rails had also waxed prosperous and rich. It was an admirable copartnership and one upon which outside capital looked with hungry eyes.

How a Loose Screw Was Located

FINALLY outside capital got itself into working harness and planned the Tremont & North Valley, which was in a general sense to parallel the rails of the long-established Tremont & Southwestern. The plans were ambitious and the cities and towns along the older road welcomed them with glee. They thought their old partner had not always been fair with them. The first-established road awoke and tried to head off those plans—too late. It was still a day in which cutthroat railroad competition flourished, and the Tremont & North Valley emerged from the drafting boards into a flesh-and-blood railroad. It was a good railroad—a forerunner of the low grades and easy curves that are the trunkline boasts of today; and it should have prospered. It did not. The family interests that owned the older road were both rich and wonderfully resourceful. They gave battle to the newcomer before it was old enough to stand squarely upon its legs. A rate war, memories of which still linger, was its baptism—it was in bankruptcy before the double track was laid the length of its main stem. Little fortunes and big went down in the crash; and while the smoke was still high the older road bought the competitor—a property that had cost some one hundred million dollars—for something like twenty-two million dollars in cash.

There, then, was a Cinderella for one railroad family. Its new owners could not express their contempt for it. From the beginning they suffered the property to endure the worst sort of railroad neglect; but it so happened that a part of the ill-fated T. & N. V.—known today as one of the tragedies in American railroading—passed through a rich agricultural and manufacturing valley in which it was the only trunkline railroad. Before it had aspired to the bigger things, it had served the towns of that valley faithfully. They had given it business and it had given them growth—there was another partnership of commerce entitled to respect and encouragement.

From the moment the owners of the big Tremont & Southwestern took over the management of North Valley, however, they began what might have seemed a studied neglect of the valley towns and cities. They not only reduced the service and neglected the upkeep of the property, but they stole from it the best of its cars and locomotives for use on its own main line. The seeds of hatred against a big railroad property were sown in a dozen pretty prosperous American towns. The towns began planning reprisals. They looked at their dirty depots, saw the constantly increasing delays to their trains; and then they demanded—and received—gates and watchmen at every crossing. They piled on those demands until today the half-used property has more watchmen along its tracks than any other stretch of similar length in the country. The managers of the T. & S. swore and began cutting off stops from the through trains.

The reporter came from Old Town; and Old Town had begun to see the fast summer trains omit stopping at its station even though a change from the main line of the old North Valley to a branch feeding road—the O. T., G. & L.—at that point necessitated a change of locomotives. The train changed its engines in the yards while the crew kept the vestibules locked. If a passenger escaped from the train at Old Town, and a "spotter" from the superintendent's office discovered it, the crew were fined ten days' pay. That sort of thing has gone on for five summers now, and Old Town is going to make its trunkline railroad remove every remaining grade crossing in the city, at an expense of more than a million dollars. They were fighting for the removal of the first of these crossings at the time of the rate decision down at Washington.

The reporter sat in the president's office and told him every word of the row as it had come down to him from home. It was not news to the railroad head.

"Yes, sir," said the reporter; "and New Town is going to do the same thing. Old Town's set the example, and yet the O. T., G. & L. has three times the number of highway crossings in our town that you people have; and they have never yet maintained even a watchman—let alone a pair of gates—at one of them. The people in Old Town think a lot of that other property!"

"We might see our way clear to stopping those fast trains another summer," said the president.

"You'd be too late," replied the reporter—"they've set their hearts on removing that crossing now."

The president put a book of earning-sheets of the old Tremont & North Valley—now they call it the Valley Division of the Tremont & Southwestern and dump all the worn-out rolling stock of the parent road on it—into the hands of his caller. There was not much encouragement about the earning-account, and the reporter was honest enough to admit that. The president drew back the book. "We're trying to pick some earnings out of the thing as a differential route from Millvale and Chicago east, and not succeeding very well. There is a pretty hot fight for differential business, you know."

"Yes, I do know," said the reporter in a low voice; "and that probably is the reason why you are killing the local business and why every town up and down the valley is praying for a trolley line—a good-enough trolley line to handle both passengers and freight." He raised his voice and addressed the president squarely. "How often do you go up the North Valley road in your car? How long since you were last over that division?"

The big railroad president stammered; and, instead of telling the reporter to go and mind his own business, he began finding an answer.



"The North Valley terminals are not quite so handy for me as T. & S.," he finally said. "They're over the river and I'm generally in a hurry when I want to get over that property. . . . I think I went over the Valley Division three or four summers ago with our directors."

"It was five years ago," corrected the reporter. "I only left Old Town two summers ago and all the time that I was there I covered the depot. When you folks came up the line that time we felt that the world was coming to an end in the valley; but you never came back, and I can tell you that is what is the trouble. The big folks don't get over it. It lacks attention. I'd call it absentee landlordism."

The Best Boss for a Branch Road

THE railroad president was on his feet in a moment. He was angry—and yet he liked any man who spoke his mind. His offices were filled with bootlickers.

"You are as bad as the rest of the muckrakers!" he sputtered. "You pull down the structures that have taken years to build and yet you will do nothing to help us rebuild them. What we need is constructive criticism. Make me a suggestion what to do with the old Tremont & North Valley and you'll probably find me jumping at it."

The reporter got to his feet.

"I'll take you on that," he said. "Give the Tremont & North Valley back its old name. The folks in its territory liked it, and it'll inspire new loyalty among the men who are working for it. Give Tremont & North Valley a new boss—make it a separate railroad in fact and in name, even though you folks do own it, body and soul. Let its boss be a real boss, with some powers of decision. Let him hustle and operate the road down to the last cent of efficient economy—only let him operate the road for itself. Let him have his boys hustle for traffic. He'll steal it from the other differentials. If he cuts a little into your standard business, why, well and good—you'll get the money in the long run.

"Other railroads have done something of the same sort with their branch lines. You do the same thing with North Valley. Give us a president and general manager in one, and tell him that his pay hinges on the showing he makes with the property. He'll make the showing. He'll get up and down the line and give its men what they need—inspiration and confidence from higher up. He'll find out what is the trouble with towns like Old Town, and there'll be an era of good feeling."

The president of the railroad interrupted his caller.

"Well and good that sounds," he said; "but it's against our policy. We're consolidating on this system, bringing five more new roads into the parent organization, painting the old stencils out on the sides of the cars and locomotives, and putting T. & S. on every blessed one of them. We're consolidating. We're going to be one of the biggest single

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roads in the United States. That's the new order of things. We can't separate the units of our organization."

And yet within the past few weeks one of the big American railroad properties has just begun such a process of separating some of its constituent members. Two of these have already been torn from the parent member and are today being operated as separate railroad units. A railroad can sometimes grow too large for its own good.

. . . . . .

The president of Tremont & Southwestern bore the reporter's suggestions in mind for a week and a day—though he did not have the fast trains stopped at Old Town after all—and then he dismissed them as being contrary to the policy of the system he headed. A month later, Snowden, the veteran general manager of the aristocratic T. & S., was in the president's office asking for a place for his boy—fresh from a technical college.

"Dan's a nice kid," he argued, "and I'd rather have him nicely settled with our road than anything else in the world. He's studied quite a bit in railroading—spent one summer in our shops; another with the engineering corps; a third in the trainmaster's office here at headquarters."

The president shut his eyes that he might think the more clearly. It was against his principles to elevate young boys from college into good jobs ahead of the men who had been shuffling forward slowly for years up from the ranks—yet T. & S. owed Snowden something for the years of loyalty and of faithful service he had given it.

"What did you want to make of Dan?" he inquired.

"An assistant superintendent," was the reply.

The president winced again. This was raw business and there would be criticism of it, even though it never came to his ears, from the men in the ranks; but in the end he surrendered and Dan jumped into a high-grade job. And in a little while the general manager was pleading for Dan. Could he not have a division of his own to tackle? There was nothing against Dan's record, and so it came to pass that he got that same unfortunate Valley Division.

Unfortunate beyond any question of doubt! Last summer we came down over the North Valley leisurely in a day local that we might see the remains of what had once been a pretty proud stretch of main-line railroad. The demoralization of the division was worse than ever; the train-crew criticised their commanding officers in the cars and off, so that any passenger might hear. Two of them referred to Dan as the "cigarette-smoking dude of a super," and a third was willing to sit in the end of a day-coach and tell you just how the boss down at Tremont North Side was running the property into the ground. The locomotives were leaking; the record of engine failures was appalling; the cars and depots were dirty; the trains, as a matter of regular habit, were running late.

We stopped at Old Town on that same trip while our train changed crews and engines—a simple process in railroading, accomplished in half the time on the well-managed main line of Tremont & Southwestern. While we went into the station a commercial traveler bustled in.

"How late's Sixteen today?" he laughed at the agent.

"On time," replied the agent.

"How's that?" laughed the drummer—"Must be yesterday's train just coming in!"

The agent did not answer. He laughed too. The taint of absentee landlordism was also in his blood. If it had not been there would have been enough of that intangible thing called *esprit de corps* in his heart to have made him resent the slur of the traveler.

That is what absentee landlordism did for the operation of five hundred miles of railroad, the sole traffic artery of a rich valley. Now see what it did for the traffic end of the same proposition: A man walked into the showy new Union Depot at Millvale last September and asked for three tickets and three lower berths over the T. & S. to Tremont. You remember that we called Tremont & Southwestern a "standard" road, while its North Valley route is classed among the "differentials." In the first case the one-way fare to Tremont is twelve dollars, while in the second, for a slightly slower service and inferior accommodation, but ten dollars is charged.

"Sorry; but the homebound rush from the resorts is on," said the courteous young man from behind the ticket wicket, "and I can't even give you uppers. You can go out on the platform, however, and see if you can pick up space as the through trains pull in."

That potential passenger wanted no such risk, however, and he walked out of the station. There were three "differentials" from Millvale to Tremont which left from other stations, and it is a fair assumption that he found accommodation on one of them that night; but T. & S. also had a "differential"—that same old North Valley—out of that same Union Depot, and the North Valley's chief night train that very evening carried two sleeping cars. Between them they held just seven passengers. That was where absentee landlordism was hitting the traffic returns. A lively boss on the "differential" would have seen to it that the ticket clerks at the Union Depot at Millvale were alive to the necessities—and the conveniences—of his route.

This may sound like fiction, but it is all real—as real as the main line of the Pennsylvania or New York Central or Union Pacific—and any keen-witted railroader can quickly locate the Tremont & North Valley property to his own satisfaction, although you must understand that it has been built up here out of a number of real instances. He can tell you frankly that these are some of the things that absentee landlordism accomplishes in railroad management. They are also some of the things that constantly make public outcry—just and unjust—rise high against the big carriers of the land.

The ticket agent at Millvale is the counterpart of a man in a Western city. In that town, two important trunkline roads, let us call them the Y—— and the Z——, are owned by the same interests and managed from a skyscraper twenty-five hundred miles or more away. A man who had come into the agent's office over the Y—— road wanted to continue his journey over the newly completed Z——, after a stopover of ten days. He designated the day and train he wished to take and asked for a Pullman stateroom. The agent fumbled among his car diagrams and finally produced a blue ticket for a stateroom to the same destination—only upon the R. & L. The R. & L. used to make the through connection across the country for the Y——; now it was a competitor of the new Z—— line.

"But I want to go by the Z——!" protested the passenger. "The R. & L.'s a good road; but I want a

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THE RECORDING ANGEL

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT

X

THE one incredible fact of Mr. Clark Story's life had been becoming the father of Sylvia. It seemed that God had honored him with a kind of heathen miracle. Not that Sylvia was literally a heathen. She had submitted like any ordinary child to the Christian catechism. But she looked entirely too much like a mere Corinthian virgin.

He had married Mrs. Story off the streets of Augusta years ago, when he had gone there with a drove of cattle for sale. This was the real explanation, of course. Somehow a child will not take after its father if the mother of it has previously earned her living singing to other men. This is no reflection upon the legitimacy of its birth, but it is a tribute to the fertility of the mother's experiences. In the case of Sylvia there could be no question of this sort. She really was the child of her proper father. But if you marry the most charming woman in the world under these circumstances, and she remains as faithful as Ruth to her marriage vows, the next chapter in your romance is apt to be a mysterious and over-endowed offspring. If Mrs. Story had lived long enough to bear another child it might have been an equally strange reversion to memory. Fortunately, Mrs. Story died before she increased the confusion of Mr. Story's parenthood with another heir. And he had accepted Sylvia with the adoring admiration that such children usually excite in those who have the honor and adventure of begetting them.

But the society of Ruckersville had proved a trifle more squeamish. Only the male portion of it was ready to take Sylvia for better or for worse. From the time she was out of school at sixteen up to the beginning of this story, when she was twenty-five, she could have married any man in it, married or single. This is too much to say for any woman's attractiveness; and this accounted for the fact that Mrs. Fanning-Rucker had never recognized her existence and that Mrs. Rucker-Martin had never even asked her to join the missionary society. It was true that Sylvia seemed to have been properly born; but she certainly did not look like it, and you do not want contaminated money for your heathens. Still, she sang in the church choir; but it is a curious fact, often observed, that any person with a voice like the heavenly hills set to music may sing in any Christian choir. We are democratic about the voice. But so far as any one knew in Ruckersville she had never been converted. It was a delicate matter, such a woman's soul. Therefore she had been left entirely to the consideration of her Maker, with the tacit understanding on the part of Ruckersville saints that this was the best disposition to make of such a soul. Amy White was the one woman in the place who cultivated her acquaintance—and Amy was not an exhorter.

In short, Sylvia had had rather a hard time of it and she promptly took it out of the men, not maliciously but naturally. Mrs. Fanning-Rucker knew that Sylvia could become her daughter-in-law any day. Mrs. Patricia Felton had every reason but one to be jealous of her. Sylvia had explained to poor Mr. Felton that she would not elope with him for the remaining reason that she cordially despised him. She said nothing about its being wrong to elope with a married man, because this was beside the mark, her contempt being a so much greater objection, as far as she was concerned. Captain Martin never missed one of those rare occasions when she appeared on the street to declare his devotion in a manner too flamboyant to be disgraceful, as he accompanied her from one store to another, strutting by her side with his hat in his hand and his old back limbered with the exaggerated bowings and scrapings caused by the romantic ecstasy of his emotions. Tony Adams was wont to affirm futilely, with tears in his eyes, that she was the one woman in creation designed especially for the delectation of man. And Tony was right so far. She was certainly designed for nothing else.



He Was More Reconciled to Loving a Woman Than He Had Ever Been Before

But now Sylvia discovered that she was in a predicament. For the first time in her life she had been interested, almost attracted, by a person of the opposite sex, and that person had suddenly disappeared without offering his scalp. For nearly a week she had not seen Jim Bone in the late afternoon upon the opposite hill. So far his had been a long-distance courtship. Still, she

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recognized it as such, and had calmly waited, cat fashion, for him to draw nearer. Such women do not love, but they desire more than any others in the world to be loved. And at last this had come to her with overwhelming force—the desire to be loved by this wonderful straddling stranger, whose long shadow fell almost upon her doorsill at sundown like a drawbridge between the hills that he let down for her to walk upon to him.

Before she could make up her mind what to do about it he had disappeared, taking his grand shadow and his impudent scalp with him. If she had been one of those anti-climaxes of femininity—a dim, starspirited virgin—she would have spent her nights weeping. But she was merely a natural virgin without any starspirit at all. So she sat up and wondered, with a sort of savage rage, what had happened to her and what was best to do about it. Women of this class are great pragmatists. They always get what they want. They never shrivel into spiritless old maids; at the worst they become female bachelors.

Every one sees their potentialities plainly, and they are judged by these rather than by their deeds, which may even exceed in innocency the clinging conduct of the starspirited.

If Sylvia could have found Jim Bone in her surprised, bereaved mood, she would have been perfectly capable of demanding satisfaction of him by wringing his lover's neck for him—figuratively speaking, of course. She was indignant, disappointed, as one would be with a fascinating orator who stopped in the midst of an eloquent peroration, turned his back upon you, and left the stage without giving you the chance to reply in the same exalted strain.

She did the only thing she could do under the circumstances. Late in the afternoon of each day she made a pretty toilet and went out to stroll upon the hill. If you desire to see a really beautiful woman, observe one who discards mere fashion and dresses to meet the far greater demands of love. Clothes become an inspiration then. They are the flowing footnotes of a sweetly mysterious personality. You feel that if she did not wear them you could not understand her at all. You could not believe her. But the bodice cut low, the loving, clinging folds of the skirt, the gleaming girdle, tell the tale. They translate to you what she cannot confess with her lips. They say plainly:

"Love me."

You cannot express anything so cold as intelligence, or science, or philosophy in the fashion of your garments without looking like a frump. This is why your merely intellectual women often appear so ugly and so absurd. They are fools who do not use the sweet patterns of love when they cut out their hideous clothes.

I am coming now to a certain August evening, the seventh since the disappearance of Mr. Bone from Sylvia's skyline. She stepped down from the porch in the early twilight, looking so white and golden one might have inferred that she expected to be wooed by the stars. As a matter of fact she was very shrewd. She concluded that if her lover was not gone forever he would return to the hill; and in case he did she purposed to be quite unconsciously adjacent.

Women are queer. They really know everything. The only protection that men have is that the women do not know that they know everything. They only feel that they do, and you have only to contradict them in order to confuse them.

Thus Sylvia felt each day the exhilaration and excitement that she would surely meet Jim Bone. She was determined to do it. On this particular evening she had predestined it again—fixed it with a rose in her hair. She advanced down the hill from the house like a young beam. She stepped ankle deep in the grass. She held her skirts up and showed the white stems of her being rising to unimaginable heights out of her little, dusty, high-heeled slippers. Her hair was braided and bound tight about her head. The nape of her neck glistened between two little thin, vagabond curls below the braids behind. Her spreading, swallow-winged brows curved above her eyes inquisitively. She wore that exaggeratedly innocent expression a woman assumes when she wants you to think she is looking for something, but not for you. For seven days in the twilight she had put it on, this manner of looking for something in the grass as she went along. Women are delightfully naïve comedians when they wish to find you and to conceal themselves. They invariably flutter all their wings in the opposite direction from the way they are really going and thinking. One of them comes tilting along, heading straight for your arms, so to speak, but she pretends—and really believes her own pretense—that she is not thinking of you at all. She is thinking of Ruskin, say, or of Valhalla, or of Idylls of the King, or of something else, oh, infinitely beyond and above mere man! But when she does come upon you in this artless fashion, somewhere in the world, on the street, in a drawing room, or even a back hall, the very man of all men who is thinking about her, you will know what she is up to by that wide-eyed expression of unfeigned surprise with which she regards you and draws back, and looks "Excuse me! I didn't know you were here!"



A Flock of Pigeons Dropped Down and Entered Into the Spirited Confusion of the Scene

So, I say, it was thus that Sylvia Story made her way down the green-skirted hill to where the brook lay like a golden mace in the fading sundown dividing the two hills. She was absolutely absorbed in her search for mint that grew wild upon the banks. She thought she would see whether the geese had been muddying the spring again and whether the water rock under the pasture fence had been washed away by the rain that had fallen that morning. Sylvia, the mysterious, was translating herself, you understand, into the little green words of the field. It all depended upon whether you could read the translation or not. She stood upon the bank where the grass lay flat like a green fringe that has been drenched by the little flood of summer rain flowing inside. She looked this way and that. She lifted the ruffled whiteness of her skirts a little, held them tighter, stooped, and showed the smallness of her slippers and not more than a modest inch of the pretty white-stockinged stems of her being. Her head was bent low, like a golden blossom in the greenly golden dusk of the evening. If anybody were there to see he would see, of course. If no one were there to see—well, it is a fact that one has a certain satisfaction in dramatizing one's self by way of practicing, with only the willows to observe the performance.

She gathered a handful of mint. Then she saw that it grew more luxuriously upon the opposite bank. She went back to the footlog that spanned the stream. The rain had swelled the current until it flowed within a few inches of the underside of this log. She put one foot on the end of it and considered. You have seen exactly the same expression of uncertainty upon a young hen's wing feathers, when she makes up her red comb into a strictly feminine resolution to climb a stick pole that reaches from the earth to the bough on the tree where she intends to spend the night. She starts, balances herself with her wings falters, drops back to the ground and cackles that she cannot do it. After the third or fourth attempt she walks along up without the tremor of a feather. All that other had simply been a matinée of the hen-feminine. Sylvia started across the log much in the same mood. Really there is nothing like swiftly flowing water close beneath her for disturbing a woman's equilibrium. She paused, wavered—nearly lost her balance, in fact—jerked her skirts instinctively high and skipped back to the bank. She composed herself, smoothed her courage and started the second time. The width of the stream was absurdly narrow to cause such a flutter—less than ten feet. This time she would certainly have made it but for the most unexpected accident. Suddenly, as she was mincing swiftly along more than halfway across, there was a rush from behind a clump of willows that grew there very close, and Bimber, the hound, appeared near the other end of the log, every leg limber with ecstasy, ears flapping, tail wagging. She pressed the hand that held the sprigs of mint close to her breast, closed her eyes, dropped her skirts and threw that hand out instinctively to balance herself. It all happened in an instant, including the quick thud of boot heels beside her on the log. She felt her body lifted, clasped close and swung forward. It seemed best not to open her eyes for a moment, even after it was all over. But never in the years that followed the dreadful sequel of that hour could she forget the thrilling, pungent odor of the mint that lay bruised upon her breast, that fell down in expiring fragrance upon the ground between them, as she disengaged herself the next instant and stood looking from the green stain upon her bosom into the enraptured face of Mr. Jim Bone. The thing could not have happened more aptly or more romantically if they had both been characters in a novel.

The dog reeled off a circle around them about the size of the Great Dipper, which was beginning to show dimly in the sky above, then made a handle to it by darting off up the hill. It was as if he had wagged off with his tail: "Excuse me! I think I smell a rabbit!"

Nothing could have exceeded the intelligence and delicacy of such a withdrawal of a third party at such a moment.

Having no further use for his hands, Mr. Bone thrust them both into his pockets and stood as usual with his feet wide apart before Sylvia, who was still engaged in getting her breath and in trying to withdraw her eyes from his face.

"Good evening!" he said smilingly.

This was a mistake. There are occasions where a smile is so appropriate that a woman cannot bear to see one. At the sight of this merry contraction of Mr. Bone's features Sylvia collected herself. She was indignant. She showed plainly that she felt she had been wronged. She turned, cast one cool, swallow-winged glance at him, and walked sedately back across the log as calmly as if she had been a migrating lily. She had not said "Thank you" or even returned his salutation. He was not so much aggrieved as he was confused. He knew why she came. What he could not understand was why she did not remain. He had a simple, direct mind about women. And for years he had lived among a class of them that were as natural and primitive in matters of love as he was himself. It is good women, you understand, who have invented the only art in the world that they themselves cannot practice acceptably—the art of courtship. If it were left to men, or even to the other kind of women, there would be mating enough and to spare, but no courting. But your good woman feels that she must deceive her lover utterly about every advance she makes and that she can never yield without some excuse for the concession. Thus she exacts enough persuasion to make it perfectly clear to him that she never would have consented of her own accord to anything, but only in response to his overwhelming arguments and prayers.

Jim stood looking after the retreating form of the girl with a deep frown above his nose. The fact is that Sylvia was about to be lifted by Mr. Bone's imagination into the sanctity of poetry, that high rampart of love. She drifted along toward the old house, attended overhead by her stars, leaving in her wake a long streamer of fireflies trailed from the grass by the brushing of her skirts. God has a wonderful way of transfiguring His commonest creatures now and then. The queer thing is the ones He does not transfigure. For example, there was Jim Bone, designed by inheritance and everything else for great deeds of one sort or another, who stood beside the running water in the gathering gloom, ugly, gaunt, unillumined by any possible flash of the imagination. It may be, of course, that God has much less to do with the transfiguring business than we suppose; that it is merely some advantage the Sylvias take of His great lights and shadows.

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In any case, Mr. Bone sat down upon the end of the footlog, clasped his hands around his knees, waited for the dog, and made up his mind that he was more reconciled to loving a woman than he had ever been before since he had been old enough to know much about love or woman.

XI

THE bomb already referred to in these pages exploded two days after the return of Jim Bone from Atlanta. The exact locality of the explosion was a vacant lot on the north side of the square opposite the Confederate monument, and that duck-legged hero's was the one impassive face turned upon the performance. When you have resurrected your dead and exalted them forever into a statue they stand and observe the uttermost energies of men thenceforth with a terrible calm. They can watch men build a city, conquer an invading army, without the least expression of admiration. And they can look at Rome burning, with a benignity that the lurid light only enhances, but cannot change. Once you erect a statue you have belittled and defeated yourself. You cannot compete with it. The thing outlasts you. This is one reason why in those countries where there are the greatest number of monuments to the memory of men and deeds, there is to be found the poorest quality of living manhood. And this is why, for one, I have always been thankful that the hero surmounting the monument to the Confederate soldiers in Ruckersville was a trifle too short in the stride. The absurdity seemed to give the surviving descendants of this hero a better chance.

Well, I say, it was a very warm morning in August, one of those days when the sun rises early and gets down to business with as much energy as if the preservation of the whole solar system depended upon making every man sweat. Such a thing as activity in Ruckersville at such a season was unheard of. The entire male population of the town was hibernating in the sunshine, listless, comfortable, drowsily acclimated to the heat and to a golden sunlit poverty. They sat in their shirt-sleeves beneath the awnings on every side of the square, smoking, spitting, whittling, and engaging in that aimless talk of the constitutionally idle. Captain Martin and Elbert White held a checkerboard upon their respective knees in front of Bilfire's saloon. Each smoked a short-stemmed briar pipe, which exhaled an odor that was still pungent, for the distance of a block, in any direction the wind blew. Elbert held one spatulate forefinger upon his king, uncertain whether to move into the "double corners" or attempt a hurried, leaping march across the board and risk the captain's attacking his flanks with one of the latter's novel movements, which the captain declared was due to the military training of his faculties.

Two wagons drawn by mule teams were standing in front of the stores; and there was some talk of turnip seeds and shuck horse collars across the counter in Magnis & Luster's, but it was tentative. Purchases were never made till the late afternoon, and only then when every ingenuity to cheat the other had failed between merchant and farmer. Three or four of these lounged on the sidewalk outside, silent, hairy-faced, sunburnt men with pipes in their mouths. The Southern farmer must never be confounded with that character in fiction, the Southern planter, now an almost extinct animal in that section. The farmer is the planter reduced to his least common denominator—of a slouch hat, a blue hickory shirt, jeans breeches, and a pair of brogan shoes smelling of ground in spring and of red clay at all seasons.

Between this group of country customers and the awning of Bilfire's saloon which shaded the checker players Colonel Lark and Colonel Fanning-Rucker sat in chairs tilted back against the wall of the courthouse, discussing local option—a measure that was to come up in the next county election. The enterprising idleness of the Southern village Solon reduces all political discussions merely to the moral and immoral. Up to this time in Ruckersville there had never been a question of bond issues or water and gas franchises. Everybody had his own well and his own sputtering kerosene lamp, and political questions consisted entirely of whether or not there should be a stock law in the county and saloons in the town.

"The women and the preachers are at the bottom of this temperance agitation," commented Colonel Lark.

"Curious how women and preachers always gang together politically," mused the young attorney, throwing back his head, opening his mouth and letting out the cigar smoke in soft blue rings.

"Well, the ladies can't vote, thanks be."

"If they could this country would be in the hands of the preachers and the poets before night any election day."

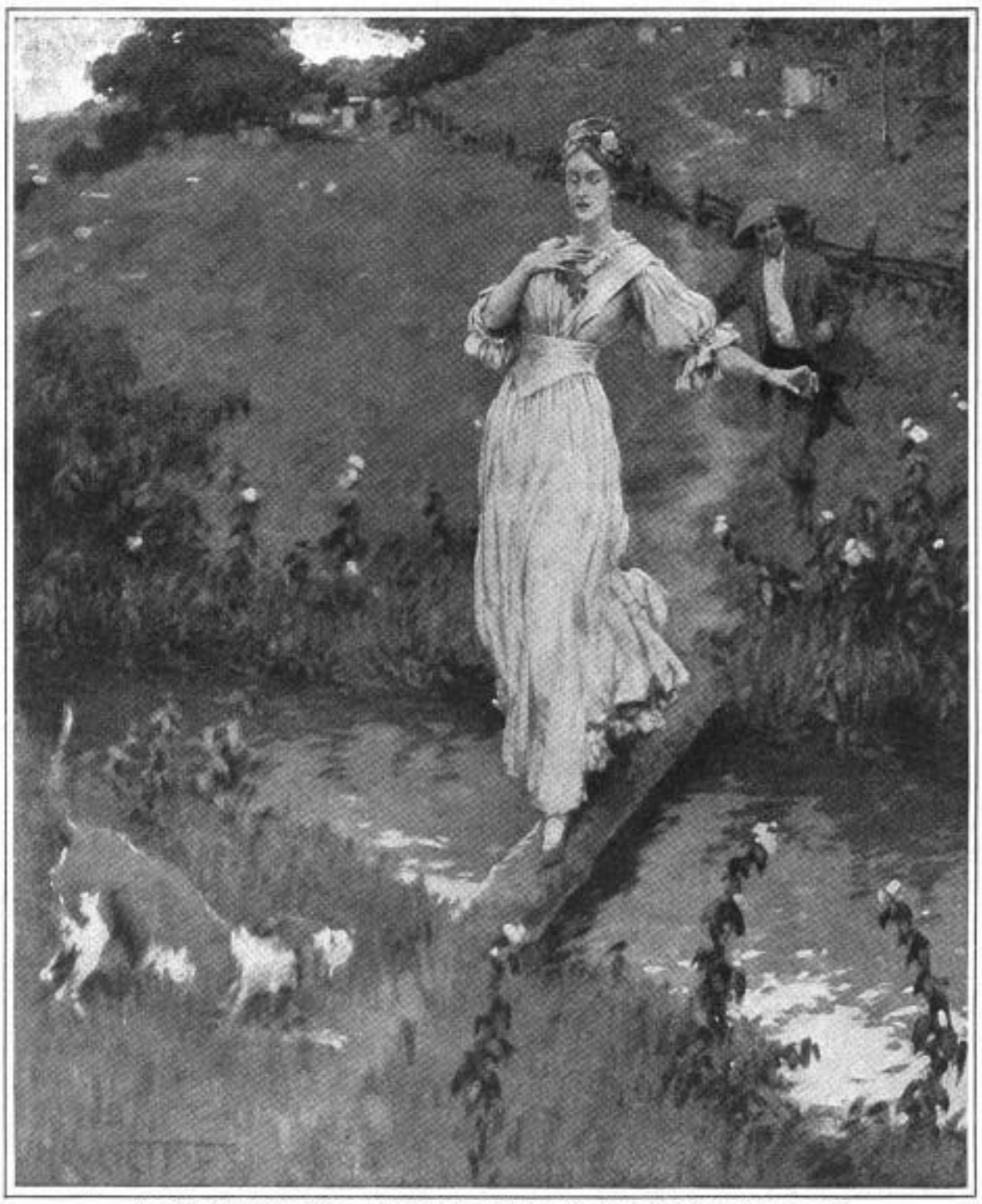
"I don't know about that, Fanning. If the rest of us turned lovers time enough in the campaign we could persuade 'em with a billy-doo ballot to vote with us in spite of all the gospel and poetry ever written. You can't bribe 'em with a drink, nor enough of 'em with new parasols, but there's nothin' easier than bribin' their tender hearts, bless 'em!"

I do not know that I can make you see it as I see it—the gentle, pipe-perfumed calm of Ruckersville upon this eventful morning. But if you are to understand the moral of this simple tale it is necessary for me to dwell upon it. Years and years ago it was called the Christian peace of the community. Certainly it resulted, aside from the genial climate, in a very large degree from a form of religious teaching that prohibited all manner of worldliness. But this is the truth, which most preachers have neglected to tell even when they knew it, that if one is in the world it is especially designed by Divine Providence that he should be of it with might and main. This is where the old revivalist preachers in Ruckersville had slipped up and the town had slipped down. The effort of the Church had been to make as many converts as possible and to subtract them from the world, the flesh and the devil at any cost. Now, nothing is more praiseworthy, of course, than cheating the devil out of his own if you can, but it is as impossible to deduct living men and women from the things of the world as it is to resurrect the dead. The nearest approach is that naïvest and most sincere of mortals, the hypocrite—a poor creature doing its best to be what it is not.

The citizens of Ruckersville passed out of the grandiloquent cavalier stage into the sorrows of the Civil War, and after the Civil War into the only resignation left, that of "O Lord, revive us!" And there can be no doubt that the Lord would have done so, but it is not in the nature even of the Almighty to revive a community according to a mere religious creed, and especially one that was conscientiously opposed to all forms of worldliness and to the exercise of many natural human instincts. Thus Ruckersville, bereaved of wealth, of prestige, of everything but its bees and its exalted sacrificial virtues, faced life, failed and sank into apathy. This is the history of thousands of old Southern towns. If you accept an impossible ideal you insure a bad conscience. And a bad conscience insures loss of hope and of energy and of enterprise. This was why in the mornings the square of Ruckersville was rimmed with sitting citizens, who played checkers, engaged in heated political discussions or theological arguments, and spent their evenings drinking and swapping horse yarns in Bilfire's saloon. The men were poor old salts who had lost their savor and had yielded with a feeble flourish to the flesh, having no other diversion. They would have liked to yield more explicitly to the world. But the world had passed them by. The town was merely a little human dirt-dauber's nest, left sticking half destroyed to the rafters of time. And the women—well, we all know how pathetically just virtue and nothing else affects the characters of women. They were poor, dear, good creatures, always morally stretched doing their best, which is entirely too great an undertaking for any mortal, especially a feminine mortal.

Now then, I say, about nine o'clock in the morning on this day in August all this was changed. Ruckersville was to be delivered with a sort of grin from her long trance. Her hammers and saws and wheels were to start, and there was to be an amazing lot of ticking and tocking and strange hours striking for the next twelve months.

Just as Elbert White decided that discretion was the better part of valor and had moved his king back into the "double corner," the captain leaped to his feet and the board slipped to the ground, carrying with it Elbert's king, and two crowned heads of the Captain's which occupied a very strategic position in regard to the "double corner." The captain stared, as if he were snorting, down the street like an old war



She Closed Her Eyes, Dropped Her Skirts and Threw That Hand Out to Balance Herself

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horse with his head over the top rail of a pasture fence. At the same moment Colonel Lark and Colonel Fanning-Rucker also stood up and backed against the courthouse wall and stared down the street. Elbert was astonished. He caught hold of the back of his chair and pulled himself around sidewise in it. He was not the man to get up unless it was absolutely necessary. Apparently it was. He drew himself up, fascinated, and stumbled into the door of the saloon. One of the mules hitched to one of the wagons in front of Magnis & Luster's shied. This awakened the other mule, and between them it seemed best not to face what was coming, accompanied as it was by a devil of a racket. They bolted. Sympathy between mules and strikers is strong. The other team also bolted. The next moment the square was in an uproar. Two wagons drawn by four galloping mules with windmill ears tore around the square, a comet's tail of loafers following in the cloud of dust, yelling and profanely exhorting, commanding them to "Whoa, there! Whoa! Whoa! W-h-o-a! you —— of a gun!"

A trail of brown sugar, green coffee, flour and molasses marked their course, but the animals pointblank refused even to consider "whoaing." This may have been due to the indelicacy of the language used by their pursuers, but more likely it was owing to the approach of a curious procession that was itself accompanied by a peculiarly disconcerting noise. Both teams made a tremendous exit down a street on the opposite side of the square, followed by their respective owners and a long, whooping, yelling strand of little black boys. The uproar had drawn every man in business in Ruckersville out upon the sidewalk, hatless, coatless, where he stood astonished at the sight and sound that had caused the mules to bolt. A lean old white horse, obviously blind and spiritless, and guided by a pair of ragged rope lines held by a negro man, crept slowly along, dragging after him a sort of inverted turtle-shaped iron shovel or scoop upon which reclined a plow stock with its trivet clattering. The rattling and grinding of the shovel and plow upon the stony street was the unheard-of noise that had destroyed the confidence of the mules. The horse lifted his feet very high at each step and switched his tail feebly against the trace chains.

On the sidewalk immediately in the rear, Jim Bone stepped along between Tony Adams and a stranger, afterward recognized as the contractor James, of Atlanta. Behind the team followed a dozen negro men, barefooted, ragged, carrying picks on their shoulders, jostling one another and laughing loudly after the manner of negro workmen. Mr. Bone smoked a red-and-gold-gartered cigar, the triplets of which might have been seen between the lips of his two companions. His hat was tilted forward over his narrow, smiling, pistol beaming eyes. He held his chin up and out and his mouth puckered tightly about the end of his cigar. He was gesticulating mysteriously to the contractor, who apparently confirmed every arc and angle and spire of these gestures by referring to the lines and symbols on a large sheet of blue paper that he held unrolled in his hands. When this singular company arrived at the vacant lot it appeared that the purpose was to destroy it. The horse was hitched to the plow and made to open a thin black furrow, which laid off the ground in an irregular and marvelous shape. The negroes with picks fell to widening and deepening the furrow, every stroke of every pick being accompanied by a humorous grunt and the rhythm of a song that ran something like this:

Dig my grave wid er silver spoon,
Lemme down wid er golden chain,
Two turtle doves on mer breast!
Oh, yez! Oh, yez! Oh, yez!
Dig er my grave wid er silver spoon!

The jungle of weeds that stood shoulder high and that had sprung on that lot from their forefather weeds for fifty years fell before the scythe; a flock of pigeons dropped down and entered into the spirited confusion of the scene, strutting about among the freshly turned sods with an eye to business. Even Tony Adams took off his coat, set his narrow-brimmed straw hat on the back of his head, put his hands in his pockets, and passed from one side to the other, directing the work of excavation as if it were a matter of buried treasure. Having had a good deal to say about the breaking of the lines by the plow, Bone and James immediately withdrew as if they had more important business in another part of town.

All the time the regular population of the square stood in the background, stretching from beneath the awning of Bilfire's saloon nearly half a block like the straggling teeth in an old worn-out comb, some short, some tall, all warped and bent with curiosity. The only thing positively known was that on the previous day Jim Bone had purchased two pieces of property in Ruckersville—this vacant lot and the old Joseph Rucker place which, as I have already indicated, stood upon a gentle eminence near the center of the residence portion that lay almost entirely to the west of the square. Both were owned by a syndicate in Atlanta—the same syndicate, in fact, holding mortgages upon half the real estate in the town. Now it appeared that some sort of building was to be erected upon the vacant lot—Colonel Lark in fact having issued, as mayor, a permit for this construction the evening before; but it was at an hour of the day when he could not be sure of himself and he could not recall details—if indeed Mr. Bone had mentioned any. Colonel Lark looked appealingly at Rucker, as much as to inquire if he remembered anything of the circumstance; but Colonel Rucker was determined not to be implicated in the scandal. He declared hastily that he had not been with Colonel Lark the evening before, as much as to say that under no circumstance would he have his name coupled with anything relating to the affairs of a person of so dubious a character as Jim Bone.

"If it's another store, he'll fail," commented Magnis, a merchant with a wrinkled, dried-apple face.

"There ain't enough trade in this country to keep any of us goin'," agreed Luster.

"I don't care what he's fixin' to do, he'll fail. There hasn't been a successful business in this town since I have been postmaster," agreed Martin. But nobody noticed or respected his opinion, because he was a Republican and held an office that by rights belonged to a Democrat.

Suddenly the old captain broke ranks and started across the square with the challenging, spur-clicking air of a very thin old game rooster who would suffer no intrusion upon his barnyard, even if he lost every neck feather he possessed.

"Mr. Adams, may I ask you what manner of breast-works you are raising here in this peaceful community?" he demanded of Tony, whom he found squatting with a spirit level in one elbow of the shallow trench.

"Have to ask the General, Captain; I ain't in his confidence no deeper than this ditch," answered Mr. Adams, looking up smiling.

"Well, sir, all I have to say is that it's an outrage that such a business should go forward without the knowledge or consent of this community that knows what it needs and what it don't need better than a buckle-banded, pistol-bellied outlaw!" With which explosion the captain turned and hastened back to his comrades.

Halfway across the square he passed Bilfire. The fact that Jim Bone had a way of setting down his glass with a scowl every time he emptied it in the saloon caused Bilfire to fear that he was about to have a rival in the whisky business. Bilfire was a large man with a head like a maul. He always wore a long white apron and went without his hat.

He halted just above the spirit leveler in the trench, stood with his hands behind him fiddling with his apron strings and looked at the excavations with his red nose wrinkled by a sun smile.

"Tony," said he, "what the dickens are you doin' over here?"

Once more Mr. Adams, turning up his blond, vacuous, batter-cake face, widened it with a grin.

"Damfiknow, Billy."

"What do you think you are doin'?"

"Well, Jim says he's fixin' to revive and redeem the town. That's all he told me."

Bilfire placed a fat leg in front of the other, drew back, pulled out his thick red neck, closed one eye and squinted along the foundation; then he set his foot down in it and stretched his apron as he stepped off the distance.

"'Tain't a saloon anyway," he remarked with every appearance of relief. "Nobody but a fool would put up a saloon with a fifty-foot front."

He withdrew to his place of business where custom was brisker than usual, owing to the fact that the excitement of the morning called for a steadying of the nerves of the citizens. You will have observed this difference in strong emotion among men and women. The former instinctively demand a "bracer." They depend upon their stomachs to help them rise to the occasion. It is the place where they keep their altar fires and the engine room of their valor. But for this useful organ of the body more of them would show the white feather. As it is, the most timid man alive can take three drinks and face an army with every sensation of cheerful heroism. And personally I venture the suspicion that few men would voluntarily risk the most glorious death a hero ever died without at least one bottle of champagne if he could get it. But women do not know how to stoke the spirit with stimulants. They have more highly developed the martyr instinct that does not require a cocktail for submission. If they must, they can go down to the gates of death primly, a little tearfully and, apt as not, with empty stomachs.

XII

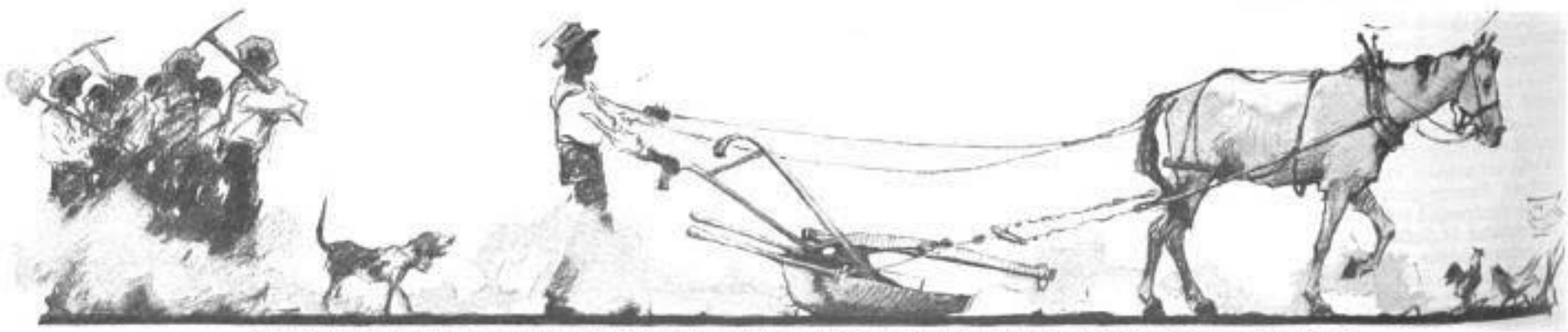
IT MAY have been two hours after the events recorded above that the town of Ruckersville sustained another shock.

Mrs. Martin was seated in her bedroom. The house was pervaded by the odor of boiling cabbage. This indicated that she had put on dinner and was now at leisure to invite her soul, a situation not so incongruous as it smelled. Women are often obliged to accommodate the needs of their spiritual natures to their domestic environment. Mrs. Martin suffered from a conscientiousness that did not permit her to indulge in merely religious devotions so long as the breakfast dishes were unwashed; in fact, she never could call her soul her own until dinner was on and hot enough to boil. Then she relaxed her material nature, abandoned her carnal mind, and withdrew to her bedroom for an hour of prayer and other devotional exercises. On this particular morning she was in an unusually peaceful frame of mind. She sat spread out comfortably in her chair. Her thin gray hair was drawn up to the severest point on the back of her head and wound into a knot so small and tightly twisted it might have been a little coiled worm. Her face, down to the last crease of her double chin, was fiery red from her exertions. And she could not have worn a more matter-of-fact expression if she had been about to sew the top button on the garment of her spirit. Two or three volumes lay upon the windowsill beside her.

It is a circumstance you may have observed, that old men and old women nearly always contract this windowsill habit according to their characters and general dispositions. If it is a rheumatic old man he will lay his pipe and tobacco there. He will pigeonhole his letters between the sash and the sill. And if any one moves these possessions the old man is more disturbed than if his pockets had been robbed. If it is a religious old woman you will find there her button basket, her knitting—with the long steel needles sticking out at fierce angles—and above all you will observe her open Testament. They are the prim witnesses of the fact that she has ceased to waste her leisure in any adorning considerations of the flesh and has withdrawn from the world to hibernate in the scriptures in the soothing occupation of turning stocking heels. In addition to a very homely, rusty-backed Testament upon Mrs. Martin's window-sill there was a sock for the captain—which had reached the crucial knitting-needle stage where the toe was being narrowed—an old strawberry-shaped emery for sharpening her needle, a bit of beeswax, a thimble, a quarrelsome-looking pair of scissors, and two thin volumes on the slum life of the poor. These were really Mrs. Martin's dime novels, although she was very far from suspecting the fact.

If you want to know who reads the worst and most harrowing literature in the world, observe the old ladies who are interested in home and foreign missions. They make a spiritual business of acquainting themselves with the most degrading details of the most degraded lives.

(Continued on Page 53)



The Rattling and Grinding of the Shovel and Plow Was the Unheard-of Noise That Had Destroyed the Confidence of the Mules

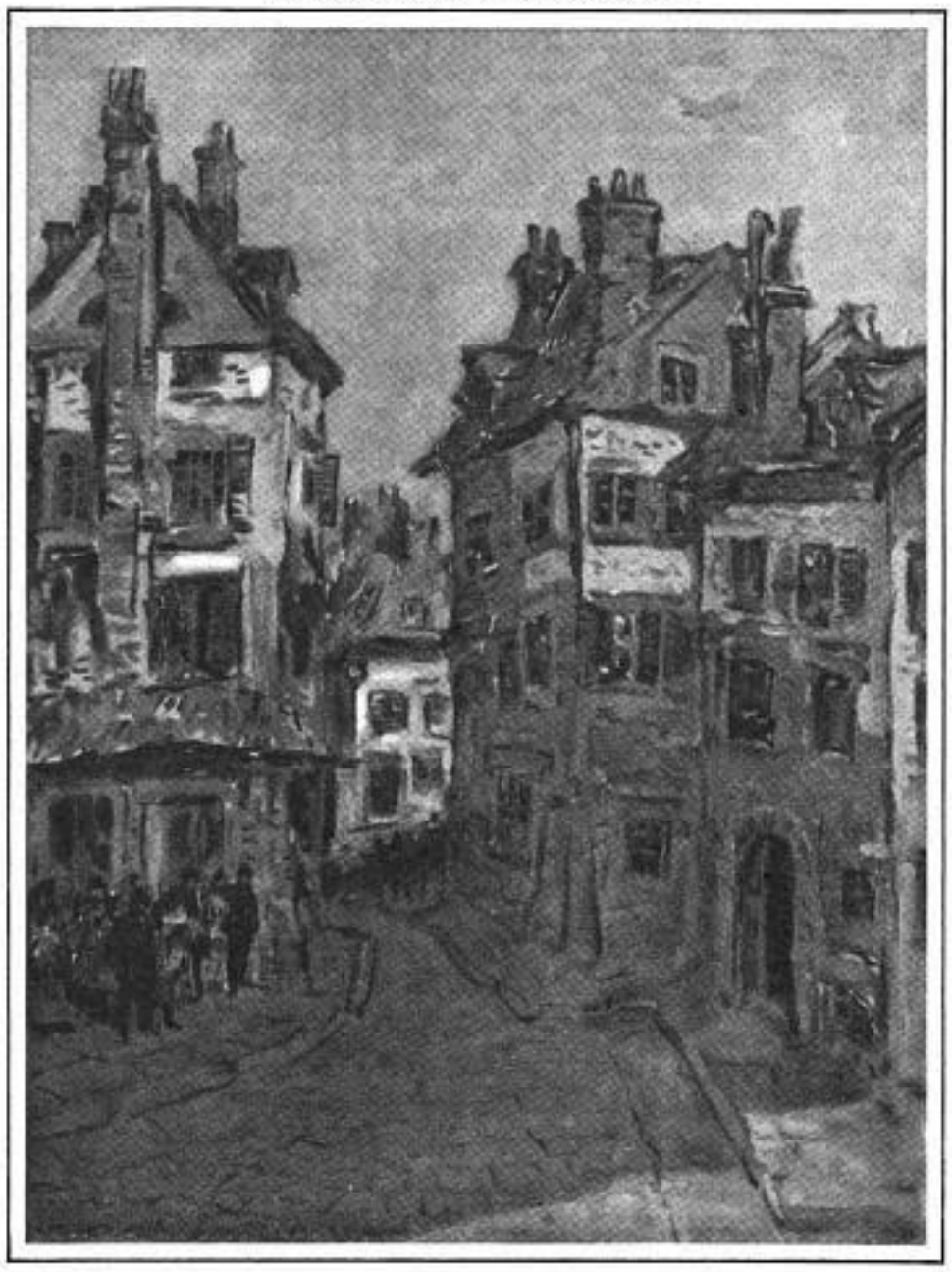
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THE LIGHTED WAY

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

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XXXIV

SABATINI and Arnold stood up in the automobile. The former's face had darkened. He leaned over and said something to the chauffeur. They drove on through the press of people, who gave way sullenly. A police inspector came to the side of the car.

"This way is blocked for the present, sir," he said to Sabatini. "If you want to get past you had better take one of the turnings to the left."

"My destination is just here," Sabatini replied. "Tell me what is the cause of this disturbance."

"Some of our men have gone to make an arrest in that house there, sir," the inspector replied, "and we are having some trouble."

"Is it the man Isaac Lalonde whom you are after?" Sabatini asked.

"That is so, sir," the inspector admitted. "A desperate scoundrel he is too. He's shot at and wounded all three of the policemen who entered the house, and he lies crouching before the window, threatening to shoot any one who passes up the street."

"Who is in charge here?" Sabatini inquired.

"Chief Inspector Raynham," the man replied, pointing to an officer in plain uniform who was standing a few yards away.

"Take me to him," Sabatini directed. "I may be of use in this matter."

The crowd opened to let them pass through. They were on the corner of the pavement now, and the street to their right was empty. There was a disposition on the part of the people to hug the wall and peer only round the corner, for they were within easy range of the grimy window opposite.

"Mr. Inspector," Sabatini said, "I am Count Sabatini, a nobleman of the country from which that man comes. I think, perhaps, that if you will allow me to make the effort he will listen to me. I may be able to save the loss of useful lives."

The chief inspector saluted.

"I shouldn't recommend you to go near him, sir," he declared. "They say he's an out-and-out anarchist, the leader of one of the most dangerous gangs in London. We've got the back of the house covered and he can't escape, but he's shot three of our men who tried to get at him. The chief of the police is on his way down and we are waiting for instructions from him."

Sabatini's lips parted in the faintest of smiles. One could well have imagined that he would have devised some prompter means to have secured this man if he had been in command.

"You will not forbid my making the attempt, I trust?" he said courteously to the official. "I do so at my own risk, of course."

The inspector hesitated. Sabatini, with a sudden swing of his powerful arm, made his way into the front rank. Arnold clutched at him.

"Don't go," he begged. "It isn't worth while. You hear—he has shot three policemen already. You can't save him—you can't help him."

Sabatini turned round with an air of gentle superiority.

"My young friend," he said, "do you not understand that Isaac will not be taken alive? There is a question I must ask him before he dies."

The inspector stepped forward—afterward he said that it was for the purpose of stopping Sabatini. He was too late, however. The crowd which thronged the end of the street and the hundreds of human beings who peered from the windows had a moment of wonderful excitement. One could almost hear the thrill that stirred from their throats. Across the empty street, straight toward the window behind which the doomed man lay, Sabatini walked, strangest of figures amidst those sordid surroundings, in his evening clothes, thin black overcoat and glossy silk hat. Step by step he approached the door. He was about three yards from the curbstone when the window behind which Isaac was crouching was suddenly smashed and Isaac leaned out. The crowd, listening intently, could hear the crash of falling glass upon the pavement. They had their view of Isaac too—a wan, ghostlike figure with haggard cheeks and staring eyes—eyes that blazed out from between the strands of black hair.

"Stand where you are," he shouted, and the people who watched saw the glitter of the setting sun upon the pistol in his hand. Sabatini looked up.

"Isaac Lalonde," he called out, "you know who I am?"

"I know who you are," they heard him growl—"Count Sabatini, Marquis de Lossa, Chevalier de St. Jerome, Knight of the Holy Roman Empire, aristocrat, bloodsucker of the people."

Sabatini shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"As to that," he answered firmly, "one may have opinions. My hand at least is free from bloodshed. You are there with nothing but death before you. I am here to ask a question."

"Ask it then," the man at the window muttered. "Can't you see that the time is short?"

"Is it true, this message you sent me by that young man? Is it my daughter, the child of Cécile, whom you have kept from me all these years?"

Isaac leaned farther forward out of the window. Every one in the crowd could see him now. There were a few who began to shout. Every one save Sabatini himself seemed conscious of his danger. Sabatini, heedless or unconscious of it, stood with one foot upon the curbstone, his face upturned to the man with whom he was talking.

"Ay, it is true!" Isaac shouted. "She is your daughter, child of the wife whom you hid away, ashamed of her because she came from the people and you were an aristocrat. She is your child, but you will never see her!"

Then those who watched had their fill of tragedy. They saw the puff of smoke, heard the sharp, discordant report, the murderous face of the man who leaned downward. They saw Sabatini throw up his hands and fall. Isaac, with the pistol to his own forehead, overbalanced himself in the act of pulling the trigger and came crashing down on to the pavement. The crowd broke loose, but Arnold was the first to raise Sabatini. A shadow of the old smile parted his whitening lips. He opened his eyes.

"It's a rotten death, boy," he whispered hoarsely—"a cur's bullet, that! Look after her for me. I'd rather—I'd rather hear the drums beating!"

Arnold gripped him by the shoulders.

"Hold on to yourself, man!" he gasped. "There's a doctor coming—he's here already. Hold on to yourself for all our sakes! We want you—Ruth will want you!"

Sabatini smiled very faintly. He was barely conscious.

"I'd rather have heard the drums," he muttered again.

XXXV

IT WAS twenty minutes past nine on a Saturday morning when the wonderful thing happened. Precisely at his accustomed hour, in his accustomed suit of gray clothes and with his silk hat a little on the back of his head, Mr. Weatherley walked into his office, pausing as usual to knock the ash from his cigar before he entered the clerks' counting house. Twelve young men gazed at him in frank and undiluted amazement. As though absolutely unconscious of anything unusual, Mr. Weatherley grunted his "Good morning" and passed on into the private room. Arnold and Mr. Jarvis were busy sorting the letters that had arrived by the morning's post. Mr. Weatherley regarded them with an expression of mingled annoyance and surprise.

"What the devil are you doing, opening the letters before I get here?" he exclaimed. "I'm punctual, aren't I? Twenty-two minutes past nine to the tick. Get out of my chair, Jarvis!"

Mr. Jarvis rose with a promptitude that was truly amazing, considering that a second ago he had been sitting there as though turned to stone. Mr. Weatherley was disposed to be irritable.

"What on earth are you both staring at?" he asked. "Nothing wrong with my appearance, is there? You get out into the warehouse, Jarvis, and wait until you're sent for. Chetwode, go and sit down at your desk. I'll be ready to dictate replies to these as soon as I've glanced them through."

Mr. Jarvis made a slow retreat toward the door. Every now and then he turned and looked back over his shoulder.

"You will allow me to say, sir," he faltered, "that I—that we all are glad to see you back."

"See me back?" Mr. Weatherley repeated, frowning heavily. "What the devil do you mean, sir? Why, I was here till nearly six last evening, straightening out the muddle you'd got Coswell's account into."

Mr. Jarvis withdrew precipitately, closing the door behind him. Mr. Weatherley glanced across the room to where Arnold was standing.

"I'm hanged if I can understand Jarvis lately," he said. "The fellow seems off his head. See me back, indeed! Talks as though I'd been away for a holiday."

Arnold opened his lips and closed them again without speech. He seated himself on a swing chair, with his face half turned toward his employer. Mr. Weatherley took up the letters and began to read them, at first in silence. Presently he began to swear.

"Anything wrong, sir?" Arnold asked.

"Has every one taken leave of their senses?" Mr. Weatherley demanded in a startled tone. "These can't be this morning's letters. They're all about affairs I know nothing of. They're dated—yes, they're all dated July first. I was here yesterday—I remember signing the checks—May fourth it was. What the ——"

He stopped short. The office boy had performed his duty. Opposite to him stood the great calendar recording the date—July 2 stared him in the face. Mr. Weatherley put his hand to his forehead.

"Come here, Chetwode, quickly," he begged.

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Arnold hurried over toward his employer. Mr. Weatherley had lost flesh and there were bags under his eyes. His appearance now was the appearance of a man who has received some terrifying shock. His hands clasped the sides of his chair.

"I'm all right, aren't I, Chetwode?" he gasped. "I haven't been ill or anything? This isn't a nightmare? The office seems all changed. You've moved the safe. The letters—I can't understand the letters! Give me the daybook quick."

Arnold passed it to him silently. Mr. Weatherley turned over the pages rapidly. At May fourth he stopped.

"Yes, yes! I remember this!" he exclaimed. "Twenty barrels of apples, Spiers & Pond. Fifty hams to Coswell's. I remember this. But what ——"

His finger went down the page. He turned over rapidly page after page. The entries went on. They stopped at June thirtieth. He shrank back in his chair.

"Have I been ill, Chetwode?" he muttered.

Arnold put his arm upon his employer's shoulder.

"Not exactly ill, sir," he said, "but you haven't been here for some time. You went home on May fourth; we've none of us seen you since."

There was a silence. Very slowly Mr. Weatherley began to shake his head. He seemed suddenly aged.

"Sit down, Chetwode—sit down quickly," he ordered in a curious dry whisper. "You see it was like this," he went on, leaning over the table: "I heard a noise in the room and down I came. He was hiding there behind a curtain, but I saw him. Before I could shout out to the servants he had me covered with his revolver. I suppose I'm not much to look at in a black tie and dress coat—wrong thing altogether, I know—but Fenella was out, so it didn't really matter. Anyway he took me for the butler. 'It isn't you I want,' he said, 'it's your mistress and the others.' I stared at him and backed toward the door. 'If you move from where you are,' he went on, dropping his voice a little, 'I shall shoot you! Go and stand over in that corner behind me. It's Mrs. Weatherley I want. Now listen. There's a ten-pound note in my waistcoat pocket. I'll give it to you to go and fetch her. Tell her that an old friend has called and is waiting to see her. You understand? If you go and don't bring her back—if you give the alarm—you'll wake up one night and find me by your bedside and you'll be sorry.' You see I remember every word he said, Chetwode—every word."

"Go on, please!" Arnold exclaimed breathlessly.

Mr. Weatherley nodded slowly.

"Yes," he said, "I shall tell you all about it. I remember every word that was spoken; I can see the man at this moment. I didn't move from where I was, but I was a little annoyed at being taken for Groves and I told him so. 'If you're a burglar,' I said, 'you've found your way into trouble. I'm the master of the house and Mrs. Weatherley is my wife. Perhaps you'll tell me now what you want with her?' He looked at me and I suppose he decided that I was telling the truth. 'Your wife,' he said slowly, 'is looking for trouble. I'm not sure that it hasn't come. You know she was a friend of Rosario—Rosario the Jew?' 'I know that they were acquainted,' I said. He laughed then and I began to hate the fellow, Chetwode. 'It was your wife,' he said, 'for whom Rosario wanted that title. She could have stopped him ——' Then he broke off, Chetwode. 'But I don't suppose you understand these things,' he said. 'You'd better just understand this though. I am here to have a little explanation with Mrs. Weatherley. I have a message for her and she's got to hear it from my own lips. When I've finished with her I want her brother, and when I've finished with him I want the young man who was here the other night. It's no good saying he's not here now because I saw him start.'"

Mr. Weatherley paused and felt his forehead.

"All the time, Chetwode," he went on, "I was watching the fellow, and it began to dawn upon me that he was there to do her some mischief. I didn't understand what it was all about, but I could see it in his face. He was an ill-looking ruffian. I remembered then that more than once Fenella had been frightened by some one hanging about the house. Well, there he was opposite to me, Chetwode, and by degrees I'd been moving a little nearer to him. He was after mischief—I was sure of it. What should you have done, Chetwode?"

"I am not quite sure; what did you do?"

"We're coming to that," Mr. Weatherley declared, leaning a little forward—"we're coming to that. Now in that open case close to where I was my wife had some South American curios. There was a funny wooden club there—something like a life-preserver. The end was quite as heavy as any lead. I caught hold of it and rushed in upon him. You see, Chetwode, I was quite sure that he meant mischief. If Fenella had come in he might have hurt her."

"Exactly," Arnold agreed. "Go on, sir."

"Well, I gripped the club in my right hand," Mr. Weatherley explained, seizing a ruler from the table, "like this, and I ran in upon him. I took him rather by surprise—he hadn't expected anything of the sort. He had one shot at me and missed. I felt the bullet go scorching past my cheek—like this."

Mr. Weatherley struck the side of his face sharply with the flat of his hand.

"He had another go at me, but it was too late—I was there upon him. He held out his arm but I was too quick. I didn't seem to hit very hard the first time, but the club was heavy. His foot slipped on the marble hearthstone and he went. He fell with a thud. Have you ever killed a man, Chetwode?"

"Never, sir," Arnold answered, his voice shaking a little.

"Well, I never had before," Mr. Weatherley went on. "It really seems quite amazing that that one blow right on the head should have done it. He lay there quite still afterward and it made me sick to look at him. All the time, though, I kept on telling myself that if I had not been there he would have hurt Fenella. That kept me quite cool. Afterward I put the club carefully back in the case, pushed him a little under the sofa and then I stopped to think for a moment. I was quite clever, Chetwode. The window was open through which the man had come, so I locked the door on the inside, stepped out of the window, came in at the front door with my latchkey, crept upstairs, undressed quickly and got into bed. The funny part of it all was, Chetwode," he concluded, "that nobody ever really found the body."

"You don't suppose that you could have dreamed it all, do you?" Arnold asked.

Mr. Weatherley laughed contemptuously.

"What an absurd idea!" he exclaimed. "What a perfectly absurd idea! Besides, although it did disappear, they came up and told me that there was a man lying in the boudoir. You understand now how it all happened," he went on. "It seemed to me quite natural at the time. Still when the morning came I realized that I had killed a man. It's a horrid thing to kill a man, Chetwode!"

"Of course it is, sir," Arnold said sympathetically. "Still I don't see what else you could have done."

Mr. Weatherley beamed.

"I am glad to hear you say that, Chetwode," he declared, "very glad. Still I didn't want to go to prison, you know, so a few days afterward I went away. I meant to hide for quite a long time. I—I don't know what I'm doing back here."

He looked round the office like a trapped animal.

"I didn't mean to come back yet, Chetwode!" he exclaimed. "Don't leave me! Do you hear? Don't leave me!"

"Only for one second, sir," Arnold replied, taking an invoice from the desk. "They are wanting this in the warehouse."

Arnold stepped rapidly across to Mr. Jarvis' desk.

"Telephone home for his wife to come and bring a doctor," he ordered. "Quick!"

"He's out of his mind!" Jarvis gasped.

"Stark mad," Arnold agreed.

When he reëntered the office Mr. Weatherley was sitting muttering to himself. Arnold came over and sat opposite to him.

"Mrs. Weatherley is calling round presently, sir," he announced. "You'll be glad to see her again."

Mr. Weatherley went deadly pale.

"Does she know?" he moaned.

"She knows that some one was hurt," Arnold said. "As a matter of fact," he continued, "I don't think the man could have been dead. We were all out of the room for about five minutes and when we came back he was gone. I think that he must have got up and walked away."

"You don't think that I murdered him then?" Mr. Weatherley inquired anxiously.

"Not you," Arnold assured him. "You stopped his hurting Mrs. Weatherley though."

Mr. Weatherley sighed.

"I should like to have killed him," he admitted simply. "Fenella and Sabatini, too, her brother—they both laugh at me. They're a little inclined to be romantic and they think I'm a queer sort of a stick. I could never make out why she married me," he went on confidentially. "Of course, they were both stone broke at the time and I put up a decent bit of money; but it isn't money, after all, that buys a woman like Fenella."

"I'm sure she will be very pleased to see you again, sir," Arnold said.

"Do you think she will, Chetwode? Do you think she will?" Mr. Weatherley demanded anxiously. "Has she missed me while I have been—where the devil have I been, Chetwode? You must tell me—tell me quick! She'll be here directly and she'll want to know. I can't remember. It was a long street and there was a public house at the corner, and I had a job somewhere, hadn't I, stacking cheeses? Look here, Chetwode, you must tell me all about it. You're my private secretary. You ought to know everything of that sort."

"I'll make it all right with Mrs. Weatherley," Arnold promised. "We can't go into all these matters now."

"Of course not—of course not," Mr. Weatherley agreed. "You're quite right, Chetwode. A time for everything, eh? How's the little lady you brought down to Bourne End?"

"She's very well, thank you, sir," Arnold replied.

"Now it's a queer thing," Mr. Weatherley continued, "but only yesterday—or was it the day before?—I was trying to think whom she reminded me of. It couldn't have been my brother-in-law, could it, Chetwode? Did you ever fancy that she was like Sabatini?"

"I had noticed it, sir," Arnold admitted with a little start. "There is a likeness."

"I'm glad you agree with me," Mr. Weatherley declared approvingly. "Splendid fellow, Sabatini," he continued; "full of race to his fingertips. Brave as a lion, too, but unscrupulous. He'd wring a man's neck who refused to do what he told him. Yet do you know, Chetwode, he wouldn't take money from me? He was desperately hard up one day, I know, and I offered him a check, but he only shook his head. 'You can look after Fenella,' he said; 'that's all you've got to do. One in the family is enough.' The night after he played baccarat with Rosario and he won two thousand pounds. Clever fellow, Sabatini. I wish I wasn't so frightened of him. You know the sort of feeling he gives me, Chetwode?" Mr. Weatherley continued. "He always makes me feel that I'm wearing the wrong clothes or doing the wrong thing. I'm never really at my ease when he's about. But I like him—I like him very much indeed."

Arnold had turned a little away. He was beginning to feel the strain of the situation.

"I wish Fenella would come," Mr. Weatherley wandered on. "I don't seem to be able to get on with my work this morning since you told me she was coming down. Queer thing—although I was with her last evening, you know, Chetwode, I feel somehow as though I'd been away from her for weeks and weeks. I can't remember exactly how long—there's such a buzzing in my head when I try. What do you do when you have a buzzing in your head, Chetwode?"

"I generally try and rest in an easy-chair," Arnold replied.

"I'll try that too," Mr. Weatherley decided, rising to his feet. "It's a—most extraordinary thing, Chetwode, but my knees are shaking. Hold me up—catch hold of me quick!"

Arnold half carried him to the easy-chair. The horn of the automobile sounded outside.

"Mrs. Weatherley is here, sir," Arnold whispered.

Mr. Weatherley opened his eyes.

"Good!" he murmured. "Let me sit up."

There was a moment's pause. Arnold moved to the door and held it open. They heard the swish of her skirts as she came through the outer office and the heavier footsteps of the doctor who followed. Mr. Weatherley tried vainly to rise to his feet. He held out his arms. Fenella hastened toward him.

"Fenella, I couldn't help it," her husband gasped. "I had to kill him—he told me he was waiting there for you. My hands are quite clean now. Chetwode told me that he got up and walked away, but that's all nonsense. I struck him right on the skull."

She fell on her knees by his side.

"You dear brave man," she murmured, "I believe you saved my life."

He smiled. His face was suddenly childlike. He was filled with an infinite content.

"I think," he said, "that I should like—to go home now—if this other gentleman and Chetwode will kindly help me out. You see I haven't been here since May fourth and today is July second. I think I must have overslept myself. And that idiot Jarvis was opening the letters when I arrived! Yes, I'm quite ready."

They helped him out to the car. He stepped in and took his usual place without speaking again. The car drove off, Fenella holding his hand, the doctor sitting opposite.

XXXVI

THERE was nothing about their attitude or appearance that indicated the change. Their chairs were so close together that they almost touched. Her white, ringless hand lay in his. Through the wide-open window of their tiny sitting room they looked down upon the river as they had sat and watched it so many evenings before. Yet the change was unmistakable. Arnold no longer guessed at it: he felt it. The old days of their pleasant comradeship had gone. There were reserves in everything she said. Sometimes she shrank from him almost as though he were a stranger. The eyes that grew bright and still danced with pleasure at his coming, a moment later were almost filled with apprehension as she watched him.

"Tell me again," he begged, "what the doctor really said. It sounds too good to be true."

"So I thought," she agreed; "but I haven't exaggerated a thing. He assured me that there was no risk, no pain, and that the cure was certain. I am to go to the hospital in three weeks' time."

"You don't mind it?"

"Why should I?" she answered. "The last time," she continued, "it was in France. I remember the white stone corridors, the white room and the surgeons all dressed in white. Do you know, they say that I shall be out again in a fortnight." He nodded.

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"I can see you already," he declared, "with a gold-headed stick and a fascinating limp."

She smiled very faintly, but said nothing. Somehow it was hard to make conversation. Ruth was unusually pale even for her. The eyes that followed that line of yellow lights were full of trouble.

"Tell me," he begged presently, "you have something on your mind, I am sure. There is nothing you are keeping from me?"

"Have I not enough, Arnold," she asked, "to make me anxious?"

"Naturally," he admitted, "and yet, after all, you have only seen your father once in your life."

"But I am sure that I could have loved him so much," she murmured. "He seems to have come and gone in a dream."

"This morning's report was more hopeful," he reminded her. "There is every chance that he may live."

"All the time," she answered fervently, "I am praying that he may. If he treated my mother badly I am sure that he has suffered. I can't quite forget either," she went on, "although that seems selfish, that when I come out of the hospital, even if all goes well, I may still be homeless."

He leaned over her.

"Ruth," he exclaimed, "what do you mean?"

"You know," she answered simply. "You must know."

His heart began to beat more quickly. He turned his head, but she was looking away. He could see only the curve of her long eyelashes. It seemed to him strange then that he had never before noticed the likeness to Sabatini. Her mouth, her forehead, the carriage of her head, were all his. He leaned toward her. There was something stirring in his heart then, something throbbing there that seemed to bring with it a cloud of new and bewildering emotions. The whole world was slipping away. Something strange had come into the room.

"Ruth," he whispered, "will you look at me for a moment?"



"Our Ships," She Whispered—"Together, Dear!"

She kept her head turned away. "Don't!" she pleaded. "Don't talk to me just now. I can't bear it, Arnold."

"But I have something to say to you," he persisted. "I have something new, something I must say, something that has just come to me. You must listen, Ruth."

She held out her hand feverishly.

"Please, Arnold," she begged, "I don't want to hear—anything. I know how kind you are and how generous. Just now—I think it is the heat. I can't bear anything."

Her fingers clutched his and yet kept him away. Every moment he was more confident of this thing that had come to him. A strange longing was filling his heart. The old days when he had kissed her carelessly upon the forehead seemed far enough away. Then in that brief period of silence, that seemed to him too wonderful to break, there came a little tap at the door. They both turned.

"Come in," Arnold invited.

There was a moment's hesitation, then the door was opened. Fenella entered. Arnold sprang to his feet.

"Mrs. Weatherley!" he exclaimed.

She smiled at him with all her old insolent grace.

"Since when?" she demanded. "Fenella, if you please."

She was more simply dressed than usual, in a thin black gown and black picture hat, and there were shadows under her eyes. No one could look at her and fail to know that she was suffering. She came across to Ruth.

"My brother is the dearest thing in life to me," she said. "He is all that I have left to me belonging to my own world. All these days I have spent at his bedside, except when they have sent me away. This evening I have come to see you. You are his child, Ruth."

Ruth turned her head slowly.

"Yes," she murmured half fearfully.

"When Arnold brought you to Bourne End," Fenella continued, "for one moment I looked at you and I wondered. You seemed even then to remind me of some one who had existed in the past. I know now who it was. You have something of Andrea's air, but you are very like your mother, Ruth."

"You knew her?" Ruth excitedly asked Fenella.

"Very slightly," Fenella replied. "She was a very clever actress and I saw her sometimes upon the stage. Sometimes I think that Andrea did not treat her well, but that was the way of his world. Assuredly he never treated her badly, or you and I should not be here together now."

"I am afraid that you are sorry," Ruth said timidly.

Fenella laid her hand caressingly upon the girl's shoulder.

"You need fear nothing of the sort," Fenella replied. "Why should I be sorry? You are something that will remind me of him, something I shall always be glad to have near me. You can guess why I have come?"

Ruth made no answer for a moment. Fenella laughed a little imperiously.

"You poor child!" she exclaimed. "You cannot think that since I know the truth I could leave you here for a single second? We can fetch your clothes any time. Tonight you are coming home with me."

Ruth gazed at her with straining face.

"Home?" she murmured.

"But naturally," Fenella replied. "You are my brother's child and I am a lonely woman. Do you think that I could leave you here for a single second? Arnold has some claims, I know," she continued. "He can come and see you sometimes. Do not be afraid," she went on, her voice suddenly softening. "I shall try to be kind to you. I have been a very selfish person all my life. I think it will be good for me to have some one to care for. Arnold, please go and ring for the lift. Now that I have two invalids to think about I must not be away for long."

He looked at Ruth for a moment. Then he obeyed Fenella. When he returned Ruth was standing up, leaning upon Fenella's arm. She held out her other hand to Arnold.

"You will help me down, please?" she begged.

It was a day of new emotions for Arnold. He was conscious suddenly of a fierce wave of jealousy, of despair. She was going, and notwithstanding the half-pathetic, half-appealing smile with which she held out her hands she was happy to go! Fenella saw his expression and laughed.

"Arnold looks at me as though I were a thief," she declared lightly, "and I have only come to claim my own. If you behave very nicely, Arnold, you can come and see us just as often as you please."

It was all over in a few minutes. The automobile that had been standing in the street below was gone. Arnold was alone upon the sofa. The book that she had been reading, her handkerchief, a bowl of flowers she had arranged, an odd glove, were lying on the table by his side. But Ruth had gone. The little room seemed cold and empty. He gripped the windowsill and, sitting where they had sat together only a few minutes ago, he looked down at the curving lights. The old dreams surged up into his brain. The treasure ship had come indeed, the treasure ship for Ruth. Almost immediately the egotism of the man rebuked itself. If indeed she were passing into a new and happier life, should he not first of every one be thankful—first of every one because within that hour he had learned the wonderful secret which he had been dimly struggling to fathom?

XXXVII

THE accountant was preparing to take his leave. There had been an informal little meeting held in the dingy private office of Samuel Weatherley & Company, at which he had presided.

"I really feel," he said as he drew on his gloves thoughtfully, "that I must repeat my congratulations to you, Mr. Jarvis, and to your young coadjutor here, Mr. Chetwode. The results that I have had the pleasure of laying before you are, without doubt, quite excellent. In fact, as far as I can remember, the firm has scarcely ever had a more prosperous half-year."

"Very kind of you, I am sure," Mr. Jarvis declared, "and most satisfactory to us. We've worked hard, of course, but that doesn't amount to much after all. When you've been in a business for something like thirty-five years, as I have in this one, the interest you take in it is such that you can't help working. This I must say, though," he went on, placing his hand on Arnold's shoulder, "Mr. Chetwode is almost a newcomer here, and yet his energy has sometimes astounded me. Most remarkable and most creditable! For the last two months, Mr. Neville, he has scarcely slept in London for a single night. He has been to Bristol and Cardiff and Liverpool—all over

(Continued on Page 68)

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THE CORNER GROCERY

By WALTER E. WEYL

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

MY FRIEND, the Socialist, is convinced that the corner grocer is doomed. "I do not say I think it," he told me. "I know it! The little grocer is an economic has-been."

I have respect for my Socialist friend. He knows all that is to be known about surplus value and economic determinism. He is a man who unites intellectuality with throbbing sympathy, a man who can really feel with a whole group or a whole generation. I always listen to whatever my Socialist friend has to say.

"I am sorry for the grocer," he mused, "and for all these little devils in the retail trade. They're economic victims, like you and me. They cling to their dying little businesses like a cripple to a crutch. That's what they are—cripples, industrial cripples. They have just enough capital to bind them to their chains." He waved his arm with a large, all-including gesture which focused upon us the eyes of the passers-by. "The corner grocer, I tell you, is done for. He does not fit into our economic structure. He does not harmonize with our inevitable economic development. His business is too chaotic. He works too hard, earns too little, costs too much. He can't survive. Already Big Business—Capitalism with a capital C—is invading his territory. The big grocery eats up the little grocery. The little grocer dwindles. Soon he will be as rare as a cow on Broadway. Soon ——"

"There used to be three grocers in this block," I interposed reminiscently. "Today there are four."

For a moment the Socialist was silent. It was a thunderous, protesting silence.

"Oh, a single instance," he began.

"And here is the fourth," I interrupted as we stopped at the corner. "A brand-new shop, a brand-new grocer—and a poet as well."

Trials of the Middleman

OVER the door of a new and brilliantly painted grocery store hung a wreath-crowned sign bearing this metrical device:

Plenty of turkeys, plenty of geese,
Plenty of chickens, too;
At prices to fit every poor man's purse—
What more can a grocer do?

My Socialist friend has one failing. He does not love poetry.

"A single instance," he repeated, "proves nothing. You will find, if you take the trouble to look it up, that the little grocer is disappearing. The inevitable economic development, which ——"

. . . . . .

I did take the trouble to look it up. I wondered how three grocers could dwindle to four. I wondered what the grocer himself thought of this "inevitable economic development" which was obliterating him. I wondered how it felt to dwindle.

So, on a certain sunny day, I took my stand at the street corner and watched a little crowd of purchasers force a path through an alleyway of barrels and boxes into the store of the grocer-poet. Surely, I thought, poetry pays when it is to the point. As I entered the shop I glanced at the grocer. He bore no physical symptoms of dwindling; there was about him rather a latent expansiveness, as though he would have become stout had he had the time. He was a man of fifty or fifty-five, with deep brown eyes. He was smooth-shaven in deference to his business. His accent would have told me he was a German, even had not the name Carl Hengelmüller stood above the door.

At a desk in the near corner of the shop sat a young blond woman, the presiding genius of the place. She was evidently of recent importation, like the Westphalian ham, the German prunes, and the crisp honeycake with *Gruss aus Nürnberg* traced in white sugar upon the brown surface. I might have taken the blue-eyed young woman for the grocer's daughter but for her broad, ostentatious wedding ring. "*Meine zweite Frau*," vouchsafed Hengelmüller, with an unconcealable pride. The grocery business could not be hopeless if grocers could afford second wives!

As I lingered, after laying in a stock of inharmonious edibles, I amused myself by watching the intense activity of the little store. Frau Hengelmüller, who had acquired a vivacious grocery English, had her eyes everywhere.

"Try our plums, Mrs. Wentworth!" she cried out to a customer who was about to leave the store empty-handed. "We have a special price on them today and they are fine with turkey—and much cheaper, now that cranberries are so high. Carl, tell that lady to come here. I'll give her a good recipe for those greens. Heinrich," she shouted to the tired little clerk who was tying up a parcel with dignity and deliberation, "*schnell!* The lady hasn't got all day to wait. *Schnell!*"



She Argues Obstinately That Dash Ought to Put Up His Delectable in Half-Pound Packages

When the rush was over and the business of the little grocery entered again into quiet waters I engaged Hengelmüller in conversation. In exchange for some confidences of mine he gave me his life history. He had come to America as a boy of seventeen, had worked five years as a grocery clerk, had started business with five hundred dollars saved, had married and raised three sons and three daughters, had prospered moderately and continuously, and could have retired by now had not his wife—*meine Erste*—lingered six years with an incurable and expensive disease. "Doctors cost money," explained the grocer. "You must sell many pounds of sugar to pay for one little operation—easy, like this." With an abrupt movement of the cheese-knife he showed me how easy the costly surgeon's operation really was.

I soon realized that this corner grocer was a philosopher as well as a poet. For thirty years prior to moving into our neighborhood he had been in one shop. From that vantage-ground he had watched the public. Watching the public makes you a philosopher, whether you live in a tub like Diogenes or are sandwiched between a saloon and a barber's shop as was the poet-grocer; and philosophy, which is at first a rare intellectual dissipation, ultimately becomes a habit.

"The public says," I ventured, "that the grocers and the other middlemen are the cause of the high prices. Now what do you think of that?"

The grocer did not take the trouble even to shrug his shoulders. "What does it make a difference," he asked, "what I think? The public is always right. The customer can do no wrong."

"Is that what you think?"

"It ain't what I think," he answered. "It's what I act on."

For a few minutes Mr. Hengelmüller ruminated audibly.

"It is a crazy world," he said. "Some of the public is in prison and some in the asylum. The public is no better than you or me, and much more unreasonable; but let it grumble—let it growl—you've always got to give the public right.

"Here's the philosophy of it," he went on: "When a fellow comes in to sell me stove polish he says 'sir' to me and laughs at my jokes. When the same fellow comes in to buy Dash's Delectable Coffee I say 'sir' to him and laugh at his jokes—because then he is the public. And there you have the whole secret of trade.

"There's a woman now," continued Mr. Hengelmüller as a stout, red-faced person huffed out of the shop after giving the grocer a redundant piece of her mind—"that woman is a reg'lar type of the public. She won't take no coffee except Dash's Delectable and she wants it at twenty-five cents when I pay twenty-eight for it. She tells me I grind the faces of the poor; but I make only twenty dollars a week. She says I'm responsible for the high cost of living."

Troublesome Tomatoes

I TALKED with Mr. Hengelmüller on many subjects, but we always came back to the cost of living. I dilated on the wide difference between wholesale and retail prices, and asked what became of that difference.

"You can search me," responded Mr. Hengelmüller impatiently. "I ain't getting rich and I work hard for what I get."

If you sit in the back corner of a grocery for a few days and watch the business from the time it begins, at six o'clock in the morning, until the shop closes, at nine or ten, you begin to believe that Mr. Hengelmüller is right—that the grocer works hard for what he gets. Whether or not he is responsible for the high cost of living, his gains do not come to him sleeping. The grocer bears no physical resemblance to the stout, comfortable, leering monsters, cigar in mouth and rakish high hat on head, whom we see pictured in the newspapers as the representatives of the trust.

The typical grocer is rather a pinched and active type. He does not seem quite at peace with the world. He appears to think too much of business. When, at six in the morning, he comes downstairs to the store he looks as though he had stayed awake all night wondering how he could dispose of those canned tomatoes. When he comes back from market, at eight o'clock, he still seems to be thinking of those canned tomatoes. During the morning a thin stream of customers flows into the store and the grocer says "Yes, sir," and "No, ma'am," and "Thank you," while all the time he is weighing and measuring and wrapping up and making change—and thinking of how he can dispose of those tomatoes!

He takes his dinner at noon and for an hour or two he is absent from the shop, though always he has it in mind. While he is away it is his wife and the little boy who meet the thinner stream of customers. It is they who say "Yes, sir," and "No, ma'am," and "Thank you," and weigh and measure and wrap up and make change. At three o'clock the grocer, the lord of all the store, comes down again, bearing a sign: Canned Tomatoes, First Quality. Twelve Cents! He shows the sign to his wife. "We've got to

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clear those shelves!" The stream of customers increases, and faster and faster the grocer says "Yes, sir," and "No, ma'am," and "Thank you," and weighs and measures and wraps up and makes change.

About six o'clock the stream has become a flood; and the grocer, working very fast but very quietly, says, "In a moment, sir," "In a moment, ma'am," and "Yes, sir," and "No, ma'am," and "Thank you." The store, which was crowded a moment ago, suddenly becomes empty except for one customer who wants half a pound of Dash's Delectable, though she knows it comes in pound packages only. She is a quiet, pale woman, who argues obstinately that Dash ought to put up his Delectable in half-pound packages and it's the grocer's business to see that he does. After she leaves, the store takes on a dead-and-alive appearance; but every few minutes the clangorous door-bell rings and customers come in for a box of matches, a cake of soap, a can of tomatoes, a pound of sugar, or for information as to the present whereabouts of "a fellow named August Schmidt, who lived round here three or four years ago."

At nine the store closes, unless there is a customer—but there is always a customer; and the later she is, the more leisurely. It takes some time to choose between Dash's Delectable and Blank's Double X, and the grocer has time—or is supposed to have it. He does not hurry the customer; and as she leaves he closes the door as though regretting the untimely end of the deliberations—as though regretting that the workday is only a scant fifteen hours.

If you look at the grocer as he closes his shop at night you are surprised that he does not seem tired. He does not look very different from the way he looked at six in the morning. Then, as now, he did not seem refreshed or buoyant. He only looked untired. And he looks untired now.

If he is making a fortune he is not spending it in visible ways. His rooms upstairs are in no way superior to those that a skilled mechanic inhabits. The food he eats is not better. And his wife, like your wife and mine, complains of the high cost of living. Even a grocer does not get groceries for nothing.

Risks and Returns to the Retail Grocer

PERHAPS he is saving his wealth. Perhaps he is hiding it and is living a deceitfully spare life, only to emerge in old age with a huge fortune. That would account for high retail prices. When, however, you examine the grocer's books you see even this illusion fade. More money is spent in the average grocery store than ever before and there are more grocery stores in which to spend it; but not all of it—or much of it—sticks to the grocer's hands. Wholesale prices have risen, but the rate of profit has not. The retail grocer is like the engraver of banknotes—he makes no more working on a thousand-dollar bill than he does on a one-dollar bill.

Of course conditions differ. They differ with the city or town or village. In the village the store in which you buy groceries can hardly be called less than a general store, for feed and clothing and furniture and books, and even drugs, form part of its stock. Conditions depend also upon the neighborhood—upon the store itself. There are great department stores and mail-order houses doing a vast, ramified grocery business; and there are chains of stores, with hundreds of establishments under one management. Some of these stores doubtless earn their tens of thousands and others their hundreds of thousands. At the other end of the line is the microscopic cellar grocery, perhaps run by an immigrant's wife and stocked with the most apologetic supply of fruits and vegetables. It is merely a subsidiary business, which cannot stand on its own feet and earn a decent living for a whole family.

Avoiding these extremes—the grocery emporium and the little cellar counter—let us try to strike an average. But this, too, is difficult. Who is the average grocer? We don't know; and the grocers know—or seem to know—least of all. A grocer does not tell his business. He dispenses groceries—not information. Though we cannot strike an average, here is a single instance that seems to represent fairly well a large proportion of the grocers we know.

This grocer started with a capital of a thousand dollars. By means of credit he secured a stock in trade worth twelve hundred and fifty dollars, not counting store furnishings. He turned over his stock once a month, doing a business of fifteen thousand dollars. His operating costs were almost twenty-one per cent, thirty-one hundred dollars in all. Those costs included a drawing account of seven hundred and fifty dollars, on which the grocer lived. At the end of the year he had saved six hundred dollars—or four per cent on his business.

This is doing very well—doing far better, I believe, than most grocers do. It is not an exorbitant profit. Altogether the grocer made thirteen hundred and fifty dollars, of which fifty dollars might be considered as interest and thirteen hundred dollars as salary. That means about twenty-five dollars a week for fifty-two weeks for a man who worked hard and was above the average of the men in his trade.

In counting this man's returns we have not taken risk into consideration; but the risk is serious—very serious. Have you ever noticed how the grocers' signs change? The name Hallahan above the door is replaced by Parker—Parker by Bauer—Bauer by Goldfarb—Goldfarb by Masiello. Not all of these represent failures. Sometimes the grocer retires or dies—or follows his old customers to a new neighborhood. Often, however, he has not been able to make both ends meet. He has overstocked or bought injudiciously. His neighbors may not have liked him. He may not have been obliging enough. He may have been too obliging and extended credit to whom credit was not due. He may have failed to make his store attractive. He may have had a dishonest or careless clerk. He may have been beaten out by a man who counted only fourteen ounces to the pound and seven quarts to the peck. Or he may have been outmaneuvered by a competitor with more brains, more initiative or a more engaging personality. In any case, failures are frequent and many ex-grocers are now timekeepers on railroads or night watchmen in factories. When a man puts his little capital into a grocery he may never get it out again. There should be money in groceries—for much money has been sunk in them.

The risk is especially great—here as elsewhere—for the old-fashioned little merchant who cannot change. New ways of selling goods are introduced and the grocer who sticks to the old methods of doing business does no business. There is growing specialization. Delicatessen stores, answering the needs of those who cook badly or not at all, spring up everywhere; and the old-time grocery must adapt itself to this new competition. Everywhere the customer seeks to save time at the expense of pennies, and ready-to-eat foods of all kinds pour into the groceries on their way to the dining rooms of a continent. Standardization invades the grocery. The old cracker barrel, from which the village philosophers gained aliment and inspiration, makes way for cleaner and more expensive crackers, easier to sell, but upon which there is a smaller profit for the grocer.



"'The World Can Never Get Along Without a Grocery Round the Corner'"

The Philosophy of the Cracker Barrel

GIANT manufacturing concerns, advertising the standardized articles over the head of the grocer, create a demand which must be met by the specific article at the advertised price, however small the profit and even though there be a loss. Grocers, whose operating expenses range from fifteen to thirty per cent, are obliged to sell many articles at an advance of only ten per cent; but to refuse is to invite worse evil, for the customer who cannot get what he wants will not take anything. And the customer, as Hengelmüller asseverates, is "always right."

To all these changing conditions the grocer must adapt himself. He must make his store as clean as are the delicatessen stores; he must accept occasional losses for the sake of a larger gain. He cannot be too insistent on justice. The public has no time to heed his grievances. If he cannot make a living at his business let him get out and make place for some one else. He must adjust himself.

Curiously enough, he does adjust himself. As the great world outside the grocery changes, the grocery changes with it. A more aggressive, intelligent and honest grocer enters the business. The new grocer reads his trade journal and keeps abreast of the times. He learns to avoid traditional errors and he gains confidence as he sees that new developments, which were to have crushed him, pass innocently over his head.

"When the department store began to sell provisions," said Hengelmüller, "some of us grocers said: 'It's all up with us at last!' They said: 'Big fish gobble up minnows.' But I said: 'The world can never get along without a grocery round the corner.'"

Hengelmüller proved himself a prophet. The department store bought more cheaply than did the little grocery. It spread out its operating expenses over a larger business. It gave good service. It could afford to run its grocery business at a slight profit or even at a loss, because people who came to buy cranberries stopped to buy furniture and books; but the corner grocery survived. The department store delivered your cranberries in half a dozen hours; the little grocery in half an hour. You did not have to spend

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"Soon He Will be as Rare as a Cow on Broadway"

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Sunshine of the Traffic Squad

By Robert Emmet MacAlarney

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

YOUNG Billy Hopeleigh sauntered down the clubhouse steps, kitbag in hand, smoking a dinner-size cigarette—not that it was dinnertime; he had just finished a late breakfast. But the shirred eggs and bacon, and the small pot of coffee possessed the stimulating qualities of the cocktail he had resolutely denied himself. So he had gone over to the glass-covered trays beside the office window, and had signed for a box of the absurdly long and fat paper rolls which the manufacturer ostentatiously labeled as the best brand.



Hopeleigh Looked at His Watch and Did a Bit of Rapid Calculation

Billy Hopeleigh would not have mustered up sufficient courage to buy them in the evening, with the fireplace chairs filled and the usual knot of thirsty souls clustered about the small bar-window. Billy had marveled often at this habit of flocking to the little window-bar, even when he had found himself in the clutches of the impulse evening after evening. It was the American restlessness, he decided. This explained the million of men who daily hitched about upon toe and heel, trying to make hootnail impressions upon the brass of glistening foot-railings.

There was practically no one to see him sign for the imposing packet of tobacco. He had been the last to quit the breakfast room. Then he had handed over the check for his bag at the coatroom and had stepped into Forty-fourth Street.

He could recall this, the club street of streets, as it had been—say, seven or eight years before—when he had been asked to eat dinner in this same house with a Varsity captain. Since then he had watched the vague diplomacy of college football wax and wane, and wax again. At it all he had smiled many times. In his preparatory-school days, ends that were rangy youngsters of eighteen, who needed only to be taught the more elemental points of tackling, so that they might never be drawn wide enough to overrun the man with the ball, had been objects of genuine though stealthy interest in certain elm-shaded towns.

It had been Slick Hopeleigh, of Martinsburg Academy, who had alternately stuffed and stammered before the keenly appraising stare of a next year's football general. And Billy realized that, if it had not been for that dinner, probably he would now be coming out of the loftier and more pretentious structure which bulged heavenward from the opposite sidewalk. He would probably have captained—at least would have played upon—a winning eleven. This thought made him glower; but he was not really sorry that things had turned out as they did.

Had he worn a jersey of a different college he might never have met Rheta Marriner, who had been, for a long season or two, the chief aim of his rather leisurely stockbroker's existence. He had first seen her, arrayed in a fur motor coat, in a stadium section. And she had manifested faintly expressed interest, after a needlessly elaborate introduction by Kid Stanton—how silly the undergraduate nicknames seemed!—one of the legion of university Kids, only because she had caught the words: "Captain of the Naughty-Naught Team."

Tomorrow would be the Fourth of July. And he was to spend it and the evening before it at the Marriner place; so he felt quite self-satisfied—in touch pleasantly with time and circumstance—as he strode to the taxi, tossing in his bag himself. This, to those who knew him well, would have been an omen. Usually Billy Hopeleigh allowed the hallman to transport his luggage from threshold to waiting cab. And Billy would have followed the bag had not a youth in horizontally striped waistcoat and many brass buttons pursued him down the clubhouse steps.

"There's a call by telephone, sir," he said. And over the wire had come the voice of Hungerford Ellis, the Ellis one always sees mentioned in the morning papers the day after a championship polo match.

"I've found the very pony you've been looking for," he was saying. "He's not fifteen feet from me this blessed moment, at the Empress Stables, in Twenty-sixth Street. It's now or never, Billy. They'll keep him out of the auction shed for another hour, but no longer. He's carded with a lot that have to be sold at once. Come on down."

Hopeleigh looked at his watch and did a bit of rapid calculation. He could take a later train, a local, and make the Marriners' in time for luncheon. Well, it might be worth while. Ellis knew a good pony when he saw one. He ordered the chauffeur to drive to the Empress Stables instead of the Thirty-third Street tube. The polo crack was waiting.

"The funny thing about it, Billy," remarked that enthusiastic person, "is that I'm not getting any commission. This is done purely for the love of Meadow Brook prestige. We'll need more ponies when the Englishmen come over again to have a try for the cup."

The Empress Stables are not New York's nearest approach to Tattersalls. They do not allure many gilded owners on the lookout for Horse Show blue-ribbon speculation; for it is here that one sees good horseflesh, but horseflesh in the rough. A crowd is ever loitering about the two green-painted brick barracks, through the open doors of which come out-at-the-elbow hostlers, wrists twisted into throat latches of carelessly groomed animals—most of them new to town and plunging at the sound of street-car gong and motor horn.

They give a guaranty good for a week, do the Empress proprietors; and one does his bidding from the curb, while the object of his regard balks or lumbers unskillfully over the asphalt. Rabble and a handful of knowing ones look on, and there is an infrequent offer from some quiet individual, utterly "unhorsey" in appearance. The paddock-coated party to be seen round Madison Square Garden's arena in late November never seems to materialize here. The Empress draws the middleman, the man who is willing to gamble upon crude thoroughbreds in bulk. Ellis and Hopeleigh were out of their element as they stood in the staring throng, and the throng marked it. None the less, the polo pony pleased. And the Meadow Brook roster of available mounts was increased by one—at a bit higher figure than Billy had contemplated.

"Just for your scout-work, Ellis," he said after a check had been written in the little office, "I'll charioteer you wherever you say. Then I'll catch the eleven-thirty."

His friend, however, waved aside the invitation.

"I'm going to walk back to the rooms and pack a bag myself for over the Fourth; going out to the Essex County Country until Wednesday. Where are you bound for, son?—the Marriners? Seems to me, Billy, you ought to buy a commutation ticket; it would be economical in the —— Hello! What's all the East Side doing at the fair?"

Hopeleigh saw the shabbier part of the crowd stringing off to the farther end of the barracks. The alley seemed to have become crowded of a sudden. Cherry Hill, the Ghetto and Little Italy were all represented in the jam that jostled about the doorway, through which might be seen the perch of the Empress auctioneer.

Then there was a glimpse of police blue, with the familiar insignia of the Traffic Squad. The officer was having a final word with the man of the hammer.

"That's Sergeant Hogan," said Ellis. "I got to know him well on the bridlepath while you luxurious dogs were shying your morning canters in February and March. It's another sale of worn-out police nags. Let's have a look."

"Sure it is," said the sergeant, after he had shaken hands with the polo player, as eighteen animals were paraded from stalls into waiting line while the sharp-faced little auctioneer was choosing his first offering. "We keep the good ones as long as we can; but the department vet comes along, every once in a while and, no matter how fond of a mount we are, if it shows signs of wear and tear it's got to go."

"But I thought there was a city farm," said Billy Hopeleigh.

"There's a place to train 'em all right," explained the policeman; "but they haven't spent any money yet on a horse Bellevue. The poor brutes are so used to having their flanks scraped by a leather puttee that they'll never be good for anything else. And yet they get the gate."

"Where do they go?" asked Ellis.

Hogan waved a broad thumb at the jargoning knot of East-Siders.

"They get 'em. Most of the bunch that will be making fifty-cent bid-raises are ragmen or hucksters. They'll buy the brutes for next to nothing and they calculate to get their money's worth in a hurry. I've had three mounts break legs under me trying to stop runaways, and I felt bad when I shot 'em; but I'd rather have Sunshine go that way than this. You know, in Uncle Tom's Cabin, where they sell the old nigger that has lived on a gentleman's plantation? That's the way I feel about Sunshine. He's the bay yonder."

Billy Hopeleigh followed the level of the policeman's finger and frowned.

"There's Doc Perry, the vet," continued Hogan. "He'll tell you Sunshine's good for another five years if he's treated kind. Hey, Doc! How about that Sunshine horse?"

"A little too old—that's all," said the veterinary. "He's by far the best of the lot. Some of the others are gone in front. They can't be depended on for the gallop it takes to stop a bolter on asphalt. Sunshine's different. He's just too old—almost thirty. I hated to condemn him, Hogan; but what would Mrs. Hogan have said if he had bundered on the Avenue some day and they had carried you home with a broken neck? Why don't you bid him in?"



"See, He Wants to Shake Hands on It"

"Why don't I?" growled the sergeant. "You know why. There's some of us in the department that don't graft, no matter what the newspapers say—and I happen to be one of 'em. I've enough children to feed, let alone horses. Why ain't some of the women whose lives he saved, in twenty years of keeping an eye on the Park, here to make his last days comfortable? He only wants a boxstall and a bit of exercising

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now and then. Where's the stingy millionaire that Sunshine shouldered into the bushes near the Plaza, when a yellow touring car had set his green cob crazy? The pirate would be in Greenwood now but for Sunshine. The price of a few dinners would give the old horse grass for the rest of his life. I don't suppose he's had a mouthful of real country grass since he was a colt."

The bay knew his friend when the sergeant led Hopeleigh and Ellis to the head of the line. "Always looking for sugar. The boys at the Arsenal made a pet of him," said Hogan as the warm nose touched the coat pockets of the three in turn, singling out Billy, however, for the most persistent attention. Sunshine nosed like the gentleman he was, and he stirred something in the horse-loving Hopeleigh breast deeper than the feeling aroused by the clean-cut polo pony, bought a half hour before.

"Almost thirty years old and they're selling you to a Cherry Hill junkman!" thought Billy. "I'm an idiot, but I'm going to blow you to club life in your old age, Sunshine. I'm going to see that you get grass, with clover and clean dew in it, for breakfast—and the morning papers, too, if you want them, old fellow."

"He knows a lot of tricks," he heard the sergeant telling Ellis. "He'll pick your pocket and then let your handkerchief fall on the ground, looking as innocent as a baby. And I'd trust my own kids in his stall, even if they played paper dolls under his hoofs. He's gentle as a lamb, except when he feels the spur and knows he's got to overhaul a runaway. Then he turns savage; and by the time he gets alongside he's reaching out, trying to take mouthfuls from the neck of the brute that is making all the trouble."

"Got to do it, Ellis," said Hopeleigh, slapping the animal's neck. He stepped back a pace, Sunshine following as far as the short halter would allow. "I've simply got to do it. If an ungrateful city lets its old horses go this way it is up to good citizens to interfere."

"What in thunder will you do with a condemned police horse?" asked Ellis. "Don't be a sentimental ass, Billy."

"Got to do it," repeated the man who had come to the Empress Stables to buy a polo pony and nothing else. "He's taken a fancy to me and I couldn't disappoint him. And—by Jove! I have it. I'll take him out as a Fourth-of-July present to the Marriners."

"You'll be as welcome as a man with the measles," said Ellis.

"I'll take him out and give him to Miss Marriner. He'll stand for a side-saddle, won't he, sergeant?"

"Don't believe he's ever had one on," replied Hogan. "It might be too late to teach him that now."

"You're an idiot, Billy; but I can't do the square thing by the horse if I don't remind you that side-saddles are going out of fashion. Miss Marriner never uses one," Ellis interrupted. "Don't you remember when she rode her blue-ribboner last year?"

"Chump that I am!" exclaimed Billy Hopeleigh. "Of course I do. He'll carry a woman that way all right—eh, sergeant?"

"Sunshine'll carry any one astride of him as steady as a church—except when he's told to go after a runaway. You always want to remember that. He won't chase 'em unless he's told; but afterward there's nothing short of catching up or a broken leg will hold him. Whoever's riding will have to hang on. Sunshine wouldn't wait to see what happened if you fell off. Would you, old horse?" The bay, tugging at the halter in the line of worn-out department steeds, bobbed his sleek head and whinnied, lifting a forefoot in the direction of his friend.

"See, he wants to shake hands," said Hogan. He walked over, touched the uplifted hoof and slapped the horse.

"It'll be better than the rockets and pinwheels I'm taking out for the Marriner twins," said Billy. "Have him bid in for me, sergeant, will you?"

"Are you taking fireworks to the twins?" asked Ellis, laughing outright. "That's a symptom of the last stage. That's what all of your disheartened predecessors have done—taken things to those thirteen-year-old malefactors. What a long procession of Greeks bearing gifts has traveled to Haworth! They never seemed to pave the way to ——"

Billy Hopeleigh was turning away in mock anger when Hogan interrupted to inquire:

"How high will you go, Mr. Hopeleigh? Those junkmen may boost the price a bit when they find some one out of their line wants the Sunshine horse. You won't be sorry if you get him. I'd buy him in myself if I could."

"Go as far as you like," said Billy.

And in another quarter of an hour the East Side pedler flock jabbered excitedly while they watched the prize of the condemned lot knocked down to "W. H., of the Carston Club," for twenty-two dollars and seventy-five cents—a pyramid figure that the Ghetto, Cherry Hill and Little Italy had builded, half a dollar at a time.

"Thank you, sergeant," said Sunshine's new owner, the relieved Traffic Squad officer shaking hands so vigorously that the polo forward's palm tingled. "Remember you can have a look at him whenever you have a day off and the mind to."

"He's as playful as a kitten," said Ellis as the rescued bay was led from the line. After which Hopeleigh arranged to have an express car shunted upon a Haworth siding the next morning at six o'clock, with an Empress groom in charge who could be trusted not to go upon his holiday spree until he had turned over his convoy, in good condition, to the young man who gave him a five-dollar tip in advance and did not seem to begrudge the cost of this sudden expedition.

The twins were waiting when a local deposited Billy at the Haworth station. The Marriner twins were famous folk, for folk so young—girls, who by all signs and portents should have been boys. They rode their ponies as well as Rheta Marriner her blue-ribboner—had even learned to break clay pigeons through the offices of a weakly indulgent



"I Feel Like a Picture Puzzle That Some One Has Shoved Off the Table"

head stableman—and knew the good and bad points of their catholic collection of dogs better than their undergraduate brother. And now they had motored alone in the runabout to welcome this latest victim of their bow and spear—Margaret at the wheel, with a solemn covenant that she would yield the driver's seat as soon as Billy Hopeleigh should see, beyond doubt, that she had driven all the way herself.

They were really anxious to see Billy as well as the fireworks they knew he would bring them; for, of all of the Greeks bearing gifts, as Ellis had styled them, this newest incense-burner at Rheta's shrine pleased these young incorrigibles most.

"How!" exclaimed Hopeleigh as he alighted, tossing upward the hand that was not grasping the kitbag, after the fashion of the Indian game he and the twins often indulged in these days. "How! Heap sun. Ugh!" A wonderful thing about Billy was the way he could still play at games with youngsters.

"How!" grunted the twins, small fingers flung heavenward. "Big chief welcome. Ugh!"

Leatherstocking pretense faded into shrieks of delight, however, as they watched Hopeleigh run along the track to the baggage car, where a brakeman helped lift down a box that had every appearance of concealing red fire and powder of sorts.

"We do like you, Billy," said Margaret after the treasure had been stowed in the runabout, resigning the wheel to Mabel without regret—was she not near enough to things that would blow up to finger the label?

"Yes, we are really and truly fond of you," agreed Mabel, turning for a moment before she shocked them into speechlessness by an inevitably sudden start. "You're different from the other slowpokes that come to see Rheta."

"Thank you, twins, separately and together," laughed Hopeleigh. "And now, Mabel, see if you can drive home without ditching this precious consignment of explosives."

The Marriner house was three miles from the station, just far enough from the village to have a perspective of red-colored roofs and one church steeple from the front veranda. To reach it, Mabel shot the car along the Country Club golf links, she and Margaret yelling, like the Iroquois they liked to pretend they were, whenever they saw an acquaintance; and they saw many such. Billy Hopeleigh knew that the men and women who smiled as the treble hail halted them in the act of putting, or made them slice a drive carefully begun, were saying: "There goes young Hopeleigh again. He's the twins' newest burnt offering."

And now the car swung into the driveway, a warwhoop rather than the horn announcing its arrival to the group on the porch.

"Have you brought your present?" gibed Percy Winslow from his wicker chair. "I find that it is customary to bring a present when you come to the Marriner house. The twins have established a pay-as-you-enter system. Little fiends, unhand the good youth! He's leaving the loot for you in the runabout."

"Children!" called Miss Marriner from the top step. "Billy, they're such dreadful bandits. They humiliate me so often. What have you brought them in that packing case?"

"A few pinwheels and crackers," said young Hopeleigh, grasping the hand she extended. "I promised them weeks ago; and I never forget a promise—do I, twins?"

Chorus of "No, Billy," from Margaret and Mabel, cruising off with their prize to the garage.

"Remember," cried Rheta Marriner—"not one squib tonight! We'll have our celebration tomorrow."

"Sweet-natured babies," said Percy Winslow. "What am I offered that they won't break open the treasure chest within the hour?"

"I've got something for you, too, Rheta," murmured young Hopeleigh. "It won't come until tomorrow. There's a story that goes with it. And if you don't like your present I'll take it back without telling."

"Percy Winslow is right," whispered Miss Marriner. "I begin to feel that we are bandits—all of us. You know, Billy, there are a few persons we ask for week-ends because we like them."

"What I wish to remark," said the indefatigable Winslow, "is, whether it is to be tennis, or golf, or both, or motoring—or neither."

There were a lot of people in that night for bridge. Percy Winslow, ever the introducer of something to banish boredom, produced some tennis balls that had been covered with phosphorescent paint, and the very youngest persons batted them about the turf before the east veranda until the last one was knocked into the shrubbery, where its dulled glimmer did not betray it. It was quite late when young Hopeleigh found a chance for a word alone with Miss Marriner as the women were going upstairs.

"I'm a brute to suggest it," he said, "but if you'll be on Wakerobin, where the road from the station cuts the links at the tenth hole, tomorrow morning at seven, before the rest are thinking of getting up for breakfast, I'll show you your Fourth-of-July present. It will be here by then."

"Seven o'clock," repeated Miss Marriner.

"I know it's awfully early," said Billy, "but I rather want to surprise you. And it will be a glorious morning for a canter. Besides, it will be the only chance we shall have. A holiday always takes so many people out of town. There'll be nothing but joy-riders on the roads all day tomorrow."

"Oh, I don't mind because it's early," said Miss Marriner. "I merely want to fix my mind on it, so I shan't have to be wakened. It is always such a nuisance to have to be wakened, for it means you aren't doing the

(Continued on Page 77)

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 9, 1912

The Trust Invisible

AN INDUSTRIAL trust is a very tangible sort of thing. Its shares are daily bought and sold in the stock market. It publishes reports of its assets and operations. Its directors and officers are known. With comparatively little trouble any intelligent person can find out what property it possesses or controls, the exact extent and character of its business, the price it charges for its goods, the wages it pays employees, how it treats competitors. It is well established in law, moreover, that an industrial trust is almost completely subject to control by the Federal Government.

Congress began investigating industrial trusts at least twenty-five years ago, and Congress or some other branch of the Federal Government has been on the job continuously ever since; but to this day no even approximately satisfactory scheme of dealing with industrial trusts has been worked out. The problem of regulation of those concerns stands where it did twenty years ago.

This is why the Money Trust investigation is discouraging. Instead of attacking the tangible, concrete, thoroughly surveyed problem of industrial trusts, Congress wanders off into an investigation of the vague, formless, bodiless thing called the Money Trust, whose very existence is denied by many. Undoubtedly Mr. Morgan has great influence with many bank directors, but what is Congress going to do about that? There would be no particular objection to Congress' amusing itself by cross-examining Wall Street if it had nothing else to do—but it has much else to do.

Profit and Loss in Steel

FROM the quite complete trade reports now at hand it appears that the average prices of leading iron and steel products during the last year were decidedly the lowest since 1904. Bessemer pig, for example, averaged under sixteen dollars against nearly twenty-three dollars in 1907—steel billets, twenty-one dollars against twenty-nine. Six big items—not, of course, including steel rails, which remain at twenty-eight dollars a ton year in and year out, regardless of trade conditions—show a decline from 1907 of about thirty per cent.

In this poor year the Steel Corporation, after meeting all expenses, repairs and maintenance of plants, earned one hundred and four million dollars net, out of which twenty-six millions was deducted for sinking funds and depreciation and twenty-three millions for bond interest, leaving enough to pay fifty million dollars in dividends, including five per cent on the copiously watered common stock, and a little surplus besides—this in spite of the heavy cut in prices. Of late, steel and iron prices have been advancing; yet steel men maintain that they couldn't stand a cut of twelve per cent in protective duties!

England's Balance-Sheet

SEVERAL exponents of conservatism in this country have pointed out that radical legislation in Great Britain during the past two years has already brought dire results—namely, Mr. Morgan is removing his paintings, statuary and tapestry from London museums and shipping them to New York, because if they remained in England at the time of his demise the government would levy a heavy death duty upon them.

This unquestionably is unfortunate for England. On the other hand, as Great Britain's fiscal year draws to a close, London papers speak of an overflowing exchequer. With no new taxes the receipts of the government were larger by some millions of pounds than in the preceding year—due simply to a state of abounding prosperity. The foreign trade was larger than ever before in the history of the nation. Railroad earnings set a new high-water mark. Most significant of all, unemployment has fallen practically to zero, reports from nearly four hundred labor unions showing less than three per cent of their members out of work. Weighing these things in the balance against the loss of Mr. Morgan's paintings, England herself seems to think she is doing very well indeed—which shows again that so-called radical legislation is often most conservative of the nation's true wealth.

Courts Divided

IF NEW YORK'S judges should hold a mass meeting it would require Madison Square Garden approximately to accommodate them; and it would be found convenient, for the orderly dispatch of business, to form them into companies, regiments and battalions. In passing a law, the legislature simply enters it for an extensive, perilous and uncertain hurdle race through numerous courts.

For example, the legislature passed a law designed to protect employees in that state from the more rapacious loan sharks—with the following results: A railroad employee applied to a loan shark for thirty-seven dollars, payable in a month. He was required to sign a power of attorney in favor of the shark's pal. The attorney thus appointed executed a note in Maine for forty-five dollars, which, when discounted, yielded the sum the borrower required. When the note fell due the borrower failed to pay it; so his attorney proceeded to execute an assignment of his wages in the sum of ninety dollars. The New York court before which this transaction came found in favor of the loan shark. The loan, it held, was not made in New York, but in Maine; so the transaction was governed by the laws of that state and not by the laws of New York.

This decision was by the Appellate Division, Second Department, of the Supreme Court. A little earlier, in a similar case, the Appellate Division, First Department, of the Supreme Court held differently. Government in the Empire State appears to be wonderfully complicated!

A Bureau of National Parks

THE United States possesses thirteen splendid national parks—the Yellowstone, Yosemite, Grand Cañon, Glacier and Mount Rainier being probably the best known. These parks are national assets of incalculable value. Who has ever gone through the Yellowstone or surveyed the Grand Cañon without feeling mentally larger and spiritually richer—without, in other words, a real advance in civilization? What might happen to any one of these revelations of Nature if they were not national possessions is suggested by the hard fight to preserve Niagara. Merely to preserve the parks is not enough, however. That is like preserving a coal deposit by keeping it under ground when people want fuel; and up to this time, with the exception of the Yellowstone, the Government has done very little to make the scenic wealth of the parks accessible to the public. Management of the parks is now divided among three different departments, none of which is well equipped to develop them as they should be developed.

A bill before Congress, indorsed by Secretary Fisher and recommended by President Taft, proposes a Bureau of National Parks, to take charge of these wonderful possessions and, so to speak, mine their riches by making them as accessible as possible. Obviously, to develop the highest value of natural beauty, it should be made as easy as possible for people to see it. This bill embodies true national economy.

No Bad Losers Need Apply

THE governors of the Consolidated Stock Exchange in New York recently found it necessary to "discipline" a member of that institution for attempting to attract women customers by providing a room especially for their use, with clerks of their own sex. One authorized to speak for them explained: "It is the policy of the exchange that its members shall not cater in any way to women customers. Such catering is punishable under the head of 'acts detrimental to the exchange.'"

The same policy, we believe, prevails in every speculative organization. Probably any exchange or board whose chief business consists of speculating in securities or products would promptly "discipline" a member who especially sought the trade of women.

The reason is that women are notoriously "bad losers." When they find their money is gone they make a fuss about it. Now, every speculative body subsists upon "good losers," who can be separated from their money without noisy, disagreeable consequences. The difference isn't that women lose any oftener proportionately than men, but that, having lost, they become troublesome.

There is no question here of equal justice as between the sexes. If equal justice were done governors of exchanges and boards of trade would "discipline" their members for catering to the trade of men customers too.

Aristotle and Company

WE ARE much pleased to hear that out of a Harvard class in comparative literature, containing about a hundred students, not one could tell when Aristotle lived, though half a dozen guessed that the period was subsequent to 1840! Knowing when Aristotle lived—or anything else about him—is one of the least profitable uses to which lay human brains can be put. It is a fine testimonial to the undergraduate's intelligence that his real studies in comparative literature are confined to the batting averages of the two major leagues just about in proportion as the faculty tries to palm off Aristotle on him!

Learned persons are continually asking why people don't read more books of permanent value. The answer is obvious. Being minded to read improving books, people turn to some learned person's list of the twenty or forty "best." The list is sure to contain some of the dullest and least profitable works that are accessible to a modern lay reader. People conclude that if those are the best they will get along without any. For example, there is much more meat for the ordinary reader in any single extant Greek tragedy than in all classical speculative writings combined; but fifty representative lists of the "best" will mention philosophy twice to every mention of tragedy. As we recollect it, Aristotle is rarely found among the "best"—probably because, even to the learned who compose the lists, he is only a prodigious name. The first thing undergraduate students in comparative literature should be taught is to avoid reading most of the classics, in order to retain a proper admiration for them.

Seesawing Cotton Prices

SOUTHERN cotton mills, in the eighties, used one bale of cotton to six used by the Northern mills. At present they use practically as many as their New England rivals. Both together take about a third of the crop.

A dozen years ago the mills could get all the cotton they wanted under six cents a pound. Then the million producers of this great Southern staple were oppressed. Nowadays the producers sometimes get ten, sometimes fifteen cents a pound, and the mills claim they cannot operate profitably. Meanwhile, neither mills nor producers have much to say as to the price at which cotton shall sell. One year it may be fat for one and lean for the other; next year the fat may be on t'other side. A fair and reasonably stable price from year to year would be to the obvious interest of both; and by coöperation it may yet be brought about.

Business in the Senate

THE Department of Commerce and Labor wished to acquire a strip of land on the Texas shore of the Gulf of Mexico for lighthouse purposes. A bill to that end was introduced into the Senate and referred to the Committee on Commerce, which duly considered it and recommended that it be passed without amendment. Senator Newlands, therefore, by direction of the committee, called up the bill and asked that it be immediately considered. Whereupon up rose Senator Heyburn, his mind weighted with a grave doubt as to whether the bill should not have gone to the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds instead of to the Committee on Commerce. This important point was gravely debated. In the midst of the earnest deliberation Senator Culberson, of Texas, entered. Here was a bill referring to land in Texas; but he had not been notified or informed about it! Upon inquiry of his colleague, Senator Bailey, it appeared that he also was unnotified and uninformed. So, upon objection by Senator Culberson, the bill went to the calendar, to be taken up at some future time.

Now the land to which this bill applied was a strip of sand comprising sixteen acres, and the purchase price was to be one dollar an acre—the total appropriation carried by the bill being just sixteen dollars!

A serious difficulty in running this Government is that matters which in any intelligently managed private corporation would be turned over to the third assistant janitor or the office boy must—at Washington—be gravely debated, with anxious searchings for precedents, deep ponderings of the rules, and edifying displays of Congressional lore. The Committee on Commerce, which considered and recommended this bill, consists of sixteen senators.

We should think the Senate could trust them to the extent of one dollar a head, but it seems unable to do so!

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

A First-Class Fighting Man

OF COURSE one never could guess the basic nationality of the governor of Alabama after examining his name. The forebears of that impetuous gentleman sought craftily to conceal the implied Hibernic quality of the patronymic O'Neal by tacking thereon Robert Emmet and sending the young man forth into the world as Robert Emmet O'Neal, a name as essentially non-Irish as Patrick J. Killarney or Michael G. Galway, as all will agree. But if one did possess sufficient wisdom as to the derivation and application of names to assume that the governor of Alabama has some smattering of Irish in him, one would be reasonably correct in the assumption, even though the Governor has shed the Robert part of it and is now Emmet O'Neal. Should one lack in this power of discrimination, one still might hazard a guess that such is the fact, after watching the Governor in action or on observing his trends.

You see, the Governor is a fighting person—highly scrappaghous, as I might say—and has a habit of mixing in from any incentive, from fun to duty. Being somewhat Irish, as has been intimated, he is a person of convictions, and if you do not care for his convictions he will see to it that you learn to, using any instrument that may be handy to help in the convincing. He is no bigot, of course, but when he has a conviction he has it hard, and it is just as well to humor him while the spell is on. Anyhow, he insists on remaining convicted of his own convictions—and what's the use?

Take that time, back in the summer of 1909, when he sat in his office in Florence, Alabama, smoking a brier pipe and looking out of the window at the sizzling square. He had a book in his hands, but he was not reading it. Instead, he was arriving at a conviction. He sat for an hour, two hours, three hours. Then the conviction arrived—ker-plunk! Also there arrived simultaneously the governorship of Alabama, but that was unnoticed at the time, remaining quietly and unostentatiously in the background.

"Dodgast it!" said Emmet O'Neal, arising from his desk and throwing the book into a corner. "Dodgast it!"—or words to that broad, general effect—"I've got to cuss. And, by golly"—or words to that broad, general effect—"I'm going to cuss right now."

No sooner said than cussed. Emmet O'Neal had decided to cuss. He had picked out as his target the liquor question in Alabama. There had been much pother and to-do about this question. The state administration at the time was elected on a local-option platform. At a session of the legislature in 1907 a state-wide prohibition bill was passed. Before that prohibition had not been a political issue. The local optionists were discouraged, for the state-wide law went into effect on January 1, 1909. In July of that year a special session of the legislature ordered a constitutional election to determine whether prohibition should be placed in the organic law. It was at exactly this time, and for exactly this reason, that Emmet O'Neal decided to get into the fight.

He began immediately. He went out in the public square of Florence and talked to his townspeople. Then he took the train for Montgomery and talked every time the train stopped, cussed the legislature that had tried to ingraft prohibition on the state constitution. In the four months preceding the election he talked in practically every one of the sixty-seven counties of the state. He proved himself a good journeyman talker, too, for the amendment was overwhelmingly beaten. There were other results also. During that campaign the governorship of Alabama came marching to the front and O'Neal took it over at the request of the people, who apparently liked his line of talk. Four years before they had defeated O'Neal for the lieutenant governorship. This time they made him governor.

A Little Bout With Woodrow W.

COINCIDENTALLY with O'Neal's assumption of his office came a session of the legislature that again took up the liquor question. Along in the closing days of the session things began to boil. Old-timers in Alabama say there never was a session of a legislature that was so heated as this. O'Neal was for local option. He helped draft every local option bill that was presented. He led the fight, and finally he won, defeating state-wide prohibition and giving the counties the local-option privilege with such restrictions as were deemed proper.

While this fight was going on Alabama had a mining disaster in the Birmingham district. More than a hundred men were killed, many of them state convicts. "What are you going to do about it?" a newspaper man asked him.

O'Neal filled his pipe before he said: "I am going to write a law—a law that will protect our miners."

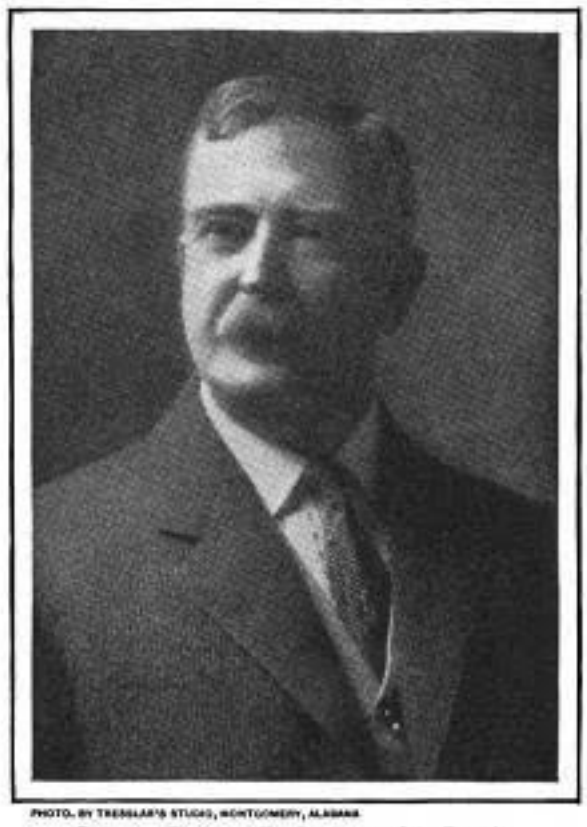


PHOTO. BY TREGILLAS'S STUDIO, MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA

Being a Fighter, He Fights and Is Fought

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Two days later the law was written, and O'Neal saw to it that this law was passed. He had a conviction about the matter, you see.

Then there was the delay in the courts. He had a conviction about that, being a lawyer and knowing how slowly the courts worked and how congested their dockets were. He sent a special message to the legislature urging the establishment of a court of appeals, and he saw to it that said court of appeals was established. He kept having conviction after conviction on various subjects, and most of these he made stick.

Presently there came to his desk various bills authorizing the commission form of government for Alabama municipalities, and containing provisions for the initiative, the referendum and the recall. Governor O'Neal is not impressed with the initiative, the referendum and the recall, but he let these bills go, inasmuch as they were purely local bills. However, he was not without convictions on this phase of popular government, and he spoke about it last September at the conference of governors in the East. Governor Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, having arrived at a full working knowledge of the initiative, the referendum and the recall in a short space of time, said a few kind words for the processes, and instantly Emmet O'Neal alighted on the angular form of the political schoolmaster and remarked that, in his opinion, the initiative, the referendum and the recall are "an insidious popular vagary." Naturally there was some small bickering over the matter, and E. O'Neal bickered his full share and got away with his end of it in excellent style. It appears there are many persons of the same frame of mind as O'Neal on this subject, for ever since that speech and debate O'Neal has been deluged with invitations to come out of Alabama and make speeches along the same lines. No invitation, however, has been received from W. Wilson, Governor of New Jersey.

As may be inferred, when a gentleman named after Robert Emmet, who wears an O with an apostrophe in his other name, has convictions and makes those convictions stick—or gets stuck by the same process—there have been times when the Governor, both before he was governor and since, has met with opposition. That is a nice, ladylike way of saying it—met with opposition. He has not only met with opposition but he has caught up with it, run into it and has been run over by it. Likewise he has had his share of the running-over privileges. It is quite impossible to turn a person named Emmet O'Neal into Democratic politics in Alabama without thereby arousing various healthy ires.

O'Neal's success in this regard has been in full keeping with his methods. If you are interested in the question you can find plenty of Alabamans who will give you a dozen reasons why O'Neal should be impeached. If you go farther you will find scores of persons who will speak so violently about him that their language will fill you with astonishment and cause you to mutter: Can such things be?

Then, if you will walk round the corner, you will find a large and enthusiastic gathering of leading citizens who will inform you that Emmet O'Neal is positively the finest performer in the way of a governor they have ever known, with a better idea of his responsibilities and a clearer conception of his duties to the people and higher motives behind his public acts.

As I have intimated, O'Neal has convictions, has courage and has sense. When you combine these qualities and fuss in politics you never get any lukewarm results. Either you are the best or the worst. O'Neal is a fighter. Being a fighter, he fights and is fought. Is it to be wondered that most of them love him and some of them hate him? I trow not.

Political Hymns

BIRD S. COLER, who was Greater New York's first controller, was nominated for Governor of New York by the Democrats in 1902.

Mr. Coler is deeply interested in religious work, and three days after his nomination he was scheduled to address an afternoon meeting of the Y. M. C. A. in Brooklyn. The other speaker was Frank Harvey Field, an ardent Republican.

It was the practice at these meetings for each speaker to lead in the singing of a hymn as a preface to his remarks. When Mr. Field got up he announced: "We shall now sing hymn number 316—'Throw out the life-line; some one is drifting away.'"

The audience looked at Coler and everybody grinned—that is, everybody but Coler, who was entirely serious. After Field had finished it was Coler's turn. He advanced to the edge of the platform and was loudly applauded. He turned the pages of his hymn-book rapidly and, after the handclapping had subsided, announced cheerfully: "We will now sing that beautiful hymn: 'When the roll is called up yonder I'll be there.'" To this day he doesn't understand the roar of laughter that followed.

Not Like Father

AN OLD Irishman who had made a good deal of money, but who wasn't very particular about his habits or conduct, lived in Chicago. His custom was to go downtown about once a month on a spree, and then come back home and beat up his family and break the furniture. His aged wife, who had stood him for many years, was blind.

Finally he died, and his children gave him a fine funeral. They had plenty of money now that the old man was dead, and so they spread themselves. At the church there was elaborate ceremony. The blind widow was dissolved in woe. She cried and cried all through the services, paying scant heed to what was going on until the eulogy was pronounced. She listened. The priest referred to the dead man in glowing terms. After about ten minutes of this the aged widow nudged her son and whispered: "Danny, do they be havin' two funerals here today?"

Not Hot Enough

MR. JUSTICE McKENNA, of the United States Supreme Court, took up golf a time ago, and played at it at the Chevy Chase links near Washington.

He was practicing one day, and there was nobody with him except his caddie. He teed up his ball, made all the preliminary waggles he could think of and swiped at the ball. He missed it a foot. He tried again, and this time struck the earth eighteen inches behind the tee. He made another effort and missed again.

Then he stopped, looked at the ball and said: "Tut-tut! Tut-tut-tut!"

"Mister," observed the caddie, "you'll never learn to play golf wit' dem words!"

An Open Countenance

FREDERICO GONZALEZ GARZA, Under Secretary of the Interior in Mexico, is a matter-of-fact man who has the habit of holding his mouth open.

The other day Secretary of the Interior Gonzalez walked into Garza's office and exclaimed: "Old chap, you have your mouth open!"

"I know it," replied Garza, not looking up from his writing, "I opened it myself this morning."

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"EN PENSION"

By CORINNE LOWE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

WHAT AMERICANS WILL PAY TO LIVE CHEAPLY





The Gay, Shabby Little Pension Where I Stayed in the Latin Quarter



THERE are in the world lovely mauve temperaments who scorn the grossness of shiny bathtubs, and the humbler folk who depend upon such comforts. These, professing to have outgrown the weakness of butter, elevators and good coffee, stand out for Europe as a dwelling-place. Often they are poets and artists who, when sufficiently inspired by the glint of sun on an olive-clad slope or the spatter of European uniform against a gray wall, stoop to send a madrigal entitled Love Song in Sicily, or a dab named The Gendarme's Wedding, to a mere American magazine for mere American dollars. Of such is the kingdom of the *pension*—in plain English, the boarding house.

There are American women—pinched schoolmistresses who have saved up a little money; wee, gentle spinsters who have left the town missionary meetings and their pastor; comfortable but unaspiring widows from all over the states—who are devoted to the theory that "You can live twice as cheaply in Europe as you can at home." These pay ten dollars a week and secure in return all the comfort they have ever known! Of such is the kingdom of the *pension*.

There is the great army of the culture seekers—among whom are many young men studying European art, European science, European manners; but the largest battalion of these is composed of the American girl being educated abroad. This young person is the victim of her mother or her guardian, either of whom has pathetic trust in Europe as the sandpaper that shall smooth down all the rough edges and make Dorothy fit for entering a drawing room. So Dorothy studies the languages, blots up what art she can and takes a fall out of music.

The Truth About European Boarding Houses

MEANWHILE, it may be observed, she is forgetting how to serve a good straight tennis ball and is missing altogether the fine, wholesome life of the schools and colleges where American girls are taught how to treat American people in an American way. Of such is the kingdom of the *pension*.



The Hero of the Magazine Pension Story

Yet, in spite of these paragraphs, I am not attacking the *pension*. The boarding house in Europe is as a rule, indeed, far better than the middle-class hotel in Europe; and the tourist, particularly the woman tourist, will find it much more economical. It is, therefore, only as the permanent address of thousands of good American people that I find it deserving of a philippic. Under such circumstances the *pension* seems to concentrate in itself all the disadvantages and limitations of European life. To write about it fittingly, one must dip one's pen deep into the pool of medieval household arrangements; must saturate one's typewriter ribbon with the scorn of all things backward, clogging, quaint and inconvenient.

But what is a *pension?* Personally I hardly knew before I started for Europe whether one ate it with mayonnaise or bought it by the yard. Perhaps I had grasped the fact that it was a European boarding house and that one pronounced it through the nose—thus: "pong-see-ong," only differently. Certainly, however, I had never gone so far as to picture it to myself.

Yet I was not long in being enlightened, for when I got to Europe I found it boiling over with the *pension*. In the matter of enterprise it deserves to be ranked with its own cousin, the English tearoom. Both have flown their flags over every romantic and hallowed spot in Europe. There is a *pension* in the old Italian hill city of Perugia, where the bold and bad and beautiful family of the Baglioni used to stab friend and foe in the narrow, overhanging streets; another of the tribe pertly intrudes in the byways where Saint Catherine of Siena preached and molded the political life of her time; the city of the Cæsars is full of them, and in Florence it is estimated that over a thousand Americans have taken the life vows of the *pension*. It bubbles continually all through the majestic Alps; and in Paris, the native home of the *pension*, a large percentage of the eight thousand expatriated Americans who live there are to be found in *pension* geography. With some minor variations, the *pension* also asserts itself in Germany, Austria, Belgium and Holland; and I have no doubt there are excellent Scandinavian editions.

Nearly all of them you will find listed by the helpful Mr. Baedeker, who is kind enough to qualify them frequently by such phrases as "Frequented by English and Americans" or "Patronized by Germans." And in all of them you will find Americans who have fled madly and permanently from the annoyance of home conveniences.

I can think of no better way to illustrate the case of the *pension* than by explaining the first one which I visited, because, after all, the *pension* atmosphere is unchangeable. You find the same set of people with the same set of conversation in a boarding house in Rome that you do in a boarding house in Munich—though one might add that the Roman institution affords an acquaintance with more Germans. In all *pensions* there is little to choose in the primitive character of the household arrangements.

This first *pension* which I visited was in Naples, and you reached it after a drive along that wonderful crescent street which follows the blue bay. When the little wobbly *settura* stopped it was before a dignified stone front whose entrance led at once to a big court, set picturesquely about with palms and guarded by the smiling Italian version of the *concierge*. It was an attractive, operatic spot—a worthy climax to the old, soft-toned houses, the glistening palms of the Neapolitan park, the smiling blue of the hills which we had been passing on the way. "What ho!" thought I to myself; "I am in stageland. I shall need here trappings—velvet cloak and rapier."

I found out presently, however, that what I needed was anything but stage legs. My supports had to be real and strong. For I learned that this *pension* did not, as I had supposed, occupy an entire house. On the contrary, it was confined to one floor, and that floor the top one. Afterward I found that this is quite a little habit which Italy has in *pensions*—art-galleries too, for that matter; and I grew into graceful acceptance of the fact; but on that first day I grumbled at them—those four flights of interminable stairs; those lovely, wide, cold, marble stairs, with their tang of kerosene! And when I reached the top I thought enviously of that young lady who had only dreamt she dwelt in marble halls. How in the world, wondered I, do women of fifty and more stand this sort of thing?

Of course there is generally an elevator; but—ah! shades of our nimble American servant!—how one does smile at the recollection of this *pension* installment! How one does learn to deride the *pension* circulars which announce a lift among their comforts! There may be other things in the world as inactive. The harp that once through Tara's halls might be able to qualify for membership in the same fraternity; but I personally never met them. Perhaps now and then the lift does make a shallow pretense of motion, but for the most part one finds beside it an explanation in the person of the *concierge's* wife.

"*Ah, signorina, mia signorina,*" she murmurs with a gesture of despair toward the helpless elevator, "*piano!—piano!*" Thereupon she raises her eyes to the sky—which certainly is not a thought encouraged by the *pension* elevator—brings them back to your face in tragic pleading and disappears into her rooms.

All Not Gold That Glitters

FROM all of which you gather that, for some mysterious reason, the lift is not lifting—and one prods those weary sightseeing members up the four flights of stairs.

What I found that first day upon reaching the top was a bowing Italian servant who ran off with a murmured word about the *signora;* but that which she brought back as a keeper of the *pension* was not a *signora* at all, but a plain little Scotch woman. She had a very nice room for me, she said, and I followed her wonderingly through many dark, narrow passages to—a room? No, no—nothing of the sort. It was a temple, a lecture hall, a place where one holds Chautauquas. I have really seldom seen a much larger room. Its floor was of stone and was laid very cannily with small rugs; its stuccoed walls were of enormous height and were hung with stuffy drapery; and in the center of this wide area, obscure as one white dandelion in a field, was a bed. The air was very, very damp, and I shivered a little as I said: "It's very—ugh!—very big, isn't it?"

"Yes," assented the little Scotch woman; "this was an old palace at one time, you know."

Now I had never before heard this tale, and I must say that I was tremendously impressed; but after I had

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resided at a few more *pensions* I discovered that the claim is a common one. They have all been located in old palaces or castles or, at least, old monasteries.

May I say that I took that room? Or shall I be literal and admit that it took me, absorbed me, assimilated me and made of me only a dwindling memory to myself? I used to feel like a Lilliputian sent for a ramble on the vasty vest of Gulliver, and the mere sight of my insignificant self in the mirror would send me into peals of merriment. The thought of sleeping in that room was as cheerful as taking a solitary nap on Mont Blanc.

Of course I had heard about that European bath, but I was nevertheless not prepared for the situation as it unfolded itself in my auditorium bedroom. The ceremonies started with a rap on my door. This was followed by the smiling Italian chambermaid or *cameriera*, as she is called; but the *cameriera* demands a little diversion on my part.



Only in the Arabian Nights Did There Ever Exist Such Perfect Service

It takes the form of a hymn. I am firmly convinced that the Americans in Italy stay there not because of the art or the climate, or the vaunted "picturesqueness," but because of the Italian chambermaid. Only in the Arabian Nights did there ever exist such perfect service. She makes you feel as though you were a leading authoress and a shah's favorite wife all rolled in one. At night, when you enter your room you find she has been there before you; that she has tenderly turned down the covers of your bed and laid out your sleeping raiment. In the evening, before dinner, she comes to you with your pitcher of hot water, and puts it down in a way that is a caress. In the morning her cooing "*Buon giorno, signorina!*" is accompanied by a grave, tender look of her brown eyes, followed by a smile of irresistible sweetness. Though you do not speak a word of her language, she wraps you in an atmosphere of jasmine, soft southern airs and the languorous twang of guitar.

To go back to that bath. The *cameriera* carried in one hand a large pitcher of hot water and in the other a small, particularly graceless tub. Both she put down at the other end of the room. From my remote position on the bed, scanned across that wide range of bare floor and small rugs, they looked very, very tiny. I wondered whether after a brisk walk of five minutes I could reach them! And then I realized that I could not walk at all. That would involve touching the clammy coldness of the floor as it lay between those infrequent rugs. No; the thing was quite clear. I must skip, leap, hop, fly or be blown to that bath.

Knights of the Round Table

THEN a pleasant and beguiling fancy struck me. I would treat this European bath as a game! The tub and pitcher should be the goal, and the interest of the sport was sufficiently assured by the fact that the small rugs lay three feet apart. So, clearing the first bare space with a flying leap from the bed, I landed on rug number one, and hop-scotched a breathless way to my goal. It is an agreeable exercise, and I recommend it to those who become impatient of European bath facilities.

Of course there are bathrooms in *pension* Europe. You are apprised of the fact that you may enter those hallowed precincts at prices from twenty cents to half a dollar. And there is hardly a *pension* that does not mention in its circular, in the same boastful breath with lift, the existence of baths. Yet I have never known any *pension* residents who bought up these baths. I have never known one who did not prefer even the sectional wash offered by the portable tub to daring the mysterious European home of the really-truly bath.

Meanwhile I had had my first *pension* dinner. At this I had been seated at a long table between a rusty English clergyman and a little Illinois woman in a black silk basque emphasized by a breastpin. Opposite me was one of those genteel English gentlewomen whom I afterward recognized as among the most insistent of *pension* types. This woman was attired in one of the heirlooms of silk and lace which the British female calls her "evening dress," and its gentility was reënforced by a pair of black silk mitts, in which she ate. Farther down the line was an artistic American girl, whom I afterward found spent all her time in Italian *pensions*. Beside her was her sister, a fresh young thing in a sailor suit, who was being inoculated with foreign culture and finding the process rather trying.

It was, indeed, a typical table—one which was repeated, with few variations, in nearly every *pension* I visited.

I noticed that in front of each person's plate there was a bottle of wine—one of those fat, roguish, straw-covered bottles of Chianti with which I subsequently became so familiar. And I was hardly surprised when, upon taking up my glass of water, one of those British mitts was raised in decorous protest.

"Pardon me, but you are not going to drink the water?" I was conscious of the extremely correct concern in that extremely correct English voice.

I admitted thereupon that I was contemplating some such irregularity.

"Quite—quite unsafe!" she assured me, and everybody at the table nodded ominously.

Then and there did I become acquainted with the ordeal by water of pretty nearly every *pension*. European water is, in fact, like most other European properties—picturesque, not practical. And, even though it be pure; the oldest *pension* resident won't let you think so. She watches you tremblingly while you drink it and reminds you that only last year Mrs. Brown—such a nice woman from Montana—got typhoid from drinking the water here and died in this very *pension*. Surprising, is it not, that thousands of Americans have given up a lifetime of unterrorized water-drinking for the privilege of this typhoid-deathbed specter!

I sometimes think the suspicion of the water is shrewdly encouraged by the *pension* and hotel keepers abroad. For the suspicion logically results in a bottle of wine, and bottles of wine logically result in a tidy little bill by the end of the week. Of course there are a few of the *pensions* which lavish upon you "red ink," but at most of them wine and mineral waters are extras, which mount up to about eighty cents or a dollar a week.

It was just a short time after the water episode that I noticed the genteel Englishwoman was not touching her fish. Some one remarked the fact aloud, to which she responded: "No, I never eat fish in Naples—cholera, you know—and they tell me these Neapolitans are so careless."

Typhoid in the water—cholera in the fish! Now, by my halidom, this was no place for timid old ladies! The Italian *pension*, it seemed to me more and more, furnished just the right thrill for highwayman or swashbuckler.

After this the meal progressed rather uneventfully and was, I must admit, a most savory one. To it was added an appetizing feature in the presence of an Italian waiter, who answered to the name of Orestes and answered in the names of Italian. The one real drawback was the conversation, a section of which ran something like this:

Artistic American girl: "I bought some lovely coral earrings today."

Lady from Illinois in the black silk basque, bending forward enthusiastically: "Oh, did you? Where did you get them? From Signor Ramacolazzi?"

Artistic girl: "No; I think he charged me too much for my tortoise-shell combs. I got these from Peregrinetta, on the Via La-la-da-ra-da-di. Perfectly sweet! And he came down five francs on them!"

Genteel English person: "Indeed? I congratulate you. It is so seldom that one can get a bargain nowadays in Italy. You Americans have quite spoiled the shopkeepers."

This illustrates it quite luminously—that shopping conversation which one must endure all through Europe. In Naples it was corals and tortoise-shell; in Rome it became Roman pearls; in Florence the motif changed to turquoises and embroidery—and so on through the whole range of so-called European specialties. What renders, too, your own individual share in such conversations particularly trying is that the other woman has always managed to get precisely the same article that you have bought for fifteen francs, at five francs less.

Much has been said in song and story regarding the Continental breakfast. I shall not enlarge on it—however much I wish they would. All I care to say is that the mere sound of "coffee and rolls" conveys but a weak impression of this repast. If it were real rolls and coffee one should not so much mind perhaps; but on that first morning I discovered that Italian coffee is but a pale specter of the American kind and that rolls are as unimpressionable as the lady who sells you hair-ribbons. Rending one of these souvenirs and then chewing it is a primitive exercise, and whets your appetite for food which does not follow.

However, breakfast has this much to be said for it: It is, as a rule, the one European meal at which butter makes its appearance. To be sure, this is generally in the form of the butter-ball—that airy spiral, that wraith of real butter—that is so popular in Europe; but, even so, it is greeted gladly, joyfully. In time it even becomes the occasion of a patriotic outburst called The Butter-Spangled Roll.

To eat this breakfast is quite bad enough; but to say that you like it, that it agrees with you so much better than the American repast, must be infinitely worse. Yet this is the task which every American woman abroad sets for herself. I don't believe this tale myself. I think that every one of them is struggling with a guilty yearning for nice appetizing ham and poached eggs, and a bowl of good cereal swimming in cream. I don't think for one minute that any one would voluntarily wobble forth to see five churches and five hundred pictures on one cup of poor coffee and one hard cement roll!

A pathetic instance of the American struggle to crush this plebeian longing for food at breakfast was furnished that first morning by a nice, comfortable woman who was sitting with her son at one of the side tables near me. The son, it seemed, had been in Europe for a year and had an air of vast experience—your regular cosmopolite, he! The mother had been in Europe for a day and she wanted a vast experience—that moment and with lamb chops!

In answer to this the son replied nervously, looking round to see whether any one had overheard his mother's shameful request:

"No, mother, they don't serve lamb chops over here at breakfast."

"But can't I even have fruit or a cereal?" almost wailed his mother.

"No, you can't," said Sonny, the cosmopolite. "You'll have to get used to not having that great big farmhand breakfast. Why, they'll think we're regular barbarians!"

After which, of course, mother meekly attended to the pale coffee and immutable roll.

How Far the Little Candle Throws Its Beams

YET it is quite possible to get something to eat at a European breakfast. In order to do so one simply pays for an extra meal. For instance, one soft-boiled egg or a tiny omelet costs from ten to twenty cents. Meat would probably make the week's excesses dent a millionaire's pocketbook; in fact, even if one joins the ranks of the snobs who "so much prefer the Continental breakfast," one is likely to tolerate the softening influence of honey or orange marmalade, which is sold by the *pension* and which becomes quite a consideration in *pension* expenses.

At some of the Continental boarding houses you pay for electric light; at others it is given free. In both cases the illumination is the sparsest I have known. It would be quite impossible to read anything but a primer beneath its reserved beams. So, as a rule, one must eke out a bare lighting by the use of many candles, which always appear as an extra in the weekly settlement.

To add to the general bleakness, the bedroom is always cold, and one pens those "Wish you were here!" postals to friends at home with numb and aching fingers. Sometimes, of course, the room contains a quaint little stove which one may fill with quaint little fagots at extremely modern prices. And, as a rule, one invites the "extra" for such in preference to daring the *pension* drawing room.



Traveling Leaves You to the Mercy of Five Bundles and a Decrepit Porter

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This latter abode of bleakness is fitted up with moldy furniture, a few tattered volumes and nice-minded old ladies who do tatting and read guidebooks. The volumes are not likely to be anything more exciting than Who's Who, a Burke's Peerage and a Baedeker of the seventies; but you never can tell—in a *pension* at Assisi I was fortunate enough to find a throbbing, vital, beguiling bit called Improvements in Modern Dentistry.

As to the ladies, they discourse between glacial pauses on the butter in Munich, the way they like carrots, and the newest stitches in shawls. They also borrow each other's copies of Ouida and practice lessons in the foreign phrase-books. At times, too, they dwell on that inevitable person who died in the *pension* last year, just after she had come over to be near the grave of her husband.

On that first night in the Naples drawing room I was told that it was considered extremely dangerous to be out-of-doors at sunset. And when I got up to leave, the dignified British mitts stopped me on my careless way.

"Don't forget," said their owner in her proper voice, "that it is dangerous to leave your windows open at night."

"Why?" I asked in amazement.

"Oh," said she, "the night air in Italy is very noxious, you know; and then there are always the mosquitoes. One never knows when one is going to get malaria here. I myself have had it in my system ever since last year."

Typhoid, cholera, malaria and—a curse in the very sunset! That night I went to bed reeling with the perils of my situation and was aghast to see at the head of my bed a spectral white figure. It was about five feet in height and leaned over my pillows with what seemed a grinning threat. I gave a hysterical scream and ran from the apartment. When I had recovered my calmness they told me it was only the white mosquito-net with which most Italian bedrooms are equipped.

By this time I was determined to find out why so many American women spend their entire lives in a *pension*. And the next morning my reportorial zeal was directed toward a pudgy old lady whom I met at the foot of the keroseney marble four flights of stairs.

"Will you kindly tell me," said I with a winning smile, "why you like Europe so much?"

She looked at me in wonder.

"Because," she answered after a moment, "I can live so much more cheaply over here. Take this *pension* here—it is only one-fourth as expensive as a place at home."

"Ah," interposed I gently, "but how did you live at home?"

"Oh," she replied as she puffed up the third flight, "I lived very simply. I had a flat in New York and I kept one little maid."

"Yes," responded I fiercely, "and you had an elevator, and water that you weren't afraid to drink, and air that you weren't afraid to breathe! You had a bathtub; and you didn't have a Ku-Klux Klan mosquito-net standing at the head of your bed!"

Why They Live Without Luxury

This tale, I know, seems incredible; but you hear it repeated all over Europe. Hundreds of American women, who wouldn't be content for one moment to live in *pension* style at home, justify their residence abroad on the ground of economy. And when confronted with the confusion in their sense of values they invariably take refuge in that old explanation: "Oh, but it is so much more interesting over here!"

I wonder where that interest lies—that is, after one has gotten over the first fine careless rapture of being in strange places! Like a very Ulysses of the *pension* I sought it, and my Odyssey took me through many *pensions* in many lands. I looked for it all through Italy and in the immaculate toy country of Switzerland; I tried to grasp it in the gay, shabby little *pension* where I stayed in the Latin Quarter; I even dared in my pursuit the unmanageable feather-bed coverings and more unmanageable food of a German *pension*—and I finally concluded in abject discouragement at a sparkling, well-kept and thoroughly matter-of-fact *pension* at The Hague.

Yet there must be something—some elusive element, some subjective enthrallment—which holds the American woman at the *pension*. Otherwise, how can one explain that dear old soul of sixty whom I met at a *pension* in Rome? She had spent the last six years at this same Roman *pension;* and, so far as I could observe, she had spent the entire six in knitting shawls there in the big, bleak drawing room of the house. She seldom went out—the Coloseum exercised over her no resistless domination; she probably never once realized that all the armies of the ancient world had swept over the streets about her. And once, when I asked her something about getting into the Sistine Chapel, she looked at me with a smile beautiful to behold.

"Do you know," said she, "I have never been there! I really want to go some time!"

Impossible! In Rome six years and had never once beheld the glorious, inspired creations of Michelangelo—had no conception, in fact, of all the thrilling past that constitutes the whole value of Europe in the minds of most of us! Yet she preferred knitting in Rome to knitting in Yonkers. Strange, baffling phenomenon it was!

Certainly most of the people with whom one is brought into contact at the Continental boarding house throw little light on the advertised interest of foreign residence. For, though it was my lot to encounter some charming, well-bred and clever folk, the stock assortment is not good. A large percentage of these people are the well-meaning English women whose curiosity regarding America is little short of insulting—to wit: there was that girl with the inevitable bracelet-watch, who was staying with me at an Italian *pension*. She had been inquiring the character of the American breakfast and I had been describing what I considered a typical repast, when, turning upon me the full wonder of her round blue eyes, she asked:

"And I suppose you don't have toast in America?"

Her mother, who was a whit more sensible, tried to hush her, and the other Americans at the table giggled outright; but I solemnly assured her that even such civilization had penetrated our bleak shores.

The American Child Abroad

There are others whose attitude to this country of ours is even more directly offensive. I shall never forget, for instance, the case of that large and aggressive Swedish woman who sat opposite me at my Florence *pension*. She told me she had taught ten years in a school in New York and she ended by beating upon her breast in violent declamation:

"I am tiret off the vulgar Americans. They are s-s-so gr-r-r-eedy—s-s-so gr-r-r-asping! It iss s-s-so hart for a sensitif person like me to be among that kind of people!"

Here there occurred a diversion in the form of a large platter of chicken on which there were left four pieces of white meat. I wanted a piece of that white meat very much—but she wanted first; and with a gasp of dismay I saw the "sensitif" soul scoop in to herself every one of those coveted four pieces!

Most persistent of all American types is the widow who is living abroad with her daughter. Mother is generally an earnest soul, who tells you that they are letting Florence or Munich or Paris, or wherever they may happen to be, "soak in." Daughter is a meek little soul, who looks up into her mother's face and says: "What was that church we saw this morning?" In both the process of absorption is a most painful thing to watch.

Of all who wander through the European *pension* in the leash of that "cheaper and more picturesque to live abroad" theory, none certainly is more pathetic, more wistful, more forlorn than the American child. He doesn't find it interesting in Europe; he groans over the necessity of seeing old canvases and wearily wonders if he has to visit another church. None illustrates his plight more vividly than a dear little ten-year-old boy of my Paris stopping place. "I'm sick of this place!" he confided to me over a game of checkers. "I hate these French kids and I hate their old schools. What do you think—they never even heard of baseball over here!" Poor little alien, deprived of his baseball and obliged to live in a land where big lads wear silly socks and never get any more exciting sport than sailing boats on a little park pond! There wasn't a soul in the place who didn't long to pack him up and bundle him off home on the next steamer.

Even more tragic in its ultimate results is the American child who has formed a taste for European culture. There was [illegible] such in my Florence *pension*. She was [illegible] eight years old and she could tell the difference between a Perugino and a Botticelli and could discourse on the art of Cimabue. Poor child! There is, I am sure, a dark future in store for her.

No; I have not forgotten him! I was only saving him until the last—that lapse who is always the hero of the tragic *pension* story. He really does exist in quite a few *pensions*—perhaps because they recognize him as a "property" to pay him for staying; but the thrill of his presence becomes somewhat less poignant after you have seen him eat and witnessed the unbaronly quality of his table manners. However, he possesses one unwavering charm—and that is that he, together with a few teachers, artists and poets, represents the masculine element. The *pension* is, indeed, essentially a woman's resort; and, as one little American schoolgirl expressed it, "Men look out of place in a *pension*."

I have saved up until the last a grudge against the *pension* which, in spite of its insignificance, seems to tarry most irritatingly in my memory. It is the shoe-shining inefficiency in the European boarding house. What makes this so bad is that shoes are a pretended specialty of the *pension*. Each institution has its "boots" and each evening one's shoes are placed in front of one's door for the observance of this functionary. This custom [illegible] gives to the corridors of the *pension* a most uncanny look, and I shall never forget the last evening that I made my way through the aisles of waiting, gaping, yawning shoes.

This would all be very well if they employed skilled labor; but I had not been in Italy very long before I decided that all the home talent was busy shining up shoes on Broadway. I used to look at my shoes in the morning and wonder whether "boots" had forgotten them—so absolutely dull and dingy was that morning face of theirs.

Yet, after all, that which constitutes the real objection to the *pension* as a residence of American people is not the house itself but the surroundings of the house. It would be a different thing if your *pension* was just a little isle of discomfort lapped by waves of unending joy; but no one can claim that life in European cities is unending joy or anything resembling it. It is, on the contrary, full of constant [illegible]. Streets in Italy are often mere excuses and you walk with a carriage wheel grazing your heel. Streets pretty much all through Europe—save in Holland and Germany—are fearfully dirty.

The Return of the Native

In every place one is grappled by beggars. The postal-card vender spoils [illegible] noble joy in beholding any place of interest. You are obliged to tip everybody who answers a civil question. Traveling is a nightmare which permits no checking of trunks, but leaves you to the mercy of [illegible] bundles and a decrepit porter. And if you wish to prove the reliability of that [illegible] syrupy, reassuring "Oh, everybody speaks English over there!" just go out somewhere when you are in a hurry and try your English on porters, policemen, soldiers, passers-by or some one from whom you wish information.

There is this much to be said for the woman—or man—who lives permanently in the *pension*. She does not get "stuck." Unlike her countryman who takes a thousand dollars and a little flyer in European picturesqueness, she puts all her Yankee shrewdness to work and meets the European brigand more than halfway. Save the inevitable "extras" of pensione life she makes, indeed, a very creditable showing.

Yes, yes; she is shrewd enough with money—this woman who lives in a *pension*—but she is not shrewd enough to see that she is sacrificing the years of her life.

Brought squarely up to this unelaborated thesis, it was my immense joy to witness one conversion. It was that of a nice spinster of fifty who had been wandering malarially about Italy for [illegible] nearly six years.

"I'm going home," said she [illegible]. "I've just engaged my passage and I sail Saturday. My system is so choked [illegible] quaintness I'll never be able to get [illegible]. I'm tired of talking to these English [illegible] in *pension* drawing rooms, and I'm sick, sick of their beautiful voices. I'm going back to breathe and to drink water and to walk on clean streets. I'm going back to Terre Haute!"

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The Senator's Secretary

THIS sort of thing happens half a dozen times a day in Washington:

A leading citizen, from some point outside, comes gallumphing into the corridors of the Capitol, into a hotel lobby, into the White House, into the office of some member of Congress he knows, or into any other public or semi-public place.

"Hey!" he gasps, "why don't you do something? What's the matter with you people? Ain't you got any sense? It's all over, I tell you! You're skinned—beat—done! They've double-crossed you. You're a fine lot of dubs, you are!"

"What's all over?"

"Why, this nomination business. Roosevelt's going to be nominated, sure's a gun! Roosevelt! What do you think of that? He's got Taft on the run. He's going to grab it. Roosevelt! Sitting back there and playing his cards. Get busy! Do something! You're licked, I tell you!"

By this time the leading citizen is out of breath and he is asked to pause, recover his poise and tell what he knows.

He repeats his story. It's all Roosevelt. Nothing else to it.

"How do you know?"

"Well," he replies slowly, trying to arrange his information in his mind, "I saw a lot of newspaper polls; and I've just come in from the West and everybody I talked with on the train was for Roosevelt. I hear a lot of talk everywhere; and look at what the papers are printing. It's in the air; and —— Oh, you know as well as I do that I'm right!"

"But," puts in the other, "who were those people who were shouting for Roosevelt?"

"Why, I don't know them. Fellows I met—you know—men you run up against when traveling; and, besides, the Roosevelt sentiment is very strong back home."

"Are any of these men who are yelling for Roosevelt delegates to the Republican National Convention?"

"No."

"Do any of them control any delegates or will any of them control any delegates?"

"Not that I know of."

"Do any of them control the machinery that will elect the delegates?"

"I don't suppose so."

"Well, cheer up; maybe it isn't so far gone as you think."

Runners Out for Roosevelt

That will answer for a dozen conversations a day between men in Washington who are looking after the interests of Mr. Taft and the visitors from all parts of the United States who are seeing and hearing things. They come in panicky over the prospect of Roosevelt, or the great wave of Rooseveltism that is sweeping over the country; and they go out convinced that perhaps it is just possible there is more noise in the Roosevelt boom than delegates. Also, it is impressed on them that it takes delegates regularly seated on the floor of the convention, placed on the rolls with full credentials, to nominate a candidate for president, and not newspaper straw votes or proclamations by Insurgent governors, or resolutions passed by meetings, or chatter in hotel lobbies and on trains.

The Roosevelt propagandists have done good work. They have engineered "spontaneous" enthusiasm meetings in many parts of the country. They have started newspaper polls in places where the people naturally are for Roosevelt against any man—as in Kansas—and have made a tremendous showing. They have obtained more miles of newspaper space than the Taft people, merely because the average editor's job isn't to promote the candidacy of any particular man, but to make news as well as print it. And anything Roosevelt does in the present circumstances, or anything he does not do, or anything he may be imagined to do or not to do, is "good news."

It is folly to assume the Roosevelt boomers are proceeding without an understanding of the situation—that is, it is folly to assume that at the time this is written. Politics shifts rapidly, and it may be The Colonel will say or do something before this is printed that will eliminate him from the contest; but the chances are he will not. Meantime the shouting and the tumult continue; and the leading citizens arrive in Washington in droves and go back in somewhat calmer frames of mind.

That large bodies move slowly is an axiom that is early impressed on the human mind. That Mr. Taft is a large body is sufficiently well known. So far as his renomination is concerned, he has been moving very slowly. Instead of beginning to shape up things for a renomination as soon as he was comfortably in the White House, he let things drift. Six months or a year ago he made the announcement that he felt he was entitled to a renomination and would ask for one. Being of a non-political temperament, he thought that would suffice. Being also of a cheerful and amiable disposition, he did not bother to look into the reports that Roosevelt would oppose him, and set these reports down to the activities of the friends of The Colonel whom he had, in many instances, been obliged to divorce from jobs of one kind or another, or on whose toes he had felt impelled to tread occasionally.

Large Bodies That Move Slowly

The fact is, President Taft had his head up in the stars a bit, and did not bother with the actualities of practical politics. Also, he is impatient of bad news. He does not like to hear it. In many instances he laughed off reports of what was being done against him. In other instances he characterized these reports as bluffs. It is not easy to tell the president of the United States what he does not want to hear. The President was comfortable. He did not want his comfort disturbed by disquieting reports—and he got few of them.

The result was that until two months or so ago there really was little done toward securing the renomination for Mr. Taft beyond the statement that Mr. Taft desired to be renominated. It was held to be a sort of settled thing; and Mr. Taft busied himself with whatever came his way, and had a lot of fun, and made a lot of speeches, and traveled round, and wasted hours and hours of time over trifling details—and was happy enough after his own way. Then the reports of the activities against him began to get insistent. After a time—a long time—the President became convinced that there really was a Roosevelt movement and that Mr. Roosevelt was a party to it. This hurt Mr. Taft deeply, not only because Mr. Roosevelt is apparently out against him, but because it brought home to him the truth that every political observer has known for two years at least; and that truth is that there is a very large element in the Republican party opposed to Mr. Taft, that will not vote for him next November, and that the Republican party, as it exists today, really has two branches—Taft and anti-Taft.

It is doubtful whether Mr. Taft knows the extent of this split even yet. He is slow to comprehend politics. Also, Mr. Hilles, his secretary, works slowly. Both Mr. Taft and Mr. Hilles, however, have finally awakened to the situation—to a degree, at least; and having awakened they are now at work. A large body may move slowly, but it moves with considerable momentum when it is started. There is no doubt at all that Mr. Taft, had he gone to work six months ago as he is working now, would at this moment be absolutely sure of renomination. He has the power and the place to secure this result. The delay has handicapped him, but he still has the position of advantage; and he is a long way from being beaten for the nomination—a long way.

The great, basic condition in securing a nomination for president of the United States under the present convention system is the control of the machinery. Mr. Taft and his friends still control the machinery, not only in a national sense, but in a majority of the states. The machine secures the delegates and the machine seats the delegates. It may so happen that the national committee, for example, that has the making of the temporary roll of the convention, will shift from Taft to Roosevelt—it may so happen, but it is hardly likely. A national committee is a non-emotional sort of organization rarely affected by outside noise; and when you come to sum it up all the preliminaries of the Roosevelt campaign have been noise. If the national committee, which, at its



"Sixteen different vegetables all in one soup!"

THINK of it!
Besides the nourishing stock made of prime fresh beef; with ham, sugar, spices and other fine ingredients—*32 in all.*
That's what you get in

Campbell's
VEGETABLE
SOUP

Could you make such a soup as that?
Hardly; even if you had your own vegetable garden close at hand and no end of time and patience.
Isn't it folly to bother with home-made soup? And isn't it a pity to deny yourself of a delicious soup-course for dinner *every day*, when you can buy such a pure, wholesome, perfect soup as this?—And 20 more like it.



"I'm a Campbell dolly. I am fed on Campbell's fare. It makes me fat and jolly So I'm welcome everywhere."

21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
	Pepper Pot
Clam Bouillon	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Vegetable	
Vermicelli-Tomato	



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Wheat or Rice Toasted and Exploded

(Prof. Anderson's Invention)

These curious foods—so immensely enticing—have had a remarkable history.

A college professor—an expert on foods—exploded them first in a gas pipe.

He was trying, as men have for ages, to break up the millions of food granules. That's essential to digestion.

The partial result in baking, cooking and toasting he knew to be insufficient. So he set out to turn the grain's moisture to steam, then explode it. Thus to literally blast every granule to pieces.

Now Shot From Guns

The final result was to build bronze-steel guns. To seal up the grain, then revolve the guns in an oven heat of 550 degrees.

After an hour of this heat, inside of each grain there exists an enormous steam pressure. It penetrates every atom.

The steam is exploded by unsealing the gun. All the food granules are blasted to pieces.

The grains are puffed to eight times normal size—made four times as porous as bread. Yet the coats are unbroken. The grains come out shaped just as they were before.

And never before, in any grain, has digestion been made so easy.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c *Except in Extreme West*

Another result is this:

A myriad cells are created, each surrounded by toasted walls, so thin that they melt in the mouth.

The crisp grains taste much like toasted nuts. They are used like nuts in candy-making, in frosting cake, in garnishing ice cream.

They are so delightful that people are eating 22,000,000 dishes per month. And others begin as fast as they find the foods out.

Their Unique Uses

They are served largely, of course, with sugar and cream. Or mixed with fruit at breakfast. But they also are eaten like crackers in milk. They form an ideal supper.

Children at play eat the grains like peanuts. Girls use them in candy-making.

They are eaten between meals, at bedtime—whenever one feels hungry. For they do not tax the stomach.

That's the best fact about them. They are whole grains made wholly digestible. And that's the ultimate in food.

When will you enjoy them?

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers—Chicago

(227)

December meeting, clearly was dominated by Taft, remains in that frame of mind a long step toward Mr. Taft's success is taken.

This applies to the various states also. Though the Roosevelt people are making most of the noise, it must be remembered that in some localities—indeed, in a good many localities—Mr. Taft has friends. He is not entirely deserted. Also, these friends are, in most cases, the men who control the machinery and who will, in many instances, name the delegates. It would have been far easier for Mr. Taft if he had pulled himself down out of the clouds six months ago; but, now that he is down, it will help him a lot if he can be persuaded to stay down and play the game. So soon as they got his feet on earth and convinced him of the necessity of playing politics instead of being academic about it, he went feverishly to work. He called in men from all parts of the country and began doing things. Some results were immediately apparent. Despising politics, Mr. Taft embraced politics eagerly once he woke up to the fact that his embrace was needed. He set the entire Federal machinery at work in his behalf. He made appointments for political purposes. He put old and tried politicians in charge. He is playing the game! And—as a good many of his friends would say—it is about time!

You remember the saying about the zeal of the new convert? Well, that applies in the case of Mr. Taft. He feels that he has given the people a Republican Administration—that he has been loyal to all of the precepts and policies of his party—that his failure to receive a renomination will be a repudiation of Republicanism; but, having discovered that these feelings on his part are not sufficient to allay opposition to himself and his renomination, he has decided to put on all the screws he can control. And, being unused to putting on screws, he is turning them eagerly and vigorously.

There is no doubt there is a great sentiment for Roosevelt throughout the country or that that sentiment is being skillfully fostered by the friends of Mr. Roosevelt on the one hand, and the opponents of Mr. Taft, posing as the friends of Roosevelt, on the other. Speaking in a general party sense, Mr. Taft has failed to make good as president. A large section of his party is opposed to him, not because they are losing faith in Republicanism but on personal Taft grounds. Still, there are several months before the convention meets; and, if Mr. Taft continues to play politics as he is now playing, it will take some very strenuous work and some very skillful work on the part of the supporters of Mr. Roosevelt to defeat Mr. Taft and nominate Mr. Roosevelt. As the situation now is, if Mr. Taft stays in the race as he declares he will, he has much the better of it for the nomination, notwithstanding all the Roosevelt clamor.

Delegates are what count—delegates who are seated on the floor of the convention and entitled to vote; and it is quite likely that in the final round-up Mr. Taft will have enough, or more. At any rate, as this is written, he is not beaten or anywhere near beaten, the Roosevelt shouters to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. Taft may be beaten, of course; but he isn't yet.

CURIOSITY

AN IRISHMAN walked up Fifth Avenue, dropped into a Presbyterian church and immediately went to sleep. After the services were over the sexton came and shook him by the arm.

"We are about to close up," said that functionary, "and I'll have to ask you to go now."

"What talk have you?" said the Irishman. "The cathedral never closes."

"This is not the cathedral," said the sexton. "The cathedral is several blocks above here. This is a Presbyterian church."

The Irishman sat up with a jerk and looked about him. On the walls between the windows were handsome paintings of the Apostles.

"Ain't that Saint Luke over yonder?" he demanded.

"It is," said the sexton.

"And Saint Mark just beyant him?"

"Yes."

"And, still farther along, Saint Timothy?"

"Yes."

"Young man," demanded the Irishman, "since whin did all thim turn Protestants?"



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Clean, white, sound teeth; each and all of these things depend upon mouth and teeth that are free from germ life and acidity and that are kept pure, sweet and clean. You are assured of these things by the use of

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The whole science of tooth soundness and mouth cleanness and white teeth put into dentifrice form.

Ingredients in these Sanitol Tooth Preparations that produce such white teeth are also what give them the power to overcome acidity in the mouth.

Ingredients that leave such a fresh taste and such *purely* clean teeth are also the ingredients that destroy all germ life in the mouth and so preserve teeth and health.



Sanitol Tooth Powder and Sanitol Tooth Paste are powerful germicides. Being principally [illegible] destroy harmful bacteria in the mouth. The use of Sanitol Powder or Paste and semi-yearly calls on your dentist to have your teeth examined will prevent all serious tooth trouble.

An Individual Package of Sanitol Powder or Paste, Face Cream, Talcum Powder, Antiseptic Liquid or Shampoo sent free on receipt of your dealer's name and address and 4c to pay postage and packing.

CANADIAN OFFICE TORONTO, ONT.

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OUT-OF-DOORS

The Plowman

HE RISES at dawn, the first citizen of this republic, for the duties of conducting a republic are many and hard. Yet he makes no attempt at physical culture, for the muscles on his somewhat stooped frame stand out definitely enough. He pauses but little in getting into the garments left near by on chair or floor—garments that still hold the smell and color of the soil. His bath is at the kitchen sink—or perhaps in a basin at the pump beyond. His hair stands strong, erect like a mane; his face is lean and hard, his hands large, his wrists heavy. As he walks he treads downright and firm, with little elasticity—the step that gives trouble for drill sergeants in the army. Literally he has been hopping clods; and he sets down his feet heels first, as he did while staggering through the furrow all day long, his shoulders slightly bowed, his neck leaning forward, his chest not thrown back expanded—yet all of his figure tense and strong. The lines of his muscles are specialized—not meant for display, but for labor. And, that this republic may live, he labors day after day.

Perhaps he eats his breakfast in the same room where it was cooked, with the smoke and savor of it in the air about him. In all likelihood he eats in silence, for his manner of life does not make for loquacity. In the barn, with its roof of straw piled on poles, the horses, hearing his footsteps approaching, turn their heads sidewise to him, in anticipation of the food and drink they too must have before the day's work may be done. The dawn is red at the rim of the world when the cold harness falls on their backs and they turn out on their way to the field. They pass through the open gate and take the faintly defined trail to the fields. As they appear there arises the honking of wild geese that have been feeding on the stubble. The day and the world are young. When toil is duty and custom it is not wholly toil; and when the world is young its problems are few. Small need for complex nature in the man who comes now where the wild geese call. Life for him is simple. His duty is straight before him and he is certain of his ability to do his work.

The plowman rides a horse in at night when he is weary; but now in the early morning it is cold and he walks alongside of the team, urging it querulously, although the horses need little more guidance than he does. Presently they arrive at the edge of the field where the plow was left the evening before. The plowman looks to the clevis pin and there comes the jingle of the doubletree swivels as the team starts off with the plow. Its master holds the handle of one side down, so that it may slide and not bite into the soil until the appointed place is reached. The horses walk slowly, steadily, with drooping heads—mechanically ready for the day's work.

Our First Citizens

Now the plowman passes the reins, tied or buckled at the right length, across one shoulder and under the other arm, for he must have both hands to the plow handles. Indeed, his art is one that must be respected. You could not do this work yourself without training, simple as it seems—and some men never can learn to do it well. At county fairs prizes are offered for the man who can plow the straightest furrow with no guide save his eye, and can lay under a field in the most regular and exact fashion. Almost any one can soon learn the guiding of an automobile, which is done by the lightest and gentlest motions with the wrist. The art of the plow is harder to acquire.

From our field the wheat has been removed. The purr of the thresher—droning when busy, roaring and screaming when the cylinder went empty—has droned and roared its way across the country some days since, and the stacks of sheaves are now stacks of straw. Ten miles across the level alluvium show the tall pillars of the elevators at the railway town. The wheat that grew here has begun its journey—perhaps is now upon your table. The stubble, still white with the frost of early fall, stands upon the field close and thick, like the hair of the plowman, on which rests any sort of shapeless hat. Into this stubble now he cuts with the one sword that not any force or all the forces of the world—not even all the armies of kings and emperors—ever have been able to withstand—the sword of the plowshare, which never can be beaten back, which is the conquering sword of swords.

The plowman's eye is calm and untroubled. His muscles begin to be more supple now—to feel less the cramp of a fatigue steeped in sleep. His hands are light on the handles; yet something of his weight goes into the touch. He holds his course by instinct, by training, by habit. Of his feet he is careless. They must follow as they may, stumbling once in a while when clods fall down into the furrow. Yet the ground is soft underfoot. He goes on steadily, almost softly, methodically.

An hour. The day has begun. Two; three—it has advanced. The team plods on. The wild geese on the distant roosting bar begin to think of their second flight for the midday feed on the stubble. Before long the plowman will hear their honking as they come out and see the long black lines against the sky, scolding him for turning under the table where they have fed. He does not note them much and does not pause. Here is his day's work. Steadily, almost slowly, he goes on at a pace that none the less would kill the man not used to it—back and forth, across and across his field, the line of the black upturned soil, moist and shining in the sun, growing wider and wider back of him as the plow eats into the field—toward the ultimate dead furrow of the middle land. His tissues lean and hard, he perspires but little, though the day grows warmer. Streaks of sweat break out on the flanks of the horses, which sometimes sigh or cough at the end of the furrow. It is rare that the plowman bursts into any sort of song or ventures a whistle at this time of the day, unless he be very young. His melodies are those heard at the town yonder, or at the cottage organ or phonograph of the home parlor.

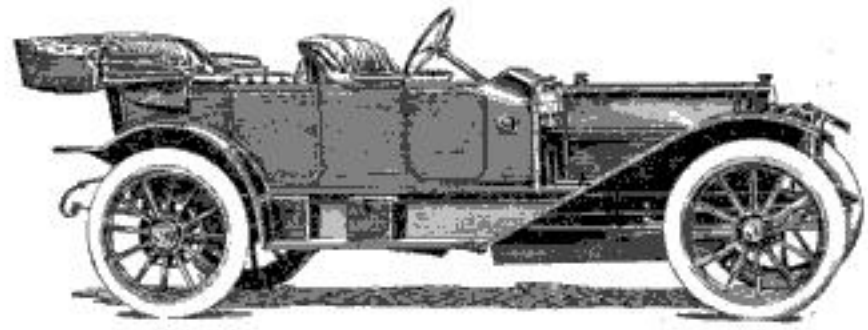
A Day's Work

The day grows warmer now. Certain plovers have swung in across the field, swooping down from their southbound flight to feed and rest. They alight far back of the plow, combing the soil for food. Many blackbirds—occasionally a robin—boldly follow along close behind the plowman, hopping near and voicing their displeasure that he plows no faster than he does and finds no larger and fatter worms for them. The birds look to him for sustenance, even as we do.

Noon approaches. The sun burns the skin, though the winter solstice is now at hand. The plowman carries no watch, but instinct keeps him in pace with the hour. At one furrow he stands, his brown face turned inquiringly, his hat pushed back on his tawny hair as though he waited for something. It comes—the clangor of the expected bell, summoning man and horse for a brief rest. They must eat or the work cannot be done. The plow also rests as they leave it and plod off toward the house for the noonday meal. Again refreshment at the pump. Again a hearty meal, probably eaten with small speech for those who make it ready.

He comes out into the shadow of the house and looks off across the country, without much query in his eye. The afternoon will be much like the morning for him. In some way the hours pass after he has returned. The heat of the sun grows less. After a time he hears the calling of the wild geese going home for the night; and when the dusk has fallen yet a little more he, too, turns toward his home. He climbs now upon his favorite horse and rides in, the harness jingling. All the world is drooping, quiet, tired. He finishes feeding his team and himself. Before very long he will seek the bed from which he rose, leaving near at hand, upon the chair or floor, his garments, with the smell and color of the soil upon them. The first citizen of this republic has finished his day.

On his march—endless, continuous—all our life and hope depend. He must walk



BUYING an automobile is an important matter to most persons. A few are rich enough to buy on impulse and change if they find they were mistaken, but with most persons the automobile is, next to the home, the most important purchase.

Mitchell cars are built for the people who can't afford to make a mistake; the more you know and the closer you investigate, the more you'll realize that Mitchell cars give the most for the money and are made to last indefinitely.

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Don't buy a car hastily; look around; learn the important points; study all the cars you can; every step in such things will emphasize the conviction that the value offered in a Mitchell car is the greatest value in the automobile field today.

Seven Passenger Mitchell-Six		Five Passenger Mitchell-Six	
Horse Power	60	Horse Power	48
Cylinders	6	Cylinders	6
Ignition	Splitdorf dual	Ignition	Splitdorf dual
Lubrication	self-contained in crank case	Lubrication	self-contained in crank case
Transmission	selective, 3 forward, 1 reverse	Transmission	selective, 3 forward, 1 reverse
Rear Axle	full floating	Rear Axle	full floating
Rims	demountable	Rims	demountable
Tires	36 x 4½	Tires	36 x 4
Wheel Base	135 inches	Wheel Base	125 inches
Tread	56-inch or 60-inch if desired	Tread	56-inch or 60-inch if desired
Body	7 passenger, fore doors	Body	5 passenger, fore doors
Price equipped, $2250		Price equipped, $1750	

The four cylinder, five passenger Mitchell, 30-H. P., equipped . . . $1350
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How Manufacturers Are Increasing Their Profits By Using

Compo-Board

The Modern Wall Lining

Hundreds of manufacturers have improved their products and made them more salable by using Compo-Board in their manufacture. Hundreds of manufacturers have put it to severe tests and found it the best material for backs of mirrors, medicine cabinets, wardrobes, wall cases, book cases, picture frames, calendars, for lining incubators, refrigerators, cabinets, for blackboards, for lambrequin work, for advertising figures, stage scenery, and for any number of other uses too numerous to mention.

What Compo-Board Is

Compo-Board, as its name implies, is a composition board. It has three principal parts: its surfaces of heavy paper, the wooden core and the cement. The paper is heavy, close pressed. The cement is of very great strength, and the slats thoroughly dried and put in indiscriminately as to grain, which prevents warping.

The whole, after the parts are assembled, being subjected to very heavy pressure and intense heat, makes a smooth, straight sheet of very great strength—one quarter of an inch thick, and four feet wide.

Compo-Board being air tight is impervious to cold, heat and moisture. It is tough and durable. It cannot warp. It presents a smooth surface for papering, kalsomining or decorating in oil or water color.

Here is one of many letters from well known manufacturers:

"For several years we have been using Compo-Board exclusively in all of our kitchen cabinet backs. As you are aware a kitchen cabinet is subject to violent changes of temperature and humidity when placed in an ordinary kitchen, and the Compo-Board stands the strain the best of anything we have ever used in that place. You will please feel at liberty to refer anyone in the same line of business to us."

Minneapolis Furniture Company.

SEND FOR SAMPLE

You may be able to use Compo-Board to good advantage in your own product. Surely you will sooner or later find economical use for it about your factory. If you build a home, a barn, garage, factory or warehouse, Compo-Board will serve you somewhere better than any other material. Write us and get posted. Send for sample and booklets. Compo-Board is sold in strips 4ft. wide and 1 to 18ft. long by dealers in nearly every town.

Northwestern Compo-Board Company

4303 Lyndale Avenue **Minneapolis, Minn.**

The top and bottom border of this ad. are cross-section views of Compo-Board, slightly magnified.

This Magazine



Free to Painters

Among the subjects treated last year were:

Cracking and Scaling

Two Thick or Three Thin Coats?

Effect of Adulterated Oil

Painting Pitch Pine and Cypress

Bleaching of Certain Colors

Short Life of One Coat Jobs

Every issue contains much that is helpful to the painter who wants to keep up with the march of progress in his profession.

If you do not receive "The Carter Times" regularly, ask to have your name entered for a free subscription.

THE PAINTER'S PAINT

Find the painter who has made a success of his business, who has established a reputation for doing first class work, and you will find one who pins his faith to pure white lead and linseed oil, mixed to suit the requirements of each individual job.

Find the *progressive* painter, who observes and tests his materials carefully, and you will find him using

CARTER WHITE LEAD

"The Lead with the Spread"

It is the same strictly pure white lead that he learned to use when learning his trade, only whiter and finer, because made by a modern process, which has enhanced the beauty of paint and has increased the covering power of a pound of lead.

The same reasons that have induced painters to adopt Carter, should induce property owners to *specify* Carter. It insures paint satisfaction and ends paint troubles.

Every property owner who plans to do any painting this Spring, should have our book "Pure Paint." It is a text book on housepainting and the color suggestions are illustrated by six handsome color plates of real houses correctly painted. Sent **Free** on request.

Carter White Lead Company

12080 S. Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.

Factories: Chicago and Omaha

or we must starve. Literally we depend upon him. The wild game of the world would not long feed us, the fish would not support us, the herds that once sufficed would no longer serve. Only as this man walks, following the plow, can our hunger be appeased, can our civilization endure, can our cities be builded or continued. When he stops we stop. When his furrow is done the world is done. His day's work is the day's work of the world.

Did you ever see a world before the plow had come? Look for it early or you may be too late. Perhaps in your case it is too late already. In different and separated lands some of us perhaps have seen it—the world that never knew the plow. It is very beautiful, covered as it is with wild grasses and sunflowers, with rosin weeds and small wolf-willows and sweet-williams, and the small wild rose, kindliest flower of the prairies. Over the surface of the earth, rippling in the grasses, waves continually pass as they do upon the sea, one following the other, coming no man knows whence, going none knows whither. Very likely across this wild land when you saw it, which lay there for the most part as the wildfowl found it before the ship of Columbus plowed the sea, there ran the faint and scarce-repeated trace of wheels. The wheels mark the soil even ahead of the plowshare. You came across a country without fences, following what they called the main-traveled road; and now the road has split and wandered and thinned—and here at this little ridge has disappeared, so it would seem. The grasses have almost all stood up again.

From where you stand you look out across a wide and flat green valley over which the sun of springtime is shining bravely. It lights now a fleck of yellow over yonder. That is the raw roof of a crude new home. Beyond it gleams something long and black, shining moistly in the sun. It is the first furrow in the turf, the first work of the advancing plow. Your young new world is old; it is done—it is old. The plow will not turn back. This picture, green and lined with black, soon will be all black—and later, gray, as the soil dries out. A home has come here, possible because of the plow and the man who knows its use—an outpost of the people that will not be driven back—the man who plows, conquers and permanently prevails. Four thousand million miles he walked last year, back and forth, across and across his field; but of those miles not one foot was backward—each one was in the advance.

We of the cities, juggling this man's deeds while he is far away, sometimes think we are this man's leaders; but he is our leader and our master. We follow him. We are the robins, the curlews, the blackbirds—hopping, twittering, complaining in his trail. His is the greatest and gravest figure of all in the picture framed within the lines of our republic. From your desk, from your loom, perhaps you at first did not recognize him—perhaps did not call him the first citizen of this republic. Perhaps in November you have called him brother. In reality, in that month and all the other eleven, he is not your brother but your master.

BUSINESS HELPS

WHENEVER I hear men complain that they have had no opportunity; that their ill luck, their failure to succeed, is due to Fate; that if they had been differently situated they would have made good—that, in short, there has always been some malign influence or other, without any fault, any shortcoming, of their own—I think of two men whom I have got into the way of terming the Two Men in a Boat.

For these two men, each in his own and separate way, have done the seemingly impossible—attained the unattainable, achieved the unachievable. I was a passenger on their boat and it came about that each of them told me his story—though, oddly enough, I think neither knows the story of the other. I am going to tell their stories here, for I know of nothing more encouraging to those who feel they are penned in, circumscribed and held back by adverse surroundings. What these men did was to win success in business on shore while at the same time they attended most thoroughly and satisfactorily to their water jobs and spent far the greater part of each year afloat.

. . . . . .

The boat was one of the great steamers of the Great Lakes; one of the men was chief engineer—the other second mate.

Navigation on the Great Lakes is annually put an end to for a while by cold and ice. All sailormen, therefore, are likely to have some weeks of enforced idleness, as it is difficult for them to obtain regular work on shore in winter, because that is a time, in the lake region, when great numbers of other men of various occupations, skilled and unskilled, are also out of work on account of the weather. Most of the lake sailormen practically rest and loiter and stagnate through the winter, for there really seems to be nothing else to do. And, indeed, the only thing that can be relied upon is creative work.

Two Men in a Boat

Now, most people have come to believe that creative work means something like writing poems or making pictures; but, as a matter of fact, it means anything a man creates himself—and the man who creates a job for himself where there was no job before is doing creative work of a mighty valuable kind. That is what these two men in a boat did—one of them, the mate, being started on his way by stress of being "in a boat" figuratively as well as literally; and the other, the engineer, being moved by a laudable ambition that Chance had turned enthusiastically into an unexpected line.

The engineer, when I met him, was but little over thirty and had won his place of responsibility without the aid of technical training. He was thus one of the many examples which illustrate that young men with an ambition for technical work should not despair merely because they can graduate only from the schools of experience and correspondence.

He had married when he was twenty-two and at that time had saved a thousand dollars. At first, he and his wife had planned to rent for a while; but houses were hard to find, there having recently been a boom in manufacturing, and consequently such an increase in population in their city as to cause desirable houses at reasonable rents to be snapped up quickly. Naturally enough, therefore, there arose the desire to build—to have a house of their own; and the necessary extra money was arranged for by borrowing.

A Beginner at the Building Game

The engineer tried hard to have the house finished with the approach of spring before going aboard the steamer. It was odd, he thinks, as he looks back upon it, that his only ambition was to leave his wife in her own home when he should have to go. "I knew all about the general situation as to houses and their values in a growing city, but it did not occur to me that I could or ought to act upon that knowledge," he said to me, thus expressing the general reason why hosts of people do not make money. They see opportunities—safe opportunities—but keep pegging away at their own line only and leave the opportunities to others.

However, in this case of the engineer Chance was kind; for an unexpected thing happened. Before the house was finished some one offered to buy it in its unfinished condition, and the engineer promptly closed with the offer, for it meant—for house and lot together—a clear profit of nine hundred dollars.

It was this that opened his eyes—that set his mind and his imagination to work. Why not make a business of building houses? He had sold one house—why not build and sell others? Clearly, there was money in it. The idea was fascinating.

Yet, being a wise young man, he did not throw up his well-paid situation. He went to his steamer and worked faithfully during the long months of the season; and in all his spare time he was thinking and planning in regard to the possibilities that had so interestingly opened up. A ship is a good place for thinking—leisure hours, the stars shining far overhead and the land stretching off mysteriously on every side are apt to be fruitful of ideas that are worth while if it happens to be an earnest [illegible]

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who is thinking. And so it came about that when this engineer went home again he had his system pretty well planned out. He had planned it as thoroughly as possible because, knowing that his time on shore must necessarily be limited, he wanted to make every hour of that time pay.

. . . . . .

"I went to the courthouse and studied the records to find land on which there were unpaid taxes, for it seemed obvious that the man who couldn't pay his taxes must be hard up—or, at least to some considerable degree, in want of ready money. From the various plots of land that I found listed with taxes due I picked out only such as were in the general part of the city I had decided upon for my ventures.

"That I knew the city very well, and how it had grown and was growing, was a strong point in my favor. It was not like guessing in strange territory. That is something I have kept in mind from the first. There have been times when I was tempted, touching at different cities as I do, to make speculations at some of the other places when surface indications seemed good and I feared that the growth of my own city was becoming less active; but I have never let myself get into untried territory. I have kept right on where I had the basis of local knowledge, leaving the other places to the men who knew them.

"And I did not attempt to handle land that already had a house on it. I wanted just the land, and I would do the building. I am not sure I had a particularly good reason for this, except that I had to concentrate my efforts as closely as possible on account of my limited time. And I felt sure that I could buy to better advantage if I went after vacant lots rather than houses; for I knew that houses were pretty easy to rent in the good neighborhood I had picked out and that their selling price would therefore be high. And right here I ought to put in that I never for a moment let myself think of going into any neighborhood that had begun to show signs of falling behind, even though the prices might be wonderfully enticing and even though I could see no reason why the neighborhood should deteriorate. Real estate is a freaky thing, and one must never argue with its facts, no matter how unreasonable those facts are. One neighborhood goes ahead and another falls behind—all you can do is to accept each situation as it is.

"Well, when I found a likely bit of land I would hunt up the man who was behind in his taxes on it and find out what was his very lowest price. Then I would dip considerably under his figure and offer spot cash. I made a point of knowing, of course, at what prices land had been selling, so that I should not go too high in my offer. I knew that, with a certain amount of cash as a basis, there were ways of readily getting the rest of the money needed—and I never for a moment forgot that the man with back taxes is likely to sell low. If I found one whose prices were too high I merely dropped him and went to another. It's a sure system for results."

Door Knobs and Wall Paper

"I saw, too, after my first experimenting, that I could do much better by giving out the work in a number of separate contracts—the parts that I did not do myself—rather than give it in one single contract. Perhaps, if I were not a man with a practical knowledge of mechanics, this would not be the best way; as to that I cannot say—but I know it is the best way for me."

At first, he found it necessary to have an architect, but it was only at the beginning. Settling upon a general type of house, as he has done, he soon found himself able to make all the drawings himself; for his training made plans and specifications and drawings and blueprints familiar and easy, and he closely studied the architect's first work for things to follow or to avoid.

"Any changes in type or detail I can see to myself. And I have certainly made some changes since my first efforts; for, after two or three single houses, I put up a double house, and now I am building what is called a terrace—being a group of four."

For six years this young man has been doing this kind of work and has built up a business that pays him handsomely. He aims to build for the people who do not wish to pay more than five thousand dollars for a home, and his profits have averaged over two thousand dollars a year, with a constant upward trend as his working capital has increased.

"My wife has a natural bent for things mechanical and can superintend building work most admirably. She sees to the running of things while I am away—and runs them mighty well! We keep in touch by letters—she knows when I am due at the different ports; and once in a while she joins me for a run between two ports. And, say! we've got a boy just five years old! And already he can tell one kind of wood from another—knows the difference between poplar and oak and pine—knows lots of things about building! That shows how early you can begin in a practical education and get a little chap intelligent about things worth while."

I was interested in some of the ideas of this engineer as to the handling of his property. "I aim especially to catch the women," he says—"catch the woman and you're pretty likely to get the man.

"I am always ready to be a little extravagant with two things—doorknobs and wall paper. It's astonishing how these two things impress people. And here is another thing: When I go through a house with a prospective buyer or renter—for I am always ready to rent for a while if I find any delay in getting a buyer at the right price—I watch closely any criticisms they may make. The criticism may be just a bluff to make me put my price down, or it may be sincere but mistaken, or it may be good. At any rate, it is an expression of feeling from people I want to do business with; and if it's worth while I'm sure to see to it that the matter is all right in the next house I put up."

Chickens on the Side

The success of the second mate is of a totally different character. Earning a salary less than that of the engineer, he was working patiently along, putting by as much as he could every year, and hoping, with his wife, for at least a modest and comfortable competence—when suddenly there came a change. His father, with no money saved, came to make his home with them.

It seemed to spell tragedy, but the young man rose to the occasion. The emergency developed new qualities in him. As he paced the deck and looked out over the black waters, it gradually came to him that the situation held potential advantages—that it might be made of positive financial good. Really, for an earnest man, a ship is an excellent place to think!

He would buy a home—some little place just outside of the city where he had always lived—which did not, by the way, happen to be the city of the engineer. He would start a chicken business and would follow it earnestly, deliberately, with close and intelligent care and study. He himself would superintend and plan; his father would take charge of the daily running of the plant during the sailing season; his wife would help materially. There was no reason why the business should not make them rich!

He went into it with a sober deliberateness that fully counted the cost. A house and barn, with five acres, were purchased for seventeen hundred dollars. The place was just four miles from the city. A full outfit, purchased and built with the utmost economy, including incubator, brooder, coops, fencing and runs, cost three hundred and thirty dollars. Books were carefully studied. People who knew about chickens were consulted. No move was made without caution—but caution did not mean a particle of hesitation.

That was begun just a few years ago, and here are some of the results already: The property itself has increased in value through the natural growth of the near-by city, and is now worth, at a conservative estimate, over a thousand dollars more than it cost, as it was bought at a bargain. A horse and wagon have been purchased for daily trips to the city, and the sale of eggs and broilers gives a snug sum every week. The mate is at home to give his personal work and supervision at the very time of the year when he can do the most good; for it is special winter work that makes chickens pay the best. The off-season broiler is an expensive delicacy! The chickens are fed and tended and watched with such successful care that sickness is practically unknown among them; and the hens lay freely when eggs are dear. With prosperity, happiness has come to all—and the father is pathetically proud to show daily that he is not old enough to be shelved.

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One of the greatest laws in all h...
You are attracted to a passerby in th...

him with something his clothes suggest. With poverty, wealth, refinement, vulgarity—often even with failure or success—with any of a *thousand* of the pursuits, passions, or possessions of humanity.

A stranger steps into your office to address you. *Click!*—the second your eyes are focused upon him—your mental camera has snapped an impression. And that impression, science itself tells us, sometimes lingers persistently through years of later relationship.

Here then, is a principle, so tremendous that no man can afford...

"That Royal Tailored Look" telegraphs to the spectator's mind an impression of Rightness, Richness, — Refinement.

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Every Man Can Now ...

appearance the Royal Tailored Man ... that he "wants what he wants when h... One Hundred Point Man.

Not all tailor-made men live up to th... kind. But if clothes are one form of adver... don't you want clothes that will typify the b... will set a high mark for you to live up to!

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Look for the Royal Tiger Head trade-mark on all woolen samples you are shown. Beware of substitutes.

Now Over 8000 Royal Dealers

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R Clothes
t ?

nature is the law of *suggestion.*

Instantly your mind associates
ain it—whatever his place in life.

u may feel that you can live down the inevitable first im-
n. You may feel that you can succeed despite any belying
ion your appearance may give. *And perhaps you CAN!*

t *why* the self-imposed handicap? *Why* go the way of strongest
ce? If you really want to attain and fill the part of Success,
ot *look* that part? Why not *wear clothes* that *suggest* the aims
ributes, the power and prosperity you cherish?

Even an able man may be gravely misjudged by Clothes that belie and belittle his personal Character.

ay Tailored Clothes

e is a seeker after perfection—
GETS it—that he is, in fact, a

nen disprove their credentials of every
r man—which they certainly are—
ght" clothes—clothes that every day

or expensive to get. Your home Royal
measure for a Spring Suit or Overcoat

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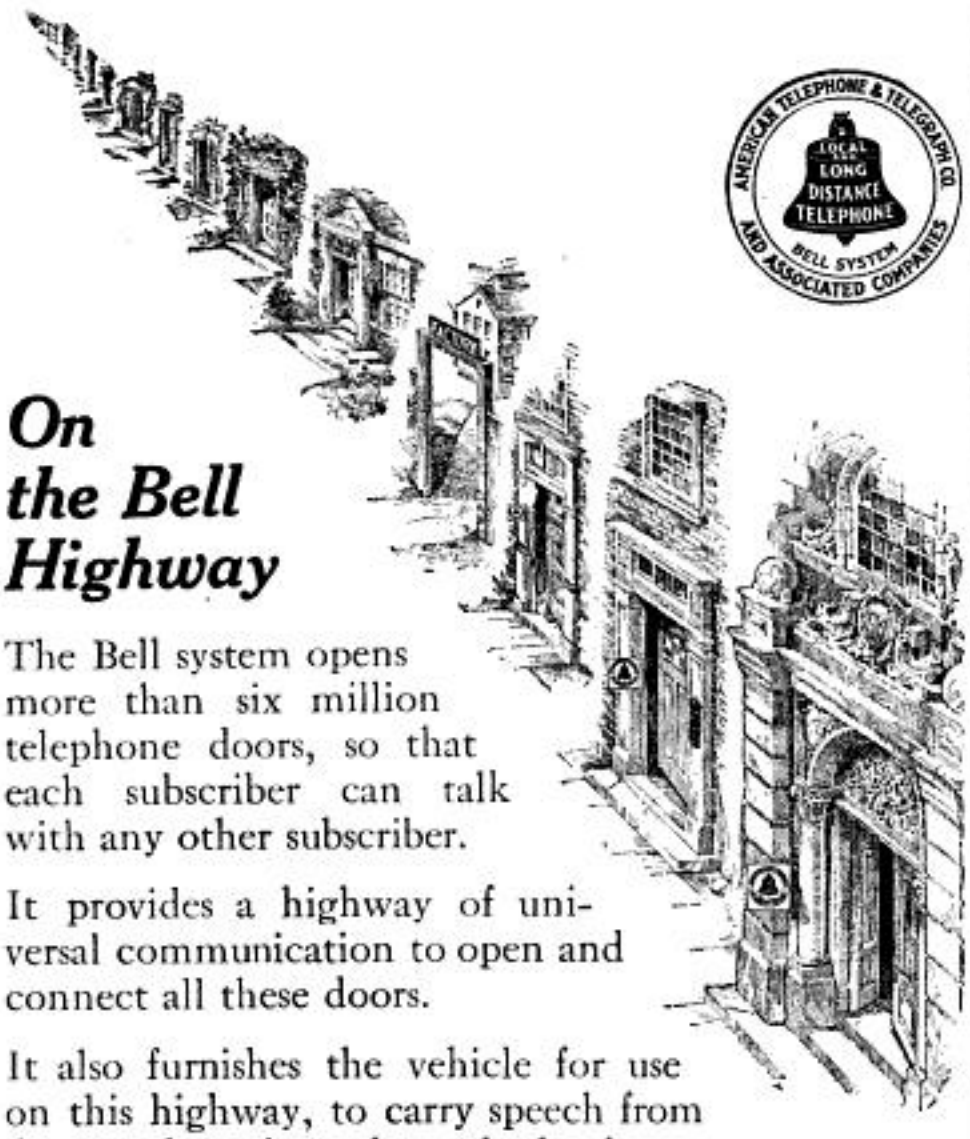
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THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF DOLLAR DIPLOMACY

(Continued from Page 4)

using the capital of the country in the foreign field in a manner calculated to enhance fixed national policies. It means the substitution of dollars for bullets. It means the creation of prosperity which will be preferred to predatory strife. It means taking advantage of the interest in peace of those who benefit by the investment of capital. It recognizes that financial soundness is a potent factor in political stability; that prosperity means contentment and contentment means repose." *

The most striking instance in which dollars have been used and have succeeded where bullets would have done naught but add to the misery of an unfortunate people, occurred in Santo Domingo. In 1904, that country having been torn for years by internal dissension and revolutions, the Dominican people found themselves in a position where the revenues of practically every port in the republic were pledged for the payment of debts held mostly in Europe. There were no funds left with which to carry on the work of government. The total revenues from imports and exports had for years been insufficient to meet even the interest on the outstanding indebtedness, and the people of the island were face to face with bankruptcy. They were also face to face with the prospect of seeing the custom houses seized by European powers for the protection of European creditors.

At this point the United States, armed with dollar diplomacy, came to the assistance of the Dominican republic. An agreement was entered into in 1907 by which the customs revenues of the island were to be collected by an American receiver-general. To this the foreign bondholders, by reason of the practical guaranty provided by the interest of the United States, were glad to agree. Since the inauguration of this system the country has enjoyed peace. The custom houses could not be seized by incipient revolutions, and therefore funds could not be procured to make such revolutions successful. Last year the total customs revenues collected in the Dominican republic amounted to the record-breaking sum of $3,485,000. Of this sum $1,442,500 is devoted, under the convention, to the payment of the interest and the sinking fund of the foreign debt. Thus the bondholders receive the interest on their investment and are assured that the principal is safe and will by means of the sinking fund be returned to them at the maturity of the loan. In round numbers, $2,000,000 thus went to the Dominican government for the administration and development of their country.

Hope for Nicaragua and Honduras

Compare this situation with that which existed before the dollar diplomacy of the United States was invoked, when the Dominican government had nothing, the country was racked by revolutions, the bondholders received no interest, and an Italian gunboat was actually dispatched to Dominican waters for the enforcement of agreements with Italian subjects.

There are now awaiting ratification by the United States Senate conventions of this same nature with two Central American republics—Nicaragua and Honduras. Both of these countries have been the field for almost incessant revolutions, which prevent all progress and development and confront the people with the prospect of national bankruptcy and possible intervention on the part of foreign governments in the interest of foreign creditors. The present situation of each of these republics, in whose prosperity and peace we must necessarily take such an active interest, is analogous to that which existed in Santo Domingo in 1904. It is confidently expected that by the operation of the conventions now pending in our own Senate—Nicaragua has already ratified the convention with that country and is eagerly awaiting its adoption by us—the peace, credit and prosperity of both will be firmly established, as has happened with the Dominican republic. This phase of dollar diplomacy is no longer an experiment.

Another typical work of dollar diplomacy has been our help to Liberia. Since that small African republic was founded by Americans and colonized by liberated slaves it has been our ward, and its welfare has naturally always been of great interest to us, especially so to our citizens of African race and to those particularly interested in them. Pressure of frontier troubles, fighting with turbulent tribes and onerous foreign loans reduced the country to a stage of tottering weakness where apparently it was about to disappear from the map. Under a treaty with the United States, Liberia sent a commission here to ask aid. We sent a commission to Liberia to investigate and report, and as a result we got American bankers to interest themselves in the rehabilitation of Liberian finances. The governments of Great Britain, France and Germany, having commercial or neighboring interests, joined in the work, and their bankers coöperated with ours. The result is an understanding by which an American is about to enter on his duties as general receiver of customs for Liberia, and we are sending three or four military officers, at Liberia's request, to instruct and drill an efficient constabulary to maintain order. We hope that we have thus succeeded in guaranteeing not only continued existence, but also prosperity and welfare to the republic of Liberia, which has excellent resources and which it was our moral duty to assist and preserve in accordance with our present interest in the country and its future possibilities.

Improved Trade Conditions in China

The Spanish War left us with extensive possessions in the Far East, and immediately thrust upon us a direct interest in the affairs of that part of the world. When President Taft, early in his Administration, found himself called upon to announce his Far Eastern policy, he declared it to be not one of territorial aggrandizement or of merely commercial expansion but a policy that should tend to the continuance of the sovereign and territorial integrity of China and the "open door."

This declaration was not hastily made. While he was Secretary of War and long before his nomination for the presidency, Mr. Taft in a speech at Shanghai had firmly taken the same attitude:

"If in helping China to preserve her sovereign and territorial integrity economic and commercial factors enter into the problem, that is because we are working in an actual world where practical interests operate and clash. We must reckon with the ordinary human motives in popular and governmental action among all the powers and make use of the everyday purposes and instrumentalities of life. Our activities in the Far East none the less express a logical, worthy and beneficent program altogether consistent with the principles and ideals of our Government, because of the fact that American dollars are made to perform a high moral duty."

The main points in the development of this policy may be briefly stated: In the Treaty of 1903 with the United States, China agreed among other things to abolish the system of internal taxation called "likin," which impeded the free circulation of commodities to the general detriment of trade; to adopt adequate measures for the protection of industrial and literary property; to revise the mining regulations and encourage mining operations; and to provide for a uniform system of national coinage that should be legal tender in the payment of all duties, taxes and other obligations throughout the empire.

Early in 1909 the Department of State ascertained that capitalists of three great financial powers, Great Britain, France and Germany, had all but completed an arrangement with the Chinese government for the building of certain trunk lines of railway in Central and Southern China. It was learned at the same time that the revenues pledged in connection with these railway projects vitally affected the national reforms in which this country was so deeply interested.

The American Government did not demand that these railways should be built or that American capital should necessarily

* From the address of the Honorable Huntington Wilson, Assistant Secretary of State, at the Third National Peace Congress, Baltimore, May 4, 1911.

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e employed. Its demand was that if the ailways were to be built, and to be built ith foreign capital, American rights and merican interests in the development of hina, based upon the Treaty of 1903, ould be duly recognized.

It has been stated in some hostile quarrs that the recent upheaval in China was aused by the injection of American enterrise into the situation. Nothing could e farther from the truth. The railways ould have been built if Americans had ever appeared on the scene, but with this ifference, that the control of the principal evenues throughout the heart of China ould have been pledged to other foreign owers, and America would have been eprived of any voice at the council board t which the important questions involved n the disposition of these revenues were etermined.

After some negotiation the claim of the nited States to equal participation with ther powers in all respects, including the isposition of the securities, the supplying f funds and of materials, was admitted y the foreign financiers and governments oncerned.

Later the Chinese government, knowing he interest which the United States had ong taken in the currency reform, applied o us for financial assistance in carrying ut the project. The Department of State ad but recently demanded for Americans he right to share in the railway project. Moreover, it recognized the treaty rights of he other powers and the vital importance f coöperation with them in the working ut of the currency reform. The occasion as therefore seized to forward the policy f the open door, or equal opportunity, hich had always been so strongly advoated by the United States since the time f John Hay; and the door was opened, ith China's consent, to the financiers of he other powers already associated in the ailway loan.

America has frequently been criticised n past years for trying to exert an influence n Chinese affairs out of all proportion to he importance of its vested interests there. The successful completion of the two rojects mentioned has given the United tates for the first time, since our early arrying trade, such a substantial interest n the material development of China as o give us more than a moral right to a oice in all questions affecting China's welfare. Our Far Eastern policy has been rought "back to earth." In addition, our nterests have been so associated with hose of the other leading powers by comnon financial ties that it is to the benefit of ll alike to join in maintaining the political ntegrity of China and to unite in sympahetic and practical coöperation for its eaceful development; for where nations nvest their capital there they are intent pon preserving peace and promoting the levelopment of the natural resources and rosperity of the people. No better proof f the wisdom and effectiveness of the olicy adopted could be found than the way in which the powers have worked toether to protect their common interests nd to avoid all unnecessary interference luring the recent disturbances in China.

So, you see, dollar diplomacy has substituted peace and prosperity for bloodshed in Santo Domingo and is at work to do the same for Nicaragua and Honduras. Dollar diplomacy is working for coöperation and concerted support to help China toward material development, modernization and peace. Dollar diplomacy is carrying out the moral duty of the United States to Liberia.

If the name dollar diplomacy is to be understood as popularly applied in a general way to the diplomacy of President Taft's Administration, I could show you how methods dubbed dollar diplomacy, which sounds very materialistic, have literally prevented or terminated a war between Ecuador and Peru; a war between Haiti and Santo Domingo; a war in Honduras; not improbable war between Panama and Costa Rica; and chaos sure to lead to war in Nicaragua.

In a régime styled dollar diplomacy an American president has taken the world's greatest step toward universal peace through the French and British arbitration treaties. During the same period, through our new treaty with Japan, the so-called Japanese immigration question, at one time so troublesome and by many declared impossible of solution, has been settled permanently and satisfactorily. There have been more resorts to arbitration and more peaceful settlements of just claims and more brushings away of misunderstandings than seem to have occurred in any other corresponding period.

The effective work done by the consular service is just beginning to receive recognition, and during the last two years the diplomatic service has been aroused to the fact, which long ago was well recognized by other powers, that one of the most important functions of that branch of the foreign service is to help promote trade. The consuls have been extending unusually efficient help in the way of keeping American exporters in touch with the commercial situation and the opportunities in their districts. They have opened up many new avenues of trade through the information forwarded, which is transmitted to American manufacturers and exporters. A notable feature of the work in Washington, so far as it relates to trade relations at least, is the large number of important American business men who now come to the department for personal conferences and to secure advice and suggestions either at the Bureau of Trade Relations or from the experts in charge of the politico-geographical divisions.

All these modern activities of the Department of State and the foreign service are entirely dependent upon that professional efficiency and up-to-date method and organization which have been the aim of President Taft's Administration, and, of course, the rigid application of the merit system is indispensable. I do not think it is generally appreciated that during this Administration there have actually been more appointments of consular officers and secretaries in the foreign service made, in proportion to population, from the Southern than from the Northern states. This is to equalize the representation of the states and territories in the service along the lines of the new regulations which the President has urged Congress to give the force of law.

There is another thing perhaps not generally realized, namely, that with an export trade of over $2,000,000,000, the total cost to the American taxpayer of the whole foreign service establishment, including the Department of State, the diplomatic service and the consular service, in 1911, was only $1,760,000 net in round numbers. Thus last year, the year of its greatest activity, the whole foreign service establishment, which is expected, besides extending foreign trade, to conduct our foreign relations and, through a just and conciliatory diplomacy, to preserve us in peace and amity with the nations of the world, cost the American taxpayer less than $2,000,000—surely a ridiculously small sum when one reflects that during the same year the cost of the military and naval establishments of the United States, exclusive of pensions, reached the enormous total of some $215,000,000!

Of course our enormous coastline, our outlying possessions, our position as a world power and as a commercial nation demand a powerful navy; but surely where we spend one hundred dollars for military and naval establishments we ought at least to be able to spend more than one dollar upon the cultivation of international commerce, good neighborhood and peace.





FITFORM CLOTHES
FOR YOUNG MEN

Here are good and sufficient reasons for selecting FITFORM clothes in preference to all others—why you get the smartest, most distinctive and desirable clothes when you buy them.

FITFORM clothes are designed and cut with minute and exact reference to the young man's figure. They are superior in fit, style, fabric, tailoring.

They give the figure the appearance of physical strength and grace; they add tone, distinction; command respect and win admiration for the wearer.

They are the only real "college men's clothes"; they give the professional young men prestige; they make business friends; meet all requirements of the social "mixer".

Ask your dealer for FITFORM. Write us for Style Book and beautiful McFall Art Poster

Ederheimer, Stein & Co.
CHICAGO

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Overland

How Factory Facilities

Showing Why the Greatest Factory in the

ANY one with enough capital to buy a few parts can make a line of automobiles. Frames, motors, transmissions, bodies, axles, etc., can be delivered in at least thirty days from part makers all over the country. Just get a stock design—put these parts together—find out how much the parts and the assembly cost you—add what you consider a fair profit—then go out in the open market and start your business.

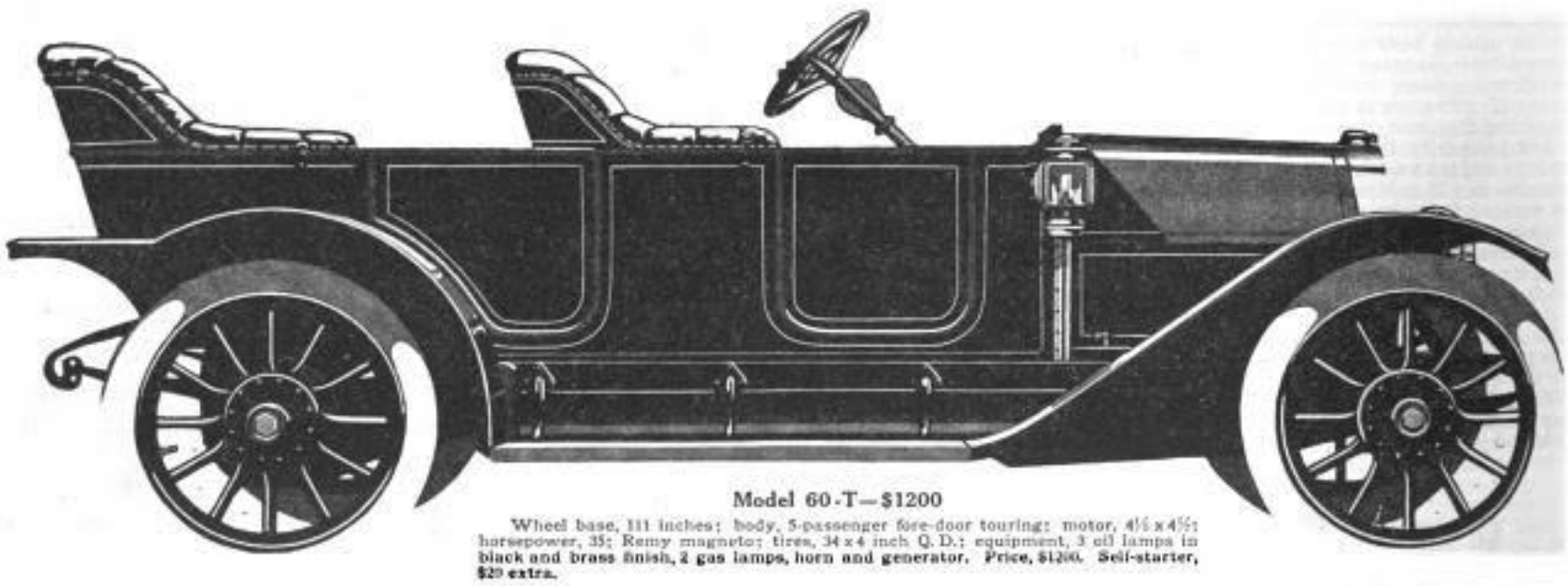
This description represents the small assembly shop. They buy everything and make nothing. Therefore it must cost them more to do business than the larger factory, for every single part of their car is bought from some outside source. They must pay the part maker a profit as well as themselves, *and the consumer is forced to pay both of these profits.* If, for instance, this maker is producing a forty-five horsepower touring car, it must cost you a good thirty per cent. more than the finely finished Overland car of that type. Generally this grade of factory turns out about 1,000 to 2,000 cars a year. *Why should you pay their higher prices?*

The next step, in automobile manufacturing, is the plant that markets 5,000 to 6,000 cars a year. This plant is not much different from the smaller plant, except that it is a little larger in appearance. Here you may see some little manufacturing. You see men drilling and filing, and possibly you will find quite a few lathes in operation. Their motor is probably built from a special design, *but built by some one else.* This grade of plant also has to pay the middlemen a profit, and get its own profit besides—*all of which the consumer must pay.*

Compare this plant with what you see at the enormous Overland factory, where 25,000 cars a year are made. Here the middleman does no business. Nothing is bought from the outside. There are *no* extra profits to be provided for, for which the consumer must pay. Every single part of the car is made in the Overland plant. Our buildings cover over 80 acres. 5,000 men are employed. Millions are invested in automatic machinery. A few of the things you see in the Overland factory which are absent in the smaller plants is the great die cutting plant. You see lamps, radiators and wind shields being made. You see the most modern expert gear cutters. You see huge machine stamping outfits—turning out pressed steel frames, fenders, mud guards, hoods, etc. You see the enormous body building plants and the great drop forge plant. You see the bronze and aluminum foundry. You see what seems like miles of automatic machinery; in fact, you see the greatest and most modern automobile plant in the world.

In the automobile business—like everything else—the facilities—first, last and all the time—govern the selling price of each individual car. The greater the facilities, the lower the market price of the

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 60-T—$1200

Wheel base, 111 inches; body, 5-passenger fore-door touring; motor, 4½ x 4½; horsepower, 35; Remy magneto; tires, 34 x 4 inch Q. D.; equipment, 3 oil lamps in black and brass finish, 2 gas lamps, horn and generator. Price, $1200. Self-starter, $20 extra.

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Affect Automobile Prices

Industry can Give You More for Less Money

Overland

mobile. Where we make 25,000 cars average plant will make but 5,000, and . What the smaller plant must buy, make. What they do by hand, we do machinery. Where they employ 500 to men, we employ 5,000. Where they material in small quantities and pay long price, we buy in large quantities pay the small price. We are not handi- ped by any financial water. Every share ne Willys-Overland stock is owned by n N. Willys—the president. He con- s and directs. No one else in the world a word to say. And the net result better car for less money than any other er can produce. Two values, typical what we do in the way of economical luction, are shown here.

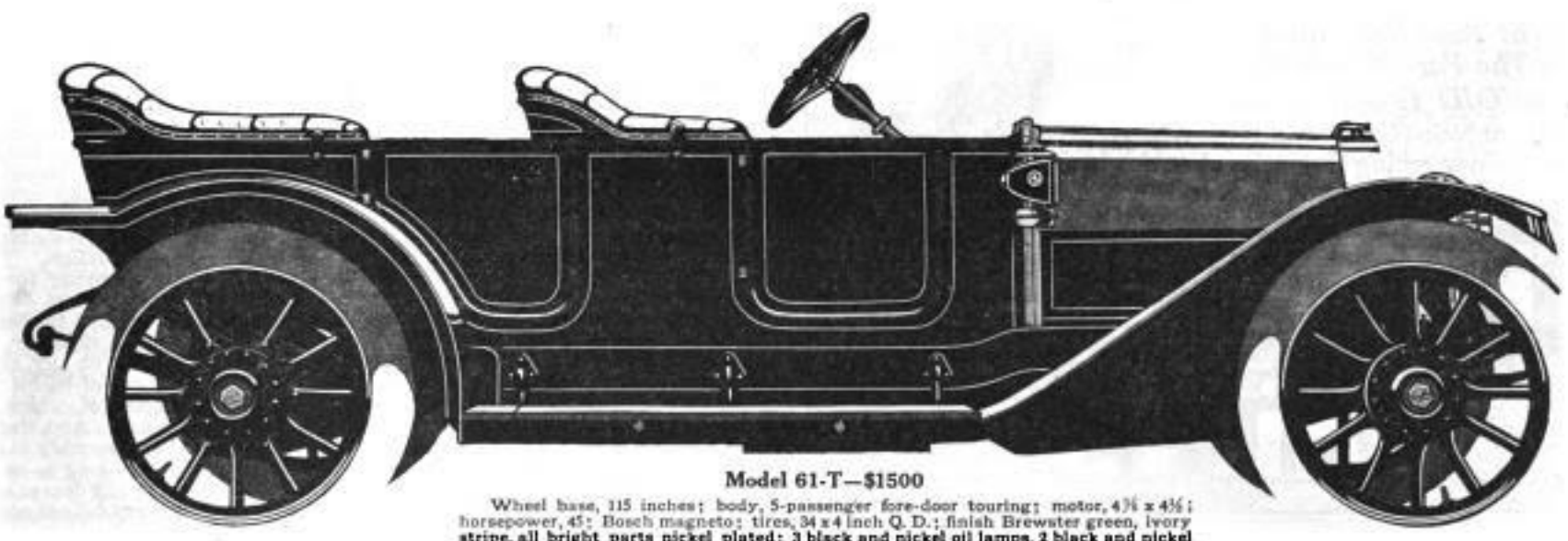
odel 60 (left hand page) is a thirty-five epower touring car priced at $1200. a big five-passenger car—comfortable with lots of room. It has a powerful ty-five horsepower motor, which can easily develop fifty miles an hour. The wheel base is one hundred and eleven inches. The transmission is of the selective type—three speeds and reverse—fitted with F & S bearings, which are used in the most expensive cars made. Crank and gear casings are made of aluminum. The frame is of cold rolled pressed steel. The operating levers are in the center of the car. The body lines are graceful and pleasing. The upholstery is of good leather hand stuffed with fine hair. We equip this car with our simple self-starter for only $20 additional.

Can you duplicate this car for much less than $1500? If you want a machine of the thirty-five horsepower touring car type, would you pay $1500 when you can get this car for $1200?

Model 61 (right hand page) at $1500 is another exceptional value. This car has a forty-five horsepower motor; seats five people. The wheel base is 115 inches. The front axle is a one piece drop forged I section fitted with Timken bearings. The rear axle is full floating, also fitted with Timken bearings. The pressed steel frame has a double drop. It is equipped with Bosch magneto. Tires 34 x 4 inches. The big handsome body is finished in rich Brewster green, ivory striped. All bright parts are heavily nickel plated. Upholstery is of the best leather and genuine hair. This car is big, strong and magnificent. It is hard to figure what more anyone could possibly want in an automobile. It is complete in every detail, having all those little modern refinements that make for comfort. The price for this car is $1500. Self-starter only $20 extra. Go over the market with a fine tooth comb and you will not find its equal for less than $2,000.

Our 1912 book gives you all the further facts. Write for a copy today and see the difference in automobile plants. Please ask for book A 23.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 61-T—$1500

Wheel base, 115 inches; body, 5-passenger fore-door touring; motor, 4⅜ x 4½; horsepower, 45; Bosch magneto; tires, 34 x 4 inch Q. D.; finish Brewster green, ivory stripe, all bright parts nickel plated; 3 black and nickel oil lamps, 2 black and nickel gas lamps. Price, $1500. Self-starter, $20 extra.

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LOWNEY'S

ALIT DELECTANS

CHOCOLATES

"Crest" Chocolates are the latest Lowney product. Certainly we have provided the finest chocolate coating that can be made. By the choice of special natural products from the tropical countries where good things grow **Lowney's "Crest" Chocolates** are made more delicious than chocolates ever were before. Every box with the crest and name on it is sold at one dollar a pound, and is worth it and more. No girl can resist their lure. They are packed with the greatest care for appetizing appearance. They are a perfect gift. They are what the most exacting connoisseurs have been searching for.

Get them of your dealer if he has them. If not send us amount and we will forward promptly, prepaid, with card enclosed if desired:

Lowney's "Crest" Chocolates, assorted, ½ lb., 1 lb., 2 lbs., 3 lbs. or 5 lbs. at $1 a pound.

Lowney's "Crest" Caramels, ½ lb. or 1 lb. at $1 a pound.

Lowney's "Crest" Nougatines, ½ lb. at 50c. for the half-pound.

Also, Lowney's Fancy-Full, no cream centers, 1 lb., 2 lbs., 3 lbs. or 5 lbs. at 80c. a pound.

Lowney's Vesta Creams, all soft centers, 1 lb. at 80c.

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO., BOSTON



Wear Faultless Shirts With The Patent Nek-Gard and AVOID THAT SPOT!

The Patent Nek-Gard prevents the *front* collar button from touching the neck. Avoids pinching, bruising and that unsightly collar-button spot.

Faultless Shirts

This feature is confined exclusively to Faultless Shirts and they are the *only* shirts made so that no buttons touch the neck. This improvement increases the unusual value which Faultless Shirts have always represented in style, fit and quality at $1.50 and up. If not at your dealer's, we will see that you are supplied. Look for the Faultless label.

E. ROSENFELD & CO., Dept. S, BALTIMORE, MD., U. S. A.

Makers of Faultless Night Shirts and Pajamas—"The Cozydozy Kind."

THE NEK-GARD KIND

ON MAIN STREET

(Continued from Page 6)

and is deftly and quietly piloted out into the cool night air and folded up in a cab. On still rarer occasions, some exhilarated roisterer of a village cutup opens the front door and enters with a whoop; but he never gets past the oyster counter. There is no record of a person rolling a whoop that ever did get past the oyster counter, because this department is in charge of a gentleman who opens oysters for a living and removes disturbing elements for pleasure. He is a wide, thick person, and the "muscles of his brawny arms are strong as iron bands"; and he could open oysters with his thumbnail, though generally using the edged tool provided for that purpose. He is likewise gifted with the calm, judicial temperament; and he never lets his disposition or his hair get rumpled. The cutup, entering, utters his preliminary whoop. The oyster-shucking gentleman lays down the implements of his calling, wipes his hands on the front of his apron, thereby practically hiding the apron for the time, and comes swiftly out from behind. There is a brief flurry, a squeal as if some one had stepped on a mouse, and the person who whooped is out on the sidewalk in practically a whoopless state, yet entirely unhurt and wondering vaguely how he got there without walking. And that is positively all there is to it.

Not a ripple of excitement has been communicated to those sitting at the tables—the diners dine on in ignorance of what has taken place at the front door; but the sightseers sit and sit and sit, waiting wall-eyed for the customary evening's contest between the gridiron heroes and the waiters. Finally Mr. Town Mouse, speaking in the disappointed tones of one who really can't get his proper night's rest until he has seen two or three Freshmen mangled up, will say: "Well, old man, it looks pretty quiet tonight; but last night, if you'd only been here, you'd have seen some lively scrapping—believe me!"

Here, of late, it has come to be the custom among those who are seeing the town to drop into one or another of two or three big, gaudy restaurants for the so-called cabaret shows that start after midnight and continue until everybody goes home or to sleep. This cabaret stunt is supposed to be the very capsheaf of rollicking, reveling deviltry—the latest importation in the acting-up line from dear old Paree—in short, the last word in refined and expensive wickedness. It is supposed to have brought a new fillip of sensation to the sated and jaded palates of the Broadway *boulevardiers*. One is told that all the society people and all the theatrical set and all the clubmen and all the men about town are just held spellbound by it! And generally one is given to understand that it is just a little bit the spiciest, sauciest thing that ever came to town. That is what one hears—but what does one see?

The Latest in Café Naughtiness

Very well, Rollo, since you must know, here is what one sees: One sees, on a given signal, several couples—hired from a theater or specially retained—dancing between the tables, back and forth among the diners and the drinkers. It is apt to be rather ordinary dancing, done in a rather ordinary way; but because the dancers don't dance on a platform or a stage, but right down among the tables, why, that—don't you see?—makes it just too piquant and scandalous for anything!

And so, with first one thing and then another, the giddy, delirious night wears on and wears out; and along about four A. M. our two devil-may-care friends come forth upon Broadway. Broadway at this hour looks like almost any other street anywhere at four A. M. The electric signs which made it to glitter like a gambler's bride are now turned off; and Broadway, which naturally is about the worst-lighted street on earth, has become a long, dim, drafty cañon, through which occasional footsteps echo hollowly. Save for the occasional taxi, the semi-occasional victim of the sleeping sickness hanging to a lamp-post, and once in a great while a tired policeman paddling by in his overshoes, it is empty and deserted. It is also cold and raw and dismal, and the air tastes of coming day; but, somehow, to the doctored imagination of the stranger, Broadway, even at four A. M., is invested with hidden deviltry and wanton wiles and mocking la and silken swishings, and to the bett his illusioned soul he is satisfied. Fo he not done New York? He has.

And when he wakes up in the mid the next day he finds that New York lowing its pleasing custom, has also him. He has seen and heard the things that he could have seen and h had he been so minded, in any to a hundred thousand inhabitants i United States—seen and heard them larger and louder and brisker scale haps, but nevertheless the same and for the entertainment he has paid nine times as much as the smaller would have charged him.

Just as bogus as the stock wicked Broadway, but of a different sort, stock wickedness of the East Side. numbers of persons from remote poi nightly demanding to be led to the Side in order that they may look with own eyes upon the sordid sin of the olis as contradistinguished from the ing and tinsel brands of sin. An they are led—there are persons spec the business of leading them.

The Highly Respectable Bow

First off, of course, they must see Bowery—the wicked, dangerous, dou desperate Bowery of song and story, pa ularly song. Well, maybe it was all of once—say, about the time of the Me War; but not any more. Gone is Sa Hall; gone is Steve Brodie's; gone are the rest. The Bowery of today and wise of tonight is almost altogether a ness thoroughfare. For every shabby that still lingers along its length, it has a dozen big factories and wholesale house for every ginmill sitting room, a d moving-picture shows; for every barroom, a block of soda fountains and jewelry sho and dairy lunches and retail clothing store.

The sightseer will look in vain for th roistering, rowdying swarms of blue-jacketed sailor boys; he'll wait in vain to be robbed and maybe slugged by a low-browed highwayman. The kind of sail boy that makes up Uncle Sam's navy tod is more apt to be uptown somewhere, sit ting in a two-dollar seat at a high-cla theater, or consulting books of refere at a public library; and the nearest to stranger will come to being robbed is wh a souvenir postcard purveyor tries t charge him five cents for a postcard tha was meant to sell at two for five.

The depraved monster who will take th job of killing a man for five dollars maiming him for two-fifty is strangely s on the job. This bloody-minded but a commodating party isn't there any mor and, to tell you the truth, he never wa It is true that on the Bowery you can g a shave for five cents and a haircut f fifteen; but, except in the "mellerdra mers" and the dime novels, there nev was any cutrate schedule on murder dis there. Eighty per cent of the resident po ulation of the Bowery is made up of ha working longshoremen and laboring me who live in the Bowery lodging hous because they are cheap places and han to their work; and fully ninety per ce of those who pass through the Bowery night are hardworking, law-abiding, sleep headed tenement dwellers. The rest a mainly sightseers looking for excitem and not finding it. I sort of hate to de a blow to a time-buffed tradition; but tell you the truth, a slummer is infinite safer in the Bowery at any hour that would be in any one of half a dozen low West Side streets, of which, probabl he has never heard. And, for that ma ter, he would be reasonably safe on any those streets, too, so long as he minded h own business with any degree of success.

When the Bowery fails to come up to i press notices, and the slummer shows sig of a slight swelling in his bump of disa pointment, the official guide steers hi through Mulberry Bend, after warning hi to be on the lookout for Blackhande and hurtling bombs. The slummer emerg from that quarter breathless but safe. W having seen any Blackhanders or bomb and he wouldn't, either, if he hung ro a week, waiting—and then he is steer into Chinatown for the real thrill.

New York's Chinatown covers about se square acres of ground, speaking rough

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a have felt the exaspera-
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and includes one very short, very crooked street—Doyers—and sections of two longer streets—Pell and Mott. It contains a number of Chinese restaurants, Chinese joss houses, Chinese curio stores, Chinese groceries, Chinese clubhouses and Chinese laundries, some Christian missions, an undertaking establishment—Caucasian—a drug store and several saloons, also Caucasian. There is wickedness and to spare in Chinatown, wickedness of a slinky and furtive oriental type, but it keeps itself hidden away on the upper floors of dark rear tenements and behind blind walls, where no uninitiated outsider ever finds his way; and the wickedness that is on tap for every casual eye to see is made-to-order wickedness, which Chinatown wears, like a false face, for the benefit of the impressionable visitors who flock there.

There have been shootings in Chinatown, just as there have been shootings on Main Street, in Pokeville; but no honest Pokeviller hangs round Main Street waiting for more shooting to take place. He reserves that form of idiocy for his trip to Chinatown. The pilot cautions him beforehand to be ready to flee for safety at the first crack of a gun—and he is ready to flee. Of course, if he stopped to think it might occur to him that a Chinese tong fighter would hardly be likely to wait until a large crowd of tourists came along, before pot-shooting his chosen victim in full view of the audience; but he doesn't stop to think. He is not in New York for that purpose.

It has been found necessary and profitable to devise dens of iniquity for the benefit of Chinatown visitors. There used to be one place in Chinatown, a bat-cave of a cellar, smelling like everything unsainted—admission, twenty-five cents—where the entranced vision of the tourist might rest upon a group of Chinamen engaged in what he was told was a gambling game for enormous stakes. And there used to be another place—and probably is yet, unless the police have shut it up—where, peering through a grimy glass door, the visitor might see lying on a bunk—oh, true word, bunk!—a fair-haired creature, smoking opium—charge, one dollar. Maybe a regular opium den wasn't something to go back home and tell the fellows about!

Places That Do Not Exist

Chinatown is chock-a-block with steerers, who make their living introducing visitors to Chinatown's make-believe wickedness. One of these is affectionately known among his friends as Willie the Fits, through the circumstance of his having occasional epileptic seizures. Willie the Fits was escorting a nervous covey of slummers—mainly females—through Doyers Street one night; and seeing a fee of augmented size in sight he was moved to apply the local color with a heavy brush.

"Gents and loidies," spake Willie the Fits impressively, "dere's been a moider for every foot of asphalt in this here street." Instinctively his listeners drew closer together. "Every brick in this here sidewalk is stained wit' huming blood. In them houses above yous the Hip Sings and the On Leongs and the Four Brudders kills their victims and hoils down the dead bodies. At any minute they's liable to be a bleeding corpse droppin' at yore feet!"

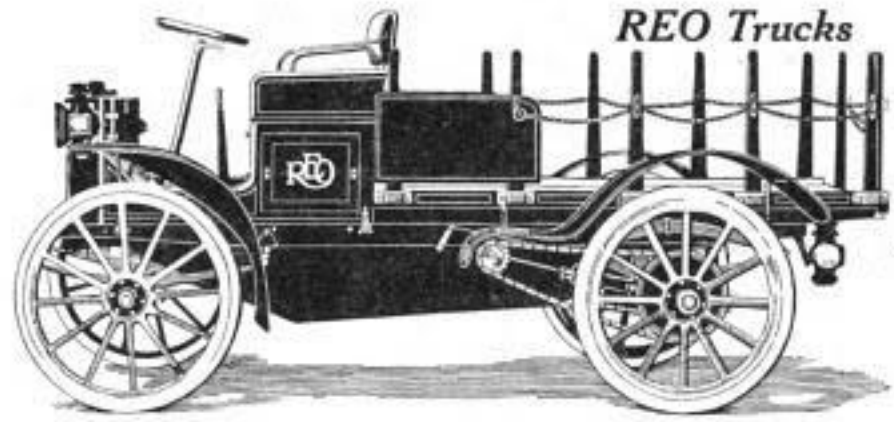
At this moment a negro, who was washing windows on the second floor of a saloon two doors below, so far forgot himself as to fall out and strike the pavement with a loud and painful splash. There was a mad medley of shrieks, a clatter of flying feet; and Willie the Fits stood alone, minus his flock—and, worse than that, minus his tips! Too much realism had been his ruin. Willie the Fits lay down and had one.

To get the right idea of New York wickedness, ask a policeman. Approach one of these stolid guardians of the public peace, as he stands post on a corner in some so-called slum district, and ask him the whereabouts of one of those typical New York dives you read of, where cutthroats plan their nefarious crimes while drinking deep potations from black bottles, and rat-eyed thieves slink in the shadows, and crime—as they say in the evening newspaper headlines—and Crime is Rampant! This has been tried before now by verdant strangers and almost invariably the policeman in his answer mentions the name of William Tell's brother, Wat.

"Wat Tell?" he says. "Wat Tell? G'wan now, and run along back where you belong! There ain't no such a place!"

And no more there ain't.

REO Trucks



Wheel base, 90 inches—Horsepower, 10 to 12—Length behind seat, 6 feet—Capacity, 1,500 pounds. Front seat top, $25 extra.

Only $750

And Built by R. E. Olds

Please mark that price, and note this truck's capacity.

Most trucks which do what this truck does, cost from $1,200 up.

We are building trucks on a business basis—at a dray-wagon profit.

They are built in a separate factory, with a capacity of 5,000 trucks per year.

And they are sold through the thousand dealers established on Reo cars.

To pay more than we ask for a truck like this is rewarding inefficiency.

The Famous Designer

It goes without saying that R. E. Olds knows how to build a truck.

The dean of designers, with 25 years of experience. The builder of myriads of pleasure cars. The creator of Reo the Fifth.

Mr. Olds should be—and he doubtless is—the best qualified man in the business.

Mr. Olds' method of perfecting this truck was to put hundreds of them into use.

They were operated in city and country, on hills and plains, in all sorts of business service.

One loaded truck ran from New York to Oregon. Two carried the baggage in the Glidden Tour, from New York to Jacksonville.

These tests have now covered two years. And never has a truck of this size and capacity shown better records in service.

50 Cents a Day

This truck is built so a 12-year-old boy can drive it. There is nothing to get out of order—nothing to do but steer.

It is immensely economical. On a six months' test, covering 4,553 miles and making 3,773 stops, the cost for gasoline, oil and repairs averaged 50 cents per day.

The average of many accurate tests shows the cost of delivery by Reo truck to be 60 per cent the cost of delivery by horse.

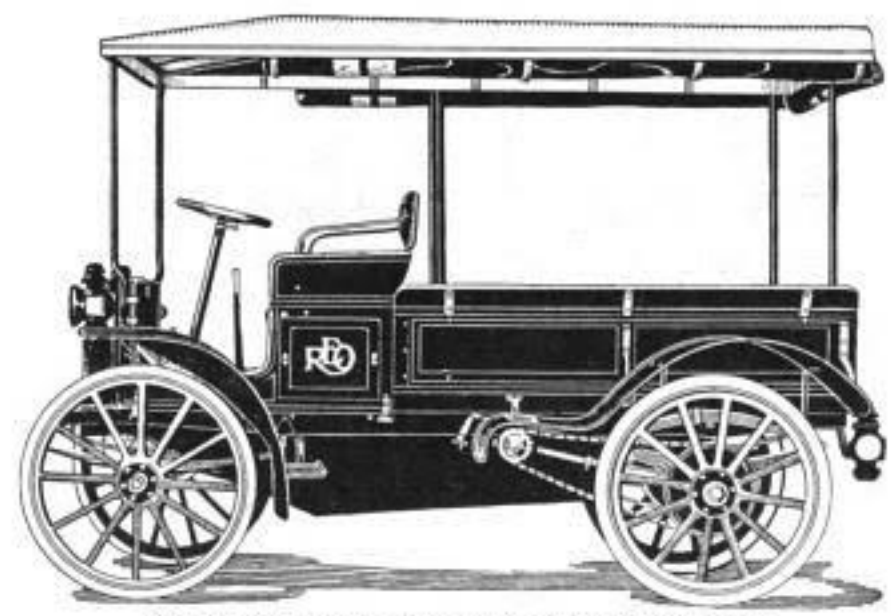
It does five times the work of a one-horse truck, and does it three times as quick.

It is always ready—never gets tired. Nothing can feaze it—heat or cold, rain or snow.

The Reo dealer—right in your town—will demonstrate the truck. He will teach your men to run it. And he is always there to take care of it.

Write us for information.

R. M. OWEN & CO., General Sales Agents for
REO MOTOR TRUCK CO., Lansing, Mich.



Price $750 f. o b. Factory. Top over all, as shown in cut, $50 extra

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Ford

¶ The Lightest-Weight, Lowest Price, Four Cylinder Motor Car in the World—size, power and capacity considered.

¶ There is intense significance in the above fact—to be so light in weight demands the very highest quality in all the materials for construction.

¶ To be light in weight demands the utmost simplicity and greatest strength, coupled with scientific accuracy in design.

¶ Ford Model T brings you the living endorsements of more than 100,000 owners who are every day using this splendid car.

¶ Ford branches and dealers in all cities, towns and villages are at your elbow with Ford Service for Ford Owners.

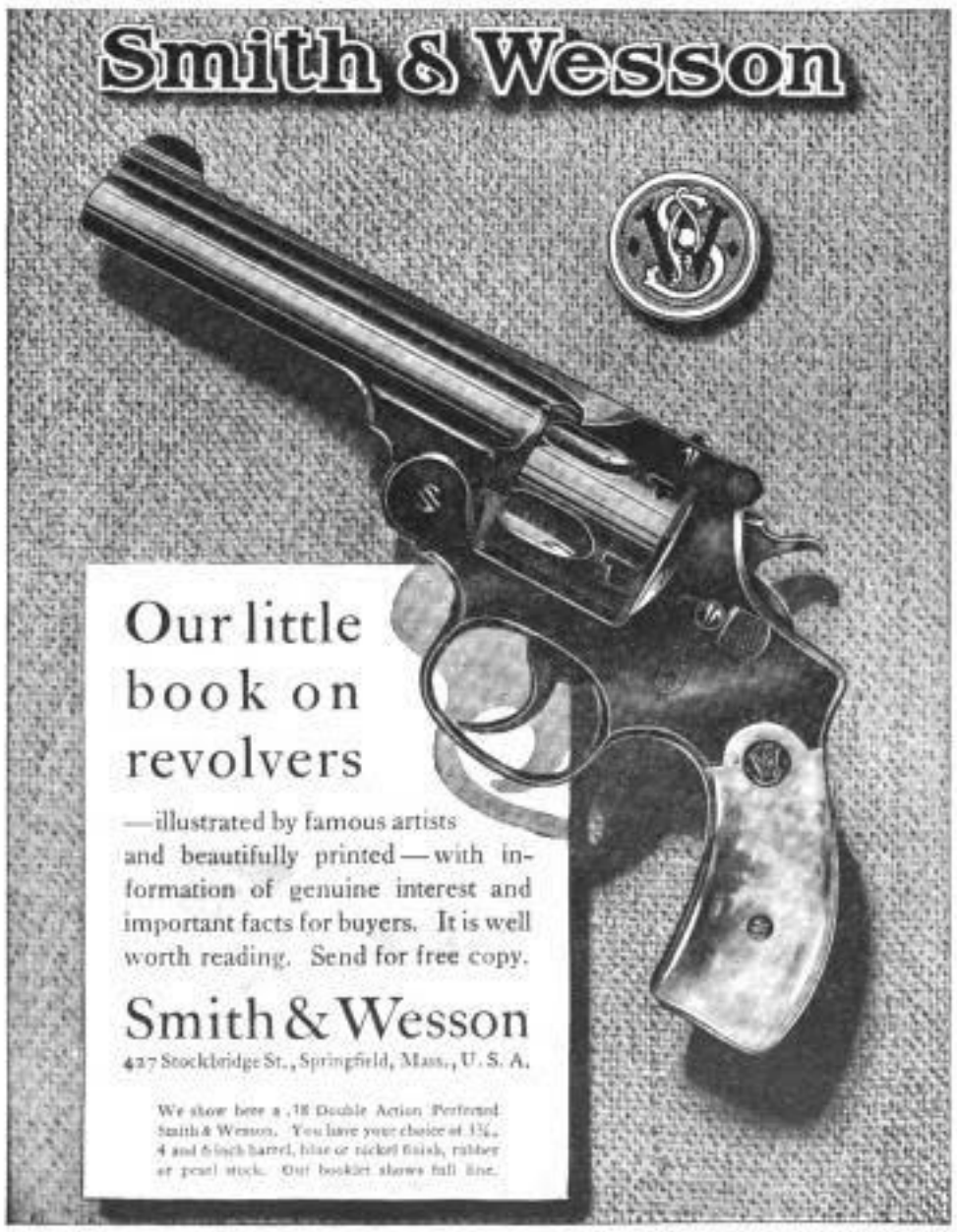
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Ford Model T Torpedo, 4 cylinders, 2 passengers, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit	$590
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The Box-Office Value of Laughter

(Continued from Page 11)

Swede, but without success. The Spaniard, the Italian and the Russian have never been accepted generally as good laughter-provoking propositions.

The "yap" drama, with a lot of country "rubes" in it, is only popular in the city; in the neighborhoods where "rubes" do most abound it is received in solemn silence. If you don't believe this go to a performance of The Old Homestead in some New England town and see for yourself. The same thing is true of the mining drama. It is far more successful in the East than in the West. And, on the contrary, the farther you travel toward the setting sun the better they like the Yankee play.

Why do audiences laugh over and over again at the same old jokes—at the same minstrel gag, for instance—that they have heard for years? Do not be deceived by the bored and weary criticisms that you read of the minstrel gag. Believe me, the experience of all those who know is that there is nothing so safe to rely upon as a very aged gag. People seem to have the ability to laugh indefinitely at something that has amused them once. They not only thoroughly enjoy it themselves, but will take their friends to see the show and enjoy it over again seeing their friends laugh.

The Professional Woman's League determined once to give a minstrel show for a benefit. It was to be a women's minstrel show. Primrose & West's Minstrels were playing at a New York theater; and, as the benefit was to take place there, Mr. William West very kindly offered his entire scenery for the first part and also his services to get our performance into the proper shape.

With an absolute ignorance of the requirements of minstrelsy we had foraged about among our friends for new jokes with telling points. Also we had marshaled our fine singers and had asked them to get the last thing for the singing in cadenzas and roulades and fine operatic work.

Time-Honored Favorites

When the matter for our first part was selected and ready Mr. West strolled in to stage-manage it for us. He listened with a very peculiar and quizzical expression to our jokes as we bandied them about between Bones and Tambourine. After we had performed our first part for this wizard of minstrelsy he took our stage manager aside and said to her: "I think you have made a great mistake in your minstrel gags. It would be far safer simply to select from the time-honored lot that have served so well since the advent of negro minstrelsy."

We were much surprised and inclined to be very argumentative on the subject; but Mr. West was so calmly superior that we decided to abide by his judgment. Great was the disgust of all concerned as those dear old things that we had all heard from the beginning were rolled out, one after the other.

Sure enough, however, on the day the performance was given, though we might be said to have, in a sense, a selected audience, Mr. West's wisdom became very apparent as the old favorites—moss-grown and aged—were received with shrieks and yells of laughter and approval. The one or two of perfectly modern and up-to-date variety we had insisted on retaining met with a solemn silence. I do not remember even a snicker.

As to the operatic selections, which we had counted on as being a feature of the entertainment, we had a similar experience. A certain woman, who had a very fine voice and was a cultivated singer, had consented to take part only if she were allowed to give us a difficult aria from grand opera. After rehearsal she executed this amid the tumultuous applause of the hundred women concerned. Mr. West, with a rueful face, suggested it would be far wiser for her to sing Nellie Was a Lady, and said she would be sure to win favor with the audience.

The singer in question was called down for a conference with him. She upheld the banner of operatic music with great spirit and used many arguments to persuade him that the novelty of a grand-opera selection was what the general public was hankering after. He remained obdurate; and it took the combined effort of all concerned to bring her down to the simplicity of the old



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[illegible]	Williamson & Watts, Howard and Franklin Sts.
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MASSACHUSETTS

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[illegible]	S. J. Diab, 743 Washington St.
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[illegible]	Hubbell & McGowan Co.
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[illegible]	Jordan-Marsh Co.
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[illegible]	Dobbins Hardware Co.
[illegible]	Gray & Worcester
Rapids	R. H. McAllister Co.
[illegible]	Spring Dry Goods Co.
[illegible]	West's Drug Stores
[illegible]	Floyd Mitchell
200	Van Ostrand-Mattison Drug Co.
[illegible]	Larrabee's Sporting Goods Store

MINNESOTA

[illegible]	Kelly Hardware Co.
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[illegible]	C. H. Cirkler
[illegible]	Golden Rule
[illegible]	Edwin A. Brown

MISSISSIPPI

t	Jones Bros. Drug Co.
burg	Hays & Field
[illegible]	T. McLelland Hardware Co.
n	Marks & Rothenberg Co.
urg	Lee Richardson & Co., Inc.

MISSOURI

City	Jones Store Co.
[illegible]	Schmelzer Arms Co., 1216 Grand Ave.
[illegible]	SchmelzerArmsCo.,7106MainSt.
is	Maryland Hotel Cigar Store
[illegible]	Scruggs, Vandevoort & Barney Dry Goods Co.
[illegible]	Wolff Wilson Drug Co., 6th St. and Washington Ave.
ph	W. D. Webb, 615 Felix St.
[illegible]	C. H. Weyer, 508 Edmond St.
Plains	Seth H. Garrison

MONTANA

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n	H. B. McCay
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[illegible]	J. E. Davis, Hardware
Falls	Strain Bros.
[illegible]	A. M. Holter Hardware Co.
ston	A. W. Miles Co.
a	Missoula Mercantile Co.

NEBRASKA

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t	Pohl's Drug Store
Island	R. H. McAllister Co.
y	C. F. Bodinson Hardware Co.
[illegible]	Kostka Drug Co.
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Platte	Derryberry & Forbes
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NEBRASKA (Continued)

City or Town	Dealer
Omaha	James Morton & Son Co.
"	Sherman & McConnell Drug Co. (5 stores)
"	Townsend Gun Co.

NEVADA

Reno	Nevada Hardware & Supply Co.
"	Weck Drug Co.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Manchester	John B. Varick Co.

NEW JERSEY

Asbury Park	J. Edgar Sooy, 516 Cookman Ave.
Atlantic City	Philip Leigh, 1612 Atlantic Ave.
Camden	Bleakly Bros., 542 Federal St.
Jersey City	Nathan & Co.
"	Whipple Hardware Co.
Millville	E. J. Fath & Brother
Mount Holly	H. B. Allen
Newark	R. R. Brant
"	E. G. Koenig's Sons
"	Menk's Pharmacy, 106 Market St.
"	Riker's Drug Stores
Paterson	W. G. Dempsey
"	Johnson Bros.
"	Riker's Drug Stores
Princeton	F. W. Luttman
Red Bank	James Cooper, Jr., Broad St.
Trenton	E. S. Applegate
"	S. B. Dunham & Co.
"	F. S. Katzenbach & Co.
"	Riker's Drug Stores

NEW YORK

Albany	Albany Hardware & Iron Co.
"	Chas. H. Turner Co.
Auburn	Adams Drug Store, 71 Genesee St.
Batavia	John Holley Bradish
Binghamton	Frank S. Bump Co.
Buffalo	Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co.
"	Sterre's Drug & Specialty Shop, 381 Main St.
"	Walbridge & Co.
Elmira	Barker, Ruse & Clinton Co.
"	Gerity Bros. Drug Co.
Fulton	Hawkins & Druse
Gloversville	E. L. Durkee & Co.
Haverstraw	Baum Bros.
Johnstown	John G. Ferris Hardware Co.
Lockport	Burt J. Le Valley
"	Webber Hardware Co.
Mt. Vernon	Riker's Drug Stores
Newburgh	Lawson Hardware Co.
New York City (Brooklyn)	Christopher Bros., 161 Flatbush Ave.
" "	John J. Greenzeig, 261 Dean St.
" "	E. Peterson, 53 Fifth Ave.
" "	Riker's Drug Stores
" "	E. A. Schweiger, 664 Grand St.
" "	E. A. Schweiger, 1519 Broadway
" "	Wilson's Pharmacy, Cor. Flatbush and 6th Aves.
" (Manhattan)	Culbert Leather Goods Co., 24 Maiden Lane
" "	I. Davega, Jr., Inc., 125 W. 125th St.
" "	Davega's Sporting Goods Store, 405 Broadway
" "	Frasse Co., Hardware, 30 Church St.
" "	Chas. Friedgen, 114th St. and Amsterdam Ave.
" "	Chas. Friedgen, 120th St. and Amsterdam Ave.
" "	Hegeman & Co.
" "	Alix Hudnut Pharmacy, 1020 Third Ave.
" "	Kalish Pharmacy, 4th Ave. and 23rd St.
" "	Kalish Pharmacy, 626 Madison Ave.
" "	New York Sporting Goods Co., 17 Warren St.
" "	J. A. O'Donnell (Cutlery), 332 Sixth Ave.
" "	C. L. Pope, 112th St. and Broadway
" "	C. L. Pope, 160th St. and Broadway
" "	Reid, Yeomans & Cubit, 140 Nassau St.
" "	Riker's Drug Stores
" "	H. Rubin, 1 Madison Ave.
" "	Rubin Bros., 102 Delancey St.
" "	Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 Broadway
" "	Standard Drug Co., 50 Church St.
" "	A. Weiss, 67 Wall St.
" "	Chas. W. Wolf, 22 Cortland St.
Oswego	J. Wendell & Son
Poughkeepsie	C. D. Johnson Hardware Co.
Rochester	Dake Drug Co.
"	B. M. Hyde Drug Co.
"	Scrantom, Wetmore & Co.
"	Weaver Hardware Co.
Schenectady	Quinn's Drug Store
"	Clark Whitbeck
Syracuse	C. W. Snow & Co.
Troy	A. E. Bonesteel & Co.
Utica	Howarth & Ballard Drug Co.

NORTH CAROLINA

Asheville	C. A. Raysor
Charlotte	John S. Blake Drug Co.
Durham	Durham Cigar Store
Elizabeth City	Fowler & Co.
Greensboro	Odell Hardware Co.
High Point	Ring Drug Co.
Raleigh	Tucker Building Pharmacy
Salisbury	Smith Drug Co.

OHIO

Akron	Lamparter & Selzer
Bellefontaine	Gilbert M. Frazer
Cambridge	Bresson & Wilson
Chillicothe	Chillicothe Hardware Co.
Cincinnati	Dow Drug Stores (10 stores)
"	The Fair Co.
"	Geo. W. McAlpin Co.
Cleveland	W. Bingham Co.
"	Standard Drug Co.
"	Stearn & Co.
Columbus	F. & R. Lazarus & Co.
"	Geo. F. Luft
Dayton	Burkitt's Drug Store
East Liverpool	Hurbner Webber Drug Co.
Elyria	Hubert Day & Sons, Hardware
Hamilton	Radcliffe Drug Co.
Lancaster	Reed & Walters
Marion	Henney & Cooper
Springfield	Folchemer's Pharmacy
Toledo	Cooley Drug Co.
"	Lion Dry Goods Co.
Youngstown	Averbeck Drug Co.
"	Leather Shop Co.
Zanesville	Young Hardware Co.

OKLAHOMA

City or Town	Dealer
Oklahoma City	Schmelzer Arms Co.

OREGON

Astoria	Foard & Stokes Hardware Co.
Baker	Levinger, Druggist
Eugene	Berger-Bean Hardware Co.
Oregon City	Huntley Bros. Co.
Pendleton	Taylor Hardware Co.
Portland	Columbia Hardware Co.
"	Meier & Frank Co.
"	Portland Cutlery Co.
"	Woodard, Clark & Co.
Salem	Roy L. Farmer Hardware Co.

PENNSYLVANIA

Altoona	Boecking & Meredith
"	W. H. Goodfellow's Sons
"	Penn Traffic Co.
"	V. H. & L. C. Wolfe
Beaver Falls	Francis F. Brierly & Son
"	W. J. Davidson
Canonsburg	Thompson Drug Co.
Carnegie	H. C. Cronshore, 200 Main Ave.
Charleroi	Might's Book Store, 509 McKean Ave.
Coatesville	Young's Pharmacy
Corry	Durham Drug Co.
East Liberty	Graff Bros.
Easton	Chidsey & Green
"	A. J. Odenweider
Emporium	Emporium Drug Co.
Erie	Feisler's Drug Stores (3 stores)
"	United Hardware & Supply Co.
Franklin	H. W. Storing
Greensburg	Copeland & Boelin
"	Marshall Harness Co.
Harrisburg	Harrisburg Hardware Co.
Johnstown	Harry E. Wertz
Lancaster	Steinman Hardware Co.
Meadville	Graham & McClintock
New Castle	Smith, Hutton & Kirk Co.
Oil City	Central Drug Store
Philadelphia	Moskowitz & Herbach, 430 Market St.
"	J. B. Shannon Hardware Co.
"	Strawbridge & Clothier
"	James M. Vance & Co.
Pittsburgh	W.S. Brown, Wood St. and Olive Ave.
"	Dickler's Quality Shop, 103 E. Ohio St.
"	Graff Bros., 5912 Penn Ave.
"	Hukill-Hunter Co., 414 Wood St.
"	Jenkins Arcade Pharmacy
"	Kaufmann Bros.
"	McCulloch Drug Co., Duquesne Pharmacy, 603 Smithfield St.
"	McCulloch Drug Co., Union Station Pharmacy
"	Panhandle Pharmacy
"	Pennsylvania Hardware Co., 6103-5 Penn Ave.
"	Scarborough & Klaus Co., 3809 Fifth Ave.
"	Wirsing Drug Co., Second Ave. and Smithfield St.
Scranton	Gunster Bros., 325 Penn Ave.
"	Sanderson Pharmacy
Pittston	Ed G. Loughran & Co.
Pottstown	Van Buskirk & Bro.
Renovo	H. F. McFarland, Erie Ave.
Sayre	Geo. L. Roberts Co.
Stroudsburg	Le Bar's Drug Store
Towanda	Lester C. Gillette, 423 Main St.
Warren	Pickett Hardware Co.
Washington	R. S. Halbert
West Pittston	John H. Farrer
Wilkes-Barre	Frank & Barber, Inc.
"	Green's Pharmacy
"	White Hardware Co.
Wilkinsburg	Smith Drug Co., 700 Wood St.
Williamsport	Harder Sporting Goods Co.
"	Millener Drug Co., 4th and Pine Sts.

RHODE ISLAND

Newport	Hall & Lyon Co.
Pawtucket	Fisk Drug Co.
"	Hall & Lyon Co.
Providence	Barker, Chadsey & Co.
"	Hall & Lyon Co.
"	J. M. Schmidt & Son

SOUTH CAROLINA

Charleston	Ball Supply Co.
Columbia	Thomas Drug Store, Inc.
Greenwood	Hodge's Drug Store
Rock Hill	J. L. Phillips Co.
Spartansburg	B. S. Doolittle

TENNESSEE

Chattanooga	D. B. Loveman Co.
"	Miller-Mitchell Co.
Jackson	James & Nelson

TENNESSEE (Continued)

City or Town	Dealer
Knoxville	W. W. Woodruff Hardware Co.
Memphis	Hanmer-Ballard Drug Co.
Nashville	John Weis

TEXAS

Dallas	Marvin Drug Store
"	Sanger Bros.
"	H. N. Thomson Hardware Co.
Fort Worth	Covey & Martin
"	Wm. Henry & Co.
Galveston	R. I. Cohen
"	Lyons Hardware Co.
"	Star Drug Co.
Houston	Adoue-Blaine Hardware Co.
"	P. C. Doehring
"	A. E. Kiesling
"	Levy Bros. Dry Goods Co.
San Antonio	Paul Mueller
"	J. Pfeiffer
"	San Antonio Hardware Co.

UTAH

Ogden	Browning Bros. Co.
"	Geo. A. Lowe Co.
"	W. H. Wright & Sons
Salt Lake City	Druehl & Franken
"	Salt Lake Hardware Co.
"	Smith Drug Co.
"	Western Arms & Sporting Goods Co.

VIRGINIA

Bristol	Mitchell-Powers Hardware Co.
Charlottesville	Zimmerman-Link Co., Inc.
Danville	L. C. Clarke
"	L. C. Clarke & Co.
Lynchburg	Adkins Hardware Co.
"	Craighill & Jones
Norfolk	Law Building Pharmacy
"	White Hardware Co.
Richmond	Polk-Miller Drug Co.
"	H.W. Rountree & Bro. Trunk & Bag Co.
Roanoke	Geo. MacBain Co.
"	Van Lear Bros. Pharmacy

WASHINGTON

Aberdeen	J. W. Baker Hardware Co.
Bellingham	Engberg's Pharmacy
Chehalis	Pheasant Pharmacy
Everett	Arthur Bailey
Hoquiam	F. L. Carmain
No. Yakima	Yakima Hardware Co.
Seattle	Bartell Drug Co.
"	McCormack Bros.
"	McDougall & Southwick Co.
Spokane	Spokane Hardware Co.
"	Ware Bros. Co.
"	Whitehouse Co.
Tacoma	McCormack Bros.
"	Ryner F. Malstrom, 938 Pacific Ave.
Vancouver	Sparks Hardware Co.
Walla Walla	Morrow-Drew Hardware Co.

WEST VIRGINIA

Bluefield	White Pharmacy
Charleston	Scott Bros.
Clarksburg	Farrell's Drug Store
Fairmont	J. L. Hall Hardware Co.
Grafton	Grafton Drug & Chemical Co.
Huntington	Emmons Hawkins Hardware Co.
Morgantown	Ream's Drug Store
Moundsville	J. H. Beam
Parkersburg	O. J. Stout & Co.
Wellsburg	John R. Elson

WISCONSIN

Appleton	Downer's Pharmacy, 802 College Ave.
Beloit	Chas. H. Jones Pharmacy
Eau Claire	Branstad's Rexall Drug Store
Fond du Lac	Ruh's Drug Store
Green Bay	Neveu Drug Stores
Kenosha	W. H. Robinson (Book Store)
La Crosse	Hebberd & Co.
Madison	Menges Pharmacies
Marinette	McDonald's Drug Store
Milwaukee	Bartleson Hardware Co.
"	A. Spiegel Drug Co.
Oshkosh	E. A. Horn
Racine	Kradwell Drug Co.
Sheboygan	J. C. Thomas & Co.
Superior	Russell Bros.
Wausau	Weichman's Pharmacies (2 stores)

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THE RECORDING ANGEL

(Continued from Page 18)

y read with an omnivorous appetite ies of actual wickedness that would lt the average reader of decadent on. This is why the returned mis- ary is always sure of an audience and n enthusiastic interest. He seeds his ion or lecture with horror tales that al to this same diseased imagination. agons often have the most naïvely upt minds in the world. Mrs. Martin herself a waddling encyclopedia of doings and heathen scandals. There nothing that the worst woman in the d could do with which Mrs. Martin not have a sort of sighing, praying, rious acquaintance, a fact largely onsible for the suspicion with which egarded all dancing and strolling and ting. She never could see an unmarried and woman exchanging sweetly Shak- an glances without suspecting them e light of all her moral reading. The tion is, Which is the more reprehen- , the glances exchanged between lovers e eavesdropping eyes of the saint who cepts and reads them?

rs. Martin found the book of Leviticus interesting. She had just finished a in chapter and she was about to get upon her fat old knees to pray, two things occurred simultaneously stract her attention. First, there was t, stearny explosion from the kitchen, ded by the disagreeable odor of burn- cabbage. Her pot had boiled over! leaped to her feet with astonishing y. But she had not gone halfway e door leading to the kitchen before was appalled by a crash that rent the ant silence of the cloudless summer like a thunderbolt.

e stood for one instant in frightful nse between curiosity and the instinct ve her dinner, when again the terrific was repeated, and she yielded the age and ran out upon the veranda to the world was really coming to an end. a fact that she had long expected catastrophe, especially in Ruckersville e she knew wickedness to abound. It hing worth noting that a certain class ous people do come to that stage of ctiveness in their religious experience they expect the Lord to get mad and oy the world. You never hear of an st, or even of an agnostic, prophesying a destruction. It seems that neither ese has the faith to believe the Creator do so mean and sudden a piece of endous mischief. But ferocious saints erfectly capable of entertaining the by way of justifying their own indig- opinion of sinful man, and are even ble of predicting the event. More once Mrs. Martin had shaken her at the goings-on in Ruckersville, with ations about a day of wrath. But as she stood on the veranda of her e, leaning with one hand against a tall pillar of it and shading her eyes the other, she trembled. When you down to the uncertain feeling of it in own bones, nobody wants the Lord too literal and comprehensive in His h.

e looked this way and that, working her res into a fearful smile. A flock of tened birds flew past. A man driving m had pulled up in the middle of the t and was sitting upon the pole of agon looking back over his shoulder. saw the head of Mrs. Fanning-Rucker in its nightcap sticking far out of her oom window, craning this way and

Next there was a rush of feet on idewalk, and she beheld a long strand en and boys running from the direc- of the square. The captain led this g company. His hat merely clung to back of his little old bald head, his mus- bristled. He was hopping along with hin arms spread like featherless wings, he instinctive desire to fly was apparent ery movement.

hind him came Luster and Magnis Bilfire, all with their features sharp- to an interrogation point, while Elbert e shambled far behind, his knees hin- g him as usual, his coat on his arm, loodshot eyes swimming beneath the len lids, his head lifted and his lower sagging.

Elbert," screamed the old lady, "what arth is the matter?"

bert was short-winded; he had no th to spare in words at such a moment. He merely waved his hand in a certain direction as he went by. She followed it with her eyes and beheld a sacrilege.

Upon a gentle eminence, among the huge bolls of many ancient oaks, she saw the old Joseph Rucker mansion, standing like an old woman whose nose and chin are about to meet. The long fluted columns that supported the gable roof of the front porch lay prone upon the ground, the roof itself sagged nearly to the floor below, while a dozen men leaped about upon the main building shoving and pushing at it with ramming beams. Even in that instant the nose and chin met, the roof groaned, dropped sadly, then fell, filling the air with the sound of splitting timbers and enveloping all with a cloud of dust.

Mrs. Martin stood dumfounded. If she had seen ghouls robbing a tomb in the old churchyard behind she could not have been more horrified than she was at this sight of men ripping off the weatherboarding and romping up and down the half-disclosed ribs of the ancient house. When the dust cleared she put on her glasses and distinctly saw Jim Bone, on the ground below, waving his arms and shouting orders to the destroyers. She looked about, like a mariner cast into a stormy sea, for a refuge from her own distracted senses. Then for the first time she caught sight of Amy White seated by the window of her little old house across the street, weaving her fingers in and out with a long thread among her shining beads. Her serene face showed in the shade like a gentle epitaph upon all human follies. Mrs. Martin was indignant. She threw her apron over her head and waddled down the walk from her house, flung the gate open, came out, slammed it, hurried across, opened the one to Amy's yard, which sagged and refused to close, flip-flapped in her old heelless slippers up the narrow path that led to the entry, set one foot upon the step and could contain herself no longer.

"Amy," she cried, "I do believe you'd sit there and never move if Gabriel blew his trumpet!"

Amy, lifting her blind face, curved her lips into a Paradise smile.

"I reckon I would, Rachel," she said.

"Do you know what's happenin' right here under your nose?"

"No; what?"

"Jim Bone's got a dozen niggers over yonder in the grove tearing down the old Joe Rucker house. Didn't you hear the columns fall?"

"I may have, but I didn't notice."

"Well! It jarred the ground, and you didn't notice!"

Amy laid down her band of beads, took the end of her thread and began to feel with it for the eye of her needle with that curious insistent intelligence of the blind.

"When I first lost my sight every sound frightened me. Then when I understood that it was no use, that I could never save myself from any danger, I ceased to be afraid. I reckon I have more trust than you who see. I used to be afraid of storms here by myself. But now the lightning could zigzag across my face and the thunder might shake the house, but I'd sit and fear not. When you are blind you come to the place where you can trust the thunderbolt as if it were a little child with flowers in its hands."

Rachel was looking up at her from the yard outside. She could not comprehend such trust as this. She was nervous about storms, she was always afraid there might be an earthquake. She did not like to think how she would feel if God did actually carry out His wrath and destroy the world. But as she stood there—the tall grass waving its little feathery seed plumes in the gentle breeze—bedimmed by this faith of her blind friend, she suddenly recalled the burning smell in the kitchen.

"Lord 'a' mercy, my cabbage! I left 'em boilin' over!" she exclaimed as she wheeled and trotted off, leaving Amy to dream out a sentence for her Book of Life about the marrow of faith being blindness of one sort or another.

On this same afternoon Miss Leonora Bell, who was that funny thing, the lady principal of the Ruckersville Academy, was returning home. She was preceded by a group of fat and lean little girls who were talking about her. This is what all little girls do for the distance of a quarter of a mile immediately after they have been

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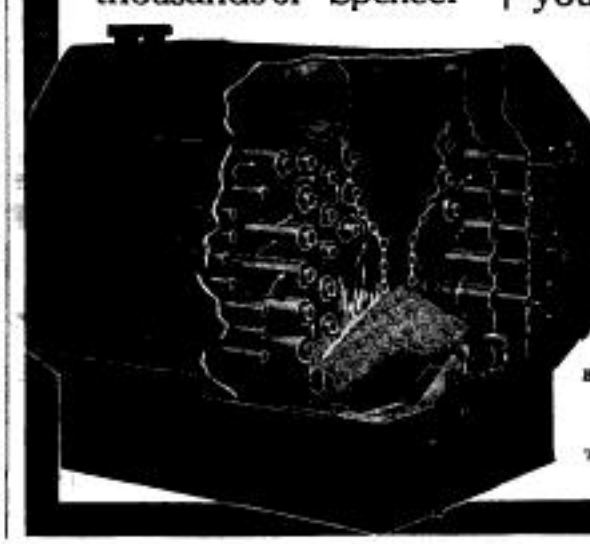
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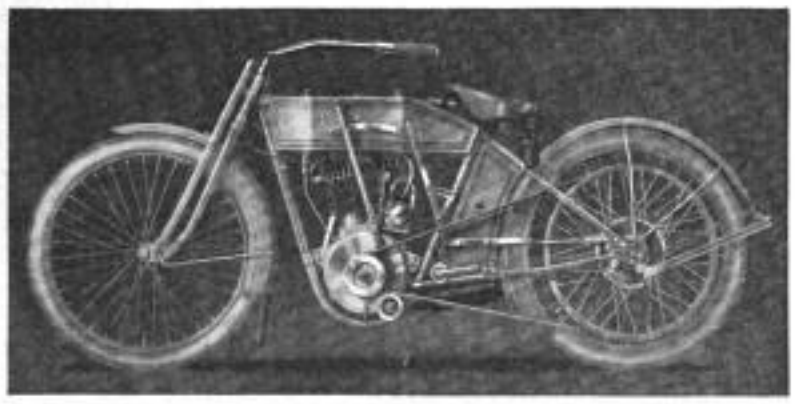
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delivered from the intellectual claws of any lady principal. They were giggling and looking back over their shoulders at her, and commenting upon the stringency of her discipline and the injustice of her demands upon their eternally tadpole faculties. And they were relating in explosive whispers the secret victories they had that day achieved over her. But more particularly they were discussing the sudden change in the unfrizzled severity of her appearance. For she had dawned in the schoolroom that morning with her thin black locks extravagantly curled. This had never happened before. The author of "Man the Orang-Utan" had always worn her hair parted in the middle and drawn back smoothly like a carefully punctuated sentence in a book of rhetoric. They were at a loss to account for this extravagant crimping. They were very far from suspecting that she was still capable of a sort of vinegar sentimentality, and they would have been awed into something like sympathy if they could have known that the little thin, dark, sharp-featured old maid, whose heels were clacking along behind them on the brick pavement, was at that moment thinking tremblingly of the possibility of meeting Mr. Jim Bone, who was often seen in the late afternoon coming from the opposite direction along this same street.

Like every other unmarried woman in Ruckersville, Leonora was in love with him. She would not admit it, of course, but her hair did. Every stiff wave of it was a tribute to the marvelous and outrageous fascination of that wicked prodigal. If the silent, secret, futile romances of any village could be gathered up and set down in a book they would augment the sentimental literature of the world a hundredfold more than those other affairs that ripen into reciprocity, courtship and marriage. And it would be discovered that maiden women are lonesome moving figures in nearly all of them. These romances, guided virtuously by their faded heroines into the innocuousness of manless sequels, record in fact the waste material of every civilized community. And they are inspired by the inhumanity of men, who do not ask as many women in marriage as are entitled to this excellent martyrdom.

As Miss Bell was about to pass the gate of the Yancey residence she saw Mildred Percey sitting upon the shaded veranda with Mary and Agnes. They were each looking supernaturally young and tinted and gay in freshly laundered muslins.

"Come up, Leonora, and hear the news!" called Mary.

Leonora went in, regarding her friends curiously as she advanced along the walk. It seemed to her a strange circumstance that she had not seen any of the three with their hair curled and puffed in this manner since they were girls together. She wondered what it meant more than she wondered what news they had to tell. News in Ruckersville was a poor commodity.

Agnes went in and returned, drawing after her a lagging wicker rocker. Leonora dropped into it with an air of fainting relaxation.

"We were just discussing Jim Bone," said Mary.

"They say he met the sheriff face to face this morning," explained Mildred.

"Which killed the other?" inquired Leonora.

"That was the queer part of it. He offered him a cigar."

"Who offered which a cigar?" demanded Miss Bell, who hated ambiguity and battled against it every day in the composition class.

"The sheriff, Mr. Barfield, of course," answered Mildred. "The captain came by and told father about it. He says that Barfield says that Mr. Bone explained everything so satisfactorily that the warrant has been dismissed, and that they were actually seen crossing the square together this morning arm in arm. He says everybody is disappointed in the sheriff and that he'll be defeated for office this fall, and that it wouldn't surprise him if Bone himself should be elected instead."

Barfield was the typical sheriff in appearance. He had a long, drooping black mustache that hung down like a brace of pistols under his nose, and he wore a wide-brimmed black slouch hat, and looked like the stage villain in a cheap melodrama. He was one of the most timid men alive, but Nature had endowed him, apparently as a sort of joke, with a ferocious expression. And it was upon the reputation of this

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fierce expression that he had held his office. As a matter of fact, he considered it a frightful accident when he met Bone that morning, and no one ever knew what actually passed between them, further than that Barfield was seen to offer Bone a cigar and then walk on with him on terms of friendly conversation.

"I never thought Tom Barfield was anything but a legal scarecrow," commented Leonora.

"But that is not the greatest piece of news," interrupted Agnes.

"No, they say Jim Bone has bought that vacant lot just in front of the monument to the heroes in gray ——"

"And he has not only bought the old Joe Rucker place, but he's tearing it down today and ——" Mary put in; but Mildred, ignoring her, went on about the vacant lot enterprise.

"——and this morning they began breaking the ground for the foundations for some kind of building. The captain told father ——"

"——and by twelve o'clock they were hauling off the beams and weatherboarding to be used in the construction of the building on the square," Mary interrupted again, but Mildred held to her original theme of this strange enterprise.

"——that he had brought an architect from Atlanta with him and that he is offering to employ every idle man in Ruckersville to help with the construction, and ——"

"The construction of what?" demanded Leonora, looking from one to the other.

"Nobody knows what!" chimed in all three ladies in high treble voices.

"That is why we are all so excited," Mary began.

"They say Jim Bone is the most popular man in town. Everybody is talking to him and asking him questions about what he is doing. But he just laughs and tells them to wait and see."

"Captain Martin told father that Mr. Bone told him that he was preparing to redeem the town," said Mildred. "So Mrs. Martin thinks he is building another church. And she feels very badly about it. She says apt as not he is a Presbyterian, or something, and that now the religious harmony of Ruckersville will be destroyed by denominational dissensions."

"He has made Tony Adams boss of the hands working on the foundations. And they say it is a sight to see him strutting up and down ordering the negroes about. I reckon it is the first time Tony was ever at the head of anything," mused Agnes.

"Well," snapped Leonora, "if he gets the men in this town to work, he will come nearer redeeming it than the preachers ever do with their revivals."

During the whole of this conversation each woman was casting sidenote glances up and down the avenue in search of the hero of their combined conversation. Each gave little furtive dabs with her hands at her stray locks and pats to her draperies. They took out their back combs slyly, raked up the straggling hairs from the back of their necks and eased the combs in again carefully. It was funny that not one of them suspected that the others shared her thoughts and anticipations.

Suddenly a silence settled upon them—a quivering bird-winged silence, as if the claws of their spirits gripped tighter the swinging bough of love's hope—and their heads turned modestly sideways so that they looked out upon the street archly and obliquely, as if they were not looking at all. The object of their speculation swung around the corner at this moment and walked with his usual deliberate straddling gait past the house. His hat was tilted forward at the romantic ambush angle. His chin was drawn down in contemplation. He was accompanied by the dog, who had his tongue out, his tail at half mast, and appeared to share his master's preoccupied mood. Neither of them looked to the right or to the charming lady-besprinkled left. The rough thumping rustle of the straps on Mr. Bone's boots as they rubbed together at each step thrilled and excited the company on the veranda.

"Why does he wear those horrid boots!" murmured Mildred.

"Better ask where he is going!" commented Leonora with suspicion, the depth of which was emphasized by her low voice.

"He goes by here at this hour every afternoon," agreed Mary.

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if he wishes the suspicions of the entire female population of any village let him be seen going regularly at the sundown hour toward the open outer regions of moonlit darkness. And they are usually quite right to entertain such suspicions. Men do not love Nature enough by herself to keep an inanimate tryst with her. Women are justified in supposing that there is a strictly feminine star about to shine somewhere upon the man's hawthorn skyline, which engages his astronomical enthusiasm.

"It is rumored that he goes to see Sylvia Story," said Agnes primly after a pause, thus voicing the secret despair of her companions.

"That is a mistake," exclaimed Mildred quickly as if she would defend the reputation even of the prodigal. "Fanning-Rucker told me that Sylvia told him she had never so much as spoken to Mr. Bone."

"I must be going. I am tired to death," said Leonora dully as she arose and gathered up her schoolma'am papers. Her light had passed and gone out. The muscles of her face relaxed. Her cheeks sagged. All the little wrinkles in them let go and curved downward forlornly. It was as if Fate had postmarked her from the dead-letter office.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ART AND INDUSTRY

(Continued from Page 13)

"The little woman didn't side in with me at all, somehow. She figgered out that a feller who had never made more'n forty-five dollars a month in his whole life couldn't really earn no more'n that. I just couldn't explain to her that times was changed an' that we was livin' now in a time o' progress.

"'I'm a risin' man,' says I to her; 'but the trouble is, I never was appreciated by them who ought to have knew me best.'

"'Curly,' says she, 'you make me tired! But say, now,' she says after a while, 'does women git in that book?'

"'Shore,' says I; 'we've got to put 'em in—ladies half price.'

"'Curly,' says she to me after thinkin' fer a while, 'do you think my old alpaca dress that we got over to Missoula two years ago would look all right in a picture?'

"'Ma'am,' says I, 'it certainly would. An', just to show you that I'm a good business man, I'll thank you fer ten per cent o' two hundred an' fifty dollars—the Curly family ain't goin' to git into this History any cheaper'n anybody else.'

"Well, when she fell fer it I could see there was nothin' left but to simply git something big enough to hold the money.

"Now, when ole man Johnson begun to git busy, an' old Cæsar Lombroso Messonyer begun to circulate roun' an' bring in his rough sketches o' Poppa an' Momma, an' the children an' the cows, we could see that we was goin' to have a book which would weigh somewhere roun' twenty pounds. It was mostly ranchers an' grangers an' sheepmen—we had to leave out the towns an' promise them the next chancet, though they was some sore about that.

"Well, sir, we didn't spend quite all our money round Pateelse, an' at last we did get them books printed. They come out in a trainload one time a few months later—me to pay the freight. About then ole man Johnson was visitin' friends in the East, and I dunno where Cæsar Lombroso Messonyer went to—but I suppose he was kind o' sensitive about the sordid business o' makin' collections.

"My ten per cent was pretty well spread by this time; so I was anxious to finish up gittin' pay on them notes. So one day I taken a four-horse wagonload o' these precious volumes, an' a basketful o' promissory notes, an' I starts out from Cady on a collectin' tower.

"First man I called on was ole man Hayes, over on Dry Creek. I hadn't looked at his picture in the book, fer somehow I kind o' was afraid o' trouble all along, havin' seen some of our long-hair's work. His favorite way was to take a patent medicine woodcut which he found in Johnson's office an' work it over fer a portrait o' Poppa. I don't know but what he had tried that on ole man Hayes—but I did have sense enough to take my gun when I started out on this part o' the work.

"Well, sir, when I pulls this book on ole man Hayes the first thing he looks for is his own picture. Then he goes straight up into the air an' turns a complete summerset, an' comes down yellin'.



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"'It's a outrage!' says he. 'I've been a Democrat all my life, an' everybody knows it; an' yet here's my name on a page portrait that looks exactly like William Howard Taft!'

"'Shore now!' says I to him, tryin' to gentle him down a little bit. 'It does look like Taft, don't it? I'm sorry you look thataway; but our artist he can't make no mistakes. Besides,' says I, 'it's a heap better to be took fer Taft than fer Wild Bill er Henry Wadsworth Longfeller,' says I.

"'I'll not pay it,' says he when I pulls the note on him. 'Has any o' the others paid theirn?'

"'You're the first gentleman I've saw this mornin',' says I; 'but my belief is that it'll be healthier if everybody pays right along cheerful.' I had my eye on him all the time, because I knew where he kep' his Winchester.

"Well, ole man Hayes he thought fer a while, an' he looked over the other portraits an' compared 'em to his. After a while he begun to laff fit to kill.

"'Why this mirthfulness?' says I.

"'I'll tell you, Curly,' says he. 'Ef you kin collect your money fer this here portrait o' Bill Bedlow, down below here on the crick, why then I'll pay mine cheerful; an' I'll help you git all the other bills paid too.'

"'You're on!' says I. 'I'd always ruther be peaceful than any other way. I'll go right down an' see Bill now. Of course,' says I, 'you know that Bill he's shy a laig an' a arm; but the picture shows that.'

"'Uh-huh!' says ole man Hayes; then he laffs some more.

"'We offered,' says I, 'to soften down them things so they wouldn't show in the picture, not wantin' to hurt the feelin's of a man that's played in hard luck; but Bill, he said he wanted to go into the book thataway. We warned ole man Johnson not to tell that Bill had lost his laig in a mowin' machine when his broncs run away, an' that he had an arm busted off while he was haulin' dynamite on the Shoshone Dam. Bill always acted mysterious about them missin' members, an' a good many folks thought that he had been either a bad man er a hero of some sort. That was why he wanted to go in with the play as it lay on the board. He was one o' the first to sign up his contrack too—he was plumb eager to git in among the perminent citizens.'

"Well, I went down to Bill's feelin' plumb cheerful about the prospects. I didn't stop to examine the picture very clost, except to see that it showed him standin' there with only one arm an' one laig between hisself, so to speak. Everybody in the whole country knowed he was shy thataway; an' it looked to me like as ef we couldn't collect on as safe a bet as that we didn't have no chanceт with none o' them. I couldn't tell what made ole man Hayes laff so when he sent me down to see Bill first.

"I goes down to the place where Bill was at, an' I says: 'Here you are, Mr. Bedlow, all fine an' dandy—true to the life an' natural as a photograph.'

"Well, he taken the book an' he cast one look at it; an' then he gives a wild shriek, same as ole man Hayes did. He couldn't jump, havin' only one laig; but he reaches fer his crutch an' I knows he meant trouble. So I covered him prompt an' told him to set still an' think it over a while.

"'My friend,' says I, tryin' to gentle him some, too, 'what seems to be agitatin' you about this here picture? Ain't it all right?' says I.

"'All right!' says he. 'Of course it ain't! How kin you call that outrage any kind of a picture of me?'

"'Why, what's wrong?' says I. 'It's you, all right—only one arm, only one laig—why, count 'em, man. Now, ef our artist—I don't deny he's some impressionistic sometimes—had only give you one arm an' no laigs at all you might have had some right to kick; but, far as I kin see, this here picture's you, an' you ain't got no kick comin'.'

"'It ain't me at all,' says he—'nohow!'

"'Why ain't it?' says I.

"'Why, lookahere, Curly,' says he, 'I tol' that long-haired son-of-a-gun that he wasn't takin' time enough makin' a sketch o' me—I'm hard to draw! Now he may have made a note that the subject o' this sketch may have had only one arm an' one laig; but when he come to do the drawin' he fergot which one it was!—don't you see? This ain't me at all!'

"Well, sir, I looked at the picture; an', shore enough, ole Cæsar Lombroso Messonyer had took the wrong laig offen

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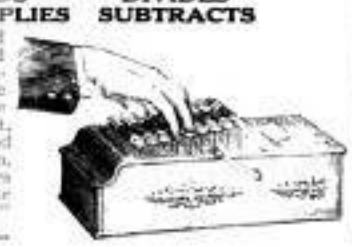
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Bill Bedlow—shore's I'm born!—an' he'd done the same thing with his arm too! Then I understood what was the matter with ole man Hayes.

"'Well, now, lookahere, Bill,' says I. 'What's the use makin' a furse over a little miss like that? Everybody knows you're shy a arm an' a laig, an' I don't s'pose many o' them would ever figger out on this the way you do—I didn't my own self. You're tallied up with one laig an' one arm—an' that's all you got comin' to you, ain't it?'

"'But,' says Bill, 'he's got me with my right arm off an' my left laig, an' it's just the other way about—I wouldn't be a one-armed man that didn't have no arm—that's a outrage!' He talked wobbly and looked like he was goin' to cry on me.

"'Sir,' says I, 'are you the sort o' person that wants to avoid legal, lawful an' bindin' contrack, an' go back on his own signature—one o' the high contrackin' parties?'

"'No, I ain't,' says he. 'I wanted in this book—people with one laig has got feelin's about citizenship same as people with two—but I'll be hanged ef I'll pay fer bein' put in a book with the wrong laig off—not sayin' nothin' about that arm business at all! Before I'll pay fer a thing like that I'll go to law about it,' says he.

"Well, sir, I kep' on learnin' a heap o' things. Fer instance, I seen that, like as not, ef a man didn't have no laigs or arms at all, he'd be stuck on hisself just the same an' think he was entitled to a place among the leadin' pictures! Also I seen that collectin' was no snap, an' that maybe enough Cæsar Lombroso Messonyer was blame' wise when he lit out about this time.

"Believe me, Sir Algernon, the best I could do, I couldn't collect that note o' Bill Bedlow—an', o' course, not o' ole man Hayes either. An', before I could get any farther down the valley with my wagon-load o' books, here comes a deputy with a injunction o' some sort; an' the hull thing goes up to co't in Cady.

"Well, I had to go home an' own up to the little woman that I was in wrong oncet more in my career. She was right sorry, because she was plumb pleased with her own picture in the book—Uncle Cæsar had retouched a portrait o' Lilly Ann Russell we found in the beauty ads down in Johnson's paper; an' Mrs. Curly 'lowed that County Histories was all right. But what could I do?

"Now, Bill Bedlow an' ole man Hayes, an' a lot o' the other fellers, they hires Lawyer Bennett to take up their cases. He's runnin' fer the state legislature, you see; an' it didn't take him long to git on to the fact that ef he kin git a vote from every dissatisfied perminent citizen in Park County he's in fer a cinch—fer they wasn't no other kind.

"Now, you ought to have heard Lawyer Bennett argue before the co't an' the jury about them pictures! He'd taken them up, one by one, an' he plumb defied the jury or anybody else to identify them portraits o' Poppa ef the writin' was lost off. Then he has a enlarged photograph made of this picture of Bill Bedlow, with his only good arm an' his only good laig in the wrong place. He interjuces this before the co't as Exhibit A; then he interjuces Bill hisself as Exhibit B.

"'Your Honor,' says he, 'an' gentlemen o' this jury, I ask you to compare these two exhibits—one a patient, law-abidin' citizen, partially cut down in the prime of his life an' deprived o' things which might otherwise have been useful to him in supportin' a family an' earnin' a honest livelihood—an' the other this mockery, this outrage, this dastardly caricature o' one o' our noblest an' finest-lookin' fellow citizens! Need I name the honorable William Bedlow, o' Dry Creek, who has been in our midst all his machure years?'

"Well, sir, when he went on with the subjeck o' his sketch I certainly was glad that ole Bald Face, my cowhorse, was faster'n anything they was in Cady at the time. I slips over acrost the street an' bought two boxes of ca'tridges an' put 'em in my saddle pockets. I didn't wait fer the jury to come in—an', fact is, I heard later [illegible] never went out at all! I was settin' as near as I kin git at it, to be hanged by the neck till dead nex' Friday—unless the lynchers got to me first—an', do you know, I wasn't comfortable round home fer several days—until the thing sort o' quieted down!

"After a while Lawyer Bennett [illegible] that he was goin' to git the solid vote of the entire county—Democrats, Republicans, an' folks that votes fer all [illegible] causes—why, he 'lowed he might get a vote, too, an' make it unanimous. So it's agreed that I'm to call off all the [illegible] if he explains to the fellers that I was right an' wasn't tryin' to put them in wrong none at all. Thataway, after a while it kind o' quieted down.

"Well, I never did hear of Cæsar Lombroso Messonyer but oncet. He sent word that he was waitin' patient on the Sunshine Basin—an' would I [illegible] come over some moonlight night with the cash! All I could do was to send him my regrets. He faded away then, I reckon, but, like as not, he is doin' this same thing over in Idaho or Oregon—I sometimes wonder a bit. There's always a four-flush puncher standin' round, waitin' to be let on any kind o' shell game that crops up. kin think of!

"Sometimes," said Curly, feeling in his pocket for his tobacco, "I think that progress business ain't what it's cracked to be. I don't know as I was ever happier in my life than when I was takin' [illegible] cold forty-five a month from the Wright an' eatin' at the ranch [illegible] much as I could hold whenever I [illegible] Way things is now, ef it hadn't been for little woman hangin' on to some [illegible] ten per cent advance I actually [illegible] whether I'd winter all the family [illegible] or not.

"It's thisaway: Some people [illegible] ciers an' others ain't. Sometimes [illegible] look at myself in my full-page picture in the County History o' Park County [illegible] Western Historical an' Pictorial [illegible] which was half me—I sometimes [illegible] maybe I was one o' them that [illegible]

"What became o' the Historie[illegible] there's about eight hundred tons [illegible] as near's I kin tell, that's in cold storage in the livery stable in Cady now. [illegible] what there was left over after the [illegible] 'ment got done buildin' the Shoshone [illegible] They made fine fillin'. Dam's [illegible] all except a little mortar to hold [illegible] gether! Highest dam in all the world, [illegible] an' I bet a thousand it's the most [illegible] dam they is. Think of a dam [illegible] nacherelly plumb full o' art [illegible] the handiwork o' that distinguished [illegible] Perfessor Cæsar Lombroso Messonyer! An' think of all them literary [illegible] by ole man Johnson—not to mention [illegible] few promissory notes oncet owned by [illegible] little friend and playmate. Other [illegible] may bust, but not ole Shoshone—[illegible] that's busted!

"But, say—tell me—ain't it [illegible] many things can happen, even in a quiet industry—not sayin' nothin' about art?" demanded Curly. [illegible] near's I can tell, though Wall Street [illegible] be a fine place, you got to show me any better'n Wyomin', either in business, takin' it goin' an' comin'.

"Just figger on it. Allowin' [illegible] million copies got into the dozen dollars each, there is two and a half dollars, ain't there? Besides, [illegible] was five hunderd pages and we [illegible] five hunderd a page fer Poppa to [illegible] That's two and a half million, or, say, five million altogether. [illegible] what's left in the livery stable [illegible] million, an' you might say it [illegible] lion dollars I had in sight. [illegible] sight now; but you can't [illegible] Only thing I'm sorry for is [illegible] woman didn't git away with [illegible] o' hern!

"But, say," he concluded, "[illegible] better cook another pan o' [illegible]



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THE CORNER GROCERY

(Continued from Page 33)

carfare or time to run round the corner. You could see what you bought. Besides, you liked the little groceryman! You might be fifty times richer, but he was still your neighbor. And your order pleased him, whereas it did not make much impression on the girl at the department store. We all like to be benefactors even when we are getting the worth of our money.

The mail-order house also entered the field, but the corner grocery held its own. The chain of stores went into groceries and still the corner grocery survived. Whether the corner groceryman is better off or worse off than before these changes it is difficult to say. Whether his chances of going to the top are as good is problematical. The important fact, however, is this: he was expected to become as extinct as the dodo; and, instead—somewhat to his own surprise—he has increased, multiplied and replenished the earth.

And that for many reasons: Never before were there so many people in the country and never did these people, in proportion to their numbers, consume so much. The eatables of the world flood the American market increasingly. Some one has to bring twenty million pounds of sugar to the consumer daily—more than seven thousand million pounds annually. Every year a billion pounds of coffee must be sold in one-pound and two-pound packages. Every year one hundred million pounds of tea must be handed over the counter. The same is true of soap, biscuits, breakfast foods, canned goods and a hundred other articles. Fewer of the things which the consumer uses are manufactured in his own home. Fewer goods are sold directly; for the little manufacturer who traded at retail in the wares which he made is disappearing and the workman's bench and the store counter move farther apart. The occupation of the grocer is not gone—nor is it in danger of going.

Perhaps the danger lies in the opposite direction. Are there not too many grocers and is not the number growing too rapidly?

If you put this question to Mr. Hengelmüller, or to any of his competitors, the answer is immediate. There are too many. Competition is too intense. Hengelmüller is the fourth in our block, but Hengelmüller will admit that three groceries would be enough, or two, or one—if that one were Hengelmüller's. There are over three hundred thousand groceries in the United States—one to every sixty families. You need not be a statistician to realize that the number is too great.

A Chance for the Early Bird

You need not be a statistician to realize that all these grocers must make their living off the difference between the wholesale and the retail price. Their own food, clothes and lodging, and the food, clothes, recreation and education of their wives and children—to say nothing of the upkeep of their stores—must be added to the price of prunes, cocoa and baking powder. It costs us a few hundreds of millions annually to get our food from the wholesale to the retail grocer; and this is more than the services would cost with a better organization.

I put this problem up to Hengelmüller. "Say," he replied, "if you can get Katz and Bolte and Lynch"—his nearest competitors—"to get out of this business there won't be a kick coming from me. But what's the use? If they'd get out others would come in. They're like flies round a fly-trap!"

Hengelmüller is right. The grocery business attracts. Though his average earnings are small—though he works long hours—still, the grocer is his own boss. He takes orders from his customers, but none from an employer. Being your own boss means getting up at five o'clock when you would like to sleep until nine—working hard all the afternoon when you would like to go to the baseball match—planning and worrying about business at night when a man on a salary is carefree. But, however hard you work, being your own boss is being your own boss! It is individual liberty in its most absolute form—and the grocer, big or little, is an individualist.

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I am the original fireless cooker man, selling direct from factory at factory prices. I have made and sold more cookers than all other cooker concerns combined. It is because, first—my cooker is the most practical, hygienic rapid fireless cooker made, and second—because I sell it at factory prices, saving you from ⅓ to ½ in cost.

Then you don't need to keep my cooker if it doesn't prove all my claims for it, because I allow a full month's trial in your own home at my risk—your money back if the cooker is not satisfactory in every way.

Description: Metal throughout, including nests and covers; no pads or cushions to absorb odors; cooking utensils all highest grade aluminum, compartments aluminum finish, rust proof with proper care. Steams, stews, bakes, broils, fries, and boils all kinds of meats, breakfast cereals, vegetables, etc. Also, finest thing made for use as cold storage for ices, puddings, custards, etc.



I Am Making a Special Price on 10,000 Cookers

Let Me Mail You Prices and This Free Book of 125 Famous Fireless Cooker Recipes

You will be surprised at the low direct prices I make you, so low that you will not think of being without a cooker—the most convenient thing in the house, when you have read my book. Write me today. I will gladly mail you the book of recipes and quote you prices.

Remember, I ship promptly and save you money on the best fireless cooker ever made, the old, original **RAPID.** Why take chances on any other cooker when over 100,000 users point the way to sure success with the **RAPID?**

WM. CAMPBELL, Pres.

Wm. Campbell Co.

Dept. 314 **Detroit, Mich.**

The grocer always hopes that, though his predecessors have failed or just made a living, he will go to the top.

And he may rise if he is a wide-awake man of the modern type. The successful grocer of today must be an abler man than was the successful grocer of thirty or even ten years ago. He has been obliged to advance. He has been forced to a higher standard of intelligence. The public has demanded a better service and the grocer has had to give it. The grocer who is to rise must be not merely an automaton, handing out packages impartially as the post-office clerk hands you stamps. He must know his goods. He must be courteous and infinitely patient. He must have individuality. He must specialize in something. He must understand buying and—above all—selling. He must know when to give credit and when to withhold it. He must anticipate the changing desires of his customers, for there are fads and fancies in food products as in hats and coats. The grocer, to succeed, must be more than a grocer. He must understand some of the legal phases of retail business. He must understand costs. He must know enough to value his own labor and that of his wife. He must not meet every cut in price, for if he does his business will come down to a "granulated sugar basis" and profit will disappear. The grocer must think in terms of profit and not merely of sales. The grocer who has all these habits and qualities may go to the top—if he has luck.

So long as the grocer is his own boss and has a chance—even a slight chance—of going up, the grocery business will be crowded and the cost of retailing high. The public may complain, but it is the public's fault quite as much as the grocer's. The consumer demands that his grocery be round the corner. He does not wish to walk far. He does not wish to wait long. He wants the goods sent home, for carrying packages has gone out of style. Twenty years ago a woman emerged from a grocery laden with bundles.

Today she comes out empty-handed—or does not come out at all, but merely telephones her order. Delivery wagons cost money; telephone companies are not philanthropic institutions and the customer pays. He—or she—pays for the better service, the cleaner store, the larger and better assorted stock, the telephone, the grocer's wagon, and for the enlarging and ever enlarging number of grocers. What is the grocer to do about it? What are we to do about it?

I put this question to my Socialist friend. "How about the increased cost of retailing?" I asked. "How about the increasing number of groceries?"

It was one of the Socialist's blind days. "Do not worry," he reassured me. "The department store and the mail-order house are wiping out the poor little grocer. The inevitable economic development ——"

Official Sanction

EARLY in Oscar Underwood's service in Congress, when Mr. Cleveland was President, Underwood was made referee for Federal patronage in his district in Alabama.

One day Underwood was out campaigning some miles from Birmingham, and he stopped at a little village where there was a sawmill that employed a good many hands. He knew the sawmill owner and was talking to him when a doctor who lived in a village near by, where the postmaster had just died, came along in a buggy.

The doctor stopped at the sawmill. The sawmill boss introduced him to Underwood; but the doctor had other fish to fry and paid no attention to Underwood, and apparently didn't get his name. He produced a petition and said:

"Now, boys, the postmaster over in our town has just died and I'm a candidate for the job. I'm getting up a petition to send to Washington, indorsing me for the place. I wish you boys would sign it."

Some of the boys did, and finally the doctor handed the petition to Underwood. Underwood looked at it. It was addressed to the Honorable Oscar Underwood, referee for Federal patronage, at Washington.

"I can't sign this," said Underwood. "I don't live in this community."

"Oh, go on and sign it," urged the doctor. "What difference does that make? That young fool Underwood won't know the difference when he gets it—and I want the job."



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The "Any-weight" Lawn Roller is built with hollow drum which can be partially or completely filled with water or sand (use a bucket or a hose), making the roller ANY weight. Filled or emptied in a jiffy.

Just right for a soft "Spring" lawn.
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Runs easily on heaviest load; conveniently carried when empty; lasts a life-time. Drums boiler riveted or acetylene welded. Three sizes, 115, 124 and 132 lbs. empty, giving "Any-weight" up to one-half ton when filled.

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The high quality and remarkable efficiency of Egyptian Deodorizer and Aerofume for destroying odors of the kitchen, bathroom, nursery or sickroom, also tobacco, musty rooms, domestic animals, etc.

IT STAYS IN THE AIR

and fills the house with its fascinating perfume, dispelling every disagreeable odor. Delightful in the sleeping-room, for the traveler. Box of 16 Pastilles with Holder, 25c. If your local dealer cannot supply you send us his name and 25c for a box.

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LOW FACTORY PRICES We sell the highest grade bicycles direct from factory to rider at **lower prices** than any other house. Buy direct of us at factory prices. Highest grade models with Puncture-Proof tires, Imported Roller chains, pedals, etc., at prices no higher than cheap mail order bicycles; also reliable medium grade models at **unheard of low prices.**

RIDER AGENTS WANTED In each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1912 "Ranger" Bicycle furnished by us. **You will be astonished** at the *wonderfully low prices* and the liberal propositions and special offer we will give on the first 1912 sample going to your town. **Write at once** for our *special offer.* **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone at any price* until you receive our catalogue and learn our low prices and liberal terms. **BICYCLE DEALERS,** you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received. **SECOND HAND BICYCLES**—a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at **$3 to $8 each.** Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at **half usual prices.**

DO NOT WAIT, but write today for our *Large Catalogue* beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. **Write it now.**

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. R-55, CHICAGO, ILL.

WITH A BISSELL You Don't have to "PICK UP THREADS"

No tiresome stooping, nor nerve racking effort, when you sweep with BISSELL'S latest improved "Cyco" BALL BEARING Sweeper. Cleans deeply, thoroughly, silently, confines all the dust and dangerous germs that (when you use a corn broom) simply flout about, settling upon furniture and draperies, as well as menacing the health of the entire family.

For sale by all the best trade.

Prices $2.75 to $5.75.

Write for booklet, "Easy, Economical, Sanitary Sweeping." Dept. 36-A.



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(Largest Exclusive Carpet Sweeper Makers in the World.)



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Buying Catalogue 10 cents; new 55 page 1912 [illegible] Catalogue to Collectors only, free.
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Milk Chocolate Jordan Almonds

Fresh, brittle Jordan almonds, covered with milk chocolate of the usual Johnston goodness.

Because Johnston's come to the dealer in *small* quantities *often*, you get them *always* fresh.

It will pay you to know the Johnston dealer near you.

If your dealer cannot supply you, our 50c or $1.00 package will be sent prepaid upon receipt of stamps or money order.

Johnston's
MILWAUKEE

Sample Box

For five 2-cent stamps to cover postage and packing, we will send to your address an introductory package. Put out for a limited time only.

(54)





This **Portable Fireproof Garage**

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Pruden System of interlocking metal unit construction

...no other. No wood. Absolutely fireproof. No ...work needed. Easily put up with wrench and screw ...For strength, durability and appearance ranks with ...sonry. Ideal also for **cottages, stores, warehouses, ...lodges.** Immediate shipments from stock.

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to a better edge than when new. The "Victor Automatic" sharpens blades perfectly. Keen, velvety edge, makes shaving a delight. Fitted with full length, extra wide, specially treated honing and finishing strop. Solved the shaving troubles for thousands of satisfied users.

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THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
69 Myrick Building, Springfield, Mass.

ABSENTEE LANDLORDISM

(Continued from Page 15)

change. I like the way the advertising reads for the new route and I am going to give it a trial."

And by standing stoutly for his point he finally purchased accommodations from the joint office of the Y—— and Z—— properties over their own rails instead of over those of a competitor.

It sounds incredible to say that any organized business permits these things; that they are permitted not only to exist but also to continue proves that absentee landlordism is a really deep-seated taint.

Take the case of these two railroads, the Y—— and Z——. Together with a third connection, the X——, they form a group of roads well known across the land. The present head of the road is still a young man. He is a popular man in almost every way and he has had a good deal of training in practical railroading. He has never been willing, however, to make his own location upon the lines of his properties and he has not always been successful in the choice of his subordinates. So it has come to pass that the X—— has its executive offices eleven hundred miles away from its principal terminal; the Y—— begins its rails two thousand miles away from its executive offices, while the Z——'s rails do not come within twenty-six hundred miles of those same headquarters.

Now see how that works out in the operation of these properties: Their chief owner decided a year or two ago to bring to the management of the center link of his long chain a man who had attained a reputation for railroad achievement down in the Southwest. The man was honest to the core, and capable besides. He brought to the Y—— enthusiasm—to its owners loyalty. Both of these were tested almost as soon as his car had touched the rails of the mountain-threading Y——.

Y—— was choked with a congestion of freight cars. Its long trail of single track was attempting to handle a double-track traffic—and failing miserably. The shippers might have wailed their woes in vain until the "dead stuff" began piling up on the main-line tracks and delayed the through mail trains. And when a through mail train was late the Y—— paid good-sized penalties to the Government.

A Manager Misunderstood

There at Clarksville, where he first struck the rails of the road he was to manage, the freight blockade was already running toward the highwater mark. The superintendent of the next division was also having his troubles. He had resorted to the simple expedient of placing an "embargo" on westbound freight—which, translated, meant that he would accept no cars on his division from the one to the east of it. They were short of motive power up and down the line and the situation was getting worse.

Though the general manager was wrinkling his brows over the first problem of his new job, he looked up long enough to see a westbound freight struggling past his car. Somewhere amidships in the long clanking trail of dirty box cars were two new locomotives, bright and shiny as locomotives are before they begin the grill of long, hard usage. He caught the legend upon the sides of their cabs. They belonged to the Z—— road, which was just approaching completion. They were going through for service upon it when the last link of its rails should be laid.

"How about all that power?" the general manager asked of a trainmaster who stood beside him in his car. "Why can't we turn it to use in raising these embargoes?"

"Mr. H——"—and the trainmaster mentioned the name of the president of the property who was sitting in his office twenty-five hundred miles away—"gave positive orders that they were not to be used before they struck their own road."

The general manager thought quickly. After all, the Y—— was financing the construction of the Z—— out of its own good profits. Why should it not have the benefit of the power in an emergency such as this? Mr. H—— did not know the seriousness of the situation. The new man caught up a telegraph blank.

"I'll take the responsibility of this on my own shoulders," he said in a low voice as he



What tooth brush is it?

¶ Most people will recognize at sight and know by name the one Tooth Brush *that really cleans between the teeth.*

¶ We are anxious to know your opinion as to why this—The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush—is the best Tooth Brush in the world—therefore we offer the prizes as specified for the best answer, not exceeding 25 words, which includes the name of the Tooth Brush and gives the best reasons why it does what we claim it to do.

100 PRIZES

1st Prize . . . $25
2nd Prize . . . $10
15 Prizes . $1 each
82 Prizes of a Pro-phy-lac-tic tooth brush

¶ To every one who replies, even if they do not win a prize, we will send our complete booklet, "Do you Brush or Clean your Teeth?" which you'll find of interest and profit.

Florence Manufacturing Co., 32 Pine St., Florence, Mass.

Sole makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth, Hair, Military and Hand Brushes

RULES

1 Your letter must not exceed 25 words and must contain the name of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

2 Write only your contest reply, your name and your *complete* address.

3 Letters postmarked later than May 1st, 1912, will not be entered in the contest.

4 Announcement of prize winners will be made in the June 15th issue of this weekly.

5 No questions can be answered in this contest.

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delivered all charges prepaid from our stock in New York.

Finest Swiss Embroidery on best wearing and most fashionable materials.

WAISTS up from $1.75
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on batiste, marquisette, linen, cashmere, nets, voiles and all the latest silk materials.

Ask for actual samples and 1912 Paris fashion plates. *Sent free.*

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is light, easy to paddle, durably constructed, easy to manage, as graceful as a swan. If you live where there is water to play on, write for our catalogue of canoe facts and canoe pictures. 2000 canoes in stock. Agents everywhere. Prompt deliveries.

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The launch of safety, comfort, beauty and quality. These spell pleasure and enjoyment in every sense of the word. **18 ft. IDEAL $180.00.** Write for our catalogues describing our full line of Ideal and Special Launches, also our Concave Stern Shallow Water Launch, and Marine Engines.

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We Chose "POMPEIIAN BRONZE"

for our screens because, barring accidents, there is nothing to prevent it lasting as long as the house. It cannot rust. It successfully resists all the elements except fire.

Its distinctive beauty and its permanency commend "POMPEIIAN BRONZE" to every discriminating home owner.

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Three-Fold Bill-Fold and Card Case Combined. By mail, Black Seal, $2. Black Morocco, $1. Send for booklet showing the full line, 50c to $4.50, but

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We teach you by mail. Free booklet, "Money in Drawing," tells how; gives proof. NAT. PRESS ASS'N, Dept. 67, Indianapolis

WRITE US TODAY About Our "20th" Best Sellers in New Idea Sanitary Brushes. Our proposition appeals to hustling agents everywhere. Work steady, commission large. Illustrated booklet sent on request. D. L. SILVER & CO., Dept. P, Home Office and Factory, CLAYTON, N. J.

The real man's Razor locked

The razor that won't open if dropped—that the children cannot open—that remains closed when loose in a traveling bag.

Torrey Razors

We could not make the Torrey Razor better,—it takes a perfect edge, holds it, and shaves without pull or smart; so we made it absolutely safe with our patent lock.

A new, exclusive feature that makes the best razor better.

If not at your dealer's, write us—we will also send you our booklet: "How to Choose and Care For a Razor."

Dealers should write for our introductory offer.

The New Torrey Honing Strop has no equal.

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EUREKA



ELECTRIC CLEANER

On FREE Trial
Prepaid

Write for our unequaled introductory offer. It will surprise you.

Any broom, brush, cloth, or other dry cleaner that does not suck in every particle of dust it raises is not only unclean, but unhealthful. No other induce dry method of cleaning than suction can make your house really clean. The EUREKA cleans floors, rugs, carpets, etc., and our extra attachments clean portières, walls, furniture—everything. Quickly Pays for itself. Electricity used costs less than one cent per hour. So light a child can use it, yet we guarantee it to clean as rapidly, thoroughly and with as little effort as any other cleaner, regardless of cost. Will you let us prove this broad claim at our own expense? Write today for booklet and full particulars of our Free Trial Offer.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER CO.
1231 Majestic Bldg. Detroit, Mich.
WE WANT AGENTS EVERYWHERE

began writing the orders that brought the new locomotives into practical service and ended the freight congestion on the main line of his road. At the same time he wired a careful account of the whole situation to the officers at the distant headquarters. They would understand the facts—and appreciate his judgment.

The answer to his long telegram came that evening as he sat at supper. It was terse. It read:

"Your action is disapproved. H——"

And another good, valiant American railroader had felt the cancer of absentee landlordism.

. . . . . .

Do not imagine for a moment that the railroad men across the land have not already come in contact with absentee landlordism. It has long been one of the bugbears of the capable men in the minor but important positions of the land transportation service. The tremendous desire for centralization in railroading—which, by the way, has already passed the zenith of its popularity—did much to strengthen this same absentee landlordism. Two decades ago the railroad man who found himself at the head of twenty-five thousand men was alone on the continent, while today there are at least two American railroads that employ upward of two hundred and fifty thousand men apiece, while the aggregate mileage of the big roads has reached such a figure that the general manager must think twice before he recalls whether this or that specific town is upon some one or other of the many obscure branches over which he is in control. Can you imagine what sort of individual attention that town is apt to receive from the general manager?

Regeneration of the Railroads

The railroads have already begun to see this weakness in their great organizations, and within the past few months several of the largest of them have been reshaping their organizations so as to bring big bosses—men high enough in the staff to have authority to decide, and money resources to back up their decisions—closer to the localities they serve. A certain road has been creating general managers and general passenger agents—men who can move quickly in emergencies without running the risk of incurring "disapproved" telegrams from headquarters—for the three great districts into which its property has been divided. Another line has gone even farther. There has been no doubting the fact that its properties, operated under what are in many ways tremendously adverse conditions, five hundred miles away from its nearest tracks, were nevertheless brilliantly operated and came near proving the exception to the rule of absentee landlordism.

Yet this great single property, consisting of a group of railroads still recognized as separate units, has shown a desire to be operated more directly in the interests of the communities it serves.

So, five presidents were created this fall and, in the swift certainty of railroad administration, are already in their offices.

. . . . . .

Such is the recognition already being given by farsighted carriers to the taint of absentee landlordism. They have moved none too quickly. One fairly populous Western state is already considering a statute to compel the board of directors of a railroad to spend an hour in each of its stations once every year.

It is typical of the new type of railroader that has arisen in the land that they have begun to recognize the dangers of absentee landlordism. The cutting out of that cancer is already under way. It cannot come too quickly for the satisfaction of many prosperous communities.

Judging From Results

THERE used to be a police judge in a Kentucky town who liked a toddy before his dinner. In the same town a newcomer started a distillery whose product before long was famous for its fire and its potency.

One day, after court adjourned, the old judge was sipping a toddy at his favorite bar when a friend came in.

"Judge," said his friend, "did you ever try any of the new whisky they're making down the street here?"

"No," said the judge; "but I reckin I've tried everybody that did try it."



"What's In Here!"

MORE than 500 varieties of the finest confectionery are made by the New England Confectionery Company and sold under the seal shown below. Four factors contribute almost equally toward their purity and wholesomeness:

The best of materials;

A factory where sunlight and pure air reach every corner;

A scrupulous cleanliness—in personal dress and machine;

And last, a constant watchfulness against the letting down of a high standard.

Necco SWEETS

should be eaten by everyone, because *pure sweet* is a true body-building food. Even babies are benefited by it, for now and then a taste of Necco Sweets.

Ask your dealer for them, and do not buy unless you see the Necco seal on the box.

Try some Necco Bars, too.

New England Confectionery Co.
Boston, Mass.

UTICA ATHLETIC SUSPENDERS

Guaranteed for one year—25c and 50c

Conform to every position of the body because of the easy slide, solid woven double cords front and back that never wear out.

Made in three weights from best quality elastic webbing. Ask your dealer for a pair and try them. Supplied direct if he hasn't them.

UTICA SUSPENDER CO.
961 Columbia St.
UTICA, N.Y.



25 and 50 a pair

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Study Applied Art at home. Personal Correspondence System. More than 15 years' successful teaching. Endorsed by instructors. Practical Results Guaranteed. Our students in demand by leading artists. Applied Art Courses in DRAWING, ILLUSTRATING, TEACHERS' NORMAL, FASHION-LETTERING, DESIGNING, TOUCHING, PHOTO RETOUCHING, ARCHITECTURAL PERSPECTIVE, Etc. Endorsed by Residence Finishing School for Advanced Students.

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Freight Paid East of Rockies Both for $10

Hot water; double walls; copper tank, Calif. Redwood—best construction. Guaranteed. Order direct or write for Free Catalog. Wisconsin Incubator Co., Box 32, Racine, Wis.

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QUEEN QUALITY
TOBACCO
The Real Man's Smoke

EVER nurse the Smoker's Hope that there'll be a day sometime when you will find a tobacco "just right"? Ever long for that tobacco with a feeling akin to hunger?

A **Queen Quality** man doesn't waste any time *dreaming* about the perfect tobacco—he smokes it. And there's the answer to *your* hankering in the ***Big Blue Bag***—a sizesome package of contentment for a nickel, everywhere. Specially if you want a trusty bagful in your pocket all the while—ready to give you a rattling good smoke any time, any way you want it. For **Queen Quality's** *granulated*—just right for making the perfect smoke.

Here's the perfect blend of all that is good in good tobacco—sweet and suave and soothing as a summer breeze. But mind, it's *tobacco*. Not a scratch or a sting anywhere, but no baby-food either. **Queen Quality** is all *real* tobacco, that *stays* real tobacco; it comes out of the ***Big Blue Bag*** as fresh and fragrant as it went in. For it's packed brick-hard and kept air-tight and moisture-tight in our special glazed bag.

But the proof of the tobacco's in the smoke. Go to it—all tobacco stores—nickel a throw—are you on?

F. R. Penn Tobacco Co.
American Tobacco Co.,
Successor



5¢ for the Big Blue Bag

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FLOUR

Will *you* try it at *our* risk?

We do more than guarantee Occident *Flour*. We guarantee ***Occident*** *baking*—the baking results that *you* get in your own kitchen.

Your bread—biscuit—cake—pastry made from ***Occident*** must prove superior—in taste—in whiteness—in lightness—in the *quantity* made—or we refund the price of the flour.

Costs More—Worth It

Ask your grocer to explain the Money-back Guarantee upon which ***Occident*** Flour is sold, and write for our *free* booklet—"Better Baking"—for North—East—West—South.

Russell-Miller Milling Company
Minneapolis, U. S. A.



THE LIGHTED WAY

(Continued from Page 21)

the country, in fact—in the interests of the firm, with results that have sometimes astonished us."

The accountant nodded approvingly. He took up the balance sheet they had been perusing and placed it in its envelope.

"I shall now," he said, "call upon Mr. Weatherley, and I am sure he will be most gratified. I understand that our next meeting is to be down here."

Mr. Jarvis beamed.

"Although I must say," he admitted, "that the responsibility has been a great pleasure, still we shall be heartily glad to see Mr. Weatherley back again."

"I am sure of it," the accountant assented. "I understand that he has made a complete recovery."

"Absolutely his own self again, sir," Mr. Jarvis declared, "and looking better than ever."

"Odd thing, though, that loss of memory," the accountant remarked. "I was talking to the doctor about it only the other day. He seems to have wandered away into some sort of hiding, under the impression that he had committed a crime, and now that he is getting better he has absolutely forgotten all about it. He just thinks that he has had an ordinary illness and has had to stay away from business for a time."

"Queer thing altogether, sir," Mr. Jarvis admitted—"a queer business, sir. However, it's over and done with, and the less said about it the better. We are both very much obliged to you, Mr. Neville, for your kind offices, and I am only thankful that the results have been so satisfactory."

Mr. Jarvis conducted his visitor to the door and returned to Arnold with beaming face. In anticipation of the accountant's visit Jarvis was wearing a frock coat that was already a shade too small for him. He carefully divested himself of this garment, put on his linen office coat and turned toward his companion.

"Chetwode," he said, "I have a proposition to make. The firm shall stand us a little dinner this evening which we will take together. We will go up to the West End. You shall choose the proper place and order everything—just the best you can think of. The firm shall pay. Mr. Weatherley would be quite agreeable, I am sure."

Arnold forced himself to accept the suggestion with some appearance of pleasure.

"Delighted!" he agreed. "We'll have to finish up the letters and go through this mail first."

"Just so," Mr. Jarvis replied. "After that we'll shut up shop. This is quite a red-letter day, Chetwode. I knew that we'd held our own, but I must confess that I found those figures most exhilarating. Our little bonus, too, will be worth having."

Later on they found their way to a restaurant in the Strand, where Mr. Jarvis ate and drank perhaps better than he had ever done in his life. The evening to him was one of unalloyed pleasure, and he was genuinely disappointed when Arnold pleaded an engagement as an excuse for not finishing up at a music-hall. About nine o'clock the two men parted, Mr. Jarvis to spend the rest of the evening alone, with a big cigar in his mouth and an unaccustomed feeling of levity in his head. Arnold, after a moment's hesitation, walked slowly back to his empty rooms.

So this was success! Without a friend in the world, without training or any practical knowledge of life, his feet were firmly planted upon the ladder. He had stifled all sorts of nameless ambitions. He had set his teeth and done what appeared to be his duty. Now it seemed to him that he had come to a pause. He drew up his sofa to the window of his sitting room and looked downward. Somehow or other the depression against which he had struggled all the evening seemed only intensified by what he saw below. An early autumn had stripped bare the leaves from the scanty trees; the sky was gray and starless. Even the lights along the river-front seemed to burn with a dull and uninspiring fire. He looked round him and his depression became an almost overmastering sensation. He hated the sight of his empty room, the phantom thoughts that would light upon his shoulder, the sofa upon which he was sitting alone, the memory of the things he might have said to Ruth in the days when the opportunity was his. For a moment he even thought of Mr. Jarvis alone, at the

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music-hall, the welcoming lights, the pleasant warmth, the music, the cheerful throngs of people. Better anything, he told himself, than this brooding! A sudden almost reckless impulse called him back again into the streets, only to pass away the same moment with the vision of Ruth's pale face by his side, her eyes alternately gazing down the lighted way and seeking his, her fingers grasping his hand. His head sank forward into his hands. He was alone!

He sat up suddenly with a start. The inner door of the room had opened and was softly closed again. A familiar voice addressed him.

"I find your habits, my young friend, somewhat erratic," Sabatini remarked. "Your supply of common necessaries, too, seems limited. I have been driven to explore quite fruitlessly the whole of your little domain in the vain search for a match."

He pointed to the unlit cigarette between his fingers. Arnold, who was a little dazed, rose and produced a box of matches.

"But I don't understand how it is that you are here!" he exclaimed. "I thought that you were at Brighton. And how did you get in?"

Sabatini seated himself comfortably at the end of the sofa and placed a cushion behind his head.

"We came up from Brighton this afternoon," he explained, puffing contentedly at his cigarette. "I am now pronounced convalescent. Ruth, too, could throw away her stick any moment she wanted to, only I fancy that she thinks its use becoming."

"But," Arnold persisted, "I don't understand how you got in! You know that I am glad to see you."

"I got in with Ruth's key," Sabatini replied.

Arnold leaned against the back of the sofa.

"I had forgotten," he said. "Of course if I had known that you were coming I should have been here. The accountant brought in the result of our last six months' work this afternoon and Mr. Jarvis insisted upon a little celebration. We had dinner together."

Sabatini nodded.

"So you have been successful," he remarked thoughtfully. "You kept your feet along the narrow way and you have done well. I am glad. Sit down here by my side."

Arnold sat down on the end of the sofa. The curtain was pulled up as far as it would go. Below them the curving arc of lights stretched away to the dim distance. Sabatini followed them with his eyes for a moment as though he, too, found something inspiring in that lighted way. Then he said with a queer little twinkle in his eyes: "By-the-by, you haven't heard—Fenella hasn't told you—of the last turn in Fortune's wheel?"

"I have seen little of Mrs. Weatherley lately," Arnold murmured.

Sabatini leaned back in his place. His hollow eyes were lighted now with laughter, his mouth twitched. The marks of his illness seemed almost to pass.

"It is delicious," he declared. "Listen. You remember that one day when you dined with me I told you of my uncle the cardinal?"

"The uncle from whom you borrowed money?" Arnold remarked dryly.

"Precisely," Sabatini agreed—"I borrowed money from him! It was only a trifle, but I chose my own methods. Heavens, but it is droll!"

Sabatini began to laugh softly. His whole face now was alight with enjoyment.

"Last month," he continued, "His Eminence died. He had fourteen nephews, three brothers, two sisters, no end of nieces. To whom do you think he has left his entire fortune, my dear Arnold?—three hundred thousand pounds they say it is!"

"To you?" Arnold gasped.

"To me indeed," Sabatini assented. "I did not even go to the funeral. I read of his death in the newspapers and I shrugged my shoulders. It was nothing to me. Yet those thirteen nephews were not left so much as would buy their mourning clothes. This is the chief sentence in the will: '*To the only one of my relatives whose method of seeking my favors has really appealed to me I leave the whole of my fortune, without partition or reserve.*' And then my name. I was that one. Almost," Sabatini concluded with a little sigh, "I am sorry that he is dead. I should have liked once more to have shaken him by the hand."

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Arnold was speechless. The realization of what it all meant was beginning to dawn upon him. Sabatini was wealthy—Ruth was a great heiress. Her fairy ship had come in indeed—and his was passing him by.

"I am glad," he said slowly, "glad for your sake and for Ruth's."

Sabatini nodded.

"My shadowy means," he remarked, "have kept me in comfort. Perhaps even they have been a trifle more than I have let people imagine. Still this is all very different. Ruth and I are going to wander about the Riviera for a time. Afterward we are going to sail to Sabatini and patch up my old castle. I have some tenants there who certainly deserve a little consideration from me—old friends who would sooner live without a roof over their heads than seek a new master. I shall grow vines again, my young friend, and make cheeses. You shall come from the illustrious firm of Samuel Weatherley & Company and be my most favored customer. But let me give you just a word of advice while I am in the humor. Buy our cheeses, if you will, but never touch our wine. Leave that for the peasants who make it. Somehow or other they thrive—they even become at times merry upon it—but the Lord have mercy upon those others, not born upon the island of Sabatini, who raise it to their lips!"

"I shall leave the wine alone," Arnold promised. "But shan't I be able to say goodby to Ruth?"

Sabatini leaned toward him. His expression was once more grave, yet there was the dawn of a smile upon his sensitive lips.

"You can say to her what you will," he murmured, "for she is here. She had a fancy to look at her old room. I was there with her when you arrived. I have a fancy now to give an order to my chauffeur. *A bientôt!*"

Arnold rose slowly to his feet. His heart was beginning to beat fiercely. He was looking across the room with straining eyes. It was not possible that clothes and health could make so great a difference as this! She was standing upon the threshold of her room. She was coming now slowly toward him, leaning ever so slightly upon her stick. Her cheeks were touched with pink, her eyes were lit with so soft and wonderful a brilliance that they shone like stars. He forgot her fashionable hat, the quiet elegance of her clothes. It was Ruth who came toward him—Ruth radiantly beautiful, transformed—yet Ruth! He held out his arms and with a little sob she glided into them.

Side by side they took their accustomed places upon the horsehair sofa. Her head sank upon his shoulder, her hands clasped his, her eyes were wet with tears. A siren blew from the river. A little tug, with two barges lashed alongside, was coming valiantly along. The dark coil of water seemed suddenly agleam with quivering lights.

"Our ships," she whispered—"together, dear!"

(THE END)

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"Are you Wadsworth?" he asked.

"I am."

"I'm in charge of the squad of recruits on this train," said the sergeant. "Come with me."

Wadsworth put on his coat and followed the sergeant to a day coach forward. He found a dozen other recruits there. He spent the next three days with the others in the day coach under the eye of the sergeant, sleeping curled up in the seats, and his valet luxuriated in the drawing room all the way down.



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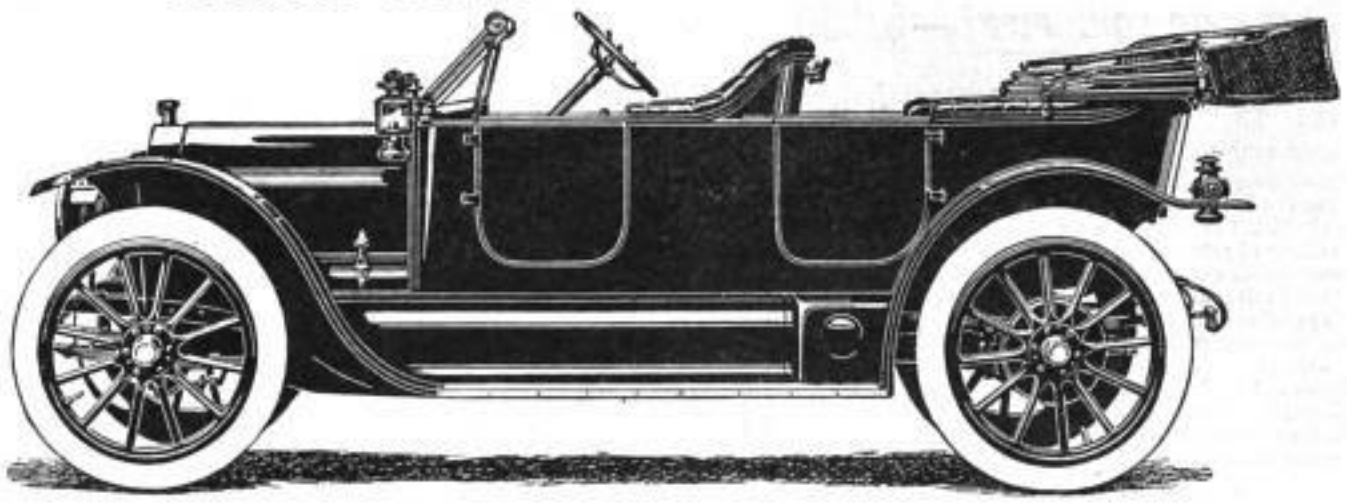
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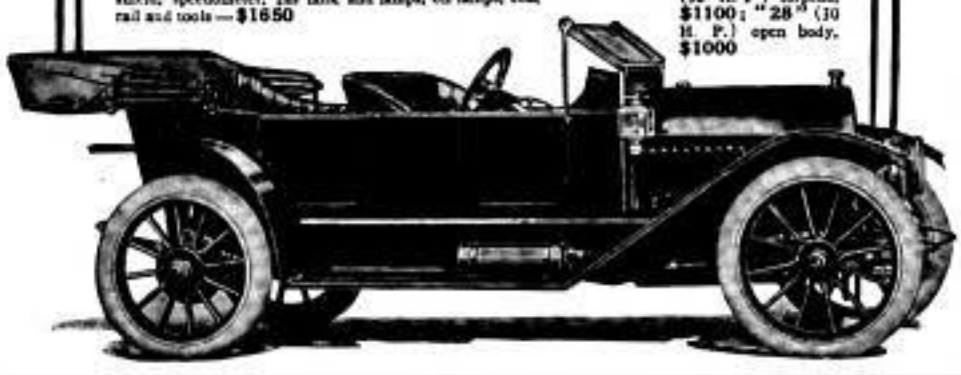
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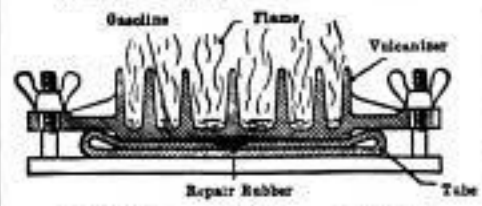
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THE FEATHERS OF THE SUN

(Continued from Page 9)

ocean stretches with their goods to Fitu-Iva? He, Feathers of the Sun, would tell them why to their faces, in grand council assembled. In their own countries men were too civilized to let the traders make the immense profits they made out of the Fitu-Ivans. If the Fitu-Ivans became properly civilized the trade of the traders would be gone. In that day every Fitu-Ivan could become a trader if he pleased.

That was why the white traders fought the system of paper money that he, Feathers of the Sun, had brought. Why was he called Feathers of the Sun? Because he was the Light-Bringer from the World Beyond the Sky. The paper money was the light. The robbing white traders could not flourish in the light. Therefore they fought the light.

He would prove it to the good people of Fitu-Iva and he would prove it out of the mouths of his enemies. It was a well-known fact that all highly civilized countries had paper-money systems. He would ask Ieremia if this was not so.

Ieremia did not answer.

"You see," Cornelius went on; "he makes no answer. He cannot deny what is true. England, France, Germany, America, all the great *Papalangi* countries, have the paper-money system. It works. From century to century it works. I challenge you, Ieremia, as an honest man—as one who was once a zealous worker in the Lord's vineyard—I challenge you to deny that in the great *Papalangi* countries the system works."

Ieremia could not deny it, and his fingers played nervously with the fastening of the basket on his knees.

"You see, it is as I have said," Cornelius continued. "Ieremia agrees that it is so. Therefore I ask you all, good people of Fitu-Iva, if a system is good for the *Papalangi* countries, why is it not good for Fitu-Iva?"

"It is not the same!" Ieremia cried. "The paper of Feathers of the Sun is different from the paper of the great countries."

That Cornelius had been prepared for this was evident. He held up a Fitu-Ivan note that was recognized by all.

"What is that?" he demanded.

"Mere paper," was Ieremia's reply.

"And that?"

This time Cornelius held up a Bank of England note.

"It is the paper money of the English," he explained to the council, at the same time extending it for Ieremia to examine. "Is it not true, Ieremia, that it is the paper money of the English?"

Ieremia nodded reluctantly.

"You have said that the paper money of Fitu-Iva was mere paper; now how about this of the English? What is it? . . . You must answer like a true man. . . . All wait for your answer, Ieremia."

"It is—It is ——" the puzzled Ieremia began, then spluttered helplessly, the fallacy beyond his penetration.

"Paper, mere paper!" Cornelius concluded for him, imitating his halting utterance.

Conviction sat on the faces of all. The king clapped his hands admiringly and murmured: "It is most clear—very clear!"

"You see, he himself acknowledges it." Assured triumph was in Deasy's voice and bearing. "He knows of no difference. There is no difference. 'Tis the very image of money. 'Tis money itself."

Meantime Grief was whispering in Ieremia's ear, who nodded and began to speak.

"But it is well known to all the *Papalangi* that the English Government will pay coin money for the paper."

Deasy's victory was now absolute. He held aloft a Fitu-Ivan note.

"Is it not so written on this as well?"

Again Grief whispered.

"That Fitu-Iva will pay coin money?"

"It is so written."

A third time Grief prompted.

"On demand?" asked Ieremia.

"On demand," Cornelius assured him.

"Then I demand coin money now," said Ieremia, drawing a small package of notes from the pouch at his girdle.

Cornelius scanned the package with a quick, estimating eye.



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"Very well," he agreed. "I shall give you the coin money now. How much?"

"And we will see the system work," the king proclaimed, partaking in his chancellor's triumph.

"You have heard—he will give us coin money now!" Ieremia cried in a loud voice to the assemblage.

At the same time he plunged both hands in the basket and drew forth many packages of Fitu-Ivan notes. It was noticed that a peculiar odor was adrift about the council.

"I have here," Ieremia announced, "one thousand and twenty-eight pounds twelve shillings and sixpence. Here is a sack to put the coin money in."

Cornelius recoiled. He had not expected such a sum; and everywhere about the council his uneasy eyes showed him chiefs and talking men drawing out bundles of notes. The army, its two months' pay in its hands, pressed forward to the edge of the council; while behind it the populace, with more money, invaded the compound.

"'Tis a run on the bank you've precipitated," he said reproachfully to Grief.

"Here is the sack to put the coin money in," Ieremia urged.

"It must be postponed," Cornelius said desperately. "'Tis not in banking hours."

Ieremia flourished a package of money. "Nothing of banking hours is written here. It says on demand—and I now demand!"

"Let them come tomorrow, O Tui Tulifau," Cornelius appealed to the king. "They shall be paid tomorrow."

Tui Tulifau hesitated; but his spouse glared at him, her brawny arm tensing as the fist doubled into a redoubtable knot. Tui Tulifau tried to look away, but failed. He cleared his throat nervously.

"We will see the system work," he decreed. "The people have come far."

"'Tis good money you're asking me to pay out," Deasy muttered in a low voice to the king.

Sepeli caught what he said and grunted so savagely as to startle the king, who involuntarily shrank away from her.

"Forget not the pig!" Grief whispered to Ieremia, who immediately stood up.

With a sweeping gesture he stilled the babel of voices that was beginning to rise.

"It was an ancient and honorable custom of Fitu-Iva," he said, "that, when a man was proved to be a notorious evildoer, his joints were broken with a club and he was staked out at low water to be fed upon alive by the sharks. Unfortunately that day is past. Nevertheless, another ancient and honorable custom remains with us. You all know what it is. When a man is a proved thief and liar he shall be struck with a dead pig."

His right hand went into the basket; and, despite the lack of his spectacles, the dead pig that came into view landed accurately on Deasy's neck. With such force was it thrown that the chancellor, in his sitting position, toppled over sidewise. Before he could recover, Sepeli, with an agility unexpected of a woman who weighed two hundred and sixty pounds, had sprung across to him. One hand clutched his shirt-collar, the other hand brandished the pig; and, amid the vast uproar of a delighted kingdom, she royally swatted him!

There remained nothing for Tui Tulifau but to put a good face on his favorite's disgrace; and his mountainous fat lay back on the mats and shook in a gale of Gargantuan laughter.

When Sepeli dropped both pig and chancellor a talking man from the windward coast picked up the carcass. Cornelius was on his feet and running when the pig caught him on the legs and tripped him. The people and the army, with shouts and laughter, joined in the sport. Twist and dodge as he would, everywhere the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer was met or overtaken by the flying pig. He scuttled like a frightened rabbit in and out among the avocados and the palms. No hand was laid upon him and his tormentors made way before him, but ever they pursued and ever the pig flew as fast as hands could pick it up. As the chase died away down the Broom Road, Grief led the traders to the royal treasury; and the day was well over ere the last Fitu-Ivan banknote had been redeemed with coin.

VIII

THROUGH the mellow cool of twilight a man paddled out from a clump of jungle to the Cantani. It was a leaky and abandoned dugout, and he paddled slowly, desisting from time to time in order to bail.





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The Kanaka sailors giggled gleefully as he came alongside and painfully drew himself over the rail. He was bedraggled and filthy, and seemed half dazed.

"Could I speak a word with you, Mr. Grief?" he asked sadly and humbly.

"Sit to leeward and farther away!" Grief answered. "A little farther away. That's better."

Cornelius sat down on the rail and held his head in both his hands.

"'Tis right," he said. "I'm as fragrant as a recent battlefield. My head aches to burstin'. My neck is fair broken. The teeth are loose in my jaws. There's nests of hornets buzzin' in my ears. My medulla oblongata is dislocated. I've been through earthquake and pestilence, and the heavens have rained pigs!" He paused with a sigh that ended in a groan. "'Tis a vision of terrible death—one that the poets never dreamed! To be eaten by rats, or boiled in oil, or pulled apart by wild horses—that would be unpleasant. But to be beaten to death with a dead pig!" He shuddered at the awfulness of it. "Sure, it transcends the human imagination!"

Captain Boig sniffed audibly, moved his canvas chair farther to windward and sat down again.

"I hear you're runnin' over to Yap, Mr. Grief," Cornelius went on. "An' two things I'm wantin' to beg of you: a passage, an' a nip of the old smoky I refused the night you landed."

Grief clapped his hands for the black steward and ordered soap and towels for the ex-chancellor.

"Go for'ard, Cornelius, and take a scrub first," he said. "The boy will bring you a pair of dungarees and a shirt. And by the way, before you go—how was it we found more coin in the treasury than paper you had issued?"

"'Twas the stake of my own I'd brought with me for the adventure."

"We've decided to charge the demurrage and other expenses and loss to Tui Tulifau," Grief said. "So the balance we found will be turned over to you—but ten shillings must be deducted."

"For what?"

"Do you think dead pigs grow on trees? The sum of ten shillings for that pig is entered in the accounts."

Cornelius bowed assent with a shudder.

"Sure, it's grateful I am it wasn't a fifteen-shilling pig or a twenty-shilling one!"

Quick Pay

BILL MAC CALLISTER was the leading policeman of Xenia, Ohio. He joined the Elks and became very popular with them. When the Elks gave their annual dance one year Bill was made chairman of the arrangements committee and treasurer.

The night of the dance came. The men who had been out selling tickets turned their money in to Bill. He was all cluttered up with one-dollar and two-dollar bills and silver. Bill had money in every pocket in great bales—about eight hundred dollars all told—and he didn't like to tote it round.

The band, of which Matt Kump was the manager and bass drummer, was about to begin a waltz. Matt, between musical intervals, ran a printing shop and had printed the tickets and the bills and programs for the dance.

The first strains of the music had started and the youth and beauty and chivalry of Xenia were getting ready to glide variously out on the floor, when Bill Mac Callister strode imperiously to the middle of the room and waved his hand at Kump.

"Matt," bellowed Bill, "come here a minute!"

Matt made signs that he couldn't, that the band was just beginning a waltz, and that he would come just as soon as the dance was over.

Bill bellowed again: "Come here, and hurry up about it."

The band stopped. The waltzing couples ceased revolving and Matt hurried over to where Mac Callister was standing. "What is it, Bill?" Matt asked apprehensively.

"Make out your bill and I'll pay it," commanded Bill.

"Pshaw, Bill, there's no hurry about that! I'll come round tomorrow. It's all right."

"Make out your bill this minnit an' I'll pay it," ordered Bill. "I just got to get shet of some of this money. I never knew till now how them millionaires feel totin' round all their cash."



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unshine of the Traffic Squad

(Continued from Page 25)

urself." She made a tiny furrow ow as she said once more: "To- morning at seven. Now I'll be awake. Good-night, Billy."

npress Stables' groom had been as is word. When young Hopeleigh he express-car siding at six on a holiday morning—he walked to n, arousing no one but the Gordon he hall, which made a half-hearted of wishing to accompany him— man was rubbing down Sunshine, e Traffic Squad, who was sniffing spiciously at the smell of green owing. This was an entirely dif- untry from that where he had oofs before. Perhaps memories days in Kentucky stirred a bit. nts, every muscle was quivering owner approached, slapped him nks with a firm hand that gave and let him hunt and find those sugar that the horse had come to with kind words and a friend.

re is one good-looking hoss," said man. "Look at his feet! They of 'em in the perlice. See, his burned into that off hoof. To hem there hoofs you wouldn't was more than a yearling. And oofs that's the life of a hoss—but ed to tell you that, sir. I've seen polo. You knows hosses."

bundle of nerves this morning," not unflattered by the stable- gnition. For a compliment from knows horses is always a compli- genuine horseman. "Sergeant d me this animal had never seen rass since he was a colt."

all right," said the stableman. he noise of the shifting engines. ped us round the yards something night. I put him in just before then I locked the car door and

I don't blame him for feeling but he's been fed and watered, e has a bit of a gallop he'll be fit. him in the stable for two weeks sale. They never take 'em out 've been condemned. What he workout. And I brought your ng as you told me. They give it e riding academy. The sergeant ook him over before I took him 's dotty on the hoss. He says need the curb unless you chases

But I've put it on. If I was d use it until he was worked out." ght," agreed young Hopeleigh. , Sunshine," he said after the e had been walked up and down e kinks out of his legs, and sad- a final polishing rub, "now we'll ant Hogan told the truth."

oleman watched them start, ad- firm yet half-careless seat of the gave the animal its head at once eared with a pounding of hoofs led almost like one of the run- an had talked of. "Them polo ays ride hell-leather," he said.

n, a half hour later, Sunshine ring back, sweating the least bit ll the nervousness gone, young said: "He's a wonderful horse!" ive the stableman something e him remember that Fourth of time.

, the ex-police horse waited at n where you drive with a mashie nth tee to clear the oiled mac- ere was not long to wait, for came a drumming. "She's nshine," said Billy Hopeleigh, nount pawed understandingly. s one thing Sunshine knew all s other horses. This wasn't the ad put his nerves on edge in the all night long. It was the sound le was being sent out to patrol a than usual, one that he never l having seen before—appar- r even than the one which the nd carriage procession invaded noon, with occasionally a foolish ing frightened and bolting.

orning," called Billy, as Wake- d round the curve. "A merry uly to you, Miss Marriner!"

illy Hopeleigh! Where did you fectly lovely old charger?"

ad the girl he intended to marry about a horse at first glance. it as a compliment, Sunshine," ile Wakerobin was reined to a protesting halt and the two animals poked politely curious muzzles toward each other. "There's a story that goes with the horse, Rheta."

And, sitting at ease in their saddles, with the deserted links stretching on each side, and all the fresh sounds—the little noises that are so pleasant—of the just-begun day surrounding them, Miss Marriner heard, and Billy Hopeleigh told, the story of Sunshine.

"It was fine of you," she said when he had finished, "and I'll take good care of him. I'd trade with you for the ride back, but you're a bit too heavy for Wakerobin, you know. He's a fussy creature and he's been behaving badly of late. I think a groom must have abused him. He shied yesterday—something he never did before."

"I hate to think of spoiling this perfect day," said young Hopeleigh. "Just think—here we are at seven, with things fresh and cool, and in two more hours there will be a string of hooting motors going by, with a handicap-tournament crowd chopping the greens to pieces yonder, and ——" He paused in astonishment, for not very far off he heard the hum of an automobile and, woven through it, a soprano yelping that was unmistakable.

"Heavens!" cried Miss Marriner. "It must be those awful twins! They've followed me. I thought I heard a noise on the landing as I tiptoed down the stairs." Then the hum of the car and the shrieking were augmented by a faint rattle of crackers. They've opened that case of fireworks. They've broken their parole, Billy. They must be punished."

Young Hopeleigh laughed, but inwardly he sighed. He liked those twins, even if Percy Winslow did regard them as fiends incarnate. And now they had plotted to spoil his chance, for he had meant to add a postscript to his Sunshine story.

Describing a devil-may-care arc at the tee turn, the runabout rattled up, Margaret braking suddenly with practiced hand. Both youngsters gave tongue shrilly as they saw their quarry; and Mabel, whose stick of punk was omnipresent, touched off several fresh strings of crackers that depended from the rear seat. Now was the time for Billy to be wrathful; and he might have been had not the antics of Wakerobin claimed his attention and also Sunshine's, who wondered why the foolish black was fidgeting because of the rat-tatting of a few crackers. They were only those harmless things that he'd often seen when he was doing duty along Broadway or the avenue in campaign procession-time. This black fellow would never do for the squad. Sergeant Hogan would soon discover his weakness and weed him out, thought Sunshine.

Miss Marriner sat her rearing mount skillfully enough, and even seemed to have him in hand; but her attention was divided between Wakerobin and the children in the runabout.

"Go home this instant!" she ordered. "You've broken your parole. I'm ashamed of you!"

Then Billy heard Margaret shout:

"Don't light a Roman candle, you goose! We're saving them for tonight."

Too late. The energetic punk stick in the rear seat had done the deed. The first red ball from the paper tube—a very pale red by daylight—whizzed so near Sunshine's nose that the wise old horse pranced with indignation. This wasn't playing the game according to police regulations. Where was Sergeant Hogan and his ready tongue, to stop it? Mabel, unhappy author of the crisis, sat spellbound, the hand that grasped the candle rigid, while fire-balls darted at the pair on horseback. Wakerobin withstood the first three; but the fourth ball fizzed close enough to his shoulder to sting. And, with a shudder, the black wrenched loose from Billy's grip and was off like a rabbit scrambling up the low rise, where the highway had been cut through the meadowland. In another second Miss Marriner was careering over the golf links, even her accustomed young wrists powerless to make her frantic animal understand there was no cause for fright.

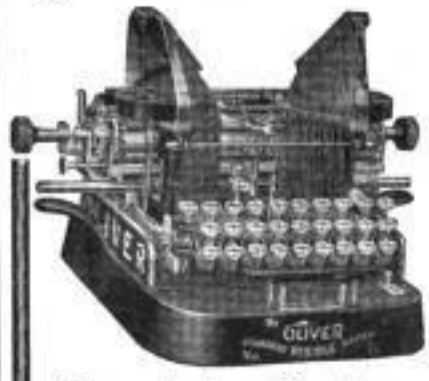
Even as Billy leaned to gather Sunshine together for the road leap, he heard Margaret scream to Mabel:

"Now we've gone and killed them both! Darn the Fourth of July!"

Billy remembered what Sergeant Hogan had told him about runaways. He touched



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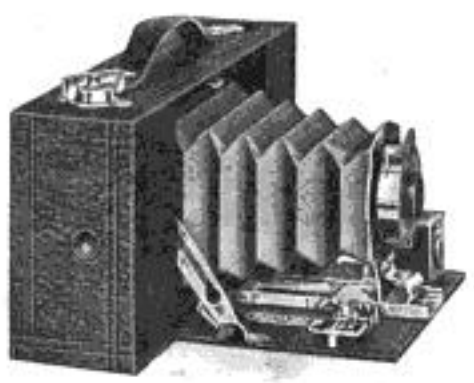
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Agency Division
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Philadelphia

the police horse with his heels and spoke: "Catch them, Sunshine!" And no cross-country hunter ever fenced more cleanly than the veteran of the Traffic Squad which took the road barrier and galloped after the wayward Wakerobin.

It couldn't be a long chase, young Hopeleigh knew. There was fair going for three or four holes, with obstructions that even a runaway might clear; but then there was the "Moundbuilders," a pet hazard of those who like to embroider their sport with baffling details.

The "Moundbuilders" is a series of conical hillocks, with a sandtrap beyond, over which you must pitch to lie dead on the green of the sixteenth hole. If you fail you are lost, for there is no hope in the maze of hillocks and trap, and there is underbrush on the opposite side.

Just once Rheta Marriner looked back—that was as she swept past the fifteenth hole, Wakerobin skimming a low bunker as neatly as if it were in Horse Show competition. Billy, closing up now in earnest as the old police horse put every ounce into his leaps, called to her, but knew that she did not hear. The "Moundbuilders" seemed racing toward them rather than they were plunging toward it. In a moment, unless the crazy Wakerobin swerved, there would be broken bones and worse among the hillocks. And if the black tried to fence them anything might happen—he'd blunder horridly and kick to pieces everything within touch.

Wakerobin had heard the thud of following hoofs at last and wavered, swinging to the left with a lurch that gave the bay the chance to race alongside for an instant. Sunshine's head shot out, the long lips curled far back. It was as if he had given an ugly grin before his teeth snapped wickedly at the black's mane. Then the little hillocks seemed to rise up and envelop Hopeleigh. But he had touched the girl's riding jacket.

When he became slightly interested in things once more he rubbed his eyes and saw Miss Marriner, trying to smile and leaning against the mound facing the one that supported his own shaken frame. Sunshine had stopped in full stride as they reached the hazard, bucking his rider and the girl he was grasping over his head. The bay was a few yards off, cropping more of this fresh grass he found so good. It had been a bit of a race, to be sure; but Sergeant Hogan had taught him that this was the sort of thing for which he got his oats and a rubdown twice a day. After all, it had been good sport—but surely that silly black could not qualify for the squad after today.

"Billy," said Miss Marriner languidly, "tell me, am I all here, every bit of me? I feel like a picture puzzle that some one has shoved off the table."

"Rheta," replied young Hopeleigh, deciding that he, too, would lean against his portion of the "Moundbuilders" a moment longer, "I refuse to answer your question until you answer one of mine. I shan't have another chance. The twins spoiled the one I made. Will you marry me?"

"Billy, dear, haven't you forgotten your prologue?"

"I love you, Rheta. And I'd have told you this ——"

He sank back with a groan. For there was a sound of scurrying beyond the clustered bunkers. The twins were down upon them again.

"There's Billy's new horse!" screamed Margaret agonizedly. "And I saw Wakerobin running down the road. Rheta wasn't on him!"

"We've killed them both!" Mabel shrieked in reply. "I never dreamed we'd grow up to be murderers. Let's not look behind the bunkers right away. They're probably lying cold and dead!"

Apparently Margaret was endeavoring to comfort her sobbing twin. "Anyhow, I'm glad I brought the kodak," she said. "We can take one last picture of them to keep forever. Then we'll telephone Percy Winslow where to find them—he's horrid, usually, but nice sometimes when you're in trouble. And then we'll go off in the runabout and spend our lives among strangers, doing good."

"The darling!" exclaimed Miss Marriner, shakily standing upright.

"I wish you'd call me that," complained young Billy Hopeleigh, staggering to his feet also.

"I wonder if that young woman is trying to find all the sugar in my master's pocket," thought Sunshine, who saw the tableau.



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SENSE AND NONSENSE

Dugout Ideals

LIEUTENANT HENRY MITCHELL, of the United States Cavalry, tells a story of a woman he once met in Northern Idaho, sixty miles from the nearest habitation. She and her husband were holding down a homestead claim that looked as if at a pinch it might support a herd of goats—that is, if it were not too large a herd and the goats' appetites were not too active—while her home was a sod dugout set up against a cutbank.

When the lieutenant and his companion rode up to the door the woman remarked that they were the first white people she'd seen in eight months' time, then inquired curiously: "Say, where are you fellers from?"

"We're from Philadelphia," the officer answered; whereat the lady of the dugout drew a deep breath, and first exclaiming, "Gee!" added with an air of the utmost pious conviction: "My land, but I'd hate to live so fur away!"

It Sounded That Way

THE ticket agent at a small station down South had gone to dinner, leaving a helper to hold down the job in his absence.

A peppery-looking old gentleman stepped up to the wicket.

"When is the next train for the North due?" he asked.

A regular railroad man would have said it was due at one-fifty-eight; but the youth in charge was green.

"At two to two," he answered.

"What's that?" demanded the old gentleman.

"Two to two! Two to two!" repeated the helper chantingly.

"Young man," demanded the old gentleman irritably, "what are you trying to do—imitate that train?"

A Convenient Code

FRANK I. COBB, chief editorial writer of the New York World, used to be a reporter in Detroit and knew intimately a former governor of the state of Michigan who was renowned, among other things, for his ability as a free-hand swearer.

One night Cobb was dining with the ex-governor and his family. A messenger came in to tell the host that one of his pet political schemes had just been defeated through the bungling of a lieutenant. The old man ripped out a string of dark blue ones.

"Now, pa," said his wife, "you promised me you would quit cursing."

"Maria," said the ex-governor, "I'm not cussing—this is just the way I talk!"

Casey at the Polls

DURING the last city election in New York a bunch of trained repeaters marched into an East Side polling-place.

"What name?" inquired the election clerk of the leader, who was redhaired and freckled, and had a black eye. The voter glanced down at a slip of paper in his hand.

"Isadore Mendelheim," he said.

"That's not your real name and you know it!" said a suspicious challenger for a reform ticket.

"It is me name," said the repeater, "and I'm goin' to vote under it—see?"

From down the line came a voice:

"Don't you let that guy bluff you, Casey. Soitinly your name is Mendelheim!"

Some Liar

SENATOR SHIVELY, of Indiana, can tell a story. A coterie of his Hoosier constituents surrounded him in a Washington hotel recently and one remarked, naming a statesman who had failed to secure an appointment for a friend, that the statesman was the biggest liar he ever knew.

"You should have known a man who lived in Logansport," replied the Senator. "He was always talking about a fine horse he said he owned, when as a matter of fact he never owned a pound of horseflesh in his life; but he talked about it so much that he got to believe it himself—until one day he went to Indianapolis and bought a saddle and bridle!"

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THE APPLE OF DISCORD

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

RAVENEL O'SULLIVAN sat sulkily in his wicker chair on the broad veranda of the reading room and stared with moody eyes across the dancing waters of the little bay. Two miles southeast of him stretched the Atlantic, and Ravenel wished that he were on it, traveling at about twenty-three knots straight across. A mile and a half in the opposite direction was a broad river mouth just now presenting a wide expanse of mudflats. Ravenel felt that his second choice might be the large and aggressive hotel beyond, whence came daily in boats many pretty girls who looked with awe upon the sacred precincts of the reading room and the colony that flanked it.

Although Ravenel had been but two days in the Chimney Corner, as the community called itself, he was quite ready to leave. His snug little yawl was all equipped for sea, and he needed but to provision her, go aboard and lay a course for the Lizard, if need be. The only obstacle was that he had no money, and such was his unpopularity with his father—as the result of certain expenses incurred during his last year at Harvard—that Ravenel felt it would be the height of bad diplomacy to express himself as anything but charmed with his present quiet and peaceful surroundings.

The Chimney Corner, that *sanctum sanctorum* of a chosen few of the most exclusive descendants of old Colonial families, was a summer resort far up in the corner of the Maine coast. It was pleasantly situated upon a peninsula of rock and moor, almost an island geographically, but more than an island socially. The colony was composed of about thirty families, and held as a limited stock company some hundreds of acres of dwarf pines girt about by low cliffs that sheltered hidden nooks of sandy beach.

The Chimney Corner resembled Heaven in its difficulty of access and in the fact that, once in, no more questions were asked. One's mere presence within the carefully guarded domain was a credential of all the virtues. No member or member's guest was supposed to await a formal introduction before entering upon social intercourse with the other inmates. Ravenel had already been most kindly spoken to by several charming old ladies and two or three elderly gentlemen, but this circumstance had failed to cheer him. He wondered what his father, Major Irwin O'Sullivan, United States Army, retired, could possibly find in the place, and decided that the old gentleman must be in his dotage. Of course it was all right for his sister Clare; she was a young person with rather too much red blood in her veins, and needed just this sort of a cold-storage, blue-blooded atmosphere to keep her out of mischief. Major O'Sullivan had a nice bungalow of stone and stucco in which he and his daughter had spent a number of delightful seasons. But Ravenel was a stranger to the colony. His vacations had been spent either in Europe or on yachting cruises with friends and classmates. An almost ridiculous similarity of character and personality made it impossible for Ravenel and his father to inhabit the same house in peace, although each held the other in highest esteem—from a reasonable distance.

Upon this particular afternoon in July, Ravenel was sitting on the veranda in sulky solitude. He wanted a highball, and the steward had informed him that highballs were against the laws of Mrs. Wilmerding and the State of Maine. Sarcastically Ravenel had asked the steward, who was elderly and wore a bald head, a smooth muzzle and flowing side-whiskers, whether he might be graciously permitted to smoke a profane cigarette. "There is no rule against it, sir," replied the steward, "but Mrs. Wilmerding doesn't like tobacco, sir." To this Ravenel had returned, quite forgetting his station: "Mrs. Wilmerding need not join me then," and lighted up. He did not enjoy his smoke, however, and started guiltily each time that he heard a step on the veranda. Ravenel had never met Mrs. Wilmerding, but he knew that his sister Clare was very fond of her, and Clare had told him that he owed his extrication from his last college scrape to Mrs. Wilmerding's appeal to the choleric major. This had resulted in Ravenel's deportation from Cambridge to the colony, which, by the way, the members spelled with a large "C."

Ravenel sat and wondered how long his period of probation was likely to last. Several members arrived, for it was nearing the hour for the daily debauch of afternoon tea. All had paused to speak to him, each imparting an information that Ravenel did not value and that was to the effect that "the most delightful feature of the Chimney Corner lies in its extreme exclusiveness," which fact was, from the young man's point of view, the principal drawback, as there were good boating, fishing, golf and tennis. One might also enjoy the bathing if one had the circulation of a seal.

A large portly man, who impressed Ravenel as liking the sound of his deep, resonant voice, appended to the stock phrase that "we are like one big family here." Ravenel concluded that it must be true, as a few minutes later an elderly maiden lady fluttered about him like a woodcock coming to earth, finally alighting to express the same sentiment, to which she added with impassioned utterance: "You are sure to adore the Chimney Corner. We are such a congenial community. All who are with us are of us——" and more, until she ceded her place to an absent-minded little man who had got quite past the spot where Ravenel was sitting before it occurred to him that he was neglecting a social duty. Then he paused, blinked, stroked his sandy Vandyke and chirped: "Good afternoon. I hope that you are enjoying the Chimney Corner. It is a delightful spot and grows with acquaintance. The greatest charm lies in its utter exclusiveness. We are like one big family here—h'm—all who are with us are of us." And with a jerky nod he passed on.

Ravenel's soul squirmed like an angleworm as it slides on to the



The Vessels in Question Had Begun to Attract the Attention of Other Eyes Besides Theirs

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hook. Said he to himself: "If I live to get back to the house, I am going to take a drink of father's private stock for every time that I am told that rot between now and dinnertime."

Having promised his sister to meet her at the reading room for tea, he remained where he was and watched the colonists as they assembled. There were scarcely any whom he knew by name, as the day before he had taken Clare for a sail in the Gull and, the wind failing, they had got in late. Much to his surprise, Ravenel had found that this sister, whom he had always looked upon as a mere child, was almost as good a boat handler as himself. Clare was only eighteen, but all of her summers had been spent on the coast and she had suffered no lack of instruction in affairs nautical. Ravenel had suffered another shock in discovering that she painted and sketched far better than did he, her subjects being landscapes and marines, whereas his were figures. His ambition was to study art, for which pursuit he was admirably fitted, being the only son of a rich parent.

The Chimney Cornerites flocked in, singly or in groups, some with rackets or golf sticks, others carrying books, and two or three in wheelchairs propelled by elderly footmen. Ravenel's eyes, watching the arrivals, were presently caught by an extremely pretty woman with a full though willowy figure and an abundance of chestnut hair. She was exquisitely gowned in a dress of hand-woven linen, with a tunic of filet lace and a simple though effective hat of the same lace. She was alone, and Ravenel found time to admire her walk as she turned into the path leading to the veranda steps. As she came up he observed with deep appreciation that her eyes were of an almost startling blue, dark-lashed, and that her face held an expression of sweetness and the hint of authority.

"At last," said Ravenel to himself, "I have found something in the Chimney Corner that I like. What a figure—and how well interpreted by the gentleman who cuts her sails. She had better not let Mrs. Wilmerding catch her!"

His bold, admiring eyes fastened on the woman as she came up on to the veranda, when to his vast surprise she looked straight at him and smiled, then came forward without the slightest hesitation and held out her hand.

"You're Ravenel, aren't you?" she asked, with a smile that brought a dimple to the corner of her mouth.

Ravenel rose hastily, pawing for the hat that lay on the floor beside his chair.

"Eh—yes, I think so. You have—ah—rather made me forget. I'm unused to being treated so kindly."

She laughed. "I thought you must be Ravenel. You look so unlike Clare that I was sure you must be her brother. She told me to take care of you until she came."

"I—I hope she will not hurry," said Ravenel, beginning to recover himself.

"Now I know you're not an impostor. Your Irish blarney hasn't deserted you. Clare is bathing with Mrs. Stackpole and some others. Are you enjoying yourself?"

"Yes, thank you," answered Ravenel—"that is, as much as Mrs. Wilmerding and the State of Maine will permit."

The dimple deepened. "I can't answer for the State of Maine," said she, "but I'm sorry that Mrs. Wilmerding should interfere—because I'm Mrs. Wilmerding."

"I—I knew it all the time," said Ravenel.

"Indeed? How?"

"They told me that the Chimney Corner was a principality, so I was naturally on the lookout for the princess."

Mrs. Wilmerding slightly raised her eyebrows, and a crooked little smile gave her mouth a most inviting look. Her lips were habitually firm, but turned outward in the middle, showing a pretty margin that was rich in hemoglobin. The upper lip was inclined to quiver almost imperceptibly, but in a manner that many people had found demoralizing.

"The Chimney Corner is not a monarchy," said she; "it is the very essence of Republicanism, so you need not try to introduce court manners or you are liable to be banished."

"A few minutes ago," said Ravenel, "that was the height of my ambition; but now the idea frightens me. What must I do to make my position secure?"

"For one thing, you must not try to blarney the colony's official chaperone," said Mrs. Wilmerding with decision.

"You do yourself injustice," answered Ravenel. "So you are chaperone? You must have many anxious moments with all these giddy young things——" and he glanced at a chattering group of sexagenarians who were harmlessly drinking tea.

"I am no longer surprised," said Mrs. Wilmerding, "that your father wanted to put you to work. I'm afraid that I made a mistake in joining my voice to Clare's to persuade him to stick to the original idea of a diplomatic career." She glanced down the veranda. "Here comes Ada Stackpole. Clare tells me you have met her."

Ravenel looked up to see a very handsome blonde of perhaps twenty-five years of age, who was chatting with a group that had apparently just come from tennis. Her arms were bare, her shirtwaist loosened at the throat, and there was on her creamy skin such a dew as one sees upon that of an overheated child of three or four. She was rather above the average height, beautifully proportioned and of a pure Saxon type. Her eyes were of a cerulean blue and her hair had the luster of ripe yellow corn.

"Ah, yes," said Ravenel, "I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Stackpole in Montreal. Divorced, isn't she?"

"No, indeed," answered Mrs. Wilmerding quickly. "We have no divorced people in our colony. Mrs. Stackpole and her husband have agreed to live apart. He was quite impossible, I believe."

"How interesting—sad, I mean."

"Have you met many of our colony?" asked Mrs. Wilmerding.

"Quite a number. Everybody stops to say a kind word of welcome. I was beginning to feel quite tiresomely at home until you came along."

"We consider formal introductions quite superfluous," said Mrs. Wilmerding, ignoring his flippancy. "The same holds true of members' guests. Our members are expected to show the same discrimination in their invitations that they would in proposing persons for membership. You see, Ravenel—for I am going to call you that if you don't mind—the greatest charm of the Chimney Corner is its freedom from all discordant elements."

Thought Ravenel: "Here is where I get my first drink." Aloud he said: "How delightful."

"You are right, Mr. O'Sullivan," said a bland voice at his elbow, and Ravenel looked up to see a clergyman, who had apparently paused in passing for the purpose of saying a word of welcome. "The charm of this sweet haven of repose after the labor of our winter months lies in its absolute freedom from all uncongenial and worldly elements."

Said Ravenel to himself: "I shan't be swindled out of my second drink even if he has altered the text of the gospel." Aloud he answered: "So I have discovered, sir. You impress me as being all one big, loving family here. I might add that I have also been impressed with the idea that in this charming colony all who are with you are of you."

The reverend gentleman rubbed his hands. "I am delighted to see that you have so accurately grasped the spirit of the place," said he, and passed on, radiating peace on earth and good will to all such men as Providence and Mrs. Wilmerding admitted to the Chimney Corner.

"Don't you find it nice to have everybody stop and say a word of welcome?" asked Mrs. Wilmerding.

"Delightful. And there is such a charming unanimity of thought. Here comes an elderly gentleman and two ladies. I can see from their faces that they are going to stop and speak to me."

"Doctor Soper and two sisters, the Misses Soper."

The retired physician paused and gazed benignly over his spectacles, while his maiden sisters, who appeared slightly astigmatic, turned their heads at slightly different angles the better to observe the young man.

"This must be Mr. O'Sullivan," said Doctor Soper.

Ravenel admitted his identity, then paused, nervously eying a Miss Soper, on whose virginal face some great truth seemed struggling for expression. Ravenel, to help her out, remarked on the number of delightful features accruing to the Chimney Corner.

"But the most delightful of all, Mr. O'Sullivan," cried Miss Soper, when her sister cut in with—"is our seclusive social atmosphere."

Thought Ravenel: "Two small slugs in separate glasses. I must begin to duck."

"Quite true," admitted Doctor Soper. "We are an undivided clan here in the Chimney Corner."

"And a *soupçon*," thought Ravenel. "There won't be much left for the major if this keeps up."

"All who are with us are of us," murmured the Misses Soper, and with genial nods and smiles the trio passed on.

"It is really wonderful," said Ravenel, "how you manage to keep this place so socially aseptic. It must require a great deal of finesse at times."

Mrs. Wilmerding knit her pretty brows. "On one or two occasions we have had narrow escapes from admitting what might have proved a disturbing factor——" she began, when there came an interruption. A very young and ravishingly pretty girl came up the steps in three vigorous bounds and, pausing at the top, proceeded to do a sort of Highland Fling that was more characterized by a supple strength of limbs and body than by any conspicuous technic. The elderly gentlemen pricked up their ears and cocked their heads. The elderly ladies looked startled.

"Clare—behave yourself!" cried Mrs. Wilmerding's rich voice, half laughing, half chiding. The girl came to a "first position," and gave a soldierly salute that finished with a ringing slap on the solid anatomical structure beneath her short duck skirt.

"Can't help it—I'm friz!" she cried. "I've warmed about fifty gallons of sea water and my blood's all turned to glue. You don't mind if I do a proper little jig, just to warm up——" and the spectacular young person placed both hands on her hips while the twinkling ankles flew in and out. The clergyman adjusted his spectacles and smiled. There was nothing about the jig to offend the conventionalities, so Mrs. Wilmerding merely laughed. Clare, still jigging, let her deep violet eyes rove over the tea drinkers until they rested upon her brother Ravenel.

"Bless me, if there isn't Misther O'Sullivan!" said she, with a subtle mimicry of an Irish brogue. "And how ever did that mick get past the gate? I suppose that I should speak to our guest, Loretta, now should I not? And what do you think of the Chimbly Cor-rner, Misther O'Sullivan, and does it not remind you of Cambridge, barrin' only the place and the people in it? I'll tell you a secret, sor, though 'tis like enough some one has let it out. The most delightful fee-chure of the Chimbly Cor-rner lies in its utther see—I mean ex-cloo-siveness. We are like one big family here, barrin' only the fights. Now may I have some tay? I'd rather it were a cocktail, but they don't grow here, the climate is that raw——" and with a duck of her auburn hair she skipped into the reading room. The groups on the veranda drew breath again.

"Clare," said Ravenel to his companion, "is a great cross to father and myself."

"She is a wonder!" said Mrs. Wilmerding. "Sometimes she frightens me though. Do you know that she is painting extremely well?"

"She goes at everything with all her arms and legs and carries it through by sheer force of vitality. But sometimes she overcarries. It's a wonder you all stand her chaffing—that about the exclusiveness."

"We come in for a good deal of chaff," said Mrs. Wilmerding, "and some of that from outside is rather malicious. We are not infrequently called snobs and Pharisees, and last year we were accused of something far worse—bad faith."

"Impossible! Who was the viper?"

"Calvert Lanier—the playwright. Do you know him?"

"Only by reputation. What was the trouble?"

"It is a very disagreeable story. Mr. Lanier came in here last summer, cruising on his schooner yacht. Being a member of the New York Yacht Club, he took it for granted that he might land here at the reading room. Mr. Phelps, our president, met him and very tactfully explained that this was all private property, whereupon Mr. Lanier apologized very courteously and put to sea again. It appears, however, that he was charmed with the Chimney Corner, and on arriving at Marblehead he ran up to Boston and made application to my husband, whom he knew slightly, to be made a member. Mr. Wilmerding is secretary of the colony, and after making a few inquiries about Calvert Lanier he took him in quite on his own authority."

"But why not?" asked Ravenel. "Lanier comes from one of the best Virginia families, and from all I've ever heard of him he is a very high-class chap."

"Yes—but he is a playwright."

"But isn't that a respectable calling?" asked Ravenel. "There were Aristophanes and Shakspere and Racine and Victor Hugo and a few others who were well received. His plays and operettas are the cleanest I ever saw. I sat behind a girls' school at the last."

Mrs. Wilmerding looked rather disturbed. "That was all discussed," said she, "and Mr. Lanier might have been admitted but for Mrs. Stackpole. She was most vehemently opposed to him on the grounds of his profession, and pointed out that we might expect him to entertain players. Of course I saw the truth of this argument—so Lanier was refused."

"After being told by Mr. Wilmerding that it was all right? How did he take that?"

"With a very bad grace. The trouble was that, after being told by Mr. Wilmerding that he might consider himself as a member-elect, he picked out his plot on the map in Mr. Wilmerding's office, wrote a check for the amount, and at once went to an architect's office and made all the arrangements for his cottage. He then sailed for Europe and was in London when he received Mr. Wilmerding's letter telling him that it would be impossible to make him a member. Fortunately Mr. Wilmerding had not deposited the check, and the committee offered to defray all expenses in regard to the plans for the house, and so forth."

"How nice of them. What did Lanier say?"

The color deepened in Mrs. Wilmerding's face. "His reply was of a character to make us glad that we had refused to admit him. He said, among other things, that since he had been refused admittance to the Chimney Corner, we might expect to find him on the doorstep. I am sure I do not know what he meant by that. On his return from Europe Mr. Lanier came up here and demanded a personal interview with the committee. He made some very bitter accusations of bad faith and in fact quite routed the men, but Mrs. Stackpole and I stood fast and eventually triumphed."

"Did you see him?"

"No. Mr. Wilmerding was really ill over it. You know my husband is considerably my senior and a semi-invalid. Mrs. Stackpole also was terribly upset. I was surprised at her insistence, but I couldn't help but admire her determination."

Ravenel pursed up his lips and stared pensively out across the water toward the inlet, where a diminutive tug was struggling valiantly to tow in a huge empty barge

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against the ebbing tide. The young man was reflecting on the story that had just been told him and his mental comments were not flattering to the colony. Mrs. Wilmerding, apparently to change a disagreeable subject, presently remarked:

"See that ridiculous little tug out there with that great barge."

The vessels in question had begun to attract the attention of other eyes besides theirs. The barge itself looked as if it might be the hulk of an old sailing ship, and from the way in which it sat upon the water one could see that it was practically empty. A number of square openings like the gun-ports of an old-fashioned frigate had been cut at intervals, and under them the sides of the old hull were pierced by round portholes. From the starboard cathead hung a huge rusty anchor with a wooden stock.

The towering hulk was black and dingy. An accommodation ladder was down amidships, and over forecastle and quarterdeck were rigged snugly triced awnings of a greenish blue. Two boats were swinging from the davits, and up forward there fluttered from a clothesline the family wash.

As the big hulk drew slowly abreast of the reading room it could be seen that there was a hammock swung under the after awning, from which presently there descended a man in blue clothes. Up forward another man in a black derby, shirtsleeves and side boots stood in a negligent attitude with one foot on the whelp of the old-fashioned windlass.

But that which caught and held the attention of the tea drinkers on the veranda of the reading room was a tarpaulin that hung over the port bow, partly hiding what appeared to be the name, which was painted in bold, white letters at least two feet in height. Of this only THE was visible.

"An odd-looking packet," said Mr. Phelps in his sonorous voice.

"A veritable Noah's Ark. And look at the name on her bow. Did you ever see such a sign? Theodore Roosevelt, perhaps—ha! ha! ha!"

"That windmill in the waist has a Scandinavian look," said Major O'Sullivan in his brisk military voice. "Thelma would be my guess."

"Or Theseus," ventured Professor Pringle, the colony's savant.

The panting little tug had hauled up almost abreast of the reading room at a distance of two or three hundred yards, when suddenly the ears of the watchers were startled by the clanging of the tug's engine-room telegraph bell, and immediately the churning under the stern ceased.

"Upon my word!" cried Mr. Phelps. "He can't have the impudence to anchor here directly in front of the reading room!"

The tug's propeller made several turns astern, thus slackening the towline, when a deckhand, who had been sitting on one of the towbitts, rose to his feet, handled the hawser, and looked toward the barge as if waiting to cast off.

"Bless my soul!" cried Mr. Phelps, "they mean to anchor that thing right in front of our noses! What amazing cheek. I won't have it! Not a bit of it!" He stepped to the window. "Steward!" he called; "fetch me the megaphone. Hurry!"

The elderly servitor bustled out with the megaphone, which Mr. Phelps snatched from his hands. The honorable president was a large man, with a chest which he had amply developed as the result of its owner's enjoyment in the sound of his resonant voice. The breeze had dropped light, and across the still water Mr. Phelps' sonorous tones rolled forth with swelling cadence.

"Aboard the barge!" he thundered.

The hail could certainly have been distinctly heard on the opposite shore a mile away, but so far as one could see it failed to be audible to either barge or tug. Aboard the former the lank individual standing by the windlass did not so much as glance toward the shore, while the man in blue clothes, who was leaning against the high bulwarks, his back to the reading room, leisurely crossed the deck, climbed back into his hammock and began to turn the pages of a book.

Mr. Phelps' ruddy color deepened. He was a man who took vast satisfaction in the exercise of authority, and was unaccustomed to lift his fine voice in vain. Again he raised the megaphone, inflated his splendid lungs, and sent his voice rolling across the water with a hint of impatience in its note.

"Abo-o-o-ode the ba-a-a-arge!"

The hail is excellently formed phonetically for its carrying power, especially when "aboard" is pronounced "abode." Yet in spite of the magnificent note which thus amplified and threatening sent little shivers through more than one elderly spinster on the veranda of the reading room, it might have been the squeak of a bat for all of the effect produced upon the lumbering leviathan. Aboard the tug the deckhand was slowly throwing the turns of the hawser off the bittheads, and even at the distance it could be seen that his unwashed face wore a wide grin.

Mr. Phelps' hearty color deepened to a dangerous purple and the veins of his neck became congested. To the ladies on the veranda he suggested omnipotent Jove about to hurl thunderbolts, and they trembled. But the profane deckhand had cast off the towline, which he of the derby hat was hauling slowly through the port chock of the barge. Once again Mr. Phelps raised his megaphone.

"Abode the ba—a—a—rge!" he thundered, and this time with more success, for a whiskered face and a pair of square shoulders were thrust through the open window of the wheelhouse and a harsh, nasal voice answered in the usual conversational tone:

"Wa'al, what d'ye want? No call to holler so—nobody's deef."

"Take that hulk away from here!" commanded Mr. Phelps. "What does that fellow mean by anchoring right out in front of us?"

"Don't know of any law agin it," came the answering drawl. "D'yew?"

Mr. Phelps hesitated, then half lowered the megaphone. For the moment he was unable to think of a suitable reply. He looked at the barge. The tide was running strongly ebb, and the huge hulk, having lost its headway, began to drift slowly astern. The bearded man caught a turn with his hawser, then stepped to the windlass. For an instant he hesitated, as one who gauges the relative position of two points.

"Don't you dare to anchor here!" roared Mr. Phelps in his most impressive tones, losing his head at the sight of the man's evident intention. "This is private property!"

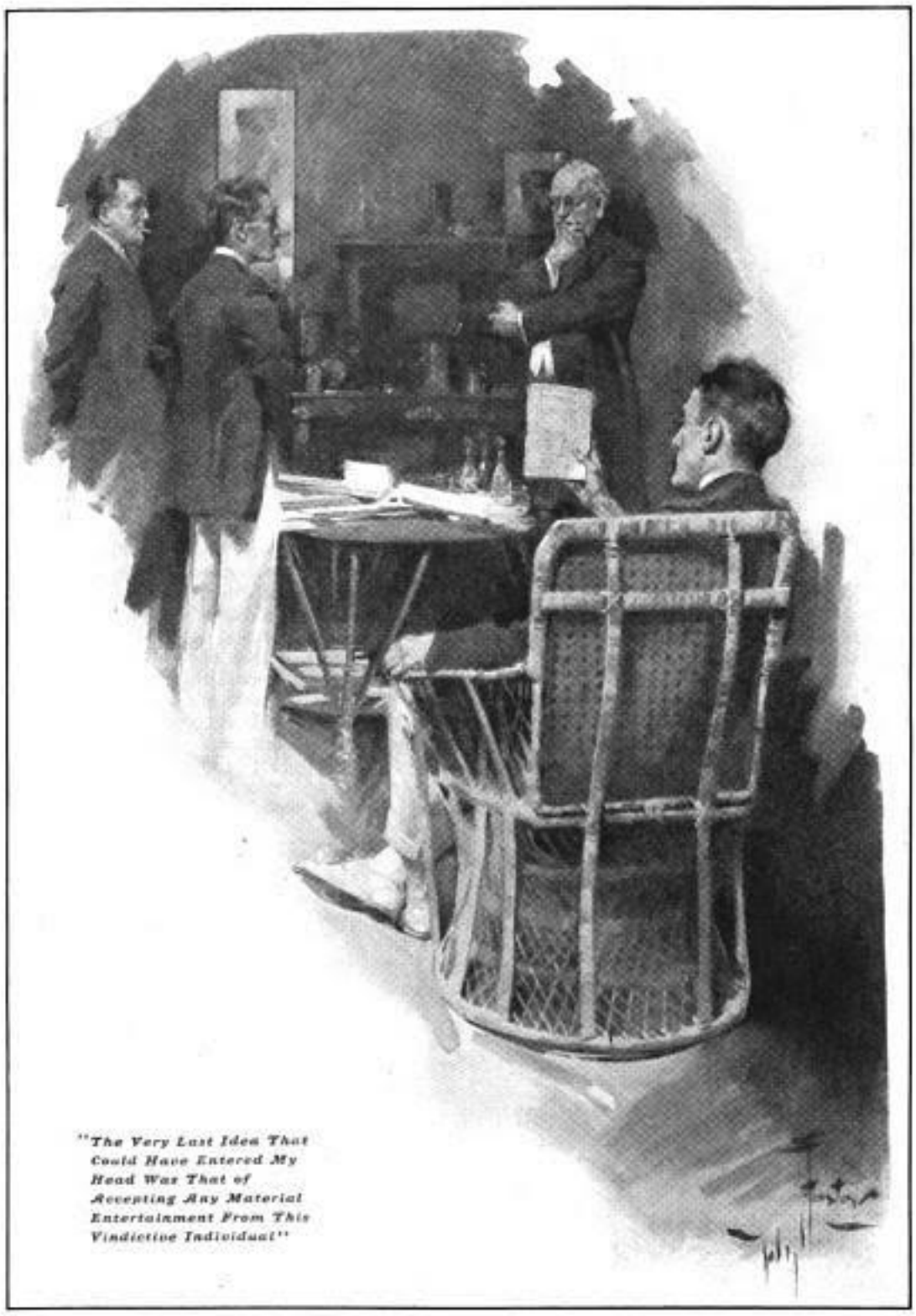
Not so much as a grin came from the man on the barge, though all faces aboard the tug were split in the horizontal line. The man with the black derby was seen to give a tug at a small line. Followed a rattle and a great splash as the big anchor struck the water. For a minute the chain cable clattered out through the hawser-pipe, then, judging apparently that he had sufficient scope, the crew of one stoppered his cable and walked to the rail, where he began to haul at the tarpaulin that obscured the name of the hulk. The man in the hammock appeared to be immersed in his book.

Exasperated beyond all bounds, Mr. Phelps crushed his thick mustache against the mouthpiece of the megaphone. Those watching trembled and the Misses Soper had recourse to their salts. It was evident to all that Mr. Phelps was on the point of becoming very angry. No such excitement had ever before penetrated to the exclusive domains of the Chimney Corner.

"Barge ahoy!" bawled Mr. Phelps. "These are private waters! You are forbidden to anchor here under penalty of the law!"

The man in the hammock read on unmoved. The eyes of the watchers turned from him to the disreputable person who was hauling up the tarpaulin. As the lower extremities of the letters that spelled the name appeared a peculiar hush fell upon the watchers. It was the strained silence of a vague foreboding, and in the tension Mr. Wilmerding's fingers fumbled so nervously with his pursing lips that he let fall his marine glasses, the clatter of which evoked an hysterical scream. At the same moment the last scrap of tarpaulin was jerked aside and there, in huge letters of glaring white, was painted:

THE BROKEN WORD



"The Very Last Idea That Could Have Entered My Head Was That of Accepting Any Material Entertainment From This Vindictive Individual"

II

COSTUMED as though for a lawn party, Mr. Calvert Lanier reclined against a heap of cushions in a large navy hammock and wrote. Or, to be more accurate, he read, for he was at work on the revising of his new comic opera, The Pearl of Panama.

For just a fortnight his big hulk had lain off the reading room, soaking up the best part of the view and outraging the colonists' dignity by its accusing legend, The Broken Word. The vessel had been allowed to swing head out to the flood tide, when a kedge anchor had been carried from the stern, so that the leviathan lay always broadside to the beach. At night a lantern was swung from the cathead over the name. Along the bulwarks presenting to the reading room, a pale green awning had been snugly triced, and behind this screen Mr. Lanier lived and moved and had his mysterious being. Every morning his employee went ashore in a motor-driven whaleboat, but of Mr. Lanier nobody had so much as caught a glimpse. Often, however, the muffled notes of a piano could be heard issuing from the depths of the hulk, these airs catchy or filled with a swinging rhythm which foretold a coming popularity, for Lanier was doing not only the libretto but also the music.

(Continued on Page 48)

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CRAVEN

By LAURA L. HINKLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

ABOMINABLE pain; fever blotting all things indistinguishably in a hot haze; weariness unspeakable—these were less a memory to me than a hardly withdrawn presence, the painful condition of half-conscious being. I passed into the realization that I was still myself. In that interminable agony I had seemed many persons at once—a gang of galley slaves toiling pitilessly; a party of rescued miners, each mangled, blackened body of whom, as it came to the surface, was mine, whose pangs I suffered without ceasing to feel the pangs of those who had come before. In another phase of the fever, whether before or after I do not know, I believed that my own body was monstrously enlarged to contain the misery it endured, and that its swollen, misshapen immensity covered the bed on which I lay. Now I recognized myself. I had one man's normally formed body. I was Richard Trent, in the twenty-fourth year of my age, with the world before me and my way to make—and presently I should be well.

I opened my eyes and looked about the room. I did not know it. It was large and bare and still and airy. In spite of its bareness it looked subtly expensive—vastly more so than Mrs. Miller's back bedroom—with delicately toned walls, marble lavatory and gleaming brass bedstead. At a trim, white little table in the middle distance stood a white-clad nurse arranging bottles. "They brought me here after the smashup," I reflected. Obviously there had been a smashup. "There'll be a thundering bill to pay!" But I was too tired to wonder how it could possibly be paid. I shut my eyes. Utter weakness possessed me. I thought of my loneliness, of my dead mother. Delirious mists crept back upon me. I thought my mother sat beside me and laid her hand on my forehead, bidding me sleep. Whether I slept or not I do not know; but, a little while after, my mother was gone. I was dreaming another dream—a vague, yearning fantasy of woman's tenderness.

I looked up suddenly. A beautiful woman stood beside the bed, looking down at me, with passionate love in her eyes.

She wore a sort of loose housedress of soft, pale blue, with lace in the V of the neck, where it showed her full, white throat. Her wavy, bronze-brown hair crowned her like a queen. She was pale, with parted, rosy lips and shining eyes. And from her whole sweet, breathless countenance poured upon me the look that all men dream of in their sweetest, maddest dreams.

"Richard!" she cried softly. "You know me, don't you, Dicky? Oh, Dick!"

She dropped on her knees and hid her face against mine.

I thought she was an apparition. Ninety-nine men in a hundred would have done—as I did.

She drew her head back, curving her white throat adorably. Her vivid, exquisite face bloomed and sparkled. Such eyes I had not imagined! Blue and deep as Heaven, misty and radiant with tears and laughter and rapture.

"Dicky! Dicky! Dicky!" she breathed. "Speak to me, Dick!"

I tried to speak, I think. I moved my lips; she misunderstood—or did she? Her mouth met mine again.

It was wrong, of course. I should have said: "Pardon me, madam—I am not the person you evidently believe me to be."

Remember, if you are inclined to excuse me, that I was much too bewildered by sheer physical weakness to formulate even so simple a thought. Remember that I had not spoken rationally for nine weeks. And remember that I took her for some strangely gracious phantom from the grim world of shadows I had labored in so long.

Yet even then a doubt crossed me. My finger caught in the lace at her throat and the stuff turned appallingly real. I closed my eyes, my sole defense against all my weakness could not meet. When I opened them again I caught a last glimpse of her vanishing in a delicate swirl of blue drapery.

The white-robed nurse was bending over me. To my surprise I recognized her.

"Miss Podmore," I asked, "who or what in creation was here?"

My voice startled me; it sounded like a faint, husky echo of itself.

"Better not talk now," said Miss Podmore soothingly, and slipped a clinical thermometer under my tongue.

So it was an apparition! Of course it couldn't exist simultaneously with Miss Podmore, who was freckled and sandy-haired and of the indeterminate age that stays precisely the same for a decade or so. Also, the apparition had called me by my own name. That—and other things—seemed to clinch her visionary quality. Was I, perhaps, about to die and visited by angel ministrants? Could I have deserved such a harbinger of eternal



"Speak to Me, Dick!"

blessedness? Or had I died already and reached celestial —— No—there was Miss Podmore. I gave it up and went to sleep.

Now in this narrative of mine the time sequence of these early memories is badly confused. I have no idea whether days, hours or weeks elapsed before that conversation with Miss Podmore which must have come next. Meanwhile I had thought much of my apparition. I lay with shut eyes and brooded warmly on her loveliness. Several times I saw her briefly. Once she appeared floating in a cloud a little above the foot of my bed. She held a branch of lilies in her hand and all round and behind her flocked a crowd of smiling cherubs whose white wings gleamed against her sky-blue robes. At another time she seemed, in quite mortal guise, to throw me a kiss from a distance.

On a morning when I felt wholly awake and sane Miss Podmore said:

"Why do you hold your right leg so still and wince when I touch it?"

"Why, it's broken—isn't it?" I asked, surprised.

Miss Podmore laughed in my face.

"It's perfectly sound!" she declared. "There isn't a bruise on it. Try to move it. Flex the knee."

I declined.

"It feels broken, anyway. It aches bad enough without moving."

Miss Podmore began gently to massage the limb in dispute. I should have remonstrated had I dared; but one in my position does not argue with the commanding nurse.

"Say, Miss Podmore," I asked between clinched teeth, "what have I been up against anyway?"

"Several things," she returned quietly. "But you're coming out nicely. You've got a great constitution."

"Why were the black fellows sitting on my chest?" I inquired seriously.

"That must have been the broken ribs. We had three."

"And they took my head off," I pursued reminiscently, "and played football with it—the red and black teams. Oh, I know that didn't happen—but what did?"

"You had concussion of the brain, and a good many bruises besides."

"Whew! Was it a wreck?"

"Yes. Nine weeks ago; and even then Doctor Worrall thinks you've done well."

The period of time she mentioned made no impression upon me, but the name did.

"Worrall? I don't know him. Why didn't they get Doctor Kane?"

She looked at me oddly and I saw I had made some kind of break.

"Doctor Worrall is considered the best physician in town," she said primly.

"The best physi——! Say, what burg is this anyway? Ain't I in Glencoe?"

She came and felt my forehead; she spoke calmingly and looked at me anxiously.

"No; you're a hundred miles from Glencoe. You are in Morristown. Better not ask any more questions now. I'm going to give you a sedative."

"One more question!" I begged. "Was that wreck a head-on collision?"

"I believe so. Try not to think about it now. It might raise the temperature."

I disobeyed. I tried with all my strength to think about the wreck—and altogether in vain. I could not recall it in the least. The last thing I remembered—and that with absolute, clear-cut distinctness—was taking a girl home from a dance at the armory. It was Enid White. I recollected bits of our talk—and that was doing well, for it was frothy stuff—sheer chaff and banter. I could see Enid's trim little figure standing on the porch, with the moon shining on the snow and in her brown-black eyes as she waved her muff in farewell. But what came next? Had I been going on a railroad journey? Of course it was possible that Stewart had sent me on some errand—given me a chance. What rotten luck to get smashed up if he had! But why couldn't I remember it? Where was Morristown? I had never heard of the place. I tested my memory on other things—my own earlier life. Scenes, persons, places and events reproduced themselves flawlessly, as I thought; but it all ended with the moonlight sparkling on the snow and in Enid's eyes. I had cared a good deal about Enid's eyes; in fact, I had considered myself quite miserable because I was much too poor to tell her so. What inconstancy lies in man! I had merely passed through an illness—and seen an apparition—and I cared no more. I wondered a little why my apparition had not been more like Enid.

Probably all this raised the temperature. At any rate, after a while I woke and saw Her! She knelt beside the bed, with her head drawn back in the attitude of that first meeting. She was lovelier than I remembered. We looked at each other—it seemed a long time—in a sort of still ecstasy.

"I'm going to be very good, Dicky," she murmured, "and quiet, and not make you delirious."

"But I want to be delirious," I whispered, "and keep on seeing you."

She laughed very tenderly.

"It isn't delirious to see me, Dick. I'm quite real."

"Of course you'd say that," I retorted, unbelieving, "because it's the sweetest thing you could say—and you'd always say the sweetest thing."

She laughed, crinkling up her eyes adorably. I saw the pearly shadows under them and the length of her brown lashes, darker than the clearly penciled brows.

"Are you sure you're not delirious now, Dick?" she asked as if it were a joke.

"I don't know. Better ask Miss Podmore. Of course, a professional opinion ——"

She didn't vanish when I mentioned Miss Podmore, as I feared the instant I said it. Instead, she laughed once more.

"Oh, it's so lovely, Dick, to hear you talk like yourself again!"

Her eyes did not cease to worship me.

"I wish you wouldn't look at me like that," I said. "I—my head isn't very strong; and I'm afraid I'll wake up."

"Your head isn't very strong, is it, Richard?"

She patted my cheek; but she followed the suggestion too strictly. She sat down in a big wicker chair near the window and began sewing—or perhaps it was embroidering—on some small piece of work which she kept crumpled up in her hands or on her lap.

I lay and watched her. Sometimes I tempted the miracle by shutting my eyes, but she was always there when I opened them. Strange ideas began to assail me. Our second interview had approximated the possible so much more nearly than the first. Suppose she were not an apparition after all! Suppose she were a perfect mortal maiden by some inconceivable freak of fate reserved for me! My heart beat so fast it half frightened me; my gaze clung to her avidly.

She flushed; she threw me strange little glances, conscious, divinely shy, telltale—if I could have understood!

"Why do you look at me so, Dick?" she asked guiltily.

"I don't know," I murmured back.

Suddenly she shook out her work and held it up. It was a little baby's shirt.

Completely bewildered, I stared at her. Her eyes, dark and wonderful above the tiny neckpiece, told me that it meant something supreme. But what?

With a sweet cry she fled to me, hiding her blushes and quick tears on my breast.

"Oh, Dicky, don't you see? Don't you understand?"

Her face hidden against mine, she whispered in my ear yet other words.

I understood at last.

A hideous crash—a ghastly wrench—tore the bottom out of things and dropped me to a lower level, sick and shaken, blinded with the dust of defeated thoughts, but

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rational and whole in spirit. I knew her now for what she was—neither apparition nor maiden, but another man's wife! *At* the same time, as by a flash of baleful lightning, I saw the main outlines of the situation. I had been *falsely* identified after the wreck as the other fellow! I had been taken to his home; and his wife ——

Oh, the horror, the disgrace of my position! I felt *sick with* disgust. My sole desire in that first moment of revelation was to extricate myself from the horrid involution. I wanted to get out—to get away!

"Aren't you glad, Dicky?" she cried softly, lifting a sparkling face. "Why, how you tremble, Dick!"

"I'm thinking—of you!" I gasped.

This was not true. I was thinking very intensely of myself.

What a moment for explanations, apologies! Could I say to that tender, palpitating woman, in that instant so sacred to her—I, with her tears and kisses warm upon my cheek: "Excuse me, madam; I am not your husband!"

Yet I swear I meant to when I began.

"It's all my fault," I babbled—"my misfortune, I mean. It's all so dreadful for you—the shock of it, I mean ——"

"But that's all over now—it's so sweet of you to think of me, Richard! That's all over now! If you had died, Dick, I'm sure I—we," she corrected herself—"we should all have died together! But I never believed you would die, Dick. Never for one minute! Why, Dick, you're crying!"

The shamefully futile, unmanly tears flowed on. I felt so sorry for her, so sorry for myself.

She misunderstood. She wiped the tears away, with cooing words and caresses, with intimate, delicate, wifely sweetness—and I lay and swallowed my shame!

It is hard to explain the thing I said.

"I do love you!" I said. "Always remember, whatever happens, that I did love you from the first instant I saw you." I spoke the words with some insane notion of saving her dignity when she should learn who I was. They were no sooner uttered than they seemed the most revoltingly inexcusable I could have chosen.

"I've told you too suddenly, Dicky," she repented sweetly. "I oughtn't to have done it. I didn't think you'd care so much."

"Care!" I groaned. "Oh, good Lord!" I groped desperately for something to say. "God bless you!" I said. "God bless you anyway!"

After she left me I thought with shut eyes a long time. I do not believe that mental shocks have power to unsettle some types of brain. Mine, on the contrary, was cleared and stimulated. After all, the thing was plain enough. The man I resembled and whose Christian name I bore must have been killed or badly injured in the wreck. I seemed to recall that I had been considerably bruised about the face. That, doubtless, had helped the mistaken identification, and my delirium and folly had done the rest. There remained only to set myself right as speedily as I could.

Miss Podmore had lighted a softly-shaded lamp and settled herself beside it. I reflected that if I tried my story on her she would certainly tell me not to talk now, and threaten me with temperature. Besides, I was tired out. I decided to wait till morning and begin with the doctor.

Doctor Worrall I had not particularly noticed. Mine had been the simple policy of literally shutting my eyes to whatever did not please me, and the doctor had been one of those things. He was a young man, with bright, hard brown eyes, and a nose too big for his forehead. Miss Podmore, at my urgent request, propped me up with pillows; I felt better able to face my fellowman from that slight elevation.

The doctor went through his usual professional patter; I judged him a bad man to throw out of his routine. He pronounced me on the high-road to convalescence. I took the opening.

"And now, doctor, I want to ask you a few things. In the first place—it sounds like a shilling-shocker; but—where am I?"

He didn't look particularly surprised. I guessed Miss Podmore had prepared him.

"You are in your own home, Mr. Craven."

"My name isn't Craven and I haven't any home. I'm Richard Trent, of Glencoe. I'm working on the Herald there. You see, they picked up the wrong man after that wreck. I happen to look like him ——"

I went on to explain the case, encouraged by the doctor's look of absorbed attention.

"One moment," he interrupted. He leaned over to finger my head, inquiring with each pressure whether it gave me pain. He spoke to Miss Podmore about "abnormal symptoms" as if I had not been there.

After an outraged second I caught his drift.

"I know what you think! You think I'm crazy; but I can easily prove my identity. Why, Miss Podmore knows me—that is, she might remember me. Miss Podmore, don't you recall when you were in Glencoe looking after Judge Hendricks? I often saw you."

She looked at Doctor Worrall doubtfully.

"Speak out," he ordered. "He's strong enough to take it."

"I've worked in Glencoe," she said considerately, "off and on for a good many years, but I don't know any Judge Hendricks there."

"But—but ——" I stammered. "Surely you're the same woman! You haven't any twin sister, or cousin exactly like ——" This was so obviously in the shilling-shocker line that I stopped of my own accord.

The doctor took the word.

"It's like this, Mr. Craven. You've been hit on the head in such a manner that certain of the nerve centers in the brain have been paralyzed or destroyed. The association fibers on which memory depends are so involved that a portion of your memories has sunk below the threshold of consciousness—that is, become subconscious. The affected area is probably slight, as you are so nearly normal in most respects, and that gives us reason to hope the aberration may be merely temporary. We have cases in which aphasia, or complete loss of speech, takes place; or even primary conceptions ——"

I could endure no more.

"Rats! I haven't forgotten anything! I remember my whole life. Will you hear my story?"

He pulled out a little red leather-covered notebook and a pencil; this had the effect of unreasonably increasing my anger. I waited a minute to cool off. He was keeping his temper, while I was losing mine; and my case was sufficiently damaged already.

"I am the son of a Methodist minister. I was born in Harpersburg in the year—the year—I can't just recall the year now. No matter! There was quite a family of us—several children. We moved round from place to place the way preachers' families do. The other children died of scarlet fever—poor little tads! I had the fever too, but I didn't die; I was the tough one. My father died when I was—was—a young boy, you know—getting lanky and outgrowing things. Mother settled in Hartsville, took in sewing, and saved every penny of her allowance from the Conference to send me to college. I helped what I could—odd jobs and driving the grocer's wagon. I went to Painter College—surely you've heard of Painter College!" I drew a long breath; the tale was running better now without those unaccountable lapses. "You'll find my name in the catalogues there for the years—the years—I graduated in—I graduated with the class of ——"

I strained for the lost date till my forehead grew damp. It would not come. The doctor made a diversion.

"Never mind," he said gently. "What happened next?"

"Mother died. She lived just long enough to see my sheepskin she'd worked so hard for. Then I couldn't bear Hartsville any longer. I went to Glencoe because my college chum, Henry Milsom, lived there, and got a job on the Herald and—that's about all. Funny I can't think of those dates."

"You don't remember the date of your birth or of your graduation?" the doctor said.

"Not just this minute."

"How many brothers and sisters did you say you had?"

"There was Harold, and Wesley, and Louise, and Katie. I came between Wesley and Louise."

He looked at me keenly.

"How many does that make?"

I stared back blankly.

"I don't know."

"How old were you when your father died?"

"I don't know. Look here, doctor, maybe the figures were knocked out of my head with those association fibers; but I know who I am!"

"How did you come to be on the wrecked train?"

"I don't know! But I know I'm Richard Trent!"

The doctor put up his notebook.

"That's all right. I wouldn't worry about anything, Mr. Craven. You've evolved a rather complete secondary consciousness—a sort of 'control,' as the spiritualistic mediums say. Your lost memories will probably come back gradually—perhaps all at once. We must wait."

The man was cracked on brain. There was no persuading him I wasn't Craven gone nutty! A subterfuge to get an intelligent hearing occurred to me.

"Well, see here; you think I'm Craven, but you'll admit that I have a delusion I'm not. A man with a delusion the size of mine ought to have a consultation. Send for some of your brain specialists."

He pinched his lower lip thoughtfully.

"Under ordinary circumstances I should welcome counsel, but there is one consideration ——" He looked at me measuringly. "You are perhaps not yet aware of Mrs. Craven's condition?"

The blood rushed to my forehead; I could not meet his eyes.

"She believes you recognize her. She thinks you are quite yourself. After what she has gone through already, any additional shock or alarm would in all probability cost her life—and the child's."

In the pause of his cold, professional tones I heard her soft, earnest voice: "If you had died, Dick, we should all have died together!"

After a hushed minute I asked, with God knows what thoughts:

"Do you think Craven's dead?"

Doctor Worrall smiled.

"No; I think he's only a little out of his head. We must spare Mrs. Craven all we can. We must anticipate time a little. We mustn't let her suspect the extent of the aberration."

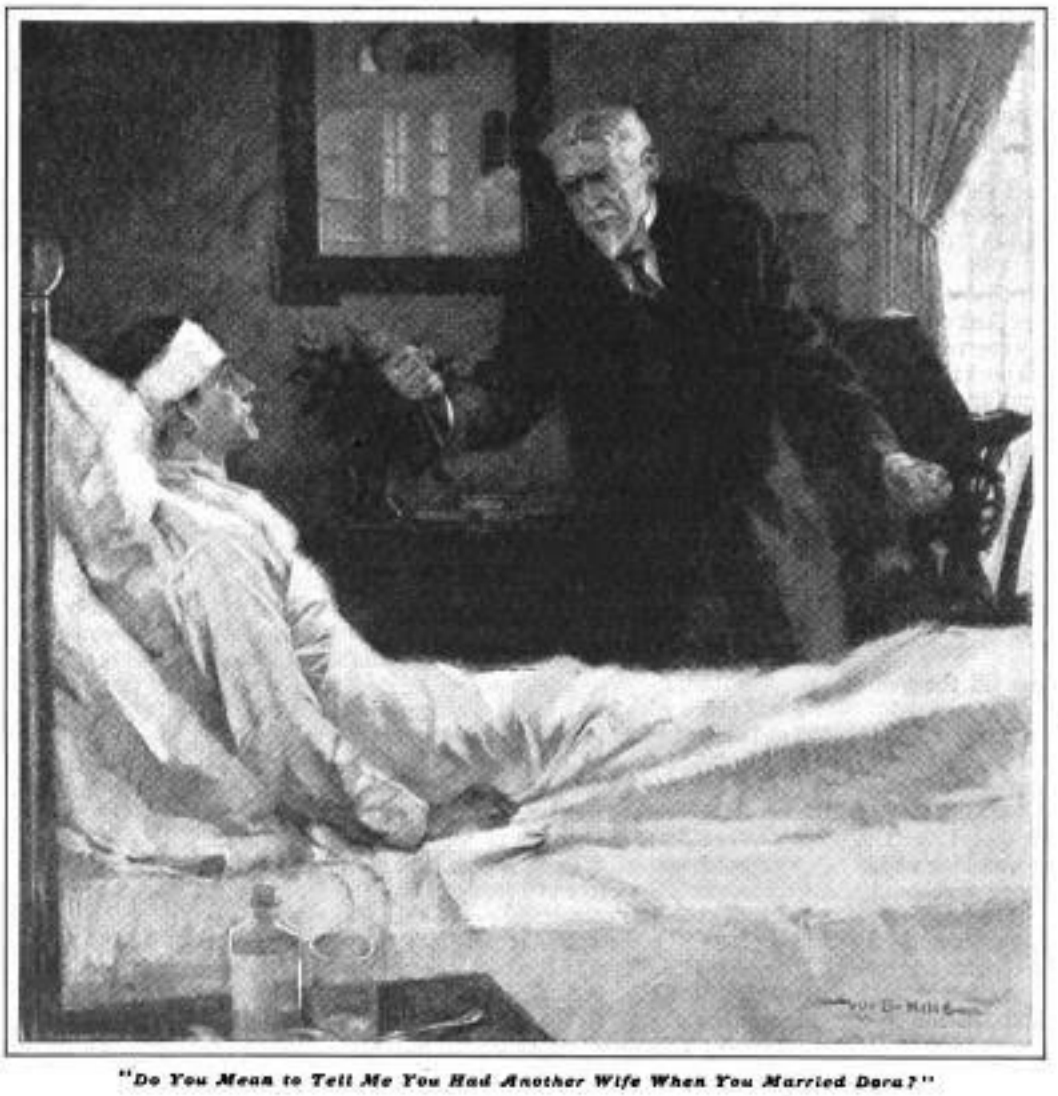
"Look here, doctor! I can't go on pretending to Mrs. Craven that I'm Craven! No fellow could. It's rotten!"

"Tut, tut! I assure you there isn't the least doubt in the world that you're Craven. There hasn't been the slightest question of your identity. Mrs. Craven positively recognized you. Now, just anticipate the return of ——"

"I won't! I'm not Craven and I won't go into any dirty masquerade!"

"Then it is my duty to inform you that you must choose between your idea of honor and Mrs. Craven's life—and her child's life." He added, "She hasn't spared herself for you."

There was no use talking any more! I dropped back among the pillows. My honor or her life! The maddening alternative beat back and forth in my brain all day. It drummed down all the other perplexities. I tell the truth in saying that what I utterly desired was my freedom. If I could have taken my



"Do You Mean to Tell Me You Had Another Wife When You Married Dora?"

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bruised body, my obscure and penniless identity and gone out of Craven's luxurious home and evident assured position, away forever from Craven's adorable wife, without hurting any one but myself, I would have demanded bearers to take me to the charity ward of the nearest hospital that day. I had the infinitely galling sense of being bound hand and foot. And if I struggled and broke my bonds the wrench would come not on me but on the tender woman, the unborn child! All my manhood forbade what all my manhood urged. Toward her my feeling had quite changed that day. She was no longer the exquisite, tender efflorescence of womanhood my irresponsible fancy adored. She was the human being who unconsciously demanded of me the bitterest sacrifice man may make!

When she came to my room that afternoon I could not bear to see her. I feigned sleep. She hovered over the bed a moment.

"You're not asleep, Dick."

I opened my eyes and looked at her. Her own filled. "Poor boy! Is it so hard to bear as that?" I answered nothing. "I wish I could bear it for you!" she murmured.

"You can't. That's one good thing."

I was suffering at the moment from a nerve-rending headache. She seemed to see that without seeing what caused it.

"Let me sit here and smooth your forehead."

"No! Not today. Please! Thank you."

I could speak only those abrupt phrases, harshly uttered. Her tenderness was not hurt. She was only sympathetically acquiescent. She touched my hand with hers—a gesture of soft caressing—and went away.

By nightfall I had determined what to do. I summoned Miss Podmore.

"What was Mrs. Craven's maiden name?"

She looked at me quickly, but answered with her professional placidity:

"Dora Wolfe."

"Has she any near relatives in this town—or has Mr. Craven?"

"Certainly. Mrs. Craven's parents live here. Mr. Wolfe is said to be the richest man in Morristown."

"Will you send word to him that I want to see him privately at his earliest convenience tomorrow?"

She objected of course, but ultimately I convinced her that to allow the interview was better than to refuse it.

Shortly before Mr. Wolfe's arrival Dora drifted in to me where I sat among the pillows.

"Miss Podmore told me you wanted to see papa. Are you sure you're strong enough, Richard?"

I had gained a certain strength from my resolve. I could smile at her as I asked:

"Doesn't he like me?"

"Of course he likes you; but, you know, papa is a little unreasonable sometimes—and you're not strong enough to talk very long. Let me stay and do the talking. You're not worried about business, are you, Dick? It's all right. Mr. Jameson hasn't even come home."

"I am not worried about business," I answered, grinning at myself. "I only want to talk to your father a little."

A few moments later I saw Dora kissing a short, rather portly gentleman, with white hair and a florid face.

"Delighted to see you looking natural again, Richard," he said, shaking hands with me.

I could have told, without Dora's hint, that the relations between Mr. Wolfe and his son-in-law had not been altogether cordial. His large blue eyes were very cold, his face full, his mouth hidden beneath his neat mustache and short, pointed white beard. He was not an easy man to talk to. When I found myself alone with him I had a sense of helplessness at the magnitude of misunderstanding between us. Nevertheless, I plunged at it.

"Mr. Wolfe, I have an explanation to make to you that will surprise and shock and grieve you. I am not your son-in-law."

He turned upon me sharply, his hard blue eyes staring, the brows above them drawn into a black frown.

"What!" he cried harshly.

"I am not your daughter's husband."

The blood surged into Mr. Wolfe's face till the veins stood out on his temples.

"You scoundrel!" he gasped. "Do you mean to tell me you had another wife when you married Dora?"

I kept my temper. I explained the strange and cruel mistake that had put me in Craven's place. I told him my history in much greater detail than I had told it to the doctor. He listened with half-averted face, pulling at his pointed white beard. At the end he turned a solemnly unbelieving face upon me.

"The Lord forgive you, Richard! I always opposed your marrying Dora and this shows how right I was." He glared at me a moment and his exasperation seemed to grow. "You lie there," he cried, "and tell me this cock-and-bull story!"

I swallowed hard.



I Cried a Long Time in the Firelight

"You may not believe it," I urged, "but, for your own sake—for your daughter's sake—put it to the proof! Write to Glencoe! Write to Stewart of the Herald. Write to Henry Milsom. Write to Judge Hendricks."

"Doctor Worrall prepared me for some mental estrangement, but I didn't expect this! You say you're not Richard Craven! Why, I brought you home from that wreck myself. You had on the clothes I'd seen you wear a hundred times. I took your papers out of your pockets and looked them over myself—your papers! Craven's papers! I took off your watch with Dora's picture in the cover. And you lie there and tell me ——"

"I can't explain it," I panted; "but will you write to those people?"

"To convince you, I will!" he said unexpectedly. He took out a fountain pen and wrote carefully the addresses I gave him.

"If you have any sense of decency left, Richard, any compassion, you'll not mention this illusion to Dora. Poor child!"

His voice husked; I saw that he loved Dora.

"Can't you see that it's only for your daughter's sake ——" I cried.

We glared at each other in mutual angry helplessness, and he left me.

The proof of my identity began to seem more complicated than I had thought. How could I have been wearing Craven's clothes? But it was not that which worried me. It was my immediate problem of conduct.

I learned from Miss Podmore that Craven had no relatives that she knew of; nor had Mrs. Craven, besides her parents. Craven's business partner—it appeared he was half-owner of a large shoe store—had gone to Florida for the winter. I battered Miss Podmore with questions. She puzzled me. She cordially assisted me to "recall" every incident of Craven's life she knew of; but whenever I began to talk of Glencoe she treated me in the most exasperating way—as a nervous patient to be soothed at all costs. Yet I convinced myself that she did not in the least remember me, nor any incident of our slight acquaintance.

I was thrust back upon the core of my problem. There was no one else to whom I could make my explanation—to whom I imperatively owed it—but Dora herself. Mr. Wolfe wrote me a note in which anxiety almost conquered stiffness, entreating me to conceal from Dora my "mental perversion." The doctor took occasion to assure me again that if I told Mrs. Craven of my "delusion" I made myself, in all human probability, answerable for her life. And yet —— Are there not some matters of more moment than life itself?

I was alone with her. I was sitting up in bed; and she sat at the foot of the bed in her loose blue dress with the open throat, fair and rose-cheeked and softly smiling. I was cold with pity and horror of the thing I was to do. I meant to do it with a straight, clean stroke, and spare her preparations.

I do not know what light, happy talk of hers I stopped with the words, hoarsely uttered:

"I must tell you something now—something terrible—something you have not thought of!"

If she had flinched! If she had suspected! But she leaned toward me, serious, sympathetic—full of sweet, safe security.

"I —— You ——" I could not do it! I sought for some phrase that should rouse her suspicion, pierce her security—found one, shut my eyes and thrust it at her like a dagger. "You loved your husband!"

I opened my eyes—would she be pale and trembling, her face drawn with prevision of the truth? Her face was close to mine, rosy and laughing. The stroke had missed. Her eyes, darker in color than I had ever seen them, were wonderful with tender mockery.

"So that's it!" she breathed. "You are jealous, Richard—of your son!"

I gasped. Then I rallied and rushed at the opening.

"You care a great deal about—the child. You could live for its sake—without your husband?"

That stroke went home. She whitened to the lips. She caught at her heart, panting.

"Dick—do you mean—you're—not so well?"

"No, no, no!" I cried. "Don't look like that! I'm all right. Let me call Miss Podmore."

She lay back against the bottom rail of the bed, her eyes closed, her breast heaving, one hand pressed tight against her side. I babbled frantic reassurances, undoing what I had so painfully done.

Presently she sat up, still pale, smiling faintly.

"I'm all right now. You—frightened me. I'm not very strong, you know. Go on now, Dick. I won't be foolish again. Tell me what you wanted to say. Of course I know you've had something on your mind. Is it what you wanted to tell papa?" And as I still sat stupidly silent: "You needn't be a bit afraid. I'm perfectly brave now. I don't mind anything in the world so long as I have you."

"It's only," I said after a while, "that I'm a coward and a sneak! It's only that I've no more right—that I'm no more worthy of you than —— It's only that I'm a —— Oh, God knows what I am!"

"But there really is something," she urged. "Tell me what troubles you, dearest dear."

"Just that—that I'm not fit ——"

"I feel that way, too, sometimes," she sighed. "But—you love me, don't you, Richard?"

"Oh, I do love you, Dora! God knows I do! I love you enough to die for you."

"Love me enough to live for me!" she whispered.

"I will. I will live for you alone!"

I yielded to her arms. I drew her into mine. I folded swift, guilty kisses down upon her lips. Something in my soul said: "Men may judge me afterward—as they must!"

So, definitely and consciously, I accepted my ignominy. And I was wildly happy in the hour after it.

II

I REMEMBERED at length that, within two weeks at most, Mr. Wolfe must hear of me from Glencoe. I had a pang of passionate regret that I had made him write. Afterward those Glencoe letters seemed the one tie that bound me to honorable men. I determined to steer my course by them. I would impersonate Craven—I had found that I could do it with brilliant success—until the Glencoe letters should fix my true identity. Then I would put myself in Mr. Wolfe's hands. If he should desire, for his daughter's sake, that I continue the deception until her health should be reëstablished, then I would do so. Would a father wish that?

Since everything hung now on the letters, I dropped other efforts to prove myself me. I did not write to my friend Henry Milsom, or to Stewart, my employer, as I had intended. Having embarked on my career of merciful deception, why complicate it with unnecessary truth? I had, moreover, to reckon on a sick man's lethargy, increased by the constant nervous strain of playing my part with Dora. I merely waited, with daily increasing dread, for Mr. Wolfe's denunciation of my imposture!

One morning, while this suspense was at its height, I awoke after an evening of intense worry over Mr. Wolfe's probable attitude and a night of confused, blissful dreaming—I awoke, I say, with a strange sense of unfamiliarity with myself. The thought crossed my half-dreaming mind: Suppose I were really Craven after all! Suppose the history and personality of Richard Trent were, as they all said, a dream in Craven's mind! I saw my hand lying on the bedspread, and it struck me suddenly as a smaller, slighter, more refined hand than the hand of Richard Trent. I remembered that I had not seen my own countenance since I awoke in Craven's likeness. What if —— I lay still several minutes recalling Richard Trent's features as vividly as I could. Then I sat up in bed and asked Miss Podmore for a looking-glass. The face that looked at me out of the mirror was pallid and gaunt, worn and worried and strained; but, allowing for the obvious effect of my recent experience, it was unmistakably my own. I remembered that Richard Trent had a small brown mole just under the left collarbone; and, grinning at myself in the glass, I looked for the birthmark. It was there.

Some three weeks after I had committed myself to the rôle of Craven, on a certain evening Mr. and Mrs. Wolfe were announced. When I recovered from my sickening

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sense that the crash had come sufficiently to be aware of what was happening, a dainty, charming little lady, very like Dora, was bending over me, lamenting that her bronchitis had kept her from visiting me before. I perceived that Mr. Wolfe had not told her of my "delusion." She turned to Dora, and while they were petting and cooing over one another Mr. Wolfe sat down beside me. He talked constrainedly on indifferent topics, where I fear I made but a poor and bewildered showing.

It was not until the adieus were being said that I gathered courage to blurt out:

"Heard anything from Glencoe lately, Mr. Wolfe?"

He cast a swift look of anxiety at Dora, who was carefully adjusting her mother's furs, and a long look of displeasure at me.

"I had hoped, Richard," he said sternly, "that we had heard the last of Glencoe!"

I puzzled over that for many days. Had he not written—in spite of his promise? Could my friends have failed to answer? Or had the answer failed to convince my putative father-in-law? Or was he, indeed, convinced, but tacitly acquiescent in the fraud for Dora's sake?

I dared not ask. The thing I was doing had taken possession of me. My soul was no longer my own. Whether it belonged now to God or devil, only God or devil knew!

Meanwhile I was convalescing—with weary delays and dragging weakness. Agitations like these are not favorable for swift recoveries. I spent most of my days now in the big wicker chair, wrapped in blankets, while Dora fussed about me with pillows and footstools, pleasing herself in a thousand dainty little ministrations. It seems incredible that I could have deceived Dora, even for a few days, in so intimate and tender a relation as I could not withhold myself from drifting into. Several things besides her unassailable faith conspired with me.

Chief of these was my mental condition. It was evident that, aside from the "delusion," my mental life was not altogether normal. Numbers and their significance had gone from me. Whenever an arithmetical conception challenged me my mind was blank, though it responded at once to any other association. To illustrate: I could instantly recognize the saying, "Two and two are four," as a familiar catchword connoting absolute certainty; but for apprehending it as a mathematical proposition I was on a par with a month-old infant. Three suggested the Trinity to me, seven a branched candlestick, twelve the apostles, and thirteen an unlucky dinner table. I had to reacquire all abstract conceptions of numbers; and though, after a time, they came swiftly, they brought with them no previous associations—as numbers. Imagine how this confused my thoughts! It baffled painfully my speculations on what must have happened to me. I could not calculate how many days or weeks had elapsed since I left Enid on that moonlit porch, because the implements of such calculations were lacking to me. It was winter then: it was winter still. I knew no more.

This condition, of course, was known to Dora; and whatever I "forgot" explained itself to her as a phase of the same phenomenon. I "forgot" the less because of Miss Podmore's diligence. Acting, I think, under the doctor's orders to jog my memory gently, she talked continually about Craven in Dora's absence—always as if I were he and might be expected to do my own recollecting in a moment. I got a very fair impression of the man whose place in the world I had usurped.

Craven had come to Morristown about ten years before, a shy and quiet youth of some nineteen years. He found employment in the shoe store of Mr. Jameson, where by strict attention to business—for which he showed a decided knack—by quick intelligence, pleasant manners and exemplary habits, he rose at length to a partnership—the latter stages of his rise being materially assisted by his successful courtship of the town's heiress. Socially he was uncommunicative, but not unfriendly. Beginning without friends, money or influence he gradually won the confidence and esteem of such people as thought about him at all. His life held but one high light. Taking his modest part in the social activities of the church he had quietly joined, he met and loved Dora Wolfe. He loved her—but this I gathered from another informant—at first with a dumb, hopeless adoration that touched her gentleness more than the louder admiration of others. I learned as little of Craven's courtship as I could; but it was a long one, alternating between timid hope and brave despair, culminating at last, despite Mr. Wolfe's disapproval, in marriage about a year before the accident. There was nothing in all Craven's record to censure—nothing to excuse the hatred of him that leaped in my breast.

But where was Craven now? Lying in some unmarked grave which my few friends believed to hold the mortal husk of Richard Trent? That seemed likeliest as I grew able to comprehend the time that had elapsed. The newspaper account of the wreck, which I had read, mentioned the bodies of three unidentified men; but later, Miss Podmore told me, all had been identified. Room for error there! Surely if Craven were alive—no matter how broken, disfigured, helpless—he would have sent for his wife long ere this; but suppose he were living without mind or memory, knocked into forgetfulness of his former self? Then, again, darker conjectures occupied me. I could not doubt that I had been found wearing Craven's clothes—nor could I conceive how that could have been, save by Craven's act. Had the inoffensive quietude of his life hidden some evil secret which claimed him at last? Had he noted my personal resemblance to himself and made or seized an opportunity to dress my supposedly lifeless body in his own garments, hoping so to conceal his trail? And had some unforeseen accident thus far covered up the loss of the money or the trace of the woman? The woman? I would look at Dora's confident serenity and remember—No; it could not be that! In spite of all my thinking, Craven might be living and guiltless. He might knock at the door tonight! In some moods I almost wished he would. That was when something in my soul cried out to be delivered at any cost—at any cost!—from the poisoned ecstasies, the rapture-shot agonies, of my relationship with Dora.

I loved her. The more I writhed beneath my horrible position, the more I loved her; and the more I loved her, the deeper pierced the twin barbs—remorse for the shameful thing I was doing; mad jealousy of Craven, living or dead. There were moments when I loved her with a pure and exquisite happiness; other moments when I loved her with a Heaven-defying passion—and black hours of torment when I expiated those!

I was not always in passionate extremes, however. Sometimes, by dint of my own pretense and the unwavering belief of every one about me, I half forgot for days together that I was not really Craven. Then some sudden turn would drive the barbed truth home and my wild moods would puzzle Dora.

She was a creature of the quickest delicacy, the tenderest act. My fits of shame, remorse, passion, jealousy, disgust and rage, smothered and disguised as they had to be, often bewildered and sometimes hurt her, but never failed of her respect, her indulgence—of some subtle feminine comprehension of the heart.

One conversation of ours, typical of many, somehow stays in my memory as a turning-point.

"The plum-blossoms are out," remarked Dora from her little rocking-chair by the window, where she sat sewing. "I think I shall have you out on the porch tomorrow if it stays warm. Miss Podmore says you ought to be able to walk out a little before she goes."

"Life without Miss Podmore!" I ejaculated. "And Jameson comes back Friday!" I went on quite in the spirit of my part. "I'll have to have a long talk with him about business. Nice hand I am for business when I've only got to six times seven are forty-two!" I was relearning the multiplication tables with incredible labor. Never shall I forget the bewilderment that assailed me in the one interview I had attempted with the firm's bookkeeper.

"You're learning beautifully, Dick," returned Dora with earnest ardor. "And you know the store's all right. Mr. Hughes is so capable. And papa keeps an eye on things."

"This fuss of mine has cost an awful lot of money," I mused. "I'll pay that back anyway!"

"What in the world do you mean, Richard?" Dora puzzled. "Do you know, Dick, you're so different since the accident? An entirely different phase of your character shows. You're more—boyish!"

"Is that an objection?" I asked with an anxiety I pretended was mocking. "Do you like me better the other way?" ("Thief! Sneak! Cad!" I said to myself.) "Because, if you do, I can get knocked on the head again."

She ignored the question.

"You're even different," she went on, weaving her needle delicately into her work, "in the way you—care for me."

"How?" I asked.

She looked up smiling.

"How can I tell? Just different!"

I was silent, setting my teeth. Had I not vowed I would not be led that way?

She looked out thoughtfully over the lawn. I searched for dandelions in its greenness as if my life depended on finding them. When, involuntarily, I looked back at her she was biting her lip. Her eyes filled with sudden tears.

I held out my arms to her.

Presently she lifted her head a little way, eying me earnestly.

"Why are you afraid of my kisses, Dick?"

"Am I?"

At length she whispered, with her face very close to mine:

"Aren't you a little bit glad—about the baby?"

So our closest moments always ended. Always the dead hand thrust between!

This time I answered:

"I am glad of anything you are glad of, Dora. I'm nothing but just yours. I belong to you as no man ever belonged to a woman before."

Such half-truths that told nothing I threw as wretched sops to my conscience.

It was that night I dedicated myself to the finding of Craven. As soon as I should regain my strength and might leave Dora I would set myself upon his trail. I would search out every clew; I would have the graves opened! Under the earth or upon it, I would find him! If he were living—and something in me refused to believe him dead—I would drag him to Dora's feet and blot myself out of her life. I felt a fierce joy in that imagined expiation!

As I grew stronger and began to see and talk with people, Craven's social and business associates, I lost the fear I had that some one would surely detect the imposture. My mental condition excited sympathetic interest, but no surprise, no suspicion. What grew upon me was the social hopelessness of my ever righting myself. How many barred and locked doors lay between me and honor! By what miracle should I accomplish the substitution of Craven for myself as secretly as had been the substitution of myself for Craven? Lacking this, what storm of scandalous tongues would break upon Dora? Who would believe that I had behaved as decently as I had? In choosing ignominy for myself, had I not chosen it for Dora too? Then—not for the first time—the devil, clad as an angel of light, would whisper: "Why not—go on? Why make more misery?"

I hung on doggedly to my resolution. I threw myself into persistent efforts to master Craven's business, so that people wondered to see a man still pallid and tottering with weakness, and with so hampering a mental disability, working so desperately. Nothing of Craven's, I vowed, should suffer through my stewardship.

On a certain Sunday afternoon in the late spring Dora and I walked over to the handsome house of the Wolfes. It was not the first time we had gone there together, but I thought it might be the last. As I grew stronger, Dora grew weaker; the anxieties she had suffered were telling upon her. Often I feared in anguish of mind that I myself—what must seem to her my inexplicable perversities—were secretly undermining her strength. On this day, however, we were both in a happy mood; and in a like calm contentment Dora's parents greeted us.

After half an hour of chat, Mr. Wolfe surprised me by saying: "Will you step into the study a moment, Richard? I want to show you something."

(Continued on Page 57)



I Told Dora the Whole Story of Richard Trent

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The Suffrage in Millerstown

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DE FEO

THERE are few women in Millerstown who take naps or who lie down in the daytime. It is safe to say that no woman, unless she was seriously ill, ever lay down for a whole afternoon; it is absolutely certain that none but Lizzie Kerr ever spent a whole afternoon—and that in November—reclining upon an outside cellar door.

It was not a position which Lizzie chose for herself. In the first place, she had no time for this extraordinary proceeding. When one has a husband and seven children, the youngest less than a year old, and when one is the only woman on a farm where there are fourteen cows, twenty pigs and a few hundred chickens, that need constant attention, one should be busy every moment. In the second place, Lizzie found the position exceedingly uncomfortable. Lizzie was very large and she was accustomed to rest upon a feather bed—not a hard board. Besides, it is apt to be a little cool on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November; and besides, it is neither dignified nor decent to slam a cellar door upon one's husband and then lie down upon the door.

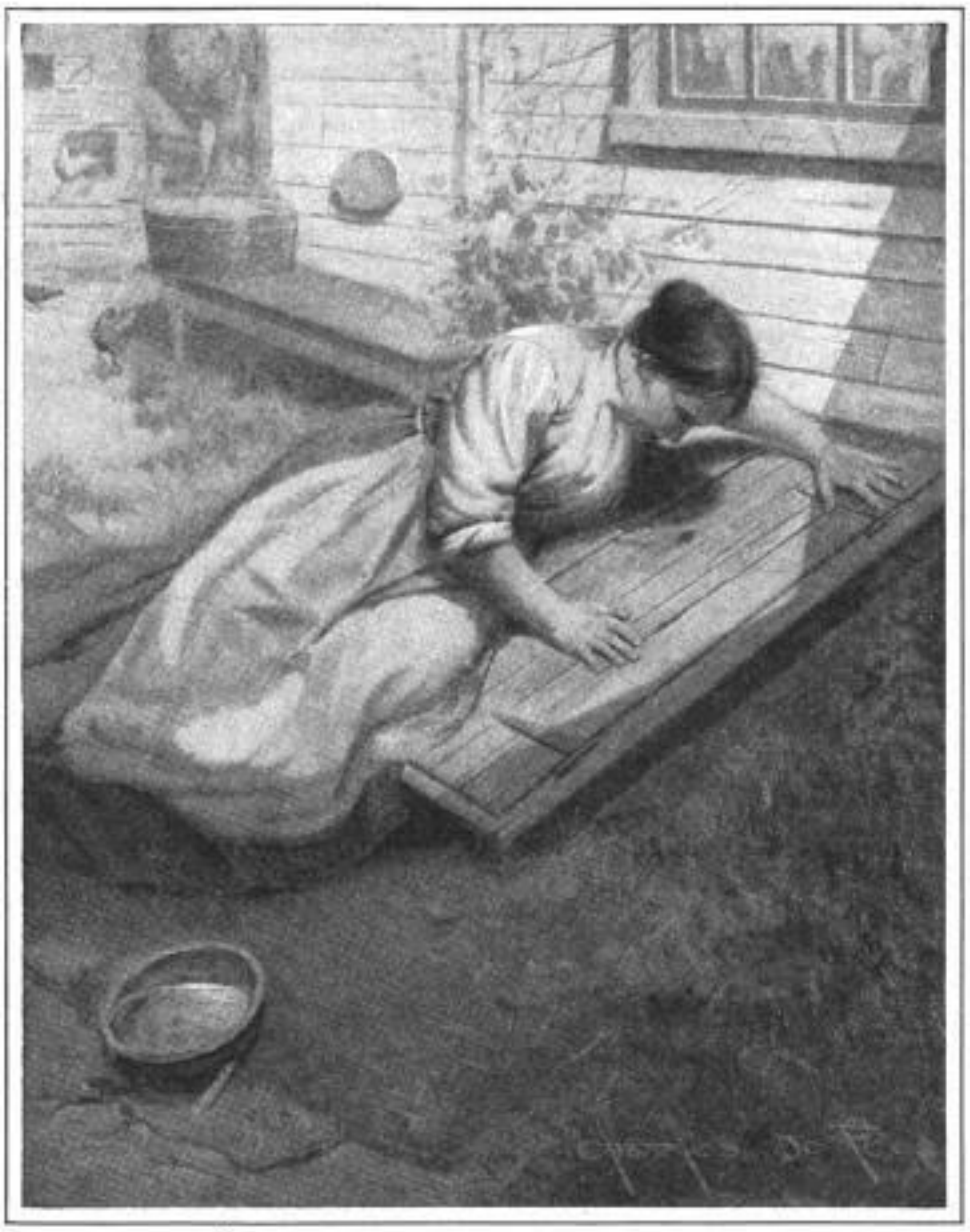
Of all this Lizzie was thoroughly aware. Her hands were clenched; she answered the muffled voice from beneath her with a voice utterly unlike her own; at the sound of her baby screaming in his cradle in the kitchen she put her hands over her ears; at thought of her bread-sponge running over the bowl and her pies burning in the oven, she groaned. She did not cry, however, though she looked like a tender-hearted person to whom tears came easily. Occasionally she lifted herself into a half-sitting posture, but almost immediately lay down again, feeling it safer to distribute her weight over as many of the flimsy boards as possible. She meant to save Alpheus from committing a great wrong, but she did not wish to crush him to death.

The baby screamed himself to sleep, and woke and screamed again; a stranger, passing in a buggy, asked whether she was ill, and, receiving her lying answer that she liked to sit on the cellar door, looked at her as though she were a lunatic; the prisoner commanded, argued, cajoled, pleaded—she grew colder and colder, stiffer and stiffer. However, for the sake of the morals of Millerstown, for the sake of her husband rushing to ruin, for the sake of her poor children threatened with destruction by the demon rum, Lizzie Kerr continued to embrace her martyrdom. Once she tried to sing Cold Water is the Children's Friend, but she did not get beyond the first line.

An hour ago she had been standing by her kitchen table working her bread, an entirely suitable and becoming occupation for the mother of seven, and Alpheus had faced her as he drew on his husking mittens. Alpheus was a little, energetic man, for whom his wife had great admiration. He was smart; his brothers looked up to him for counsel; the men at the store listened to him with respect; he read the newspapers learnedly and recounted marvelous tales of extraordinary things—of French people making a Christmas dinner on camel's meat, of women demanding the ballot and battering policemen and being battered in turn by them, of evil men blowing up bridges with dynamite. He could argue with the preacher; he could read both English and German. Until yesterday she had been proud to be his wife. She was richer than he—the farm was hers, inherited from her father; but she had been proud to marry so smart a man. Until yesterday she had been content to know no law but his will; until yesterday she had concerned herself with nothing outside her natural sphere. Now, interfering where she had no business, rushing into a situation of which she knew nothing, governed by ridiculous prejudice and feminine ignorance, she had made a fool of herself.

"I was yesterday in the store, pop," she had faltered when she could fill her lungs with enough breath to speak.

"Yes—well?" answered Alpheus. "What then?" He stared at Lizzie suddenly with some alarm; he had never seen her look like that. "Do you feel bad, mom? Do you have it somewhere?"



"Will You Promise Not to Vote for Steiner, Pop?"

Lizzie leaned upon the bread-sponge which rose in great billows about her round arms. With her rosy cheeks and her bright smile, Lizzie was an attractive person—a person to whose company it was good to return after a day's work; but now Lizzie did not smile.

"They talked about the election, pop. They said that Moser was temperance, pop, and Steiner was for the taverns. I said you wouldn't vote for Steiner for the world; and then I came home—and he was sitting here and talking, pop. I ——"

Alpheus was annoyed and disgusted.

"Pooh!" he said as he started for the door.

Lizzie was before him, however. She moved with more agility than one would have expected in a person of her size. Bits of dough clung to her fingers; her face was scarlet.

"You are a church member; you have all these boys to bring up. How will you bring up these boys if there is a saloon in every house, pop? How ——"

Alpheus was more agile than Lizzie; he dodged past her and closed the door. Then, walking briskly across the meadow to the cornfield, he laughed. Women were good for some things, of course; but they had no minds. Lizzie had no mind or she would realize that the temperance question had absolutely nothing to do with this election. Steiner might occasionally take a drink—that was none of the world's business. He was the candidate of Alpheus' party; he had great respect for Alpheus and the influence Alpheus had over his brothers and several illiterate voters; he would bring them good roads and prosperity. It was foreordained that Alpheus should vote for him. Lizzie was crazy!

Contented with himself, amused at his wife, Alpheus worked on. Presently he began to pity Lizzie. He decided that he would explain things to her that evening. He was really very fond of her.

After a long time Lizzie roused herself from the apathy in which she worked to go to the cellar for the baby's milk. The cellar was across the yard; under its slanting door was a steep flight of steps; below, in the cool dampness, stood a dozen brimming crocks of milk.

"I ought to make butter," said Lizzie as she drearily contemplated them. "I am behind with everything. Nothing will ever be right with me again. Oh, my soul!"

Then slowly Lizzie climbed the steps and heated the milk and filled the baby's bottle. Her tears dropped upon him as he lay sound asleep in his cradle. She was disgraced in the eyes of her friends; she was disappointed in the idol of her soul.

It seemed three hours—it was really but one—before Alpheus returned from the cornfield. It was not yet two o'clock and the polls did not close until six; but he said to himself that his brothers might wish to vote early or Steiner might not think him sufficiently concerned. He came whistling across the meadow. At sight of the open cellar door he turned his steps toward it.

"Mom," he called into the depths, "I am going now to town."

There was no answer; Alpheus went toward the kitchen.

"Did you know you left your cellar door open, mom?" he asked.

Lizzie was standing by the table, where he had left her. Whether the cellar door was open or closed made no difference to her.

"Pop," she began, trembling; at which Alpheus remembered.

"When I come home I will talk to you," he said indulgently. Then he patted Lizzie on the shoulder.

Lizzie began to plead.

"Ach! pop, don't vote for Steiner—please, pop!"

"Of course I will vote for Steiner!"

"When you have little children, pop? What if they come in the tavern, pop?"

"*Gek mir aweck!*—Get out!"—mocked Alpheus. "You make me laugh!"

"He takes drinks, pop. And the people in town, they said ——"

"I don't care what they said." Alpheus finished washing his hands at the sink. "Where is my other coat?"

"Ach! but, pop, you can talk with me a little about it, I guess. I am dumb—but I am not so dumb, pop. I ——"

Alpheus slid rapidly into his coat. Then he applied the brush and comb which lay on the little rack by the door. Then Alpheus could not resist a foolish but overwhelming temptation.

"I must be there early," he said importantly. "I always mark the tickets for a couple o' fellows."

"What!" cried Lizzie. Sometimes Alpheus read to her accounts of election frauds and subsequent investigations. In her confusion, it seemed that he, too, was about to commit fraud. The foundation of Lizzie's world was shaken.

"Goodby," said Alpheus cheerfully.

The baby in the cradle began to cry. Alpheus turned back to his wife.

"Shall I fetch you a little milk?" he asked as tenderly as though he spoke to the baby.

Unable to answer, Lizzie started to follow him. She meant to tell him that she had brought the milk and that the baby had the bottle; but her voice choked. She was shocked; she was hurt; she was—though she did not suspect it—furiously angry at Alpheus' superior airs. When she reached the door he had vanished down the cellar steps and she followed across the yard.

Then, suddenly a great, new, overwhelming emotion filled Lizzie Kerr's soul. Never in her life had she done a violent thing. She had disciplined setting hens; she had spanked her children; but it had been done after deliberation, it had been done with dignity. This was done without consideration, without forethought. She leaned over and lifted the slanting cellar door and closed it upon the little man within. Then, partly from pure weakness, Lizzie Kerr, mother of seven, of great size, lay down upon the door.

The first frantic sound that rose from within added the reproaches of a tender heart to Lizzie's already overwhelming emotions.

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"Mom!" called Alpheus. "Mom! Somebody is shutting me in the cellar! Lock yourself in the kitchen, mom, *and* then lock yourself in the upstairs, mom! And holler like sixty!" His first thought was for her. It was with bursting heart that Lizzie answered.

"*I am* shutting you up, Alpheus. It is Lizzie. Nothing is after me. I am sitting on the door."

"What!" screamed Alpheus shrilly.

"I must talk to you about this, pop, before it goes any farther." Lizzie's voice became more clear. She did not weep—her tears seemed to be forever dry. She prayed for eloquence; she thought of the people in the Bible who had been given tongues of fire. "You see, pop, it is this way: The people say that Steiner has parties and that the people drink. It is not raspberry vinegar, pop, or yeast beer—it is real beer in bottles from the tavern, pop. They sometimes have some of this cha'pagne-water. Suppose these poor little children should get some, pop! Suppose little Lizzie should stay out late in the night, pop; and suppose little Alpheus should come home yelling and hollering, pop! Suppose ——"

The cellar door quivered.

"Get up!" ordered Alpheus. He spoke as he might have spoken to his horse or his dog. Lizzie had never heard that tone addressed to her. Her cheeks flushed, but still she spoke gently.

"Will you promise to vote for Moser, pop?"

"Get up!" commanded Alpheus again.

"Will you promise not to vote for Steiner, pop?"

"Get up!" ordered Alpheus, more furiously.

"Will you promise not to vote for anybody, pop? Will you stay here with me? Will you ——"

"Get up!" said Alpheus in a terrible tone.

For a few minutes there was silence. The door shook slightly again; but Alpheus, though strong, was short—he could get no purchase on the door. Then motion, as well as sound, ceased. Indeed, actual physical paralysis was no more numbing than the sensations that filled the breast of Alpheus. Had the barn fallen upon him and bade him lie still, he could have been no more amazed. Presently silence was succeeded by a more furious burst of anger. He would vote for whom he chose; now he was absolutely determined to vote for Steiner—nothing would keep him from it! If she had not acted the fool he might have listened to her; but he was the boss—nobody could make him do what he didn't want to do.

Poor Lizzie did not answer. Indeed, she did not hear half he said, for another sound penetrated to her ears and filled her with dismay. Presently, when he paused for breath, Alpheus heard it also.

"Your baby is crying!" he shouted. "Go to it!"

Lizzie was wringing her hands. The baby should have gone to sleep at once and slept for hours. He had a bottle and he was comfortably fixed. Had he broken the bottle and cut himself? Was something after him—the cat, perhaps? Had ——

"Your baby is starving!" said Alpheus. "Shall a mother sit on a cellar door while her baby is dying?"

"He is not starving," said Lizzie. "He has his bottle; and, anyhow, he could go without a little while and not starve. He ——"

"Then something is after him," declared Alpheus. "He will die; he ——"

"He will not die while he is yelling like that," said Lizzie hoarsely. Oh, if she only had him in her arms! "That is a mad yell, pop. He is only cross. Oh, say you will not vote for Steiner!"

"I will vote for Steiner!" shouted Alpheus. [He remembered suddenly Peter and George, depending upon his advice, and the incompetents expecting him to mark their tickets. He shook the door. "Let me out! Get up!"

"No," said Lizzie. "No, pop, I cannot."

Fortunately the day was only cool and not cold; fortunately the sun shone directly upon Lizzie's bed; fortunately no one passed but the one stranger; fortunately it did not occur to Alpheus to pretend a fall down the cellar steps, or to remain silent and simulate death, or to take any other means of adding to Lizzie's agony of mind.

He told her he was cold; she advised him to get as close to the cellar door as he could and reminded him that he had a means of escape. He recalled to her her promise to obey; she put him in remembrance of her long years of obedience and suggested the Higher Power, to whom one owed a higher obedience. She quoted Bible verses at length; she reminded him of moral truths and precepts that have little to do with elections. In some strange, unconscious way, Lizzie had allied herself with those unaccountable lunatics known as reformers. Alpheus was certain now that she was crazy. He reproached her with her presumption in setting forth her opinions; and then another dam broke in the long-checked current of Lizzie's mental processes.

"The farm is mine!" said she. "I do half the work. I guess I can have some say, Alpheus."

She had not called him Alpheus for years. It was as though she chose to ignore all the relations of duty and affection that bound them together. Alpheus remembered the smashed windows of London, the dismay of London's mighty men.

"Lizzie," said he weakly, "what will my children think when they see me penned in the cellar?"

"Will you promise not to vote for Steiner?"

"No!" roared Alpheus. "Get up!"

Thus the long afternoon passed. The baby ceased crying and slept, and waked and cried again, the boards under the baby's mother grew harder, the air colder; but Lizzie still lay upon the cellar door.

At length, now, with infinite patience, Alpheus explained to her the political situation. Steiner had nothing to do with the taverns. *(Continued on Page 77)*

The Inner Secrets of a Manufacturer's Rise

By Edward Mott Woolley

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. MITCHELL

I BEGAN my manufacturing career in a room twelve feet square, doing all the work with my own hands. That year I netted less than five hundred dollars, although I worked ten and twelve hours a day. I was in business for myself, but I wasn't much of a success."

The manufacturer who voiced this utterance is today the chief owner of an immense plant that makes a line of wood and metal goods used in the equipment of factories, stores and offices. He has acquired a large fortune, and in the following narrative he gives concrete instances of the principles that caused his business to grow.

"At the end of that first year," he went on, "I hired a young fellow named Sam Green to work for me. Sam and I were about the same age and had been employed together in a furniture factory. I knew him to be a good cabinetmaker and was willing to trust him with the careful work required in making the office device I had originated. Sam—which of course is not his real name—justified my expectations.

"For a year we two worked side by side and, although I labored no harder than I had done during my year alone, my net profits rose above a thousand dollars, notwithstanding the fact that I paid Sam about eight hundred dollars.

"My additional profit, it is evident, came from the labor of my workman. In contemplating this fact I discovered, ultimately, a fundamental secret that has helped me more than anything else toward success. Aside from the goods, the most vital problem in manufacturing, as well as in business generally, is to pick out profitable workers. The professional man may attain a high degree of success through his own efforts chiefly; the business man cannot by any possibility do so. He is either kept afloat by his employees or dragged under by them.

"I have heard it said that seventy varieties of fungi resemble mushrooms very closely. I know at least a thousand varieties of men who resemble the man who will pay you a profit as an employee. You've got to know the genuine mushrooms from the toadstools and puffballs.

"Sam Green was the real thing, but I regret to say that I didn't fully realize it at that time. My failure to do so cost me a great deal of money during the twenty years that followed—literally millions of dollars. I'm going to tell you a little about Sam Green, but first I want to make my fundamental proposition clearer.



"Sam Didn't Come Home for Six Months"

"Suppose I had not hired Sam Green or any other man to work for me, but had gone on working alone at the bench for thirty years. I might have earned an aggregate profit, say, of fifteen thousand dollars. Plenty of men earn no more than that. But as a manufacturer or merchant I'd have been a failure. It needn't take much argument, then, to convince you that the huge plant my company owns today represents the aggregate profit returned by thousands of workmen during many years. They were not all Sam Greens; if they had been I'd have been richer than John D. or Carnegie. Most of them, however, were profitable to me, otherwise the factory wouldn't be there. I don't care whether you employ one man or ten thousand, the principle is the same.

"But suppose that instead of hiring Sam Green that second year I had hired an incompetent workman, who had turned out such poor product that the claims against me exceeded the profits; or suppose that my markets hadn't justified the expense of a man's wage. In either event my business would have failed right there.

"I have frequently seen this sort of thing done by concerns of all sizes—merchants as well as manufacturers. I have watched young men struggling to get started in business, when I knew they were doomed to failure because they had no conception of the underlying truth that workers must return a profit. The study and development of your workers are the things that will make your business grow.

"Though I partly realized this truth even during my second year in business, I got away from it for a while, not having any concrete mechanism for applying it. You often find business men with splendid theories floating over their heads just out of reach. That was the trouble with me. I knew that workmen ought to pay a profit, but I didn't know how to measure up the individual profits from my employees. Because I hadn't studied men, the difficulties I encountered turned my hair gray at twenty-five.

"My troubles did not come immediately. My third year in business was marked by such a surprising demand for my goods that I not only employed several workmen, but increased my shop area and installed costly machinery. The fourth year was even better, and again I branched out, adding largely to my equipment. Sam Green was now my foreman. He was a queer, quiet sort of chap, who always seemed to have something on

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his mind that he wasn't telling folks about. Nevertheless he kept the shop on strict discipline and the product up to perfection of workmanship.

"Meanwhile I had made a contract with a firm of wholesale distributors whereby I agreed to turn over to them my entire product for a term of years. They were to do all the selling and I was relieved of the necessity of having a sales department. This I considered a fine bit of management. I was young, remember.

"But when I was on the crest of the wave, as I thought, something happened. It was the very thing that ought not to have happened, and yet I see the same thing occurring all round me today. It was Sam Green who did it. There are plenty of Sam Greens everywhere. The thing Sam did was to quit me.

"I now had thirty-odd workmen and was netting six or eight thousand dollars a year—just a neat little manufacturing business, clean, compact, running like grease. As a group my workers were profitable to me; as individuals I wasn't always able to say. In fact, I had got so far away from my fundamental theorem that I had come to look on my working force as a group—a dangerous thing to do.

"Had I studied the men as individuals, I should have seen that Sam Green was worth more to me than most of the others put together. Had I studied Sam in particular, I should have found out what he was thinking about during all those years. Then I'd have been willing to pay him more than twenty dollars, instead of telling him on several occasions that I could get plenty of competent foremen for twenty a week.

"Well, Sam Green had been holding out a lot of ideas on me, and now he started a little factory of his own and began making a device that was a vast improvement over mine.

"When I was a boy I attended a Sunday School and belonged to a class of ten boys taught by Miss Jones. One Sunday my class contributed forty-six cents to the collection, and the superintendent made a nice little speech in which he threw metaphors at us boys as a group. Now it happened that Bobbie Brown and I had held out our nickels and hadn't dropped anything into the box; we meant to buy peanuts or candy next day. Willie Hawkshaw, who had a rich aunt, had dropped in a quarter. Willie was the genuine mushroom, but the man who ran the Sunday School didn't know it. If there had been a list of the individual contributors Bobbie and I would have shown up as toadstools."

What I Learned From a Man Called Green

"IT WAS the same proposition with Sam Green. I hadn't been wise enough to detach him from the group; I hadn't seen that he was a Willie Hawkshaw with a quarter to drop into the collection box. So Sam got away from me, while a lot of puffballs stayed on my payroll. There was old Hank Slosser, for instance, and Pete Jorgan and Slim Mike. I might have seen that they were holding out their nickels and taking their share of the credit for my neat little business.

"Well, I was pretty mad for a while. Sam's disloyalty seemed beyond belief. I've known a lot of business men who've thought that twenty dollars a week ought to buy an employee body, brain and soul.

"But now that confounded ex-foreman of mine—that twenty-dollar-a-week chap—played his game like a general. He went straight to the wholesale concern that had the exclusive contract on my product. 'See here,' said he to these agents: 'I've got an article of my own that is fifty per cent better than the stuff my former boss is making. I've been studying that stuff a long time and figuring out ways to improve it. Here's the result. I want you to handle it for me. We've got that other stuff bottled up tight. Under your contract it's got to be sold through you, and you can just go along easy with it and give my goods the right-of-way. A few customers will buy his old contrivance, no doubt, but most of them will want mine. I'll make very favorable terms with you and we'll skim the cream off the trade. See?' And that was what they did."



"There Was a Young Chap Who'd Overheard Scraps of Conversation Between Booker and Myself"

The Equipment That Counts

"OF COURSE I went to law—I was just young enough to do that. I hired the lawyer who had drawn the contract in the first place, and told him to go into court and prove that those selling-agents had no right to take Sam Green's goods, but were under legal obligations to handle mine exclusively or else cancel the contract and let me sell my goods to the public myself.

"For two years my lawyer quoted precedents to the courts. For every day he spent in the courthouse I paid him a hundred dollars, and for contemplating the contract in the privacy of his office he got fifty dollars a day. But two of the courts ruled against me, deciding that as long as I manufactured the particular office device in question I must market it through this distributing firm. Nor could I force that firm to push the sale of my device exclusively.

"Then one night I took the contract home with me and sat down under a strong light. If I'd done that in the first place I'd have saved four thousand dollars in cash and two wasted years. I hadn't any legs to stand on—I could see it myself. The contract was a one-sided affair, and I was bottled up good and tight by Sam Green and my selling-agents.

"I woke up. I called off the litigation. It had been the most asinine thing I'd ever done; for even if I'd got loose from the selling-agents, my product was inferior to Green's and would have been difficult to sell. Here's a bit of advice in passing, and I'd like to have it put in a paragraph by itself:

"If you're a manufacturer, don't get into a bottle and let a distributing firm put the cork in. If I were a young man today, starting in any line of business or working on a salary, I wouldn't sit on the neck of a flask for fear I'd slip in. I wouldn't put my goods in a single channel of markets, lest that channel run dry; nor would I place any value on a contract that bound an employer to me for a specified term. Such contracts are delusions. The really live man doesn't need them; he stands without leaning.

"It was when I woke up that I got back to first principles. I remembered my old theorem that every workman ought to pay a profit. If it hadn't been for that primal principle to fall back on I believe I should have quit in despair.

"I now had only ten workmen in the shop. I was heavily in debt; creditors were pressing; much of my equipment was idle because my distributors weren't selling enough of my goods to keep it busy.

"I don't mean to burden these observations with technical procedures, but anybody can see that a machine-tool standing idle is returning its owner a daily loss. It is costing that owner interest on his investment, taxes, insurance, depreciation, rent, office expense, and so on. Likewise, a store counter or shelf that is not being used to its normal capacity in selling goods is surely returning a loss. If this truth were better appreciated in business there would not be so many failures. Half the ruinous losses come from facilities that are burning up expense without giving back a profit.

"The same thing is true in private life. Out at my house I use steam heat. One winter I had a janitor who didn't understand firing. He shoveled coal vigorously at frequent intervals, but he couldn't get steam enough to keep the house warm. A big volume of fire burning slowly will make steam, but you can burn up all the coal in the bin without getting a pound on your gauge simply by feeding in the fuel in small quantities and letting it burn fiercely in the bottom of your heater. This janitor burned thirty-five tons that winter, but my expensive heating plant returned me a loss. The next winter a new janitor kept the house warm on twenty tons. At last the heating equipment returned a profit.



"Night is a Good Time to Get Down to Fundamentals"

"So now I broadened my theorem. I said to myself: 'All this idle equipment is costing me as much as a whole batch of idle men drawing pay. There's only one difference—I'd know just how much of my money the idle men were getting, while I don't know how much the loafing equipment is costing.'

"The first problem in cutting down expenses is to find out what those expenses are; that's plain enough to any manufacturer, merchant or householder. Yet show me a hundred manufacturers, merchants and householders and I'll show you ninety-five who can't give you their itemized expenses. I know concerns that have a strong policy for keeping expense down, but because they haven't located the leaks the policy itself is a tragic joke. As long as you regard expense as a group of undetermined items you will keep a lot of items that correspond exactly to the idle or incompetent men on your payroll."

Why Not Analyze Your Operating Costs?

"HAVING perceived that a lot of expense devils had me by the hand and were dragging me down to perdition, I determined to look each one of those devils in the face separately and not merely face the whole bunch of them. In other words, I analyzed my operating costs. Unless you've got an extraordinary cinch on your markets you've got to do this if you hope for much success. And if you're working for wages you've got to analyze your operating costs just the same, if you want to save money. Householders as well as business men are swamped by operating costs. Until they know just how much they pay for food, clothes, fuel, luxuries, and so on, and just how much they ought to pay for each item, they can't cut expense intelligently or find ways to make one dollar do the work of two dollars.

"However, I want to tell you something else that happened—something tremendously big and important—so I'll not go into detail as to operating costs. I need only say that any man who wants to get at his costs and expenses may avail himself of technical procedures that will do the thing for him with mathematical accuracy.

"While I was engaged in anatomizing the cost of my idle equipment and finding out how much profit or loss each workman was returning me, I called in my foreman—the man who had succeeded Green.

"'Booker,' I said to him, 'we've got to do one of three things: First, quit; second, sell or scrap all our idle equipment and shrink the business to conform with our limited markets; third, cut loose absolutely from our original product, get hold of something else to manufacture, and reach out for markets that we can swing independently. Do you know of any goods we can make profitably with our present equipment?'

"Booker didn't. He wasn't a man of ideas, like Green. Twenty dollars a week was more than he was worth to me. But there was a young chap out in the shop, named Fisher, who'd overheard scraps of conversation between Booker and myself. Now he came to me. 'I've got some ideas,' he said rather modestly, 'and I'd like to give you the benefit if there is anything in it for me. I can go over to Green's factory any day and get a job, and if you don't care to take up my ideas I'd like to see Green about them.

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He's been after me several times. You see he knows me pretty well; we worked together here quite a while.'

"Now I knew well enough that I hadn't managed Green right, or I might have been making his goods myself instead of fighting him. I didn't intend to be caught the same way twice. I could see that this young chap had ideas up his sleeve, and I needed ideas more than anything else. I was saturated with legal lore and worn to a frazzle with precedents. Precedents make a lot of money for the lawyers, and sometimes are all right in business; but what we fellows need more is original wisdom.

"'I'll tell you what I'll do, Fisher,' said I mighty quick: 'If you've got any ideas really worth while, I'll fix up some deal with you whereby you'll get a fair percentage of the profit I make from them. Don't take any ideas over to Green; remember that I'll treat you right every time.'

"You can't always tell from the size of a toad how far he can hop. Fisher had worked for me several years when I discovered him, and Green I hadn't discovered at all until too late. Neither of these men had been giving me much profit but both had the capacity for doing so. All that were lacking was a little intelligence on my part and the incentive on theirs.

"Fisher had ideas for a whole line of office furniture and special equipment, and some of the things he invented put Green's product in the shade, so it was a case of turn about. Of course Green came back at me with a batch of new products of his own; but at all events I had found goods that didn't have to be sold through the gentlemen who had bottled me so long and kept me out of the running. I organized a sales department and Sam Green did the same. He, too, saw the folly of tying up his markets in one channel.

"Fisher was the first of my workers who really returned me big profits, but since then I've made a specialty of spotting the exceptionally valuable men and leading them on. Once I got the hang of the thing, it didn't take me long to fire old Hank Slosser and Pete Jorgan and Slim Mike. Booker went with them. But Fisher got a rolltop desk, though he didn't sit at it much of the time.

"I won't stand for any bogus mushrooms. But don't misunderstand me—it's not the last pound of flesh that I'm after. I ask no man to work himself to death for me. It's skill and brains that I want, not slavery. I offer the gospel of hope to every worker who comes into my plant.

"Some men find their niches in life without being directed; most men don't. One of my assistant superintendents is a fair example. Twenty years ago he entered my factory as a raw foreign boy. We saw his inherent ability along a certain branch of our work; so we picked him out of the wrong niche and put him into the right one. We gave him special training both in the factory and at a technical night school, and, by giving him the incentive to stay, made sure that he wouldn't get away from us."

Critical Days

"NOW this man, if left to himself, probably would have remained a laborer at a dollar and a half a day. At that wage he would have returned me perhaps a profit of twenty cents a day. At present he returns me a profit of several thousand dollars a year through his daily work and the inventions we have helped him to originate. Besides, he is earning a man's wages himself and is getting a royalty on his patents. It is a fascinating game to lead men up like this, and it pays. Once in a while we strike a bonanza lead.

"I can put my finger on manufacturers and merchants who don't do this. To them twenty dollars a week as a wage looks as big as a house. They'd let the most skillful man go rather than pay him twenty-two, and they never see in the five-dollar apprentice today the five-thousand-dollar executive ten years hence. Yet these are the concerns that have the Slim Mikes. They are running poor-farms without knowing it. It doesn't make any difference how much you pay a man so long as he returns you a profit on that wage.

"I had passed the first crisis in my career and wasn't really looking for another, when, a year or two later, a financial disturbance swept over the country, forcing my plant to shut down absolutely. The buying public had no money to put into my goods. This is not equivalent to saying that the public had no money to spend. I wish to emphasize the distinction.

"Of course it was easy to cut out the bulk of the payroll, but quite impossible to stop paying rent, interest, depreciation on machinery, and so on. Once more the idle equipment! And now came the advantage of our itemized knowledge of operating costs. Although our own product was dead for the time being, we were able to get a lot of contract work by offering to do it at just what it cost us. It was not a question of making a profit, merely a problem of keeping even. We made a lot of patent picture-frames, a big batch of thermometer standards, a novelty line, anything we could get to do. The quantity of contract stuff we turned out during that panic was astonishing. There seemed to be plenty of money that was ready to take advantage of the cost-prices we offered. This fact set me thinking, and not very long afterward something came of it.

"I have known a lot of manufacturers and merchants to throw up their hands and quit because temporary hard times drove their particular products into a hole. Their equipment kept handing them a staggering loss every day, and they couldn't think of any way to keep busy. The solution of this trouble is not so difficult as it seems to the man who contemplates jumping into the river. It is sometimes easier to commit suicide than to think up a plan by which to live.

"Since that first panic I have made it a policy to have a batch of understudy products. It is amazing what you can do with understudies in an emergency. You may sneer at baked beans as a steady diet, but when you are lost in the woods with nothing else to eat a few cans may keep you from starving.

"As I have shown you, narrow markets may mean ruin; and when you combine narrow markets with a narrow product you place yourself directly at the mercy of every passing gale. I know a manufacturing concern that makes a very heavy steel product as its main line, but for an understudy product has a line of light metal goods that go to wholly different markets. During the last financial disturbance the main product was cut off absolutely; but at such times the world does not stop running. This concern's foundry and machine shops were kept sufficiently busy on the secondary product to pay the fixed expense on the whole plant. The far-seeing manufacturer is working out the game on this basis.

"The shrewd merchant, too, works along this plan. Yet only the other day I met a drygoods man over at the club who complained that his store was costing him so much to operate that he was running behind. Business, he said, was rotten. 'Why don't you get some understudy products?' I asked him, and he looked at me in amazement. He'd only heard of understudies at the theaters.

"But in order to follow out the understudy product principle a merchant must pave the way with sound financing. The financing of a business is one of the fundamentals, and before I tell you about drygoods understudies I want to revert to Sam Green. The problem of financing brought me to another crisis.

"Sam Green's company and my own had grown away from mere office fixtures as a product and had taken up a line of factory equipment that had broad possibilities. I don't wish to make public the exact nature of this line—but that's of small consequence. The principle is the main consideration, and the principle is the same, no matter what you make or what you sell.

"Sam was fighting me with an army of salesmen, directed by captains and majors and colonels stationed here and there about the country. He had a fine selling organization—better than mine, I admit. I've never been quite so strong on selling as I have been on manufacturing, while Sam reversed the proposition. I believed, and still do believe, that selling should always be secondary to the manufacturer. This statement may seem strange to you; but you'll see in a few minutes that there's more danger of overdoing the selling end of the business than there is of devoting undue attention to your goods. However, I had a fair sales organization myself and we kept after Sam rather hard, so we had him by the coattail most of the time."



"It Didn't Take Me Long to Fire Old Hank Slosser and Pete Jorgan and Slim Mike"

Sam Green Becomes Dangerous

"THE capital stock of my company at that time was two hundred thousand dollars. We had put up a number of additions to the factory and established several branch plants. All this required a great deal of money, so we increased the capital twice within three years—first to three hundred thousand and then to half a million dollars.

"Meanwhile my plants accumulated an extraordinary quantity of raw material and half-finished stock. Like most concerns, we borrowed from the banks for buying purposes, and sometimes our obligations were very large. It was at one of these times that we suddenly experienced difficulty in meeting our loans. This was due to strategic selling maneuvers on the part of Sam Green. By landing some big and publicly conspicuous contracts that we'd both been fighting for, he not only cut a lot of profitable business from under us but gained a prestige that meant serious future damage. It looked as if salesmanship after all were the chief factor in the game Sam and I were playing.

"It was a fact that a hungry period dawned on our horizon. We were out in the woods without even canned beans enough to go round. All our plants were stocked up with stuff we could not sell and our bank loans were falling due. We had overdone the financing; and the understudy product idea, though all right of itself, was not powerful enough to offset our stress.

"We held an emergency meeting of directors, and most of them clamored for another issue of stock. 'Make it seven hundred thousand dollars,' one of my associates urged. 'That will clear up our obligations and ease off the strain. We're big enough anyway to carry even a million dollars in capital. If we're going to fight Sam Green we've got to have dead loads of money.'

"Now I hadn't slept much the night previous. Night is a good time to get down to fundamentals, when you've got the whole world to yourself and there's nobody to disturb you except the milkman. So I told the directors that it wasn't more money we needed, but less money. We were intoxicated with money. There are more business malpractices committed in the name of capital than there are crimes that get into court. My concern was something like a wagon that's overloaded. The wagon may be able to hold the load and the mules can pull it as long as the road is good; but when it gets into the mud it sticks there. It needs less weight on the load and more in the mules. My company, in other words, had too much money tied up in real estate, equipment and material; it didn't have enough cash or quick assets—the mules that pull a business.

"You'll find this situation very common in all classes of business houses and in the homes of the men who work for those houses. Most men have heaps of quick liabilities, but their quick assets are almost nil. That's why so many fellows are always behind the game, paying the highest prices for the poorest groceries, and so on. It's the worst sort of financing. Quick assets and quick liabilities ought at least to even up; this is a test the banks often put on a man.

"I therefore proposed that we sell the branch factory real estate, concentrate our manufacturing on a more

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THE CITIZEN IN COURT

By Melville Davisson Post

DECORATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

AS ONE may at any time be compelled to resort to the courts in order to settle a controversy, he ought to know what tribunals are open to him and something of their jurisdiction. In the United States there are two distinct departments of justice—one maintained by the Government at Washington and called Federal courts; and the other maintained by each state as an independent sovereign and generally known as state courts. The jurisdictions of these tribunals are entirely distinct. Formerly the Federal courts maintained within the borders of a state were divided into the District Court and the Circuit Court of the United States. The former had jurisdiction over proceedings in bankruptcy and crimes against the Federal Government, such as counterfeiting, revenue infractions, and the like; the latter had jurisdiction over civil controversies between citizens of different states, aliens, and matters involving what are called "Federal questions."

A recent act of Congress, which went into effect on the first day of January, 1912, does away with the United States Circuit Courts and gives the District Courts the entire jurisdiction with respect to all cases or other proceedings heretofore cared for by the Circuit Courts.

The state also maintains a complete system of judicial tribunals for the trial of all crimes and controversies, from courts of first instance to a Supreme Court of Appeals. It will therefore be seen that there are here two distinct sets of tribunals sitting within the same geographical territory, but having no relation to each other. By far the largest volume of business in the courts of the United States is that arising from controversies between citizens of different states. If the amount involved aggregates the sum of two thousand dollars, exclusive of interest and costs, and the parties to the controversy are citizens of different states, the suit can be brought in the court of the United States. Thus it often happens that one has the option of selecting the tribunal in which his controversy shall be tried.

The Rights of Every Man

THE involved interests of our commercial relations between the states are such that a great deal of litigation may be brought into the courts of the United States or into the state courts—as the parties may elect. There is thought to be an advantage to the non-resident in having his controversy in the Federal courts, since he escapes local influence and prejudice; and his case may be carried upon an appeal to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, instead of the state court of last resort. This appellate court is intermediate between the lower Federal courts and the Supreme Court of the United States, and its decisions are final, except in certain particular cases.

Controversies over great industrial enterprises—railroads and the like—are almost always brought in the Federal courts; and receiverships, and so on, involving such properties are usually instituted there. It should be borne in mind, however, that when the parties have made a selection of the court in which they will try their controversy they must adhere to it. If they begin in the state courts they must permit the state courts to settle the matter. They cannot change from one jurisdiction to the other—except that a citizen of a state cannot force a citizen of another state to try his cause in a state court if the amount in controversy is more than two thousand dollars, merely by bringing the suit, in the first instance, in the state court. The defendant can always remove it to the Federal court. If he does not remove it, however, and submits to the jurisdiction of the state court, he must remain there.

It is always important to remember that the rights of the citizen, guaranteed to him by the Constitution of the United States, cannot be taken from him by the decision of a state court. He can always go to the court of the United States finally to settle his rights, under the Constitution or a treaty or an act of Congress.

Details cannot be given here of the complete jurisdiction of these courts or the methods of procedure; but these general suggestions ought to be known to everybody, because there is a good deal of confusion in the mind of the average man with respect to the courts of the United States and those of the state, and his rights and privileges in relation to them.

When one comes first into the courts he discovers an iron rule that gives him some concern—namely, that he is presumed to know the law, and that ignorance of it is never accepted as a defense. Lord Coke said that the law was the "refinement of reason." There will doubtless be found, in these days of hasty legislation, persons to take issue with his lordship upon that point; but, be that as it may, it is true there are certain aspects of the law which the reason or conscience of the average man is not likely to anticipate. Many of these things, of course, he has learned; but unless he had so learned them he would perhaps, upon his own reason, not have arrived at the conclusion of the law.

For instance, if one owed him a debt or had done him an injury he would naturally believe that his right to recover would remain until it was satisfied; but this is not the case. There are always statutes of limitation, differing in different states, providing a certain time within which one must bring his suit. Sometimes this period is very short; and the right of many a person to recover against a railroad company, or the like, for personal injury has been barred by statutes of limitation of which he was not aware.

Again, one would naturally think the intent with which one commits an act would determine whether or not it was a crime; but this is not always true. A man may carry a deadly weapon with the perfectly justifiable intent to defend his life from some vicious animal or the like; and yet for that act he may subject himself to a penal sentence and his justification would not even be heard as evidence in his behalf.

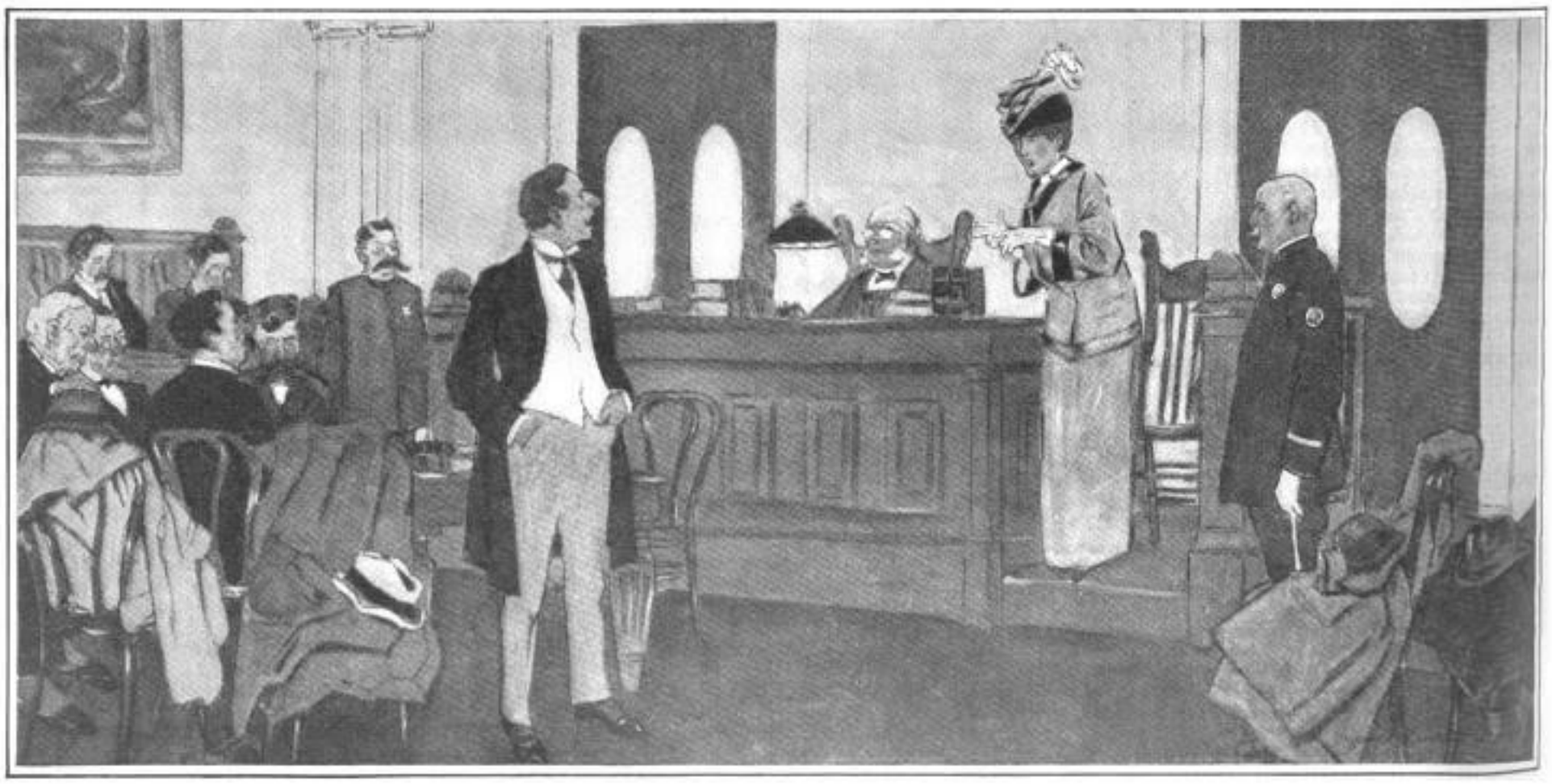
A school-teacher might undertake to make a system of medals for his school by the use of plaster-of-Paris moulds made over a coin; but if these moulds, bearing the impression of the coin which he used as a model, were found in his possession he would be subject to arrest by the Federal authorities, and could be imprisoned in the penitentiary for a number of years; nor would his explanation of his perfectly innocent intention be of any value to him. On the other hand, it is no crime against the laws of the United States to pass worthless Confederate money, though the Treasury Department has again and again pointed out how certain issues of it deceive the people.

Under the Protection of "False Pretenses"

THE laws of certain states are equally strange to the average man; for example, one who had obtained an estate in land for life would naturally believe that he could use anything in, on or under it for the purpose of support. The surface of the land might be absolutely barren, but it might contain great undeveloped coal deposits, or the like, of enormous value; and yet, in a certain jurisdiction, the person with the life estate could never touch this enormous wealth under the surface. He might die of starvation, but he would be compelled to pass on the riches under his feet to his successor.

The elements of certain crimes, also, the average man would not be likely to anticipate. He has the general idea that all wrongs are crimes, and he goes about his affairs under the impression that he is protected from the rogue by the penalties of the criminal law. This is a profound error. He may be wronged in a great number of ways in such a manner that the act is not a crime for which the rogue could be punished in a criminal tribunal; in fact, almost every crime—including murder—can be committed in such a way that, though the criminal be known and held in custody, the law is powerless to punish him. This is an amazing statement, but it is nevertheless true. Thus a rogue, in certain jurisdictions, may obtain anything

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Business—and the Other Thing

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON



Ostable Outfitters Don't Rig 'Em That Way

MY PARTNER in the Ostable Grocery, Drygoods, Boots and Shoes and Fancy Goods Store, Jim Henry Jacobs, come back from Boston with his head full of ideas and his pockets full of notions and handbills. He'd been to what the advertisements called the Industrial Exhibition in Mechanics' Buildin' up there, and had fetched back every last thing he could get for nothin' and some few that he bought cheap. He had a sample trap that, accordin' to the circular, would catch all the able-bodied rats in a township the fust night and make all the crippled and bedridden ones grieve themselves to death of disappointment because they couldn't get into it afore closin' hours. And he had the Gunners' Pocket Companion, which was a foldin' hatchet and butcher knife, with a corkscrew in the handle; and samples of "cereal coffee" that didn't taste like either cereal or coffee; and safety razors that were warranted not to cut—and wouldn't; and—and I don't know what all. These was side issues, however, as you might say. What he was really enthusiastic over was the Eureka Adjustable Aluminum Window Screen. If he'd been a mosquito he couldn't have been more anxious about them screens.

"They're the greatest ever, Skipper!" he says to me, enthusiastic. "Fit any window; can't rust—and a child of twelve can put 'em up."

"That part don't count," says I. "Nowadays if a child of twelve ain't halfway through Harvard his folks send for the doctor. I may be a hayseed, but I read the magazines."

He went right along, never payin' no attention, and praisin' up them screens as if he was nominatin' 'em for office. Finally he made proclamation that he'd applied—in the store name, of course—for the Ostable County agency for 'em.

"But why?" says I. "We've got an adjustable screen agency now. And they're good screens too. No mosquito can get through them—unless it takes to usin' a can-opener, which wouldn't surprise me a whole lot."

"I know they are good screens," says he; "but there's nothin' new or novel about 'em. And, I tell you, Cap'n Zeb, it's novelty that catches the coin. We want to get the contract for screenin' that new hotel at West Ostable. It'll be ready in a couple of months and there's two hundred rooms in it. Let's say there are two windows to a room; that's four hundred screens—besides doors and all the rest. That hotel will need screens, won't it?"

"Need 'em!" says I. "In West Ostable! In among all them salt meadows and cedar swamps! It'll need screens and nettin's and insect powder and 'intment—even though nobody but the hard-of-hearin' boarders'll be able to sleep on account of the hummin'. Need screens! That hotel! My soul and body!"

Well, then, we must get the contract—that's all. And with the Adjustable Aluminum to start with, and he, Jim Henry, to do the talkin', we would get it. He'd applied for the county agency and the Adjustable folks had about decided to give it to him. They'd write and let us know pretty soon.

A week went by and we didn't hear a word. Then, on the followin' Monday but one, come a letter. Jim Henry was openin' the mail and I heard him rip loose a brisk remark.

"What's the matter?" says I.

"Matter!" he snarls. "Why, the miserable four-flushers have turned me down—that's all. Read that!"

I took the letter he handed me. It was typewrote on a big sheet of paper, with a printed head, readin': "Ormstein & Meyer, Hardware and Tools. Manufacturers of Eureka Adjustable Aluminum Window Screens." And this is what it said:

MR. J. H. JACOBS,
OSTABLE GROCERY, DRYGOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES AND FANCY GOODS STORE, OSTABLE, MASS.

Dear Sir:—Regarding your application for Ostable County ag'y Eureka Adjustable Aluminum Window Screens, would say that we have decided to give ag'y to party named Geo. Lentz, who will give entire time to it instead making it a side issue as per your conversation with our Mr. Meyer. Regretting that we cannot do business together in this regard, but trusting for a continuance of your valued patronage, we remain

Yours truly,
ORMSTEIN & MEYER.

Dic. M—L. G.

"Now what do you think of that?" snaps Jim Henry, mad as he could stick. "What do you think of that!"

"Well," says I, slow, "I think that, speakin' as a man in the crosstrees, it looks as if you and me wouldn't furnish screens for the West Ostable Hotel."

He half shut his eyes and stared at me hard.

"Oh!" says he. "That's what you think, hey?"

"Why, yes," I says. "Don't you?"

"No!" he sings out, so loud that 'Dolph Cahoon, our new clerk, who'd been half asleep in the lee of the gingham and calico dressgoods counter, jumped up and stepped on the store cat. The cat beat it for port down the back stairs, whoopin' comments, and 'Dolph begun measurin' calico as if he was wound up for eight days.

"No!" says Jacobs again, soon as the cat's opinion of 'Dolph had faded away into the cellar—"No!" he says. "I don't think it at all. We may not sell Eureka Adjustables to that hotel, but we'll sell screens to it—and don't you forget that. I'll make it my business to get that contract if I don't do anything else. I'm no quitter, if you are!"

"Nary quit!" says I. "I'll stand by to pull whatever rope I can; but it does seem to me that this agent, whoever he is, will have an eye on that hotel. And, accordin' to your accounts, he's got better goods than we have."

"Maybe. But if he's a better salesman than I am he'll have to go some to prove it. I'll beat him, by fair means or foul, just to get even. That's a promise, Skipper, and I call you to witness it."

"Wonder who this Geo. Lentz is," says I. "'Tain't a Cape name, that's sure."

"I don't care who he is. I only wish he'd have the nerve to come into this store—that's all. He'd go out on the fly—I tell you that! And that's another promise." Maybe 'twas; but, if so ——. However, I'm a little mite ahead of myself; fust come fust served, as the youngest boy said when the father undertook to thrash the whole family. The fust thing that happened after our talk and the Eureka folks' letter was Jim Henry's goin' over to West Ostable to see Parkinson, the hotel man. He went in the new runabout automobile that he'd just bought and was gone pretty nigh all day. When he got back he was hopeful—I could see that.

"Well," says he, "I've laid the cornerstone. I've talked the Nonesuch"—that was the brand of screen we carried—"to beat the cars; and we'll have a show to get in a bid, at any rate. It'll be six weeks more afore the contract's given out, and meantime yours truly will be on the job. If our old college chum, G. Lentz, Esquire, don't hustle he'll be left at the post."

"What sort of a chap is this Parkinson man?" I asked.

"Oh, he's all right; big and fat and good-natured. A good feller, I should say. Likes automobilin', too, and thinks my car is a winner."

"Married, is he?" says I.

"No; he's a widower. That's a good thing too."

"Why? What's that got to do with it?"

"A whole lot. If he was married I'd have to take Mrs. P. along on our auto rides; and—let alone the fact that there wouldn't be room—she'd want to talk scenery instead of screens. Women and business don't mix."

This was a Tuesday. And when, on Thursday afternoon, I walked into the store, after havin' had dinner at the Poquit House, I found 'Dolph Cahoon—our new clerk I told you about—leanin' graceful and easy over the candy counter and talkin' with a young woman I'd never seen afore. I didn't look at her very close, but I got a sort of general observation as I walked aft to the post-office department; and, sifted down, that observation left me with remembrances of a blue serge jacket and skirt, cut clipper fashion and fittin' as if they was built for the craft that was in 'em; a little blue hat—a real hat; not a velvet tar barrel upside down—with a little white gull's wing on it; brown eyes and brown hair, and a white shirtwaist. I didn't stop to hail, you understand; but I judged that the stranger's home port wa'n't Ostable or any of the Cape towns. Ostable outfitters don't rig 'em that way.

I come in the side door, and 'Dolph or his customer didn't notice me. The young woman was lookin' into the showcase; and, as for 'Dolph, he wouldn't have noticed the President of the United States just then. He was twirlin' his red mustache with the hand that had the rock-crystal ring on the finger of it, and his talk was a sort of sugared purr—at least, that's the nighest description of it that I can get at.

I set down in my chair at the postmaster's desk and begun to turn over some papers. Mary Blaisdell had gone to dinner and Jim Henry was away in his auto; so I was all alone. I turned over the papers, but I couldn't get my mind on 'em—the talk outside was too prevailin', so to speak.



"She's a Peach! Ain't She, Cap'n Zeb?"

'Dolph was doin' the heft of it. The young woman's answers was short and not too interested. 'Dolph was remarkin' about the weather and what a dull winter we'd had, and how glad he'd be when spring really set in and the summer folks begun to come—and so on.

"Really," says he, and though I couldn't see him I'd have bet that the mustache and ring was doin' business—"Really," he says, "there's a dreadful lack of cultivated society in this town, Miss—er ——"

He held up here, waitin', I judged, for the young woman to give her name. However, she didn't; so he purred ahead.

"There's so few folks," he says, "for a young feller like me—used to the city—to associate with. This is a jay place all right. I'm only here temporary. I shall go back to Brockton in the fall, I guess."

I guessed he'd go sooner; but I kept still.

"Are you goin' to remain here for some time?" he asked.

"Possibly," says the girl.

"I'm 'fraid you'll find it pretty dull, won't you?"

"Perhaps."

"I should be glad to introduce you to the folks that are worth knowin'. Are you fond of dancin'? There's a subscription ball at the town hall tonight."

This was what a lawyer'd call a leadin' question, seemed to me; but the answer didn't seem to lead to anything warmer than the North Pole. The young woman said, "Indeed?" and that was all; 'twould have been enough for anybody but 'Dolph.

"I'm perfectly dippy about waltzin'," he says. "By the way, won't you have some confectionery? These chocolates are pretty fair."

I riz to my feet. I don't mind bein' a philanthropist once in a while, but I like to do my philanthropin' fust-hand. And them chocolates sold for sixty cents a pound!

I had my hand on the doorknob. Just as I turned it I heard the young woman say, crisp and cold as a fresh cucumber:

"Pardon me, but will your employer be in soon? If not I'll call again—when he is in."

"You won't have to," says I, steppin' out of the post-office room and walkin' over toward the candy counter. "One of him's in now. 'Dolph, you can put them chocolates back in the case. Oh, yes—and you might associate yourself with the broom and waltz out and sweep the front platform. It's been needin' your cultivated society bad for the last two days."

The rest of that clerk's face turned as red as his mustache, and the way he slammed the chocolate box into the showcase was a caution! Then I turned to the young woman, who was as sober as a deacon except for her eyes, which were snappin' with fun, and says I:

"You wanted to see me, I believe, miss. My name's Zebulon Snow and I'm one of the partners in this jay place. What can I do for you?"

She waited until 'Dolph and the broom had moved out to the platform. Then she turned to me and she says:

"Captain Snow," she says, "I understand that your firm here is intendin' puttin' in a bid for the window screens at the new hotel at West Ostable. Is that so?"

I was consider'ble surprised, but I didn't see any reason why I shouldn't tell the truth.

"Why, yes, ma'am," says I; "we are figgerin' on the job. Are you interested in that hotel? If you are I'd be glad to show you samples of the Nonesuch screen. We cal'late that it's a mighty slick article."

She smiled, pretty as a picture.

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"I am interested in the hotel," she says; "and in screens, though not exactly in the way you mean, perhaps. Here is my card."

She took a little leather wallet out of her jacket pocket and handed me a card. I took it. 'Twas printed neat as could be; but it wa'n't the neatness of the printin' that set me all aback, with my canvas flappin'—'twas what that printin' said:

GEORGIANNA LENTZ

OSTABLE COUNTY AGENT FOR
THE EUREKA ADJUSTABLE ALUMINUM
WINDOW SCREEN

"What?—What!—Hey?" says I.

"Yes," says she.

"Agent for the Eureka Adjusta—— You!"

"Why, yes; of course. The Eureka people wrote you that they had given me the agency, didn't they?"

I rubbed my forehead.

"They wrote my partner and me," I stammered, "that they'd given it to—to a feller named George—that is ——"

"Not George—Georgianna. Oh, I see! They abbreviated the name and so you thought —— Of course you did. How odd!"

She laughed. I'd have laughed too, maybe, if I'd had sense enough to think of it; but I hadn't, just then.

"You the agent!" says I. "A—a woman!"

"Yes."

"But—but a woman!"

"Well?" pretty crisp. "I admit I am a woman; but is that any reason why I should not sell window screens?"

I rubbed my forehead some more. These are progressive days we're livin' in, and sometimes I have to hustle to keep abreast of 'em.

"Why, no," says I, slow; "I cal'late 'tain't. I suppose there's no law against a woman's sellin' screens or anything else if she wants to; but I can't see ——"

"Why she should want to? Perhaps not. However, we needn't go into that just now. The fact is I do want to and intend to. I have secured a boardin' place here in Ostable and shall make the town my headquarters. This is a small community and one naturally prefers to be friendly with all the people in it. So, after thinkin' the matter over, I decided that it was best to begin with a clear understandin'. Do you follow me?"

"I—I guess so. Heave ahead; I'll do my best to keep you in sight. If the weather gets too thick I'll sound the foghorn. Go on."

"I am naturally desirous of securin' the hotel screen contract. So, I understand, are you. I have seen Mr. Parkinson, the hotel man, and he tells me that your firm and mine will probably be the only bidders. Now that makes us rivals; but it need not necessarily make us enemies. My proposition is this: You will submit your bid and I will submit mine. The party submittin' the lowest bid—quality of product considered—will win. I propose that we let it go in that way. We might, of course, do a great many other things—might attempt to bring influence to bear; might—well, might cultivate Mr. Parkinson's acquaintance, and—and so on. You might do that—so might I, I suppose; but, for my part, I prefer to make this a fair, honorable business rivalry, in which the best man—er ——"

"Or woman," I couldn't help puttin' in.

"In which the best bid wins. I have already demonstrated the Eureka for Mr. Parkinson's benefit and left a sample with him. He tells me that you have done the same with the Nonesuch. I will agree to let the matter rest there, submittin' our respective bids when the time comes and abidin' by the result. Now what do you say?"

'Twas pretty hard to say anything. I wanted to laugh; but I couldn't to that. If there ever was anybody in dead earnest 'twas this partic'lar young woman. And she wa'n't the kind to laugh at, either. She might be in a queer sort of business for a female—but she was nobody's fool.

"Well," she asks again, "what do you say?"

I shook my head. "I can't say anything very definite just this minute," I told her. "I've got a partner, and naturally I can't do much without consultin' him; but I will say this, though"—noticin' that she looked pretty disappointed—"I'll say that, fur's I'm concerned, I'm agreeable."



His Machine Hadn't Been Goin' Slow Afore—Now it Fairly Jumped Off the Ground and Flew

She smiled and, as I cal'late I've said afore, her smile was wuth lookin' at.

"Thank you so much, Cap'n Snow," she says. "Then we shall be friends, shan't we? Except in business, I mean."

"I hope so—sartin," says I. "Now it ain't none of my affairs, of course, but I am curious. How did you ever happen to take the agency for—for window screens?"

That made her serious right off. She might smile at other things, but not at her trade; that was life and death for sure.

"I took it," she says, "for several reasons. My mother died recently and I was left alone. My means were not sufficient to support me. I have done office work, typewritin', and so on, for some years; but I felt that the opportunities in the positions I held were limited and I determined to take up sellin'—that is where the larger returns are. Don't you think so?"

"Oh, yes—sartin."

"Yes. I knew Mr. Meyer slightly in a business way. I took the Eureka screen and sold it on commission about Boston for a time. Then I applied for the Ostable County agency and got it—that's all."

"I see," says I. "Yes, yes. Well, I must say that, for a girl, you ——"

She interrupted me quick.

"I don't see that my bein' a girl has anything to do with it," she says. "And in this agreement of ours, if it is made, I don't wish the difference of sex considered at all. This is a business proposition and sex has nothin' to do with it. Is that plain?"

"Yes," says I, considerin', "it's plain; but I ain't sure that ——"

"I am," she interrupts—"and you must be. I wish to be treated in this matter exactly as if I were a man. I wish I were one!"

"I doubt if you'd get most men to agree with you in that wish," I says. "However, never mind. I'll do my best to get Mr. Jacobs, my partner, to say 'Yes' to your proposal. And I hope you'll do fust-rate, even if we are what you call rivals. Drop in any time, Miss Georg—Georgianna, I mean."

We shook hands and she went away. I went as fur as the platform with her. When I turned to go in again I noticed 'Dolph Cahoon starin' after her, with his eyes and mouth open.

"Gosh!" says he, grinnin'. "By gosh! She's a peach! Ain't she, Cap'n Zeb?"

"Maybe so," says I, pretty short; "but I don't recollect that we hired you as a judge of fruit. Has that broom took root in the dirt on this platform? Or what is the matter?"

Jacobs come in late that afternoon.

"Say," says he, "there was a sample of the Eureka screen in Parkinson's office when I was there just now. He wouldn't say who left it or anything about it. When I asked he grinned and winked—that's all. Confound his fat head! Do you know where it came from?"

"I can guess," I says; and then I told him the whole yarn. He was as surprised as I was to find out that Geo. Lentz was a female; but it only made him madder than ever—if such a thing's possible.

"Wants to be treated like a man, does she?" he says. "All right; we'll treat her like one. She may be Georgianna, but she'll get just what was comin' to George."

"Then you won't agree to puttin' in the bids and lettin' it go at that?"

"I'll agree to get that screen contract, all right!" says he, emphatic.

I was kind of sorry for Miss Lentz; but Jim Henry was my partner, so there wa'n't nothin' more to be said. We didn't mention the subject again for two days. However, I did hear from the Eureka agent durin' that time. 'Twas 'Dolph that I got my news of her from. I was tellin' Mary Blaisdell about her and Cahoon happened to be standin' by.

"So she boards here in Ostable," says Mary. "I wonder where."

Afore I could answer, 'Dolph spoke up. "She's stoppin' at Maria Berry's, down on the Neck Road," he says.

"How did you know?" I asked.

He looked sort of silly. "Oh, I found out," says he, and walked off.

The very next evenin', as I was strollin' along the sidewalk, smokin' my good-night pipe, I happened to see somebody turn the corner from the Neck Road and hurry by me. I thought his gait and build were pretty familiar, so I turned and followed. When he got abreast the lighted windows of the billiard saloon I recognized him. 'Twas 'Dolph, all togged out in his Sunday-go-to-meetin' duds.

"Humph!" says I to myself. "So that's how you knew, hey? Been callin' on her, have you? Well, she may not hanker for my sympathy, but she has it just the same. I swan, I thought she had better taste. I'm surprised!"

The followin' mornin', however, I was more surprised still. I had an errand that made me late at the store. When I came in who should I see talkin' together but Jim Henry Jacobs and a young woman—the young woman was Miss Georgianna Lentz. They ought to have been quarrelin', 'cordin' to all reasonable expectations; but they wa'n't. Fact is, they seemed as friendly as could be.

Georgianna sighted me fust.

"Good mornin', Cap'n Snow," says she. "Mr. Jacobs and I have made each other's acquaintance, you see."

"Yes," says I, doubtful. "I see you have. I cal'late you think it's kind of unreasonable, our not ——"

Jim Henry cut in ahead of me quick as a flash.

"Miss Lentz and I have been goin' over the matter of screens for Parkinson's hotel," he says. "I tell her that her proposition suits us down to the ground."

Over I went on my beam-ends again. All I could think of to say was: "Hey?"—and I said that pretty feeble.

"It is very nice of you to do this," says Georgianna. "It makes it so much easier for me. Of course, when I decided to make business my lifework I realized that I might be called upon to do disagreeable things like—like wire-pullin', and so on, which some business people do; but honorable rivalry is so much better, isn't it?"

"Sure!" says Jacobs, prompt. "Yes, indeed."

"So it is all settled," she went on. "Our bids are to go in on the same day; and meantime neither of us is to call on Mr. Parkinson or to meet him—in a business way, I mean."

I nodded, bein' still too upset to talk; but Jim Henry spoke quick and prompt.

"What do you mean," he asks—"in a business way?"

"Why," says she—and it seemed to me that she reddened a little—"I mean that—well, if we should meet him by accident we wouldn't talk about screens or the hotel contract. Of course one can't help meetin' people

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sometimes. For instance, I happened to meet Mr. Parkinson yesterday. He had driven over and happened to be in the vicinity of the house where I board. I was goin' out for a walk, and he stopped his horse and spoke."

"Oh," says I, "he did, hey?" Jim Henry didn't say nothin'.

"Yes," she says; "but I didn't talk about the contract. Though our agreement wasn't actually made then, I hoped that it would be. Good mornin'; I must be goin'."

She started for the door, but she turned to say one more thing.

"Of course," she says, decided, "it is understood that you haven't agreed to my proposal simply because I am a girl. If that was the case I shouldn't permit it. I insist upon bein' treated exactly as if I were a man. You must promise that—both of you."

"Sure! Sure! That's understood," says Jacobs.

I said "Sure!" too, but my tone wa'n't quite so sartin. She went out, Jim Henry goin' with her as fur as the door. I follered him.

"Say," says I, "next time you turn a back somerset like this I'd like to know about it in advance. I've got a weak heart."

He didn't answer me at all. He was starin' down the road, just as 'Dolph had stared when the Eureka agent called the fust time.

"Say, Jim——" says I. He didn't turn or move; didn't seem to hear me. I touched him on the shoulder and he jumped and come about.

"Eh—what?" he says.

"Nothin'," says I, "only I want to know why—that's all."

"Why?" says he. "Oh!—you mean what made me change my mind? Well, I just thought it over and decided we might as well agree. Agreein' don't do any harm, you know. Hey, Skipper? Ha-ha!"

He slapped me on the shoulder and laughed. The laugh seemed too big for the joke and sounded a little mite forced, I thought.

"Yes, yes! Ha-ha!" says I. "But your changin' from lion to lamb so sudden——"

"What are you talkin' about? I've got a right to change my mind, ain't I?"

"Sartin sure. But you was so set on gettin' that contract."

"Well, I ain't said I wasn't goin' to get it, have I? We're goin' to put in a bid, ain't we? What's the matter with you?"

"Nothin' at all; but your breakfast don't seem to have set extry well! However, it takes two to make a row; and I'm peaceful, myself. What do you think of the rival entry? Kind of a nice-appearin' girl—don't you think so?"

He whirled round and looked at me as if he thought I was crazy.

"Nice-appearin'!" he says. "Nice-ap—— Why, she's——"

Then he pulled up short and headed for the back room.

Nothin' of much importance happened for a while after that. And yet there was somethin'—two or three somethin's—that had a bearin' on the case. One was the change in 'Dolph Cahoon. For a few days after that night I met him on the road he was as gay and chipper as a blackbird in a pear tree—happy even when I made him work, which was surprisin' enough. And then, all to once, he turned glum and ugly. Wouldn't speak and seemed to be broodin' over his troubles all day long. I had my suspicions; and so, one time when him and me was alone, I hove over a little mite of bait just to see if he'd rise up and bite it.

"Seen anything of that Lentz girl lately?" I asked, casual.

"Naw," says he, "and I don't want to, neither! She's a bird, she is! Too stuck up to speak to common folks. Everybody's gettin' on to her—you bet! She won't make many friends in this town."

I grinned to myself. Thinks I: "I guess, young man, Georgianna's handed you your walkin' papers. You won't go down the Neck Road any more!"

And yet, an evenin' or so after that, I see somebody go down that road. I didn't see him plain, but I'd have almost taken my oath 'twas Jim Henry Jacobs. It couldn't be, of course—and yet——

Well, two days later, I took back the "yet." I happened to be standin' at the side door of the store, lookin' across the fields, when I saw an auto with two people in it sailin' along the crossroad from the east'ard. 'Twas a runabout auto—and I looked and looked! Then I called to 'Dolph.

"'Dolph," says I, "come here! Whose automobile's that? If I didn't know Mr. Jacobs was off takin' orders in Denboro I should say 'twas his."

'Dolph looked.

"Humph!" says he—"'tis his. He's drivin' it himself. But who's that with him? What? Well, by gosh, if it ain't that stuck-up Georgianna Lentz!"

"Get out!" says I. "The softness of your heart has struck to your head. It's likely he'd be takin' her to ride, ain't it!"

And then Jacobs looked up and sighted us standin' in the doorway. His machine hadn't been goin' slow afore—now it fairly jumped off the ground and flew. In a minute there was nothin' but a dustcloud in the offing.

He came in about noon. I didn't say nothin', but I guess my face was enough. He looked at me, turned away—and then turned back again.

"Well," he says, loud and cheerful, "you saw us, didn't you? I was goin' to tell you, anyway, soon as I got the chance."

"Oh," says I, "I want to know."

"Sure, I was. Of course you see through the game."

"The game?"

"Why, yes, yes! The game I'm playin'—the game that's goin' to get us that screen contract! Oh, I wasn't born yesterday. I knew a thing or two. This—er—Lentz girl and you and me have agreed not to go near Parkinson till the contract's given out; but Parkinson ain't promised not to go near her! He's been over there two or three times lately, and that won't do. He's a widower, and——"

"A widower!" I put in. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Oh, nothin'—nothin'. Just a joke—that's all. But I realized right away that she and he mustn't be together or he'll make her talk screens in spite of herself, and that'll be dangerous for us. So, says I to myself, 'Jim Henry,' says I, 'it's up to you. You must keep her out of his way.' That's why I've been goin' to see her once in a while and—and takin' her to ride, and—and so on. See? Oh, I'm wise! You trust your old doctor of sick businesses."

He'd been talkin' a blue streak. Seemed almost as if he was afraid I'd say somethin' afore he could say it all. Now he stopped to get his breath and I put in a word.

"So," says I, slow, "that's why you're doin' it, hey? But ain't that—— You know you promised to treat her just as if she was a man!"

"Well, ain't I?" he snaps—hotter than was needful, I thought. "If she was a man I'd make it my business to keep her in sight, wouldn't I? Well, then!"

He stalked off. I follered him; and as I done so I noticed 'Dolph Cahoon duck behind the calico counter. I judged he'd heard every word.

The finishin' work on the hotel hustled along and inside of a month we got word that 'twas time to put in our bid. Jacobs and I figured and figured till we got the price down to the last cent we thought it could stand, and then we sent our proposition over to Parkinson by mail.

"Wonder if Miss Georgianna's sent hers in," I says, casual.

"Oh, yes," says Jim, prompt; "she is goin' to mail it this mornin'."

I didn't ask him how he knew. His chasin' round and keepin' watch on a girl who was as fair-minded and square as she was had always seemed too much like spyin' to please me, and I cal'lated he knew how I felt—at any rate he'd scarcely spoke her name since the day when I saw 'em autoin' together. But now I did say that, so long as the bids was in, it wouldn't be necessary for him to keep his eye on her any longer.

He looked at me kind of queer. "Umph!" he says; "maybe not!" And he walked away to attend to a customer.

That afternoon he took his car and went off on his reg'lar order trip to Denboro and Bayport—and round. 'Dolph Cahoon and I was alone in the front part of the store. 'Dolph seemed to be in mighty good spirits—for him—and kept chucklin' to himself in a way I couldn't understand. At last he says, lookin' back to be sure that Mary Blaisdell, in the post-office department, couldn't hear:

"Cap'n Zeb," he says, "what would you give the feller that got the screen contract for you?"

"Give him?" I says. "What feller do you mean—Parkinson? I wouldn't give him a cent! I ain't a briber and I don't think he's a grafter."

"I don't mean Parkinson," he says, chucklin'. "But suppose somebody else had been workin' for you on the quiet, what would you give him?"

I looked him over.

"Look here, 'Dolph," says I; "I never try to guess a riddle till I hear the whole of it. What are you drivin' at?"

He grinned. "I know who's goin' to get that contract," he says.

"You do. Who is it?"

"The Ostable Store's goin' to get it. Your bid's a little mite the lowest. Parkinson told me so last night."

"Parkinson told you!" I sung out. "How did you happen to see Parkinson?"

He winked.

"Oh, I saw him!" says he. "I've seen him a good many times lately. I made it my business to see him. He was pretty stuck on the Eureka till I got after him and I cal'late he'd have contracted for Eurekas, bid or no bid. But I put in my licks; I've drove over to West Ostable four nights and two Sundays in the last fortni't. And didn't I preach Nonesuch to him! He-he! You bet I did! And last night he said he was goin' to give us the job. Oh, I fixed that stuck-up Georgianna Lentz! I got even with her. He-he-he!"

I never was madder in my life. I took two steps toward him with my fists doubled up. "You whelp!" says I—and then I stopped short. The Lentz girl herself was walkin' in at the front door.

"Good mornin', Cap'n Snow," she says, holdin' out her hand. She paid no more attention to 'Dolph than if he'd been a graven image. "Good mornin'," says she. "It's a beautiful day, isn't it?"

I was past carin' about the weather.

"Miss Georgianna," says I, "I'm glad you come in. I've got somethin' to tell you. I've got to beg your pardon for somethin'—that ain't my fault or Mr. Jacobs' either. You and my partner and me had an agreement not to go nigh Parkinson or try to influence him in any way. Well, unbeknown to me, that agreement's been broke."

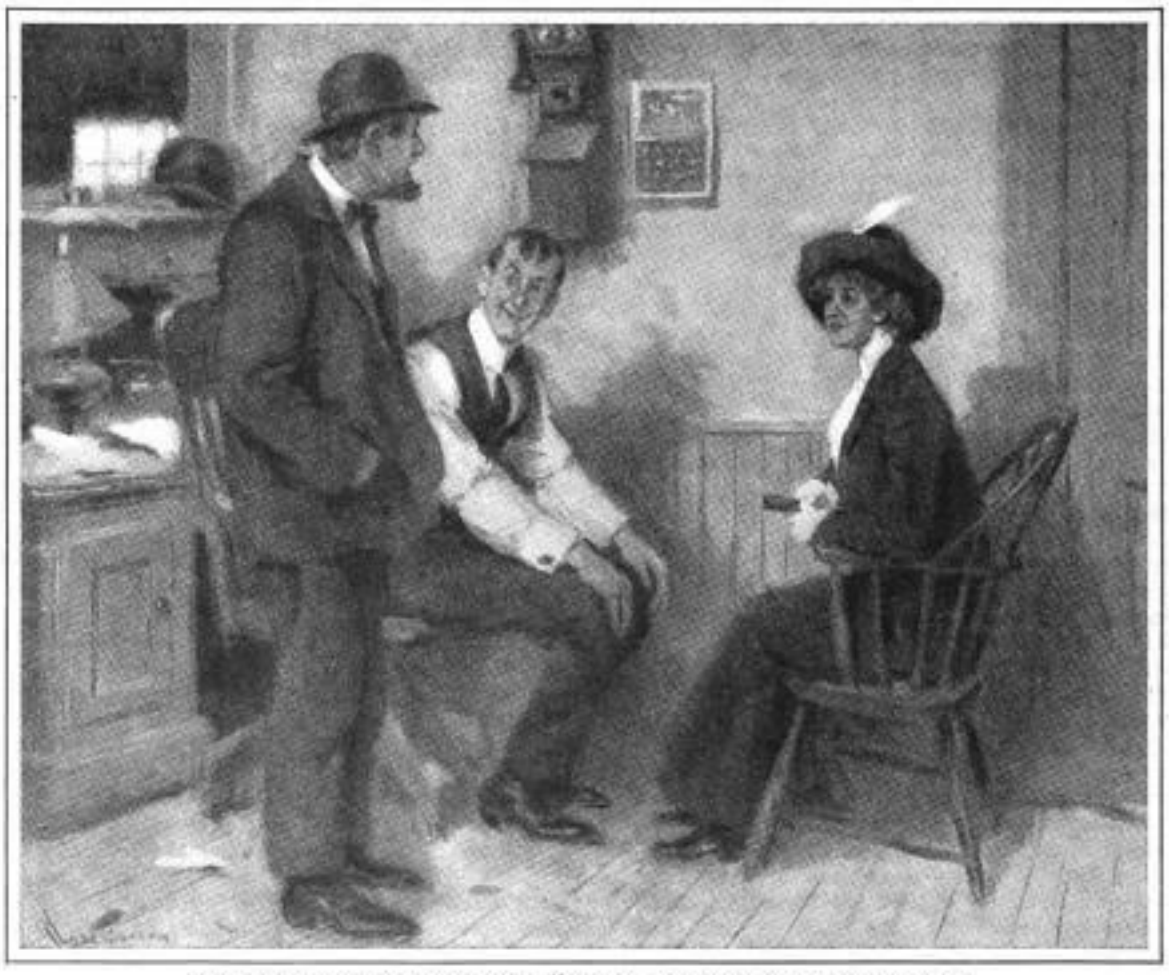
She stared at me, too astonished to speak.

"It's been broke," says I. "That—that critter there," pointin' to 'Dolph, "has been sneakin'——"

'Dolph's face had been gettin' redder and redder. I cal'late he thought I'd praise him for his doin's; and when he found I wouldn't, but was goin' to give the thing away, he blew up like a leaky biler.

"I ain't been sneakin'!" he yelled. "And I ain't broke no

(Continued on Page 64)



All I Could Think of to Say Was: "Hey?"—and I Said That Pretty Feeble

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A Message From Edison to the Man Who Pays the Bills

By Roger W. Babson

ILLUSTRATION BY HERBERT JOHNSON

KNOWING that Thomas A. Edison has some very firm ideas relative to the reasons for the present high cost of living, I recently visited him in his laboratory at Orange, New Jersey. "Mr. Edison," I asked, "have you a message that I can give to the American people through the columns of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST relative to the high cost of living?" He replied: "Yes; I can give you a message, but whether or not the people will take any stock in it is another question. You see the popular thing today is to curse the manufacturers; and our Government, courts and public speakers believe that the producer is at the bottom of our troubles. Now you all are barking up the wrong tree when you lay the present troubles to the producer. If you will carefully collect statistics you will find that the trouble begins at some point between the time when the goods leave the shipping room and when they arrive at the consumer's home.

"If you will take the twelve leading articles that the workingman buys today—such as meats, flour, furniture, crockery, clothing, coal and the like—and will note the difference between the cost of these goods when they leave the manufacturer and when they reach the consumer, you will find it self-evident where the trouble lies. Take the article of furniture, which allows a profit of 100 per cent to the retail dealer, or of foodstuffs—especially vegetable foods—where the profit at some point must be 1000 per cent, and you will see that the difficulty lies, not with the method of manufacture but rather with the method of distribution. The item of coal is the most flagrant illustration. The very best bituminous coal sells in the ground for about three cents a ton, and when it is brought to the surface the coal operator receives only about eighty cents a ton; but when it reaches your town and mine we are obliged to pay several dollars a ton."



This statement of Mr. Edison reminded me of one that Senator Burton made in Washington a while ago. "Innumerable examples may be given of the very considerable difference between the original cost to the manufacturer and the final charge to the consumer," said the Senator. "Some weeks since, figures were carefully prepared in regard to the manufacture and sale of an article of clothing now in very general use. The manufacturer charged $24.90 a dozen. Each dozen included different sizes. The retailer charged from $4 to $10 a garment. The total sales averaged about $6.50 for each, or a total of $78 to the consumer as against $24.90 to the manufacturer. The retailer is not to be blamed. The pressure of population in cities, the greater demands of modern life resulting in higher rents and higher cost for services rendered to him, make it essential that he should charge more for his goods."

Leaks Between Producer and Consumer

"AN ENTIRE revolution in methods of distribution is imminent. The consumer will be brought nearer to the producer. Great warehouses will be substituted for small and scattered shops, especially in the case of staple articles where confidence in the seller and exceptional skill are not essential features. The possible economy of large-scale production and the undertaking by one organization of the various processes, even from the raw material through manufacture and distribution to the consumer, have been demonstrated by some of the great corporations of the country. However much we may decry this tendency, we may be reasonably certain that it will be adopted."

"Of course," said Mr. Edison, "there is a reason for this abnormal leak between the consumer and the producer; and examination shows conclusively the main source of this leak, which is that there are five times as many retailers in every city as there should be. Impossible as it may seem, it nevertheless is true that the more grocery stores in a town of a given population, the higher prices the people in that town are obliged to pay for their groceries, and the same is true of drugs, drygoods and every other commodity. Of course too few stores may cause congestion, monopoly and high prices; but a normal minimum number of stores permits minimum prices, and any additional stores above this required minimum ultimately cause increased prices in any community. Moreover, this is not a foolish Socialistic doctrine, but it is a fact, and can be demonstrated by pencil and paper. Everything passes through too many hands. There are too many useless middlemen."

I then inquired how this state of affairs could be remedied, to which he replied: "It can be remedied only through educating the people and telling them of the real facts. Such papers as THE SATURDAY EVENING POST hold the future of this country in their hands, and it is only by continually preaching a correct doctrine that ultimate good can be accomplished. Legislation is of little use. You know the theory that 'the resultant acts of all legislation cannot be above the average intelligence of the most ignorant legislators.' No; our legislators will never legislate against lawyers and other non-producers, for the majority of them are non-producers themselves.

"Why, on Broadway there are about three hundred men's furnishing stores which should be closed up. Just the rental alone amounts to a fabulous sum, and when to the rent is added the wages of the clerks, bookkeepers and other employees, the waste is simply enormous. Now who pays for this waste? I will tell you who pays for it—you and I pay for it, and the best evidence of this is that on Sixth Avenue we can purchase the same necktie for 25 per cent less than we can buy it for on portions of Broadway; and if the truth could be known, the Sixth Avenue man is probably making 100 per cent as it is. Moreover, you and I are getting off easily. Really it is the poor people who are forced to carry the load. We get our coal for $6 or $7 a ton, but they are obliged to pay $15 or $20. We get our potatoes for 60 cents a bushel, while they are compelled to pay $3 to $5 a bushel for them; and so it is all along the line."

Thereupon I asked Mr. Edison whether a system of coöperative stores, such as exists in England, would not solve this problem. But he shook his head and said: "No; they do not seem to be on a real economic basis. It seems to me that the man who makes a success in a coöperative store would be apt to start in business for himself, with the result that the coöperative stores would in the end be run by men possessing but little real ability. No; I seriously doubt if the coöperative store is the true solution of the problem. The problem must finally be solved through the entire elimination of the middleman, and by the manufacturer and producer coming in direct touch with consumers through the advertising columns of standard publications, aided by a Government parcels-post and warehousing system."

At this point Mr. Edison and I talked relative to the standardizing of goods, which must play a very important part in this great industrial revolution through which we are to pass.

In closing this part of the discussion, Mr. Edison, who certainly seems to have the interest of the workingman very much at heart, said: "Mr. Babson, when I talk this subject over with most men and emphasize, as I do, the necessity of eliminating the middleman, they seem to feel that the saving would not be sufficient to pay for the first hardship caused by such an economic revolution. I therefore wish to impress upon the public that the advantage is twofold; for when the storekeeper quits his job on Broadway he not only ceases to be a parasite on the community and brings about a reduction in the cost of distribution, but in order to live he is forced to the farm or into the factory and made to produce, and thus performs a double service. Furthermore, in reducing the cost of living the workingman is not interested in saving a very large sum, but rather simply desires to keep his expenses within his receipts. You have no idea what a difference of ten cents means to many a laboring man; and this is most forcibly impressed upon me as I see my own men walk four or five miles along the railroad tracks through snow and rain in order to save ten cents a day."

Selling Goods Below Cost

"THESE are the men whom I believe to be worthy of help, and if our charitable organizations would give more thought to reducing the cost of living in order to help such worthy men as these, and less to charity balls and the dispensing of Christmas dinners, the poor would be very much better off. You remember Dickens' statement, which ran somewhat like this: 'Income 20 shillings; outgo 20 shillings 6 pence—result misery. Income 20 shillings 6 pence; outgo 20 shillings—result happiness.'"

After paying his compliments to the middleman, as above outlined, Mr. Edison launched forth on a subject that is very near his heart and in which many economists believe him to be absolutely right, although the doctrine is far from popular. Mr. Edison believes that there is one piece of legislation which, if intelligently enacted, would do much toward reducing the cost of living—I refer to Mr. Edison's plan of preventing manufacturers from selling goods below cost plus a fair profit. Now this could be accomplished in two ways: either by compelling manufacturers to sell goods in all parts of the country at the same prices at the same time, or else by allowing manufacturers of a given article to unite in selling goods at cost plus a reasonable interest on the money, the price being based on expert accountants' figures for the last previous five-year period. Eliminating the effect of increased gold production and the middleman, Mr. Edison claims that the three principal causes of the rise in the cost of living are as follows: First, the elimination of competition in

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manufacturing; second, the destruction of our natural resources; and third, adulteration in its varied forms. On each of these points Mr. Edison gave me a message that I can pass on to my readers, showing how sane legislation forbidding the sale of goods below cost will greatly aid in providing normal competition, in conservating our resources and preventing adulteration.

As to the effect of such legislation on the encouraging of competition, he continued: "Our so-called trusts are not harmful because they are big. There is no economic harm in great corporations because they are great; in fact, from an economic point of view, the great corporation should be of distinct advantage to the consumer, enabling goods to be manufactured and distributed at a lower cost than could be possible through small corporations. Rather the curse of the large corporation is its ability to sell goods below cost in a certain locality for a certain length of time, in order to stamp out competition in that locality; and then after said competition has been crushed, its ability to raise the prices in that locality and lower them again in some other. In other words, the Standard Oil Company could never have attained a position where it could abnormally raise its prices had it been forbidden to sell below cost.

"Although ruinous competition is in reality as costly in manufacturing as in distribution, yet a limited amount of competition is justifiable and advantageous. The independent manufacturer, however, does not fear the raising but rather the lowering of prices on the part of the great trusts. If the Government should forbid the sale of goods below cost there is a sufficient number of small independent producers in every commodity to keep the cost of that commodity down to a minimum. Of course under such a law it would be necessary to reorganize a great many of our trusts, and much of the water of which their capital is made up would necessarily be squeezed out; but such drastic legislation would enable the independent manufacturer to get a hold, and so long as real, fair competition exists commodity prices will be at a minimum. On the other hand, the present system of allowing the trusts sometimes to sell below cost to crush out competition prevents any independent producer from getting a start. Moreover, you and I who live in some other community are obliged to furnish the trusts with the ammunition with which they are destroying this independent producer, who is our only salvation.

"The secret of restraining corporate greed," proceeded Mr. Edison, "is to hold the big corporations in check by forbidding the sale of goods below the cost of production plus a fair rate of interest. This will keep enough little fellows in the business to hold prices down to a normal low level. When this is accomplished all production and distribution are reduced to the question of quality; then the corporation that produces the best goods and distributes them in the most economical manner is the corporation that will win out. It is only under this method that the cost of living can be truly reduced."

I then asked why such legislation as he suggested would conserve our natural resources. In response his bright eyes flashed when he replied: "Well, take coal, for example. Today thousands of independent operators throughout this country are running our great coal beds simply to keep themselves from bankruptcy. Owing to the sharp competition among coal operators and the fact that the Government forbids all pooling and combinations, there has been a great decline in the price of coal at the mines. Of course you and I have not received much of the benefit of this reduction, because as fast as the operators have reduced the price the railroads have increased the freight rate; but, as you will note from a careful study of the coal situation, the only way that the average independent mine operator can today make a cent a ton profit is by mining his best coal in the most reckless and destructive manner. For every year that our coal mines are allowed to be operated in this prodigal manner the coal supply of our country is being reduced at an increased rate of 100 per cent faster than is necessary. If, however, the coal operators should be forbidden to sell below cost plus a fair rate of interest, they would cease mining their easiest coal and instead would use a proper scientific method, which should greatly lengthen the life of the mines. Therefore, to prevent the robbing of mines the United States Government should have laws regulating the mining of coal. There should also be laws restricting the cutting of timber and other wasteful methods which manufacturers are today compelled to employ owing to forced competition. In this connection I wish to say a word of praise relative to the agitation in favor of the conservation of our resources which has been going on for the past few years. The destruction of our natural resources is a great national problem, a problem that should be grasped and solved at the earliest possible moment; and, personally, I am absolutely sure that the simple solution lies in enacting a law preventing the sale of goods below cost plus a reasonable rate of interest—of course under Government regulation."

I next sought for a statement relative to how such legislation will prevent adulteration; in fact, I suggested that adulteration had been greatly done away with during the past few years. Again his eyes flashed as he quickly replied:

"It is true that there has been a decline in the adulteration of food products, but in order to have adulteration it is not necessary to adulterate food. It is true that they do not adulterate sugar any longer because they cannot purchase for use in the adulteration a white material that is cheaper than sugar; but they adulterate salt with chalk and then charge more for it because it won't stick! But when you refer to food adulteration you touch upon only a very small part of the subject. You do not eat Portland cement; but you can adulterate it with ashes and a number of other things!"

At this point Mr. Edison told a story which, although it has no real bearing on the point in question, is rather amusing. It is a story of a milkman who, being charged with putting water in the milk that he sold, was brought before a judge. The maximum fine for such an offense was $50. The judge, however, instead of fining him $50 fined him only $45. After the case was over one of the attorneys asked the old judge why it was that he fined the milkman only $45. In reply the judge said that as near as he could learn this man's milk was only nine-tenths water, and that he was saving the $50 fine for a man who sells as milk something entirely water. Mr. Edison thus demonstrated to me very clearly that the enactment of a simple law forbidding the sale of goods below cost plus a fair rate of interest will do more toward the elimination of adulteration than all the other statutes that Congress could pass in a generation. (Concluded on Page 54)

THE RECORDING ANGEL

XIII

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT



A Skipping, Bony Statue Upon a Huge Boulder of Granite

I AM OBLIGED to employ the historical method in this chapter. And by historical I mean that method by which the greater and most important portion of the people concerned are left out of the narrative, and a few men and women become the lay figures of it, clothes-horses upon which the writer hangs only those deeds that reflect the high light of achievement. This is as much a matter of regret to me as it can possibly be to the reader. For we have all observed what a decimating thing, humanly speaking, history is. It reduces every hero down merely to his deeds. A sentence is devoted to his personality and fourteen chapters to what he accomplished. This is why the average person with a natural mental palate finds history so uninteresting. The authors of it so rarely condescend to tell the shape of the victorious general's nose or whether he wore a mustache or was clean shaven. The fault of not putting in more personal portraiture is illustrated by the tenacity with which we cling to it when the least little anecdote of it is included. Has any one who has read the biography of Cromwell ever forgotten that he had a mole on his nose? And no one will deny that the history of the French people is particularly interesting because the French personality is so closely related to comedy and melodrama that even the historians have been unable entirely to expurgate the heroism of its antics and tears. But how much easier it would be to remember all the details of the battle of Waterloo if some of the staccato comments of the French soldiers smeared with mire and blood on that day had found their way into the narrative, or if some historian with real bowels had revealed the fact that the Duke of Wellington was slightly bowlegged and that he was inordinately fond of raw onions. This would have introduced the little mortal deviation from the absurdly perfect that differentiates the man from the mere hero, and it would have insured that little line of caricature without which no human achievement exists or can be set down veraciously. This is why the heroes of history sustain the same relation to the living men they really were that a machine-turned vase sustains to one molded by hand. The former may be had for fifteen cents each, but the latter, thumb-dented by the mind of an artist, is of enormous value.

Still there is some excuse for the historian. It is the same I make for this chapter. There are not enough historians in the world to write the life of even one man, and a volume of a thousand pages would be required to dramatize the life of Ruckersville during the three months that followed the tearing down of the old Joe Rucker mansion, the opening of a stone quarry upon the ground where it stood, the hauling off of the great beams and timbers to be used in that other mysterious building that Jim Bone was erecting on the north of the square. The whole town was in a state of hysteria. When you have been in a Rip Van Winkle trance for forty years you are apt to awaken with a start at the sound of hammer and saw and incessant clinking of stone masons in your very midst. It was as if Bone had poked a long stick into an old hornet's nest and ruthlessly waggled it to and fro. The streets swarmed with excited citizens who buzzed and darted about from one group to another. That which had created even a greater sensation than the new building was the hasty opening of the stone quarry. It appeared that the founder of Ruckersville had chosen a valuable granite foundation upon which to build and had blasted his wine cellar out of the solid rock. And it was a fact that some of the stones that went into the Bone building in the square were soaked and stained with this ancient grape juice. But the people of the town were not so much impressed with the opening of a new industry that insured employment to every idle negro who could blast or strike a chisel as they were with the sacrilege involved. It was as if Bone had broken into the underground mausoleum of Ruckersville and was dragging up the very foundation of its traditions. Even the tombstones in the adjacent churchyard appeared to lean over upon

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their elbows, aghast. As a matter of fact, many of them had been leaning for a quarter of a century; but the din of the hammers in the quarry, the sudden blasts, the outrageous Casey Jones chorus of the negroes singing in rhythm with the strokes, gave an expression and a meaning to these tumbling monuments, as if the dead beneath had been disturbed and were turning over in their sleep and rumpling their headstones. A sort of indignation meeting was held in the church one Sabbath evening after services, where it was decided to move the cemetery beyond earshot of Bone's devilish activities.

The captain, who was far from being a religious man, was the spokesman who laid the situation before this meeting. And it was an hour bordering upon triumph in the church when circumstances united his heart and interests with those of the good people. There was a gentle stir in the evening congregation, like the rustle of its spiritual feathers, when the pastor, Brother Clark, at the close of the last hymn arose and, instead of pronouncing the benediction, said:

"Brethren and sisters, we have with us tonight Captain Alexander Rucker-Martin, who wishes to say a few words upon a subject very near our hearts."

Brother Clark then stepped back, turned two long, mournful coat-tails to the congregation for a moment, faced about, parted them, and let himself down in his chair at the rear of the pulpit with the air of a man who is sitting down upon the Holy Scriptures and feels utterly unworthy of the privilege. His long white face bore that clean-shaven, chastened expression peculiar to ministers who feel and preach that they are pilgrims and sojourners in this world, which is not good enough for them or any other Christian man.

Immediately the captain arose from somewhere out of the bosom of the congregation, side-stepped his way past a dozen knees, reached the aisle and went down it with his head up, his white shirt swelling out in front like the breast of a pouter pigeon. His mustache bristled; his little white peg goatee worked with the emotion of his chin muscles. He wheeled when he reached the chancel rail like an old military relic on parade, sighted along the gunbarrel of his memories with a fiercely focused expression, and began:

"My friends, it is well known to you that I have not been as good a Christian soldier as I have been just a soldier."

He paused with the air of a veteran addressing the home militia.

"A cankering wound does not fit a man for the millennium so much as it preserves him in the memories of the battle-rimmed past. But"—he drew himself up like a sentry about to challenge his death angel—"I have a duty to the dead. They were my comrades. I am an old stalk left wind-blown but still standing upon a deserted field. I am here tonight in the midst of graves." He waved his hand toward the open windows through which every tombstone glistened, and with the swing of his feeble arm the church vanished, the scalloped rows of men and women before him were instantly outside wandering in their thoughts from one quiet mound to another. "In these graves for forty years men sleep who stood shoulder to shoulder with me in the fog rising from twenty-five thousand Yankee guns in the valley below Missionary Ridge. They outnumbered us nearly a hundred to one. But we stood like a crown of terrible thorns upon that great hill till nearly every man fell. You remember how most of us were brought back home to you, dead and dying, to be buried around this church where we were christened and learned our a, b, ab's in faith. There has not been one hour of my life since when I have not felt out of place above ground." He went on with a sob. "It's a sort of disgrace to survive such men in such a battle, and never till now have I been reconciled, never till now have I understood the strange dispensation of Providence that left me so outraged among the inglorious living. But within these last weeks I have discovered my own faith in the Great Commander. My friends, I am the sentry left to guard the sacred sleep of my comrades. And I am here tonight to call your attention to the unholy clamor by which their repose is disturbed and to propose that we break camp and withdraw beyond the din that has been raised over there!" He pointed indignantly at the quarry, shining white and disheveled like an immense looted sepulcher among the trees upon the knoll on the outside of the churchyard. "I not only propose, I demand that we remove the ashes of our ancestors and our heroes to such a distance from the irreverent new activities of this town as shall insure their repose. The living owe but one debt to the dead, that they shall rest in peace!" exclaimed the old man with a flourish and a passion that implied that the dead may also suffer from a helpless insomnia. He wheeled and marched back to his seat with the air of a veteran who has fired his last shot and is willing to die by the issue.

This was the beginning of an agitation that resulted in the resolution of the citizens of Ruckersville to purchase a cemetery beyond the edge of the town and to remove the ashes of its former citizens to a safe distance from the increasing noise of Jim Bone's enterprises.



"I Myself Have Promised to Furnish an Epitaph in Verse for Each"

But when the captain himself skipped from one block of granite to another round the quarry the next day to where Bone was watching the tamping of a charge of dynamite, and informed him of this decision, he received another shock.

"It's a good idea," commented that worthy without even lifting his eyes to observe the effect of his opinion upon the captain. "The people of this town have been drinking water that seeps and drains through dead men's bones till they have caught the contagion of being dead, to say nothing of the fever we get from it. If you agree I'll buy the church and ground as soon as you move your tombstones and ashes, and I'll pay you enough for it to build another church farther from the quarry—not that I expect to operate it yet on Sundays," he added with whimsical impudence.

The captain balanced himself like a skipping, bony statue upon a huge boulder of granite, waved his cane futilely in the air, batted his eyes with snapping rage, all in vain. Mr. Bone continued to stare down at the man who was gently manipulating the fuse connected with the charge of dynamite.

"And what will you do with the church?" the captain sputtered at last, no longer able to restrain his curiosity.

"Haven't decided yet," replied Bone; "convert it into a factory of some kind. Thinking some of backbands or horse-collars."

"Damme, sir! Would you take the house of God for such vulgar purposes?" exclaimed the captain.

"If anything belongs to the Lord, everything does—this quarry as much as that church. And it's as much a service to man to give him the means of a livelihood in this world as it is to give him the gospel for another. Turn about is fair play. He's had preaching out of that old church for nearly a hundred years. He's been taxed to build it, keep it in repair and support it; now let it shelter an enterprise where he can earn a living."

The captain stood like a man who felt the devil's horns near him, but could not see them. He was silent, reaching this way and that mentally for the forked tail of the argument with the honorable intention of pinching it. But before the captain could get his spiritual fingernails in the right place, Bone took the cigar he was smoking out of his mouth and turned upon the captain a countenance so conscientious with a new and blasphemous kind of morality that the captain almost caught his breath as he listened.

"Understand me," Bone went on; "I begrudge no man his faith; but we are come to the time when we must practice it more and merely sing about it less. That makes hypocrites. It's obliged to make hypocrites. It don't amount to anything, giving all your goods to feed the poor or swapping lies about the heathen; it just impoverishes you and makes you the victim of a sing-song piety. If God made all the stars He's a terrible busy, enterprising God. He's got 'em started and goin' so that the heavenly bodies go on baking and cooling seven days in the week. You needn't tell me the Creator rests on Sunday. It's just a figure of speech. He's stoked His fire so that the oven of the universe goes on baking little biscuit planets clean through the Sabbath. And there's no astronomer that records that any of His shining works pull off their little vaporous shirt-tails on Sunday, put on fresh ones and go to divine worship. The only worship you can see any sign of in the heavens is the obedience to the law of life and growth and death and resurrection again into life, and so on. Nothing religious, bound to God, ought to be idle. That's the trouble here in Ruckersville. You count too much on just redeeming grace and on your missionary collections and church dues. You just know the hymns and Scriptures; you never have noticed the actual ways of God, as you call Him, nor the example He sets along the lines of healthy industry. I'm no preacher, but I'll be danged if I don't believe I'm fixing to be a practical theologian; and if it can be done, I aim to redeem this town."

It is a strange coincidence that the longest, most self-revelatory speech made by the hero so far should be recorded in a chapter devoted merely to the tabulation of certain incidents. And I am myself at a loss to account for it. He entered these pages as a griping lover, and nothing was farther from my mind or expectation than that he should develop the other Doctor Jekyll of his character. But every man has the personality of many different individuals in him. Fortunately most of them die undeveloped; otherwise, every thief would also be an honest man, and every honest man a thief. When God created man He made the ancestor and son of all paradoxes. Jim Bone, for example, might have remained to the end of this tale merely the lover of Sylvia Story and the unattainable masculine ideal of every other unmarried woman in Ruckersville, if he had not attended revival services in the church and caught an unbiased vision of the situation by construing the piety of Ruckersville into an explanation of its dogmatic respectability, its cowardly inertia and pathetically sincere hypocrisies, and then compared all to the life and courage and freedom of the world out of which he had drifted into its eddies. It was a gamble whether the comparison resulted in any action upon his part—heads, he'd kiss Sylvia Story and leave; tails, he'd remain and work out a new solution to the problem in that place where the arithmetic of life had so long been closed. Tails it was, and he was simply giving a vocative demonstration to the captain of what was to him as new a train of ideas as it could possibly be to any man in Ruckersville.

There was once an incorrigible youth who was fitting himself for the gallows with a thoroughness often observed in the wicked and rarely seen in the good. On a certain morning some one gave him a rose. It was not the kindness that impressed him. It was the rose. He was fascinated by the charm of the flower. The creative energies of his mind were stirred. From that day till his death, during a long and harmless life, he engaged in the ambition to develop and grow more and more perfect roses. Something like this had happened to Jim Bone. He was suddenly thrilled and stirred by the determination to breathe the breath of industry, enterprise, commerce, and more animal joy into the dry bones of Ruckersville. It was miraculous, far more miraculous than an ordinary conversion, or than many miracles described under this name in the Scriptures. Mr. Bone was now multiplied into at least three distinct characters: first, the man he had been, which was now fading into something merely biographical; second, the lover of Sylvia; third, the leading citizen of Ruckersville.

XIV

THE conversation that Bone had with Captain Martin at the quarry, taken in connection with Bone's now obvious wealth, led to some queer incidents.

He had opened an office on the square, where he was to be found every morning consulting with his foremen, issuing orders, paying moneys and answering a lot of flaming letter-headed mail. He was barely settled in these quarters before he discovered that every house, every foot of land, every horse, cow and stick of timber in Rucker County was for sale. And for all of these Mr. Bone was asked an extortionate price. Captain Martin came in two days after the conversation reported in the previous chapter, laid his cane across the top of the financier's desk, tipped his heels upon the back of it so that they faced Bone's heels on the other side, and revealed to the said Bone that he could have the Martin mansion for his horse-collar factory if he cared to pay the price. He explained that it was much more adaptable for such purposes than the church. He named an extravagant figure for the same and glared.

"Captain," said Jim, "I'll take that up with you later. Meanwhile, may I count upon your support, I mean your moral support, in this town?"

"You can!" exclaimed the captain, jerking his heels down, clicking them together as he stood up and offered his hand.

Mr. Bone knew the amenities of such a situation as well as if he were already candidate for Congress. He reached down, opened the little invisible side door of his desk, drew forth a bottle with an honorable seal upon it and passed it to his guest.

On another day, not long after this, Colonel Fanning-Rucker appeared. Fanning was in a predicament, although you would never have inferred it from the appearance he made. He was impressively well groomed, and he had what women call easy manners and what men call "slick." This was really his trouble. He was a promoter in a territory much too small for his powers. This was how he

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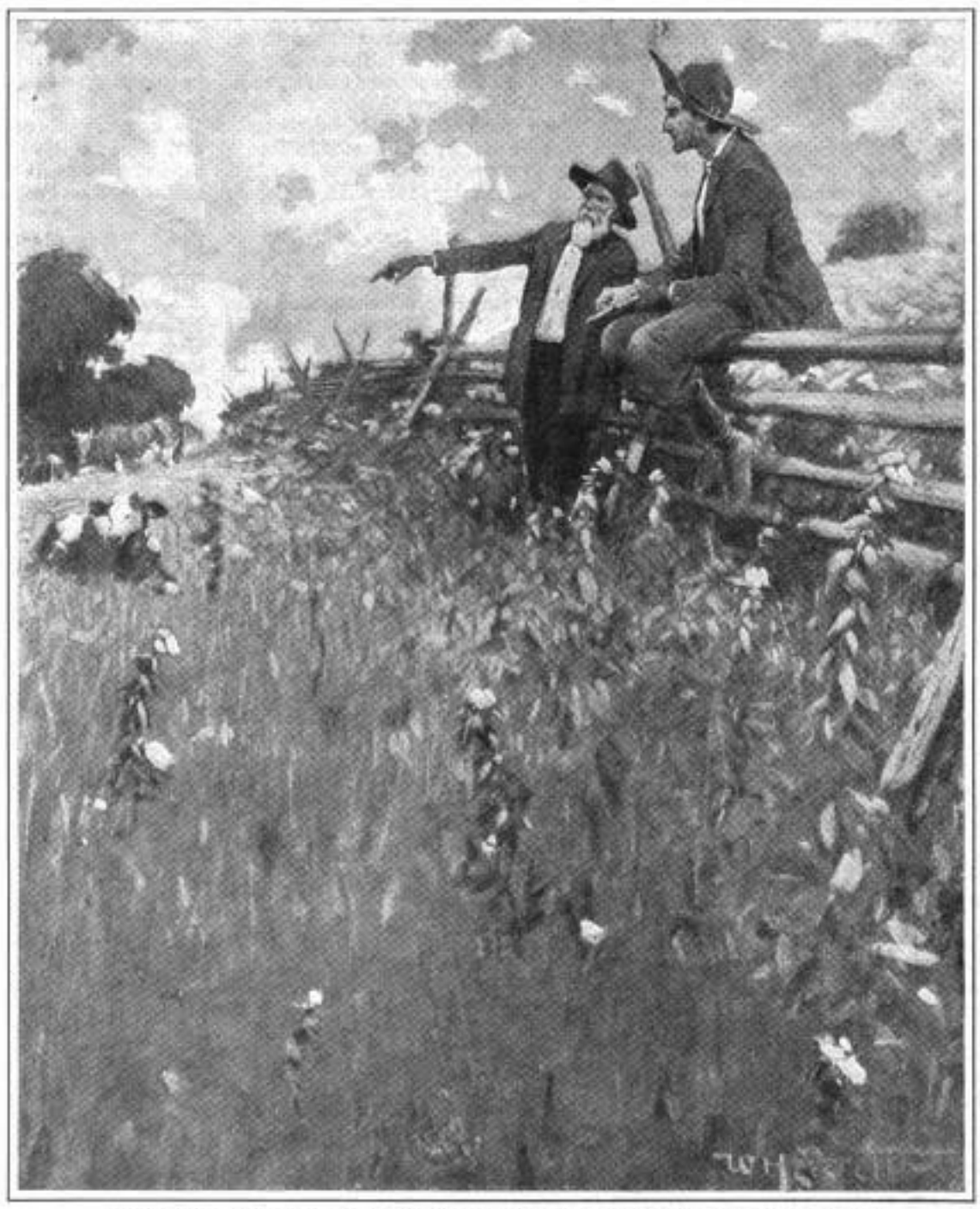
had cramped himself and was now reduced to the necessity of attempting to unload on Mr. Jim Bone. There was a pristine simplicity about the rascality of Fanning's financial operations that caused Bone's face to glisten with a light that the colonel mistook for being complimentary. It seems that he had charge of an estate belonging to a rich old woman. And he had invested this in mortgages more to his own advantage than to that of his client. Personally I have no doubt that the fortunes of many rich men are begun with the insurance money of dead husbands that widows so naïvely trust to any man who tenderly offers to make an investment for them. The trouble with young Fanning was that the old lady had taken a notion that she wanted some of her notes paid. He was embarrassed temporarily, he explained, and he was offering the whole bundle of mortgages, which she had also intrusted to him, as collateral for the thousand dollars she so foolishly and persistently demanded.

He was encouraged to indulge in a frankness in explaining the situation to Mr. Bone that he was destined to regret as long as he lived. It was all perfectly legal. He had power of attorney, which gave him the right to act as he saw fit in the matter. The mistake he made was in selecting Bone for such a transaction. It is a queer circumstance, but it is a fact, that a man so immoral that he is careless of the honor of any woman may at the same time be so moral otherwise that he is incapable of cheating one; and that another man of almost puritanical ideals will drain any widow or orphan of her last cent without a qualm of conscience. This was the psychological phenomenon illustrated by Jim Bone and Fanning-Rucker. The former could not be trusted to resist a pretty woman's good looks, and the latter could not be trusted with her pocketbook. Between the two it is easy to account for all the female tragedies in life. If we escape the one we are always in danger of falling into the ruthless hands of the other.

On this occasion Fanning was standing by Bone's desk with the papers spread upon it, passing an expository finger from one to the other. It seemed that he expected the thrifty old widow, who was now awaiting her third stroke of paralysis, would die before she demanded the payment of another note. That was a gamble, of course, but he took the risk, he said, smiling grimly down at Bone. At this moment the latter arose, side-stepped with much the same expression he had worn the day he dealt with the bull in Clark Story's pasture, caught Fanning by the shoulder from behind, planted the entire length of a booted foot upon the small of his back with such force and moral emphasis that the attorney shot through the open door like the flying and disheveled figure of a young Adonis. He landed upon his knees on the sidewalk, accompanied the next instant by the fluttering pages of his mortgages. This was a new and astonishing experience in the life of Fanning-Rucker, and the celerity of his mental activity in such a crisis was a credit to his faculties. He leaped to his feet with the gallant air of a charming man who confesses to the observer that he has stumbled, dusted the knees of his trousers delicately, gathered up his papers and stepped briskly away in the direction of his own office, without confessing the facts by feeling of the small of his back, which was aching frightfully, and without incriminating himself to his astonished fellow citizens by even a glance backward at the furious figure of Jim Bone.

There is one superlatively dramatic moment in the life of every scamp—the one when for the first time he recognizes himself for what he is in the eyes of another. You may infer his caliber then from the manner with which he accepts the revelation. If he resents the imputation there is still a shallow hope of better things in him; but if he accepts it with the quick-covering modesty of one whose nakedness has been suddenly revealed he is incorrigible. This was the exact conduct of Fanning-Rucker. He looked up and down the street, laughed both ways so innocently that Magnis, who had seen his singular exit on one side, and Elbert White, who had observed it from the distance of Bilfire's saloon, both instantly concluded that they were mistaken in their first sensational impressions.

The incident of the old lady's money is closed, so far as this story is concerned. I have set it down merely to indicate the temper of Mr. Bone. But it does not reveal his real policy in dealing with the citizens of Ruckersville in general, which was conciliatory and, as a rule, delightfully ingratiating, although his patience was often taxed, especially by that class of women in it who had funds of one sort or another to raise and, after the manner of their kind, had the philanthropic instinct highly developed, vicariously speaking. Most women are natural-born mendicants. Their talent for begging has been developed by their long dependence upon man, the money changer. For ten thousand years they have got what they wanted, not by earning it but by asking for it. This does not mean that they have been idle, but their labor has been domestic, maternal, poetic rather than remunerative. No man pays his wife for her services. If he is generous he may be extravagant in his gifts to her, and if he is stingy he may be niggardly, but there is not yet any question of the *quid pro quo* of justice between them. She practices asking and he practices giving—with a kiss or a frown, according to his nature and circumstances. This is why every civilized community is afflicted with that artless and insistent class of successful beggars, respectable and prominent women who prance in and out of business offices or even waylay mankind on street corners with useless tickets for sale at extortionate prices, or with tags for some benevolent object which they coyly pin upon your coat collar for a dime each. The poor creatures desire to do some good in the world; and they have no income of their own, above that needed for Easter and Christmas things, with which to accomplish it. Therefore they beg the necessary funds for charity from other women's husbands and brothers and fathers. It is funny and it is often exasperating.



It Was a Fact That Bone Had Advanced Old Clark Story a Thousand Dollars Upon the Cobalt Expectations in His Cow Pasture

Jim Bone soon discovered that Ruckersville was full of benevolences conducted by women and supported by these involuntary subscriptions. And his growing popularity in the town was largely due to the genial liberality with which he met the female demands upon him for the support of their various enterprises. The Daughters of the Confederacy, for example, took a notion that it would be "nice" to have fresh granite headstones for their soldiers' graves when these should be made up in the new cemetery. It seemed a providential suggestion to them that Mr. Bone should furnish these from his quarry. It was Mildred Percey who waited upon him for this donation. And it was upon this occasion that his masculine diffidence was aroused into a modest suspicion as to the state of Mildred's heart. One sultry Indian summer afternoon she appeared in his dingy office like a full-blown, dewy-lipped rose. She wore a white organdy with a narrow ribbon girdle that looked like the string that tied a fragrant bouquet. He received her in his shirt-sleeves, which was a mistake she observed and forgave with the tender blue skies of her eyes as she leaned gently forward over his desk and laid the matter before him. She had come, she said, to give him the opportunity of rendering a cherished service to the community. She explained that at first there had been some feeling in the town about the opening of a stone quarry in such a place, the intimation being that a proper consideration would have suggested his doing it farther from the sacred center of the residence portion.

"But," replied the offender naïvely, "that is the one place where the granite formation lies in this section."

"I know," she answered as if she were determined to forgive the transgression; "and we all feel better about it now, since it seems quite providential that we can get our tombstones for the soldiers without sending off for them."

"Certainly!" exclaimed Bone, in a perfect agony of benevolence beneath the sweetly bending blue of her eyes. "How many will you need?"

"About fifty, I think. And you would only have the expense of getting them out and having the names and inscriptions cut on them. I myself have promised to furnish an epitaph in verse for each."

"The deuce you have!" was his inward comment, but the meanest miser alive could not have resisted the poetic tremor of Mildred's chin at this moment, nor dampened the brow of her muse with a financial consideration.

"Er—an epitaph is bound to be short, I suppose?" was the nearest he dared come to expressing his anxiety.

"Not more than three or four lines," she thought.

"You couldn't make 'em just two?" he inquired, after a rapid mental calculation of how much it would cost him to have two hundred lines of original verse cut upon granite, not including the names of the dead heroes.

"I do not feel that I could do them justice in less than four lines. You see, they were very brave!"

"That's so!" agreed Jim, as if the idea had taken hold of his convictions and impressed him deeply for the first time.

"Then we may depend upon you for the tombstones?" murmured Mildred, revealing two little pin-point dimples in her chin and hinting with the corners of her mouth at the reward of a smile.

But with his eyes fixed narrowly upon these blandishments Jim had fallen into what is called a "brown study," and made no reply. This was embarrassing. One dimple, then the other, vanished from the surface of Mildred's chin like little stars falling from the opal of a day-breaking sky. The corners of her mouth let go the intended smile and drooped. A mist like April rain suffused her eyes and the blue showed through like hopeless prayers.

Mr. Bone gasped, leaped to his feet, horrified at the impending danger. To be the Jove that

(Continued on Page 76)

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BUSINESS AND GOVERNMENT



By GEORGE W. PERKINS

DECORATIONS BY WILLIAM HARNDEN FOSTER

AT ONE stage in the world's progress people believed that the world was flat; yet the discovery by Columbus was no more revolutionary in its practical effects than man's subjugation of steam and electricity.

At another stage in the world's progress people believed that a person could not be in two places at one and the same time; yet only a few days ago the following incident occurred: Half a dozen men in New York, who were trying to get together on a business trade, met at dinner to discuss their trade. During the course of the dinner one of them was called to the telephone in the next room. He was gone a few moments and then returned to the dinner. In about an hour he was called to the telephone again. On returning and being "jollied" by his companions about his telephone calls, he said:

"The first call I had was from Chicago about a trade I have on out West. I told my associate to consult another associate in Denver and another in St. Paul by telephone, and call me up here and give me their views. The second call advised me that the Chicago man had talked to Denver and St. Paul—that those men were agreeable to the trade, which is also agreeable to me; and the transaction has been closed."

It is a man's mind and not his body that does business. Electricity has given wings to the human mind and made it almost omnipresent, for here is an instance where a man's mind was actually doing business in New York, Chicago, Denver and St. Paul at substantially the same time—and all this was done while he and half a dozen other men were having dinner together and discussing another trade after business hours in New York.

What did our forefathers know of any such methods of trading? And yet this is but one striking illustration out of a countless number that take place every day, all showing how enormously the potential power of the individual—for good or for evil—has been increased through the improvement in transportation and intercommunication of matter and mind. The long-distance telephone alone has wrought as great a revolution in business methods as any revolution at arms ever wrought in a country's political methods.

When Father Was a Boy

SPEAKING of improved intercommunication, the following incident was related to me within the past few days by Mr. I. F. Mack, of Sandusky, Ohio. When he was a boy—in the fifties—his family lived on a farm in Wisconsin. His father decided to send him to school at Oberlin, Ohio. He left his home in Wisconsin by stagecoach; and it took him three full days and two nights to get to Chicago, a distance of a little over one hundred miles. His fare cost him six dollars and fifty cents. On reaching Chicago, he called on a broker to exchange his Wisconsin bankbills for the bills of the State Bank of Ohio. Before the broker could tell on what basis he could make the exchange he had to consult the last issue of Thompson's Banknote Reporter. He examined each bill and then gave the boy in exchange for his hundred dollars of Wisconsin notes ninety-three dollars of the currency of the State Bank of Ohio; and the boy figured that this transaction cost him seven dollars.

This was on Friday afternoon; and the boy asked about the trains going east from Chicago. The broker told him to get his trunk on a dray at the stage office and go with the drayman to the railroad station, so as to be ready to start the next morning—Saturday—at six o'clock, when the train would leave for Toledo, Ohio. At the station the baggageman took the trunk and chalked it with the number of the Toledo station. There were no baggage checks in those days; you simply took your chances. There were four different conductors on the line between Chicago and Toledo, because there were four different corporations or railroads between the two cities. The passenger did not have to change cars, but he had to change conductors and pay each one—about as people do on the trolley lines in New England now. At noon the train stopped thirty minutes for dinner. About five o'clock in the evening the train was nearing Toledo and the conductor went through the train and informed the passengers that the next stop was Toledo, from which place there would be no train until Monday morning; so the boy had to stay in Toledo two nights and a day at some expense before he could go farther—and he had been all day in traveling to Toledo from Chicago!

On Monday morning he took the train at Toledo for Cleveland, Ohio, and found that there were three different railroad companies, independent lines, between Toledo and Cleveland! The train ran about fifteen miles an hour and the boy's trunk was rechalked at Toledo. The cost of transportation for himself from Chicago was more than double what it is now; and, instead of six and one-half hours, it took two days, with a stopover of two nights and a day in Toledo because Sunday intervened.

Changes Since the Fifties

TODAY that same boy, now a man, can board a train in Chicago and reach Cleveland in six hours and a half! He has a check in his pocket for his trunk and there is no possible chance of his losing anything, for the railroad company would have to find that trunk or pay for it and its contents. No time is lost en route and a man rides like a prince! Why? Because those little railroad companies, six or seven in all, between Chicago and Cleveland, were consolidated into one corporation; and, including those from Cleveland to Buffalo, three or four more, they are now represented by the Lake Shore Railroad Company, with its various branches, all under one management, with a fare reduced to two cents a mile.

It has been claimed that some men made money improperly in effecting this consolidation, and it is a matter of actual record that riot and bloodshed took place at certain points when the various consolidations were being arranged, thus showing that selfish, improper methods as well as public opposition were factors in consolidations in those days as well as now. Yet, if some genius who thinks he would do a great service to his country could now introduce a bill into Congress for the purpose of restoring the transportation conditions of 1855, does any sane man think this genius could get a single intelligent vote in the United States for such a proposition?

The foregoing story recalls the fact that in the fifties we had state banks that had no affiliations with other states or the outside world. They were purely local affairs, issuing their own currency, with its local value. In those days we had little local lines of railroad, with the inadequate and poor service that has been described.

The first important broad control undertaken by the Federal Government in business affairs was in connection with our banking system, with the result that now we have national banks all over the land under the complete regulation and control of our Federal Government. No one would go back to the old days of Thompson's Banknote Reporter. Why did the Federal Government undertake this control? Because of the abuses, the failures, the mistakes in the old system; because of the necessity for giving the people a broader and more secure form of conducting their banking business. The aim of the Government was not to break up our banking system into smaller, more competitive units, but to eradicate evils and dangers then existing in the banking business, to preserve to the people the good that existed and to move forward to a broader, bigger, better banking system, which we now have in the form of national banks doing an interstate business, the currency of each bank good at its par everywhere, and these institutions have grown in size under national supervision and control until a bank with one hundred million dollars of deposits is no longer an uncommon thing.

Why the Government Stepped In

HAVING succeeded so well with this form of Federal regulation in the great financial department of our business fabric, what was more natural than that the Government should next consider the Federal regulation and control of the next greatest business undertaking in the country—namely, our railroads? This has finally been undertaken on such a large and important scale, and so completely have the railroads come under Federal regulation and control, that one has to jog his memory nowadays to recall the fact that most of our railroads are, after all, still chartered by individual states. This control bids fair to be as satisfactory to the people as the Federal control of their banks has become—for those who were at one time in favor of this system and those who were at one time opposed to it are alike coming to realize its many benefits; because, though there are certain phases of it still in an experimental stage, enough that is worth while has been accomplished to show that Federal railroad control has decided advantages.

Why did the Government undertake this control of the railroads? Broadly speaking, for the same reasons that it undertook the control of the banks: because of the abuses and the mistakes in the old system; because of the necessity for giving the people a broader and more secure form of conducting their railroad business.

Again, the aim of the Government was not to break up our railroad systems into smaller, more competitive units, but to eradicate evils then existing in the railroad business, to preserve to the people the good that existed and to move forward to broader, more uniform, more stable railroad methods.

In working out this Federal control of our railroads the Government went at least one step farther than it did in the regulation and control of our banks and, by legislation virtually declared itself against ruthless competitive methods in the railroad business of this country. It deliberately took away from the railroads their great competitive weapon—namely, rebates—and in so doing stopped the old destructive competitive methods which had been practiced by the railroads to their own and the people's detriment! No wiser or more helpful commercial legislation than this has ever been adopted by our Federal Government—every one heartily agrees to this. And yet, in its last analysis, such legislation pulled the fangs of

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competition in our railroad world—for the practical elimination of the rebate evil has left the railroad business in a condition where today railroad men can compete only through having a naturally shorter route or because of having better facilities of one kind or another! In other words, the wasteful, injurious methods of twenty years ago in the railroad business were the ruthless competitive methods, and they have been virtually eliminated through Federal legislation.

A railroad has transportation to sell to the public. Why should it not offer it under ruthless competitive methods if a company selling oil or tobacco or steel is compelled to sell its commodities under ruthless competitive methods? To say that one is a public-service corporation or that it has been given a franchise by the state is not a good enough answer; it is too narrow, too technical in its reasoning. The question is infinitely greater than a mere technical one or a theory of law. It is, at base, a great moral question! The rebate—the railroad's great competitive weapon—stood for secretive methods, for making flesh of one shipper and fish of another, for all sorts of unjust practices; and that is why it was stopped and not because the railroad company was a public-service corporation. Make no mistake about that! The people were the ones who stopped it and they stopped it because they had reached the conclusion that it was immoral and injurious! This whole question of ruthless competition affects our people too keenly, too thoroughly, to be dealt with along theoretical lines; and the whole trouble lies in the fact that the problem is being dealt with almost solely by non-practical men, by politicians, by theorists.

A Governmental Anomaly

WE HAVE seen how the Government took up our banks and successfully applied Federal regulation, and we have seen the immense benefits that have come to our railroad business and the people through the application of a similar Governmental policy. With two such important precedents successfully established, what was more natural than that the Republican party, which had adopted this policy of Federal regulation and control and successfully put it in operation, should, in its national platform of four years ago, declare, as it did, for the Federal regulation and control of large interstate industrial companies, and say that the business world should look forward to some such arrangement as the next logical step in the evolution of business affairs in this country? But presto! Change! In the last three years a complete reversal in the Federal program seems to have taken place. Instead of even attempting to enact legislation to regulate and control our great interstate and international agencies of trade—regulation that would eradicate the evils that exist and preserve to the people the good that exists—the legislative branch of our Government shirked and unloaded its responsibility on the Supreme Court, which was asked to interpret a law passed under ancient commercial conditions in such a way as to fit modern commercial conditions. No more difficult task was ever put up to a body of intelligent men. As a result, our Government has set out to disrupt our great industrial concerns and force them, under the provisions of an antiquated law, to adopt and pursue destructive competitive methods—and the Government is in the anomalous position of prohibiting ruthless competition in the railroad world and demanding it in the industrial world. Yet our railroads are only domestic agencies of trade, while our great industrial corporations are the very bulwarks of our foreign commerce.

Then, too, we are being told that ruthless competitive methods in the industrial world are going to be a blessing to us; that they are going to make business better, cheapen cost to the consumer, improve labor conditions and promote prosperity generally. Yet there is not a man in middle life in this country, familiar with business affairs, who does not remember the awful curse of ruthless competitive methods on not only the business fabric but the individual welfare of the people of this country! What underlies ruthless competitive methods? The desire to supply the public with better goods at a lower price? Is that the moving, impelling force behind it? Nonsense! Ruthless competition is nothing more or less than a titanic struggle between Mr. A. and Mr. B. to cut each other's commercial throats, with the hope of ultimate pecuniary benefit for the survivor! It is an effort to crush out, ruin, annihilate one man for the personal benefit of another man; and the entire path of our industrial progress is strewn with the white bones of just such victims of competition.

There is no logical connection between the evils that have existed in our large industrial concerns and the remedies the Government is trying to apply. In place of regulation we are given segregation and are told that dissolution is the solution—though every practical man knows that dissolution is a mere delusion. Government regulation is all right; but Government repression is all wrong.

The Republican party, in its platform of four years ago, in speaking of the Sherman Law, declared as follows:

"Experience has shown that its effectiveness can be strengthened and its real objects better attained by such amendments as will give to the Federal Government great supervision and control over and secure greater publicity in the management of that class of corporations engaged in interstate commerce having power and opportunity to effect monopolies."

There can be no mistaking the language used. The Republican party expressed itself as being in favor of amending the Sherman Law, and clearly indicated that there existed companies having power and opportunity to effect monopolies, which companies should be supervised and controlled by the Federal Government.

At the same time, the Democratic party declared for a policy that would prohibit the control by a "manufacturing or trading corporation engaged in interstate commerce . . . of more than fifty per cent of the total amount of any product consumed in the United States"; and we are now witnessing the spectacle of the Republican party, which was victorious at the polls, not only failing to carry out the trust plank in its own platform, but actually carrying out the trust plank of the Democratic party, which was defeated at the polls. Could political confusion be worse confounded?

What is the Matter With Business?

IF ANYBODY wants to know what is the matter with business, why we are not so prosperous as we should be, why the country is torn asunder politically, let him contemplate what has happened and he will no longer be filled with wonderment; but he will be filled with amazement that such colossal blundering can take place in such an enlightened country as ours is supposed to be.

Somebody in this country is making a colossal mistake. Somebody is woefully wrong. Is it the theoretical politician or the practical business man? Did our Federal Government make a mistake in adopting a policy of Federal regulation with our banks and railroads, or is it making a mistake in not adopting a similar policy with our interstate industrials? Did it make a mistake in eliminating ruthless competition among the railroads, or is it making a mistake in enforcing ruthless competition among industrials?

Every day we hear it said that we cannot hope to have our business problems seriously taken up by Congress, with the determination to straighten them out, until after the next presidential election. It is distinctly a crime to use as a pawn in the next presidential election a question so vitally affecting the very life of the nation! Must the prosperity of the country, the material welfare of our people, be held back for at least twelve months for the profit and advantage of politicians? Are the people of the United States going to stand for any such program as this? Have we been working since 1776 to build up a country of politics for politicians?

What the present situation needs is immediate constructive legislation; and such a program does not present insurmountable difficulties. Its solution would be comparatively easy and prompt if we could have a little more patriotism and a little less politics. If our legislative friends really want to stop playing politics for personal or party gain and do something of a constructive nature for the country they need but to follow precedents that are already established and that are well understood and approved by the people. No experiments on a large and doubtful scale are necessary. Congress in a very short time could adopt a policy that would give both immediate and prospective relief; and this could be done by working somewhat along the following lines:

Immediate Relief

First: Create at once, in or out of the Department of Commerce and Labor, a Business Court or controlling commission, composed largely of experienced business men.

Second: Give this body power to license corporations doing an interstate or international business.

Third: Make such license depend on the ability of a corporation to comply with conditions laid down by Congress when creating such commission and with such regulations as may be prescribed by the commission itself.

Fourth: Make publicity, both before and after the license is issued, the essential feature of these rules and regulations. Require each company to secure the approval of said commission of all its affairs, from its capitalization to its business practices. In the beginning, lay down only broad principles, with a view to elaborating and perfecting them as conditions require.

Fifth: Make the violation of such rules and regulations punishable by the imprisonment of individuals rather than by the revocation of the license of the company, adopting in this respect the method of procedure against national banks in case of wrongdoing.

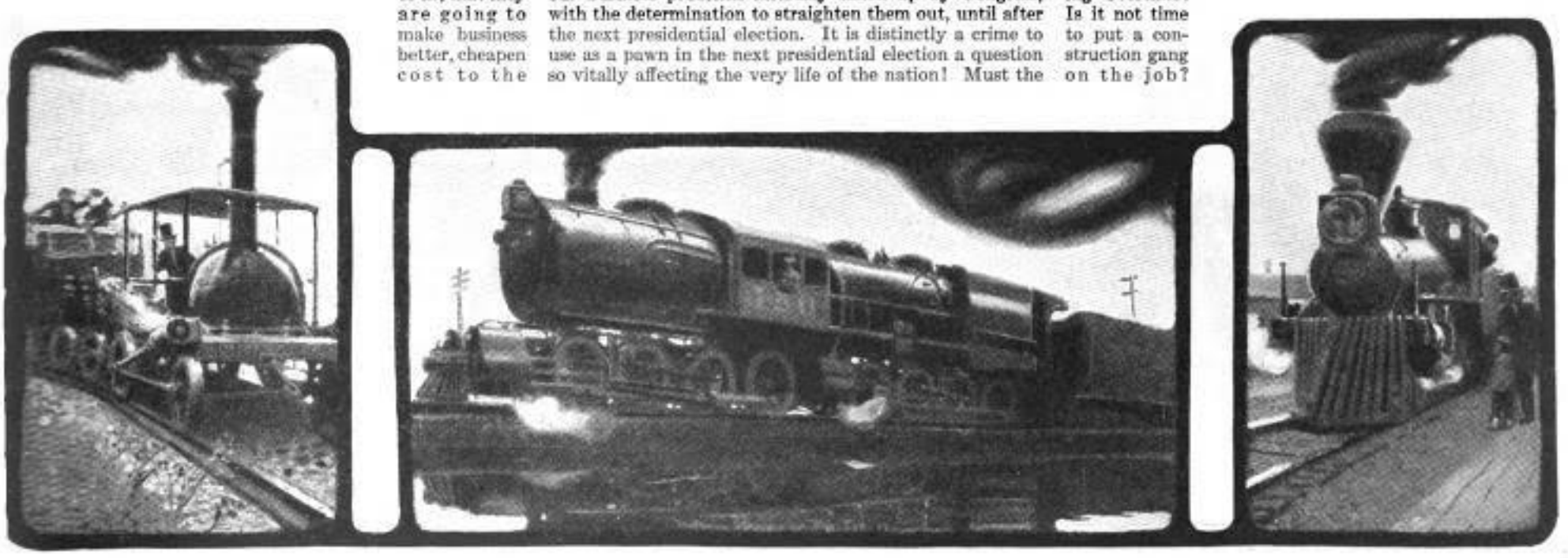
Prospective Relief

First: The House and the Senate should join at once in appointing a commission to make a careful study of the Sherman Law and the various suggestions that have been made regarding its repeal, amendment and amplification.

Second: Said commission should study and report on the wisdom and practicability of a national incorporation act.

In the foregoing manner immediate relief could be provided. At the same time, the questions surrounding the Sherman Law and national incorporation would be under an investigation that would be proceeding in a calm and orderly manner, with a view to reaching ultimately a wise and permanent solution of the whole question.

A board of control, with power to license such companies as were clearly working for and not against public interest, would take the place of a number of long-drawn-out lawsuits, and would have the effect of placing such licensed companies where they would know they were proceeding along lines not in violation of national laws or Federal authority. Such concerns as could not or did not wish to meet this test would then have no right to complain if they were proceeded against under the Sherman Law. Meanwhile uncertainty would be dispelled simply by working along lines already well understood by the people. The developments of the last few months make it clear that dissolution is no solution! The wrecking crew has been working overtime! Is it not time to put a construction gang on the job?



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THE CAPSULE

By HARRIS DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. CHAMBERS

Old Reliable Takes a Capsule and Gets Off at Africa Landing

Sailing away through the boundless day
On a tub of the bluingest blue—
It stretches from here to the Far-and-Near,
Over the rim of the Wonder-Where,
And back again from the Yonder-There.
Gulls dip their duds in the trailing suds
She leaves on the laundry blue.

THE Olga plowed a straight and purposeful furrow. Behind her lay the purple haze of Greece; far ahead, across the Mediterranean, stretched a violet field, whose tawny edge was Africa. Ripples of peacock blue broke across her bow and burst into a shimmer of broken opals. Whirling white bubbles settled down in her wake. All around and about—above, below—there was naught but a vast and vacant globe, a fretted ball of water, with this smoking speck—the Olga—in its very middle.

Old Reliable was not pestered in his mind about the peacock blue, and the violet field troubled him none whatever. It was the vacant globe that bothered Zack. He hungered for the Hot Cat Eating House and somebody who could understand that regular old-timey United States talk. This gibble-gabble on the upper deck and the gibberish amidships made his feet itch to get away. A lonesome, black-faced figure in store-bought clothes and wide-brimmed hat, he wandered from one chattering group to another, smiling in neighborly fashion, but tongue-tied, staked out in the fields of silence, fenced off from his kind. Back and back again he came to the Colonel's chair.

The Colonel had dropped his magazine on deck and was gazing across the blue waters. His mind went straying with Phenician galleys that once had sailed these seas—the Carthaginians, the Normans, the fortunes of Cæsar.

Zack bent over him; "Cunnel, don't you want me to do nuthin' fer you?" The Colonel shook his head; he was dreaming, smiling, drowsing. Old Reliable pushed himself along. "I wish I wuz back home, sick in bed." If he just had hold of the plow-handles he could run a one-sided discussion with the mule.

Up and down the deck he rambled, desolate as a house-dog when the children have gone away—anxious to wag his tail if somebody would only snap a finger.

He did not see a man who watched him intently—Gregory Lykoff, who had caught the Olga at Piræus. How Lykoff smuggled himself out of Russia was an enigma to the police. His affair was urgent. The Government had captured a key to their secret cipher and the Terrorists had to change it. Lykoff carried the new key which was to put them again in communication with comrades throughout the world. Immaculate, languid-looking, with a fastidious black mustache and hands of girlish softness, nobody would pick Lykoff for a man who had toiled in Siberian mines and would dare a second exile. That was fifteen years ago; and today Gregory Lykoff was only thirty-one. It behooved him to be cautious. In the first place, he should have avoided any steamer that flew the Russian flag; but Guinea Ryan, the American boilermaker, brought that imperative order from Alexandria. Even then Lykoff would never have trusted himself on board the Olga if he could have foreseen that the implacable Gargarin—known as the "Bloodhound"—and his shrewdest assistant would climb the Olga's companionway five minutes before she sailed. It was, then, no surprise to find Gargarin assigned to him as a cabin-mate. Lykoff grimly determined to be worthy the tribute that his Government had paid so young a man.



"Hold on! That's the Worst Thing You Could Do"

Lykoff knew there were intercepted letters in St. Petersburg waiting for this key before they could be read; and the lives of men depended upon him. The young Russian had been in serious situations before.

A French novel did not distract his attention from the Bloodhound, who leaned against a lifeboat, with eyes upon the sea. Gargarin wouldn't be squeamish in his methods. Lykoff would be searched before he got to Alexandria—baggage, cabin and person—that was inevitable. Lykoff knew that his Government wanted the key rather than himself; Gargarin knew that Lykoff would carry it in such a way that it could be instantly destroyed—which had happened in several bunglesome arrests. Manifestly Lykoff could not take it ashore, even if he were permitted to leave the ship himself, which was not likely. Neither could he trust Guinea Ryan—Guinea being under strict surveillance. He must get an unsuspected man. From the moment Lykoff set eyes on Colonel Spottiswoode he felt that here was one who could help, but wouldn't. No amount of persuasion or money—neither of which Lykoff lacked—could reach such men. But the black man—the negro? An inspiration! Lykoff had lived in the United States and knew somewhat of these negroes. This black servant would follow his master ashore and pass unchallenged. Once ashore, it was easy for Lykoff or his friends to reclaim his priceless scrap of paper. Lykoff—terrorist, assassin, patriot, what you please—sat placidly in his chair and made up his mind.

. . . . . .

At first it scared Zack shaky in the knees—the abruptness with which that snappy-eyed white man followed him into his cabin and locked the door. There was a command in his gesture which kept the negro from making an outcry. "Your name is Zack?"

"Yas, suh; but everybody, white and black, calls me 'Ole Reliable.'" Zack's smile was feeble, his intentions strong.

"'Zack' is enough; that's easier. Do you want a hundred dollars?"

This reassured Zack mightily; the man talked United States; he said "dollars" instead of those other words which Zack could not understand. "Yas, suh."

"You are going ashore with the Colonel?"

"Sholy, sholy; Cunnel won't lemme git two foot away from him—Cunnel ain't able to do nuthin' fer hisself."

"Very good; I want to send a letter ashore. It is important. Here it is, rolled in this capsule. You must deliver it to the man who will come to you and say 'Zack'—not another single word—'Zack.' He will hand you the other ten sovereigns when you give him the capsule; here are ten now."

It was no dream—that white man put ten goldpieces into Zack's hand, carelesslike, same as if it was nothing but buttons—more money than Zack had seen since Drif quit fighting.

The negro grinned for the sake of better acquaintance. "Mister, how come you knowed so good dat my name was Zack?"

"I heard the Colonel call you 'Zack.'"

"Huh! You knows de Cunnel?" Zack brightened up.

"Heard you call him 'Colonel'—don't interrupt me!" Lykoff spoke peremptorily—Zack loved to hear a white man talk like he meant it.

Suddenly he stopped—a step in the passage; a knock on the door. There was a closet in the cabin in which clothes could be hung—Lykoff stepped inside and closed it as Zack opened the door. "Zack, where are my glasses?"

"I'll git 'em in a minute, Cunnel." And the steps passed on.

Lykoff reappeared from hiding and took out a cigar, a peculiar cigar with a peculiar band. In deep thought he removed the band; it fell to the floor. "Do you understand me perfectly?"

"Yas, suh; sho do."



The Soles of His Shoes Were Ripped Apart, His Purse Unstitched

"You will keep beside your master and never leave him."

"Leave Cunnel? Dat I ain't; who else he got to take keer o' him?"

"Very good. Now, in case anybody tries to get that capsule away from you"—Zack began to show the whites of his eyes—"or if any accident happens, you must swallow it."

Zack gasped. "Mister, dis here stuff ain't pizen!"

"It will not hurt you. I hid it in that capsule so I could swallow it if necessary. Or you can throw it into the sea. It will sink."

"Well, mister, ef it's jes de same wid you, I'll chance it in de water."

"Very good—but only in extremity. One more thing you must not look at me or speak to me. You have never seen me before—remember that." This pleased Old Reliable into a wink and a grin. He loved mystery. He gloried in lodge work; he loved the grips and signs and passwords, which ignorant niggers didn't know.

"Now, tell me what you are to do." Lykoff put him through his paces.

Old Reliable reeled it off like a parrot: "Give dis here pill to de man what calls me 'Zack'—an' I gits ten more dese. Ef anybody acts like he gwine to git it away from me jes drap it in de water. An' I ain't got to let on I knows you."

"Very good." As Lykoff came, so he went—without warning. He did not glance from the door to see if he were spied upon. He must take a chance.

He left Zack standing in his cabin, staring from the goldpieces to the capsule.

"Huh! Dat white man conduck hisself mighty funny about dis pill." Zack tried each sovereign with his teeth, stuffed them deep in his breeches pockets and put the capsule inside his vest. Still in a daze, he picked up the cigar-band that lay on the floor and slipped it on his finger as though it were a ring.

Lykoff and the Bloodhound were having their coffee in the smoking room. Zack passed through and gave his co-conspirator a chill. Lykoff noticed that green-gold ring; the Bloodhound noticed it. Neither one batted an eye. A few minutes later Gargarin examined the steward's stock of cigars. There was none to match the green-gold band; none among the various passengers—the American smoked a distinctly American brand. Gargarin wanted to know how Zack got that cigar band and Lykoff had to account for it. Lykoff waited until the Colonel and Zack were standing at the rail. Zack was restless, looking all around him, missing nothing. Lykoff led the Bloodhound to their windward and casually dropped a band from his cigar. The wind bowled it toward Old Reliable. As Lykoff hoped, the negro saw it coming and picked up the glittering bit of paper. Lykoff said nothing. Gargarin said nothing.

The bearer of the cipher had been none too quick in shifting it to other hands. At lunch he was taken violently ill and carried from the table. The ship's surgeon administered medicines; Lykoff lapsed into unconsciousness

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When he awoke next morning in the hospital he wore pajamas, his clothes folded on a chair had been searched in every pocket and seam. Not a crevice in his cabin *had been* overlooked, the soles of his shoes were ripped apart, his purse unstitched—Gargarin's scrutiny had been thorough.

"*Luck's* agin me!" Old Reliable mused when his Russian ally showed himself on deck. "Dar's de onliest white *man* what kin talk my sort o' talk—an' I ain't 'lowed to say nuthin' to him."

The Colonel had composed himself for another day of staring at the sea. Zack invented diverting novelties in conversation, but the Colonel wouldn't nibble. The negro straggled off and went foraging for companionship among the third-class passengers. On the forward deck he lingered beside a low platform, carpeted with canvas and sheltered by an awning; four or five bumpy-legged men sprawled beneath this canopy. Maybe they belonged to a sideshow, and they talked aplenty—some kind of bird-store chatter. Zack moved aft. On the open deck amidships he found other men in accordion-plaited skirts and wrapped-up women with curtains drawn across their faces, playing with crazy-looking cards—which didn't satisfy Zack.

It was then that a voice from heaven came unto him saying: "Hello, old man, where'd you come from?"

Old Reliable grinned a noble grin. "Vicksburg, Mis'sippi, suh."

Guinea Ryan, like everybody else, was sprawling in the shade. He wore clothes, but of no describable kind. "What's your name?"

"Zack Foster, suh; but everybody, white and black, calls me 'Ole Reliable.'"

Guinea Ryan's hands, covered with sandy hair, showed how the desert had burned them raw; then they had healed over, but remained raw-colored. He held a stubby pipe with thumb and forefinger. Three fingers were missing from the left hand. Freckles, generously spattered, accounted for his name. Everybody from the Mersey to the Yangtse-Kiang dubbed him "Guinea"—Guinea Ryan, cosmopolite citizen, whose hammer rang around the world, battering rivets from Buenos Aires to Bombay and patching boilers from Vicksburg to Vladivostok. His face cracked open in a noiseless laugh: "How's old Paddy McGill, the b'iler-maker, on Levee Street?"

Zack switched on all his facial illuminations. "Lordy, mister; is you 'quainted wid Mister Paddy? I knows 'im reel good."

"Sure, I knows Paddy; many's the night I've laid flat o' me back in them steamboat b'ilers, holding the hammer while Paddy battered rivets from the outside." Guinea sat up, made a pivot of his middle-rear, swung around and motioned Zack to a seat. "The world ain't no bigger'n a sardine box. Set down. Where are you going?"

Zack's tongue untied itself and went to rattling: "I'm gwine to git off dis boat at Afriky Landin'. I done traveled a long way to larn dese niggers how to plant cotton; and I reckon I knows all about cotton—an' all about niggers too. Now, dar's de Cunnel—yonder he, sleep in dat chair wid dem white clothes on—he's gwine wid me to he'p show 'em how."

"Show 'em how to do what?"

"Make cotton. You see, mister, I got a plantation; an' Cunnel he owns a little lan'—dat's how come dese gent'-men 'vailed on me an' him; dey jes nacherly had fidgets 'til us got started off to Afriky."

"I wonder is that the new Sudan Syndicate?" Guinea spoke aloud, but it was to himself.

"Yas, suh; I heered 'em call dat name, 'Suzanne'—Mrs. Suzanne sumbody or 'nother; we's gwine up on her place. Widders can't never manage dey own property."

Far be it from Guinea to smile and scare off a good thing. But he knew that vast Sudan; and knew the syndicate whose ambition it was to plant fifty thousand acres. "So you are the man that's going to learn them niggers."

Old Reliable tried to be modest. "I'm him."

"Do you think you'll get along with the Shilluks and Dinkas?"

"What's dem?"

"Them's the kind of niggers that live up yonder."

"Lordy, mister; 'tain't no two kinds o' niggers—all of 'em jes de same. Some white folks argufies dat dey's diffunt—but d'ain't."

Guinea drew himself closer. "How are you going to do?"

"'Tain't but one way to larn nuthin' to niggers: Git straight behine 'em every mornin' at fo' 'clock an' hustle 'em out to de field; den foller every track dey make. Dey got to git up when I rings dat bell—no sore toes an' no mis'ry in de back. Sore-toe niggers can't draw no rations on Saddy night. Now dar's de Cunnel! He ain't no more'n a baby. But dem niggers on Sherwood Plantation, dey thinks de sun rise an' set in Cunnel. Ef he say black is white dey sets deir min' by dat, same as dey sets deir watch by dat big clock in de sto'."

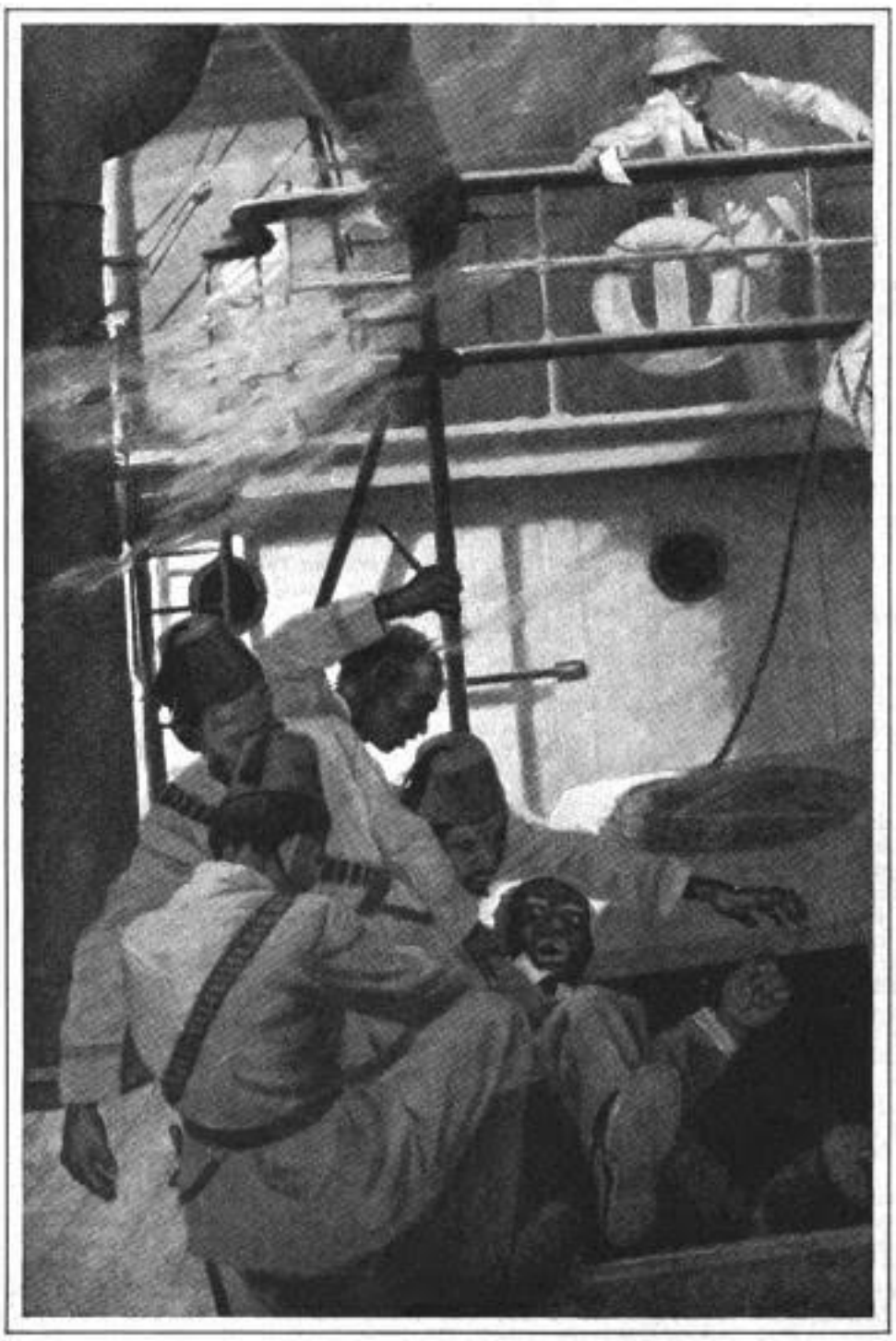
The smile at Guinea's mouth lost itself in a wilderness of freckles. He leaned forward and whispered: "Better get your Colonel to tell them quarantine soldiers about you—try to make them believe black is white ——"

"How come, mister?" Zack didn't relish the uneasy way in which Guinea glanced behind him. A negro couldn't feel anything but skittish surrounded by gipsylike men in skirts and women whose black eyes peered at him through a slit in their facecloths.

The Irishman began to talk; his Adam's apple went scampering up and down that scraggy neck. Zack got excited; Guinea might swallow it or let it go. Since Guinea won his fame for single-handed lying he had never cornered such a ravenous listener. He pumped that negro's hide plumb full. Old Reliable leaned forward breathlessly. Guinea gulped and went on with his tale: "Ten thousand folks dyin' every day—cholera—three-fingered cholera—coffins piled up in the street, same as crossties—an' my pardner—Sh! He turned black in the face while I was lookin' at 'im and dropped dead."

"Dar now!"

"Old nigger, did you ever see a Irishman run? This ship was pullin' out—I made one leap an' grabbed them steps. Them Rooshians was goin' to fumigate me."



"Lemme 'Lone, You Yaller Niggers! Turn Me Loose. I Been Black All My Born Days"

"Fumigate! Huh!—War dat all? White folks used to fumigate nigger houses continual in time o' de yaller fever."

Guinea nodded complacently, letting Zack run on.

"At de fust off-startin' niggers tuk on mightily; den got so dey didn't min' it. One smart Aleck he 'lowed he know how to fumigate and kill skeeters. 'Twarn't no trick in dat. So he shet all de do's and winders an' pasted paper over de cracks. His ole gramma had been tuk down wid a mis'ry an' couldn't git out er de bed; he 'low 'twuz all right—jes let her be. She say she could put 'er head under de kivers. Den he sot fire to dem sulphur pans. Huh! Never made nary skeeter cough—but dat fool nigger cost my lodge forty-six dollars dat next comin' Sunday to bury ole gramma."

Guinea pulled deep on his pipe. "That ain't no way to fumigate; they fixes yo' clock over here—fixes it good and proper. See them fingers?" Zack had been wondering how Guinea lost those three fingers. "That's what they done to me in Alexandria. Made me stick out my tongue and squirted a lot o' stuff down my throat with a hoss-syringe; doctor commenced to feel my pulse, started way up here to the shoulder an' kep' afeelin' down. The minute he touched them three fingers he said: 'Whack em off; he's got cholera in 'em!' There wasn't no 'ifs' and 'ands' and 'buts' about it—Gippy soldiers whacked 'em off."

"Uh! Uh!" Zack grunted. "I heered you speak dem words 'bout three fingers o' cholera but never knowed reel good what 'twuz." Guinea's lips twitched; he looked mighty mournful. Presently Zack volunteered in a subdued tone: "When we has quawnteen white folks sets aroun' de edge o' town wid shotguns and won't let nobody come in."

"That part's all right," Guinea admitted. "You wait 'til they git you at Alexandria—this evening. They stuffed me into one o' them tall boxes, like a coffin standing up on one end. Gippies was going to strangle me with sulphur and I couldn't speak a word o' their talk. I hollered out the grand hallin' sign o' distress—and a lodge brother heard it. He come pretty nigh not gittin' me out quick enough. That's what blistered me all over. Look at them hands!" Zack had his mind on the lodge. "I b'longs," he whispered eagerly.

Guinea nodded and winked. "Mighty good thing. Plenty brothers over here."

"What dey gwine to do to me when I gits to Afriky Landin'?"

Guinea looked pained; he hated to say. "Sh! Keep yo' eyes skinned. If you see 'em comin' in a boat, with a yaller flag, look out for snakes. That yaller flag means they are goin' to fumigate. Heap of soldiers come aboard. Sergeant stands at the top o' the steps; doctor goes and makes all first-cabin passengers stick out their tongues, feels their pulse an' gives 'em a certificate."

"I'm fust class," Zack announced quickly.

Then Guinea added: "That's only the white folks—third-cabin an' dark-skinned people they chunk 'em overboard in a barge an' fumigate 'em."

"Dark-skinned? Dark-skinned?"

Guinea explained very clearly: "When a feller catches cholera he turns black ——"

Zack squirmed. "I kin prove by Cunnel dat I always is been dark-complected."

"Better prove by Colonel that you are white."

"Huh! I'm gwine straight to Cunnel wid dat news." His coattails were already flopping against the stair-rail when Guinea jerked him back.

"Hold on; that's the worst thing you could do. When them Gippies commence asking: 'Where's that black man with the widebrimmed hat?' the Colonel he'd say: 'That must be Zack. He was here a minute ago.' Then they'll get you."

The negro sank helplessly on the covered hatchway. When he got his breath again he asked: "What makes 'em fumigate black folks and don't meddle wid white folks?"

Guinea whispered ominously: "This ship sailed out o' the Black Sea."

"My Gawd! My Gawd! Mister, what is we gwine to do?"

"When I see 'em dumpin' bedclothes in them barges I'm going to hide."

(Continued on Page 69)

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 16, 1912

Express and Postage

TO SEND a ton of goods by express in this country costs over sixteen times as much as to send it by freight. Express companies protest, however, that their charges are very reasonable, yielding only a modest return upon the investment after operating expenses are paid.

Now the next time you send a parcel by express observe what happens. First, the agent weighs your parcel. Next he consults two or three cryptic rate books to see what the charge should be. Next he writes you a receipt. Next, if you stay to see it, he makes out a waybill, which he copies into his record of forward shipments, and fills up a statement of the forward shipments to be sent to the company's auditor.

Congressman Lewis, of Maryland, enumerates eleven different operations, exclusive of weighing the parcel and the actual forwarding and delivery of it; but if your parcel is of mailable size you can go to the post-office, weigh it and stick on a stamp. The one operation of stamping takes the place of eleven at the express office.

No doubt you have sometimes stood five minutes while the express agent simply figured out the charge on your parcel. There is no good reason for these vastly complicated express tariffs. If the post-office were doing the business probably there would be a few big zones—the proper postage would be ascertained in five seconds, stamps affixed and the business ended.

An Industrial Relations Commission

TAKE the Lawrence woolen mills strike as a typical example: In January a law went into effect reducing the hours of labor from fifty-six to fifty-four. Without prior notice to the hands, wages were correspondingly reduced. A strike followed. Presently there was rioting. A person was killed by a stray bullet. The strike leader was locked up as an accessory to murder. On behalf of the men it was charged that wages were unconscionably low, that mill-owners had filled up their establishments with Italian immigrants, throwing out the higher-priced native labor, and so on. The National Association of Wool Manufacturers issued a long statement, denying all charges and putting the blame on labor agitators.

This is what always happens in case of a strike. In the heat of the fight each side makes interested and passionate charges, denials, counter-charges. Presently one side or the other gives in. Then the public dismisses the episode, without retaining any clear idea as to its cause or effects, and we are no better equipped to deal with the next violent labor dispute than we were with the one just passed. Broadly speaking, we do not deal with labor problems at all, except when a strike-fit is on—which is the worst possible time to study them.

In recommending a Federal Commission on Industrial Relations the President says: "What is needed is some system, devised by patient study in advance, that will meet these constantly occurring and clearly foreseeable emergencies—not a makeshift to tide over an existing crisis." The first step in this direction would be a commission, under authority of the Federal Government, to survey the ground. It is often charged that the union leaders, who are practically the only spokesmen for labor, do not really represent the rank and file of workmen. The proposed commission, going directly to the workmen themselves, would get an expression the validity of which could not be questioned. Working in times of industrial peace and without reference to any particular controversy it would give us a decidedly clearer, broader, more impartial reflection of the relations between capital and labor than we possess at present. If there is any subject upon which clear and impartial light is needed it is exactly this one of the relations between capital and labor.

The Weapon of the Future

THE French government has decided that hereafter no foreign security shall be listed on the Paris Bourse except with the approval of the Cabinet. The recent downfall of Premier Caillaux was brought about by charges that he had entered into secret negotiations with Germany over the Moroccan affair, holding out the inducement, among others, that certain German securities should be listed on the Bourse. Hereafter the entire Cabinet must be consulted before any foreign bond or stock is put in touch with French capital by way of the official stock exchange. Immediately after adopting this new rule the privilege of quotation on the Bourse was withdrawn from the bonds of the Crédit Foncier Cubain—a large private investment institution. The reason was that Cuba had delayed settlement of claims of French citizens for indemnity on account of losses suffered during the Cuban war for independence. The usual remedy in such cases has been a naval "demonstration," equivalent to a threat of bombardment. Now France strikes with gold by shutting Cuban securities out of her investment market. That France brought pressure upon the German government during the Moroccan crisis by withdrawing French capital from Berlin is well known.

For some time it was generally believed if either side in the Chinese civil war were able to borrow money abroad it would win; and Secretary Knox, in a note to the German Ambassador, expressed the sound idea that genuine neutrality in regard to China required Western nations to "look with disfavor" upon loans by their citizens to either side—in short, lending money to either the Royalists or the Republicans with which to buy cannon was as much a breach of neutrality as lending them the cannon.

Every one is familiar with the tables that state the fighting power of nations in terms of regiments and battleships. The table of the future will show a nation's fighting power by stating its bank deposits and gold reserve.

Mr. Taft's Southern Supporters

FROM a Washington dispatch to the Florida Times-Union we learn that President Taft, Secretary Hilles and Campaign-Manager McKinley "were astounded when they found that, in South Carolina, forty-two out of the forty-three counties have negroes as chairmen of the Republican county organizations, and of twenty-five executive committeemen twenty-two are negroes. . . . No statement is to be had from the White House, but it is understood that things are red-hot behind the scenes."

Commenting editorially upon the dispatch, the Times-Union observes: "It will not pay President Taft to be too particular about the color of the delegates that go from the South to vote for him in the Republican Convention. A vote is a vote. If Mr. Taft thinks that by objecting to the preponderance of negro voters he will divide the South he is mistaken. If the President thinks the negroes could not be relied upon to vote for him he should know that they will be as reliable as the whites. Many negro delegates could be bought outright with money, but as large a percentage of white Republican delegates could be bought—only they would take offices or political pull instead of money. . . . The truth is, no Republican candidate can rely on Southern delegates."

The Times-Union, of course, is a prejudiced witness; yet, giving nearly a third of the votes in the nominating convention to delegates who come with no mandate from Republican constituencies, but only to dicker for the spoils, is not a condition that makes for the uplifting of politics. Four years hence we believe the candidates of both parties will be chosen by the voters of the parties.

How Shall We Honor Lincoln?

SOMETHING must be done, of course, to spend the two million dollars Congress has appropriated for a grand memorial to Lincoln at the national capital. Owing to a melancholy paucity of original ideas, recourse will probably be had to the conventional expedient of erecting a large mass of marble and bronze which very likely will be as little inspiring as most of such masses are, and which will have only as much to do with Lincoln as the capital of Nebraska has—that is, it will bear his name. We have the lowest possible opinion of conventional monuments, and our opinion tends to decline in proportion as the size and cost of the memorial rise. What, we wonder, can be done with two million dollars' worth of marble that will penetrate the beholder with a sense of Lincoln as Saint Gaudens' simple statue at Chicago does? The monument will really be to Congress, or to the sculptors. The man who wrote in perfect simplicity that he might soon be pressed to the wall for bread but must go on in the fight against the extension of slavery would hardly find himself in it.

The national capital has plenty of conventional and dull monuments which, however, nobody minds, because they are relatively inconspicuous—scattered in the parks, where lovely foliage invites the eye away from them, or bunched in Statuary Hall, where one can skip by with a few brisk steps. A conspicuously placed two-million-dollar monument that was not a success would be something of an affliction. The chance for success seems doubtful. We can think, offhand, of other ways to spend two million dollars, where the chance for success would be greater and the relationship to Lincoln at least quite as obvious.

Mr. Howells at Seventy-Five

WE REMEMBER very well when many people of good intentions regarded William Dean Howells as a terribly wrong sort of person. His political views were held to be unsound, with dangerous leanings to Socialism. More important than that—for he was even then our foremost man of letters—he was devoted to an insidious scheme for blighting American literature by keeping everything truly noble out of it. A great many young critics imagined Mr. Howells as an ogre lying in wait at the gates of literature, with an ax, for the star-eyed goddess Inspiration. Some of them talked about him as though they had seen his hands dripping with that beauteous personage's gore.

At Mr. Howells' seventy-fifth birthday, however, all the world that knows anything whatever upon the subject knows he was perfectly right. We don't mean with reference to that once tremendously important issue of realist versus romanticist; in fact, we have completely lost track of that in recent years. We mean he was always courageous, always sincere, always and invariably kind. That is as right as it is given to any controversialist to be.

A Protective Suggestion

FOR many years English agriculture has been in a declining way. The amount of wheat produced, in proportion to the amount consumed, has tended steadily to fall. An eminent Englishman puts the case this way:

"Wheat can be grown in the United Kingdom at a fair profit to the farmer when the price is equivalent to a dollar and three cents a bushel. Some years it drops below that price. The farmer then meets a loss and reduces his wheat area; but if he were sure of never getting less than a dollar and three cents he would greatly increase his wheat area because he could always count upon a fair profit. So let the government guarantee that minimum price. If wheat sells higher than that the guaranty will cost the government nothing. If it sells lower the government will make up the difference by a bounty, and the people will know precisely how many pounds, shillings and pence they are paying to protect the home industry."

This is an exceedingly neat and plausible scheme. It gives protection only when protection is actually needed. At the same time it guarantees the home producer a fair profit. Our protected industries say in the party platforms that they want protection only when actually needed and guaranty of only a fair profit; but we wonder how a scheme like this British one, which automatically produced those results, would really strike them?

Unscrambled Eggs Marked Up

THE estimable gentlemen who conducted the Standard Oil Trust did fairly well in the matter of keeping the wolf from the door when they were mostly going on their own hook; but the powerful intervention of the Federal Government in their affairs seems to have started them off in the direction of practically unlimited wealth. Less than a year has elapsed since the Supreme Court declared them a combination in unreasonable restraint of trade and ordered them to dissolve. It was only last fall that the formal dissolution was effected. The shares of the various units into which they resolved themselves have been rising in market value pretty steadily ever since. The last quotation at this writing gives an asked price equivalent to seven hundred and forty dollars for a share of the old Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, which is much more than that stock was worth in its undissolved state. As there were, in round numbers, one million shares of the old company, dissolution seems already to have been worth something over a hundred million dollars to the fortunate stockholders. It should be remembered in this connection that stocks generally are very dull at present, and other leading issues sell well below the best price even of 1911, which was far from a boom year. At this rate it is rather staggering to think what Standard Oil in its dissolution will be worth in a boom market!

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Louisiana's Hall of Fame

THERE is this to be said for the Sunny South: When they get ready to swat the bosses down where the cotton grows they swat the bosses real swats, not ontenting themselves with the slaps on the wrist that pass urrent for boss-rebukers in other localities. It may be ged it takes them a long time to get ready, but that a boll-weevil come-back and to be classed with other pidopterous retorts.

The kernel of it is that they swat 'em; and the proof of is found in that little affair that recently attracted the tention of Louisiana, where, if you have a smattering of e history of your own times, you know they had bosses ith bark on them, and where they were bossed from orn until what is held to be dewy eve in that vicinity.

primary was responsible for it—a real up-boys-and--them primary—which was one of the first primaries e voters of Louisiana had ever enjoyed—if not, indeed, e first—and positively the first chance the citizens of the ate had had to do a little thinking and voting on their wn account, instead of on account of the bosses and their account.

This is what happened: The men in power had succeeded r years in holding things as they wanted to hold them y invoking the power of regularity. They made a fetish f Democracy. To be irregular was to be un-Democratic, nd to be un-Democratic was some sort of a high crime nd misdemeanor that would surely call down dire disaster n the heads of those who strayed from the beaten path. nd the bosses were the judges of this highly-essential egularity. Inasmuch as the Republican party in Louisiana ffered vague refuge to those who were inclined to revolt, was held to be necessary to be bossed and regular or in the pariahs by leaving the bosses. And the bosses aw to it that the list of pariahs was kept constantly on the anding galleys, ready for instant use.

Meantime a long succession of state officials had had hings pleasantly their own way, and there had arrived a overnor who was even more genially a dictator than his redecessors. He carefully took over all the perquisites in he way of machinery and machinists that he found in orking order when he went in, and added a few little nprovements of his own from time to time, including a hoice collection of workers called game wardens, whose uties were toward the governor's game. All was merry s a Mardi Gras until two young men, by name Thomson nd Ballard, outlanders from Maryland and Virginia, pened up in an afternoon paper they own and began to all attention to various goings on. They called attention ontinuously and stridently. Presently another paper oined in. Then the people took a hand. They began o put a few timid whys. No attention was paid to hese queries naturally, but they kept on asking: and it asn't so long until the timid whys became temerous ow-about-its—and the Hour was at hand!

The Conquest of New Orleans

WHEN the Hour—capital H, please—arrives in politics the next important factor is the Man—capital M. At this exact moment, when the Man was needed, John M. Parker, a cotton broker, with ideas of his own about government, and a reputation as a hunter—indeed, he taught The Colonel how to shoot bears in the canebrake—left his office on Union Street and walked to the center of the town of New Orleans, remarking the while that now was the time for all good men to come to the aid of a new party. So he organized the Democratic Good Government League—and organized it in a statewide sense. This was held by the bosses to desecrate the sacred principle of the primary, for which they had had the desecration privileges for many, many years. The bosses were strong for the sacred principle of the primary, merely exacting that they should run the primaries themselves and profit by them.

John M. Parker went up to Ouachita Parish and stayed there a few days. When he came back to New Orleans he had the man who was to be the head of the insurgent Democracy of the state, by name Luther Egbert Hall, recently elected to a twelve-year term on the supreme bench of the state. Southern Louisiana had heard little of Luther Egbert Hall, but they took John M. Parker's word for it that Luther was the Man; and when John M. showed him in New Orleans they liked Luther's looks and said he would do.

It was no small job to get Luther Egbert Hall into the field. It isn't so easy to live in Northern Louisiana and support a father and mother and rear a family and get far enough along to attain a seat on the bench of the supreme court, especially when all must be done by hard work and



He Selected for His Text, "Down With the Bosses!"

with no unearned increment lying round. That salary of six thousand dollars a year for twelve years seemed about as much to Hall as was necessary for comfort; and, even if he won in the primaries, the salary of governor is but five thousand dollars a year and the term but four years, instead of twelve. Hall had no money. He had practically a life position, and one for which he had shaped his life; but he responded. He said he would make the fight.

The people found Hall a big, blond man—not fat, but big—with hair of that color the old folks call "sandy," pale blue eyes and a ruddy face—a red-blooded sort of person. He was diffident, not used to mixing with men, a slow talker and a slow thinker, and heavily judicial in all his acts. Having entered the race to down the bosses he selected for his text, "Down with the bosses!"—and stuck to that. The bosses knew they were in for a struggle, and they selected their candidates and proclaimed platforms that embodied all the reforms any of them could think of and some they couldn't. Inasmuch as this was the sort of a platform Hall was running on all the contestants stood on the same base as to principles, and the campaign immediately became one of personalities.

There were three candidates. The inquiry by the people was: Which is most likely to carry out the pledges all are making? The candidates went at it, slang-whanging strenuously. They said Hall couldn't be elected because he couldn't make a speech and because his name is Luther. Hall learned to make a speech, and replied that his name was Luther—and that Luther, in his lexicon, meant: "Down with the bosses!" The Creoles of the sugar belt didn't seem to care much for the Luther part of it; and, moreover, somebody had started the story that M. Michel, the candidate supposed to appeal to this vote, wasn't Michel at all, but was Mitchell. And when Michel showed up in the Teche country with a band of performing "Cayjins," and couldn't talk in the vernacular himself it helped Hall a lot.

They shouted that New Orleans wouldn't stand for Hall because he was a Prohibitionist. Whereupon Hall said he favored local option and self-government, drank a few toddies from time to time, and remarked that he intended to down the bosses! They dug up what they said was a most damning letter, that showed dickering with the bosses for support. "If I wrote it I must have written it because I need the votes," replied Hall, "and down with the bosses!" Then they said he gambled in a bucketshop and welshed. "The welshing part of it is a lie!" asserted Hall; "and, as for the rest of it, I speculated some in copper—I was a sucker—I was in good company—and down with the bosses!"

"Ha!" said the men of New Orleans. "He isn't such a chilly, cold, unimpassioned person as we thought. He is a sport and will take a chance." And Hall replied solemnly: "Down with the bosses!" They came to bat with the charge that he owed money on a piano and owed a grocery bill in Monroe. "If," said his supporters, "he had manipulated his high office on the district bench to such profitable purpose as his two opponents have used their offices a few trivial embarrassments like a grocery bill wouldn't oppress him." And Hall replied that, for his part, he would leave it to the grocers of Monroe if he owed them anything—and, in the pulsating meantime, "Down with the bosses!"

Hall stuck to this line; but he proved himself to be a politician, now and then, by taking advantage of all the practicalities that came his way. He was slow, but reasonably sure. And when it came time to vote he was so far in the lead over his nearest competitor that the competitor pulled out, leaving the field to Hall—thus making him the next governor of Louisiana, after the election formalities are completed.

Hall has a great chance. He will be, of course, governor of the whole people and the Democratic governor as well—the head of the party instead of the leader of a faction. If he is big enough to refuse to allow the old system to absorb him he will be a conspicuous figure in the politics of the South. If he isn't, then the newspaper boys, and John M. Parker and the rest, will have to try again—for, and this is a sure thing, the bosses are to be downed and kept down! The road is open before Hall. It is up to him; and his friends say he will not disappoint.

A Dark Outlook

C. C. WALKER, assistant general manager of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, has for cook on his private car an old negro who has been with the Walker family for many years. Recently Mr. Walker was compelled by business to stay in Covington, Kentucky, for about a month; and he lived in his car in the railroad yards there.

Nelson, the cook, grew homesick for Richmond, and wrote this letter to Mrs. Walker:

Mrs. Walker Pleas dont send Mr. Walker no colars nor soks no cuffs no neck ties he has more now than he Will live long enough to youse if he stay out hear if he dont come hoam in a very short time he an I Both Will be brought hoam in a Corph We are Both as near Dead With a Deap could he is Getting Woarse Every Day this C. & O. Will be hear When he an I ar both gone and of all Railroads I love my self Best Please hav him to come at once Love to all yours Nelson T. Elum.

OVER

I am takeing the Best care of him I can his Room lookes like a younge Drug Store With Pills of Every kind But none seams to do no good an I have taken some of Everything in cincinnati an covington an I am Worse off now than When I First started so you know the Rest. NELSON.

A Fast Tongue

ARTHUR W. THOMPSON, general manager of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was riding in a freight engine in the Cumberland division of that road a time ago.

The train was a heavy one, made up of refrigerator cars loaded with the maximum tonnage for the engine. As they approached a grade the engineer leaned over to the fireman and yelled: "Warm her up, old tallowpot, warm her up. Slam a potple into her so she'll be katish to take the big dip for the knob."

"Will you kindly translate that for me?" asked Thompson.

"Why, sure," said the engineer. "I told him to slip some chow to her so she'll razzle-dazzle the hump."

Sooner or Later

A NEW appointee of the Democratic House of Representatives went to Oscar Underwood, the majority leader, and said: "Please, Mr. Underwood, get your people to give me a cooler office. Under that tin roof where I am I'll roast."

"Well," replied Underwood, "you will eventually; so why not now?"

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A New Omelet

Four eggs, two tablespoonfuls milk, two tablespoonfuls Underwood Deviled Ham. Beat eggs, adding the milk. Salt to taste. Pour into *well-buttered* frying pan and cook as usual. Warm the ham in cup set in hot water. When omelet is firm but not dry, spread ham on evenly, fold over and serve at once.



TASTE THE TASTE

"You'll Just go *Crazy!*"

WHEN this omelet, golden and smoking, is brought on the table you'll go crazy over the taste. It's the taste of good, old-fashioned ham, steeped with the seasoning of salt and sugar and hickory smoke. Ham that's boiled *en casserole* to keep in this mouth-watering flavor. It's then ground fine and mixed with a dressing of 42 bland spices. Delicious? Well, just *taste* it!

You'll begin using it all kinds of ways—in salads, soufflés, turnovers, croquettes, timbales, scallops, stuffed eggs, rarebits. And for sandwiches—always!

There are recipes for all these easily-made delicacies in our book "Taste the Taste and Some Cookery News." Send us your grocer's name, mentioning whether he keeps Underwood Deviled Ham, and we'll mail you a copy—free. Or, enclose 15c and we'll send can to try.

You can have the best *omelet you ever tasted* for tomorrow's breakfast by ordering some Underwood Deviled Ham *today*.

Made by the Wm. Underwood Company, A-52 Fulton St., Boston, Mass.

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM



A BEST SELLER

TO THE majority of novelists this article may have the coloring of a fairy tale; and sometimes it seems to me that tomorrow or the next day I must wake up and leave my hall bedroom, hustle down to the office and begin another day's work poking into other people's affairs. For I began as a reporter, much against my father's wishes. He was not in any way connected with the craft, but he knew many journalists and something of the life they lead.

"My boy, I'd much rather see you a journeyman plumber; there's money in that business. As a newspaper man you generally end with a salary less than that with which you began. It is a life of hard knocks from first to last, full of petty jealousies and temptations. Newspaper work is the one business in which loyalty in the end counts for nothing. You may have fine illusions now, but these will be shorn from you quickly enough. You will learn to drink whisky neat, to play poker, to smoke expensive cigars, to consort with cheap actors and cheaper politicians. Your finer qualities will become callused and true ambition will cease to have a meaning. On the other hand, if it is your purpose to make journalism a stepping-stone to better things you will find no better preparatory school. But get out of it as soon as you can."

"Oh, I don't intend to stick to the business. I want to be a novelist," I replied with all the confidence of eighteen.

My father laughed. "Well, I'll get you a job. But always remember that there's a roof here when they leave you out in the cold. Don't come to it until you are whipped though. It's a rough fight; but don't let any one but your mother hear your whimper when they hit you on the nose. Hit back and keep on hitting back. Put a kick in your work. You'll have to push some good fellows out of the way, but that's all in the game."

He wrote to Chicago to a newspaper friend, and one day the telegram came. My father repeated his advice. I took it, along with a suitcase full of clothes, a Bible—slipped in by my mother—and a copy of the Maurice Leloir edition of The Three Musketeers. The advice and the Bible, I am ashamed to say —— But no matter! I wore out the clothes and The Three Musketeers and saw life on both sides, the seamy and the brocaded. What days of marvel those were, when each morning sent me forth to meet some new change! Never were two days alike. It was very exciting. I learned to stand pat on four of a kind, to drink beer instead of whisky, and to accept all the good cigars that came my way. I learned also the value of keeping my mouth shut and of opening my ears as wide as I possibly could. I encountered some strange experiences, and often I find some one of them quite naturally dovetailing into a novel. I believe that during that year and a half spent in Chicago I "covered" everything: murders, thefts, dinners, balls, blackmailing cases, political crimes—and there were plenty in Chicago in 1891—street-car scandals, wrecks on the lake, prizefights, World's Fair graft—before the buildings were completed—and Heaven knows what else! My, but I was busy!

Mr. Dana's Little Joke

In between times I wrote highfalutin sonnets about the "impenetrable ego of our cosmos." They were terribly profound, so profound that I may have been the innocent cause of many an editor's breakdown. I used to send the poems to Charles A. Dana—and he used to send them back. Once he wrote on the margin of a sonnet that he would gladly remunerate me for my cipher code. It hurt, but I remembered my father's advice about hitting back. I kept on sending. Dana was tireless. One day I turned the whole batch over to our editorial writer, who was one of the best paragraphers of his time and today is one of the most prosperous of our librettists.

"What you need," he said soberly, "is an interview with Eddie Foy. That'll knock this out of your system."

"No good?" I asked with heavy heart.

"Honestly, a young fellow like you ought to be ashamed to write such drivel. I know it's drivel because ten years ago I used to write the same stuff."

"All right. Get me that Foy interview." He did.

Foy was playing Ali Baba. I interviewed him. The next morning when I came down to the office—I was working on an afternoon sheet that has long since gone out of existence—I found one bay-leaf pinned to my future wreath. Funniest story Chicago had seen in weeks, and without malice or rancor! To this day, when Foy visits my town, we shoot a game of billiards; and I am sure he doesn't connect me with that Chicago cub.

In a way I found myself. I began writing comic lyrics, and many of them appeared on the editorial page. Some of them reappeared in that column known as Poems Worth Reading, Charles A. Dana's pastime in the Sunday Sun. I was beginning to have a very good opinion of myself; the rest of the staff called it "swelled head." If there is one place in this wide world where the swelled head is short-lived it is in the city room of the average newspaper. In the parlance of the craft, I blew up one day and found myself out of a job. And I couldn't find another in Chicago. This was not because I lacked ability, but because a peculiar state of affairs existed in those days that I could never quite fathom. Any man who had been fired from one paper was unable to get a job on another. And salaries were a disgrace. On the newspaper on which I worked the highest salary was not over forty dollars. I was getting only ten.

Getting into the Game

I left Chicago in the unknown hands of Peter Dunne, Kirke La Shelle, George Horton, Frank Pixley, John T. McCutcheon and George Ade, all of whom have since become well-known. In those days we used to brush each other's elbows at a dairy lunch counter, where the odor of gas took the flavor out of everything but the cheese. Perhaps we borrowed from each other; I don't remember; but I have a vivid recollection of pawning my watch regularly on Saturdays and of redeeming it on Monday—payday. Few newspapers pay on Saturday, for the obvious reason that printers are often cursed with *Wanderlust*, and when they have money in their pockets Saturday they are likely to disappear for parts unknown.

The blight of the wandering foot fell upon me. Between the years of 1892 and 1896 I worked on dozens of newspapers. I covered drama and book reviews; I became telegraph editor, news editor, city editor, cartoonist who drew and etched his own drawings. I set type, I published a society weekly and lost all my savings, I fell in love and out, and only once in all that time did I send home for money. I wrote a comic opera, and De Wolf Hopper wept in my presence as he handed it back to me. He said that he did not know that it could possibly be done so badly.

From my father and mother—bless them both—I inherited a keen sense of humor, and I suppose that is why I never take my novel-writing seriously. This sense has been a fine buffer; I fell softly where another man might have stayed down, broken. Many a time when I felt like giving up a laugh intervened to save me. Grimly I stuck to jests and jingles, and by-and-by I began to sell them. I became a professional humorist. I made from two to three thousand a year.

All my disappointments, all my discouragements, fell upon those days of joke-writing. At first I used to run up the street to meet the postman; later I let him ring the bell.

It was during the first days of the comic supplements. I used to work out a batch of verses, dialogues, sketches and ideas for illustrations. I had a system. I'd send the batch first to Life, and Mr. Masson would take two or three; then Harry Leon Wilson, of Puck, would retain a few more; and so on down the line. What were left I used in the columns of my own newspaper, so there was never any waste.

I was twenty-seven. One of the boys suggested that I give up the comic-opera idea and write a novel. I began one. Within six months it was completed. Enter the fairy story coloring. Two weeks after its completion the story was running as a serial in a New York paper. For the serial rights, here and abroad, I received seven hundred and fifty dollars. No more jokes for mine!



This May Be Just What You Need

Beyond all question, some of the every-day beverages are harmful to heart, nerves and digestion.

Many mothers refuse such drinks to their children, yet by strange inconsistency use these same beverages themselves.

In consequence, sooner or later, and according to the degree of natural strength of the individual, there comes a time when ill results are surely felt.

Then, it is well to heed Nature's warning.

Every member of the family can drink

POSTUM

with certainty of benefit.

A change to Postum has proven a revelation of comfort to thousands, and the delightful flavour of this wholesome food-drink makes the change easy and pleasant.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

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I have never had a novel rejected by a *publisher.* From the time I wrote my first story up to this day it has been plain sailing. The first publishers to whom I sent the *serial proofs*heets accepted it immediately. I was to exempt the first thousand. As *every*body was selling books by the hun*dreds of thou*sands I figured that my first check would be eighteen thousand dollars. *It* was exactly fifteen dollars. My sensations were similar to those of a man who has had his hat jammed suddenly down *over* his ears. Up to date, in cheap editions, that first novel has brought me in twelve thousand five hundred dollars.

I went at it again. The second book "took the country by storm." I showed the first check to my father.

"Beats plumbing," he admitted.

Publishers all over the country were after me with fat contracts. I remained where I was, and today I am glad I did. An author makes a great mistake in changing his publishers after he has made his first strike. It creates in the second house a vague distrust that the author may change publishers again; consequently the book is not pushed as it should be. The second house hesitates to pave the way for a third publisher. A dozen or more young writers have lost their public through this short-sightedness; and when you lose your public it is something you never can find again. Mine has been very loyal to me.

How Best Sellers are Scored

Every time I complete a book my publishers and I meet and go over the ground thoroughly. We decide who shall illustrate it, whether it shall be dramatized, whether it shall be printed in cheap editions, when it shall be published. Always I leave the date of publication in their hands, for they know far better than I the psychological moment for the launching. And half the game is in getting your book out at the right time. For my part I consider August or September the best time, because the fall book gets the benefit of the holiday sale. One thing we have never done, and that is to put more books on the market than we honestly believed we could sell. As a result, very few authors stand in better with the trade—meaning the jobbers and the booksellers. I am not averse to going in and shaking hands with a bookseller and asking him how the market is going. Why shouldn't I shake hands with him? He's one of the loyalest friends I have.

"Here is a rattling good yarn," he says to a customer. "Know the author. Comes in when he happens to be in town. No Great-I-Am about him—just an ordinary human being like the rest of us."

Shrewd, you'll say. Well, maybe. Business is business. To be sure I do not go round the country shaking hands with the booksellers. But if I happen to go to Pittsburgh or Detroit or Baltimore—and plays take me here and there across the continent—why, I hunt up a dealer, buy some magazines, tell him who I am and talk shop with him.

I used to have fine high ideas about book-writing; but today, after eleven years of it, I look upon it as a business—a clean, honest business—and I am proud of it, for there must be some merit to my stories or I could not hold an audience for a decade. And every penny in the dollar is untainted. No one is forced to buy my books; no one has ever been tricked into buying a copy. Those who buy have bought them from the start. They expect excitement, fun, lots of dialogue, diversity of scenes, mystery, something they may begin after dinner and end at midnight. Problem novels? Divorce? Politics? Sociology? Never in the world! My public wants amusing romances; their problems they have with them always, and my business is to make them forget these for an hour or so. Some day—when I am forty-five—I am going to write the novel I have had in mind these ten years. Its canvas is as big as one of Tintoretto's. The probabilities are, however, that I shall never complete it.

I have had my place in The Bookman every year as regularly as clockwork. I have been first, second and third most of the time—perhaps I have stood third oftenest. But do not let The Bookman's reckoning blind you to the truth that it is not invariably accurate, and this not even the editor himself can deny. Let me explain: If you stand first in any city you are credited with ten points; second, with eight points; third, seven points; fourth, six points; fifth, five points; sixth, four points. Now, just for instance, let me take Birmingham, Alabama. Supposing I stand first there and in Chicago I am fifth or sixth. This gives me a higher standing in the final list; but in Birmingham I may sell two hundred copies, while in Chicago I may sell two thousand. I remember once I stood fourth for the month, and yet in the end sold twelve thousand copies more than the man who stood second, for we compared notes. But The Bookman is a good tonic for the publisher. He wants to get there as well as the author, and only a popular novel will bring him there.

I have never had a first edition of a hundred thousand copies; my publishers have generally limited the advance printing to seventy thousand. Then we wait for the reorders and fill accordingly. Thus you will never find a stack of my novels in a bookshop six or seven months after publication. The sale of a popular novel is made within five or six months; after that it is dead, very dead, unless it happens to be a David Harum or a Cabbage Patch. You never can tell what a book is going to do, however; that is always on the knees of the gods. Advertising pushes a book just so far; after that it has to be pushed by you and by me and by the other fellow.

The English editions of my tales have been annual jokes. Less than a hundred pounds will cover all I have made from the Isles. Germany has paid me five times that amount, and even Italy hasn't been so bad. Once I wrote a historical novel, lots of fighting and sacrébleuing. An Italian dramatist made a drama out of it. I saw it one night in Rome. Everything had been eliminated but the gore. There was so much of that that it threatened to roll over the footlights and extinguish them. I had a great time.

I write one novel a year, rarely anything else. For with me short stories literally are condensed novels. I should lack wisdom—commercial wisdom, if you will have it so—if I sold for five hundred dollars what I could, with a little more labor, sell for fifteen or twenty thousand dollars. I work perhaps six months; then I go fishing, or I pack up and go to Florence or Peking or Bombay or Rio Janeiro. "My office is where I can hang my hat." I am an inveterate globe trotter. I believe in travel; the least it does is to keep the invention fertile; and no one, not even my severest critics, will accuse me of being trite and uninteresting. And I love the work. I would not exchange my happy independence for all of Mr. Morgan's wealth. I am young, I am not forty, I am happily married; and not even the days of adversity robbed me of one truth—that a man is as happy as he wants to be.

A Quick Quarter-Million

I go over a story three times, once roughly, once carefully, and then I take it to the typewriter and add the final polish. I never sketch a scenario. I first find my happy ending; the events and climaxes that lead up to it are practically unknown to me until I get to them. I am often as much surprised as the reader is.

Here is an illustration of the whimsical turns of fate: Some years ago I sent a short story to the editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, but it didn't quite get there. I sent it to a popular magazine in New York. The editor and his readers accepted it, but the publisher himself said no. On rereading it I saw the possibilities I had missed. I made a novelette out of it that sold sixty-eight thousand in the regular and two-hundred thousand in the cheap editions. It will be produced shortly as a play. And, as Henry James says, there you are!

Here is my ledger for eleven years:

Royalties on eleven novels and three novelettes	$180,000
Royalties on dramatizations of same—so far	40,000
Serial rights	16,000
Total	$236,000
Outlay in pencils, papers, and so forth—approximately	300
Total balance	$235,700

Almost a quarter of a million. Quite a tidy sum for a chap who, once upon a time, all but ran his legs off for ten dollars a week. I have forgiven Chicago; it took a long time to do it. Some of the money I have still. I suppose this is due to the fact that it came in quicker than I could spend it. And I herewith forgive the critics, one and all. When I look at those numerals I rather believe I can afford to.

The Cost of Eating



IT is the high cost of eating that is troubling the fathers and mothers of this country.

42½ cents out of every dollar earned by the average family is spent for food—More than is spent for all other necessaries of life.

One hundred thousand grocers and butchers are now protecting their customers and attracting new ones to their stores by using **Toledo Springless Scales,** which **guarantee correct weight.**

When you buy your provisions, look for the Scale with the Sign:

"Toledo—No Springs—Honest Weight"

Mr. Retail Dealer: Some scales are not right and the public knows it. **Customers lack confidence in spring scales.** Changes in temperature affect them. They are seldom in balance. Wise merchants are discarding them.

The scale is the only fixture in your store in which all customers are financially interested. They have a right to know that it is right. It measures the amount of goods they get for their money. Your customers are your greatest asset. Why not please them and attract new ones by using the scale which everybody knows gives honest weight?

The Toledo Springless Automatic Scale deals justly on both sides of the counter. It will get for you every cent to which you are entitled. It will give your customer every ounce due him. It will increase your trade and add to your profits.

It stops overweight—loss of goods.
It stops shortweight—loss of customers.
It contains no springs, and is always reliable.
Its superiority is universally recognized.

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At Money-Saving Prices



350175—An Exquisite Frock of sheer imported Lingerie, rich Brussels lace insertion and exquisite Swiss Eyelet Embroidery. Waist surplice style trimmed by Brussels lace insertion, piped with Satin Messaline, carried down below girdle, and ending in two loose tabs. Same idea carried out in back. Short sleeves of embroidery and lace. Crossover effect both front and back of crochet and Valiance insertion and messaline piping. Body of waist trimmed with crochet insertion to match. Skirt tucked in clusters at top, and made of skirt of Brussels lace and Swiss embroidery, trimmed at bottom with white fringe and a fold of messaline. Girdle is of satin messaline. Dress fastens in back. White only, with messaline trimming, either King blue or Am. Beauty color. Special Price, mail or express charges prepaid $12.48

No. 350175 $12.48

350180—Smart Little Summer Dress of imported White Cotton Corduroy—a splendid new material, resembling Piqué, weave and launders beautifully. Broad Gibson plaits over shoulders to yoke depth in front extending to waist line in back. Front is exquisitely embroidered in eyelet design and has a stitched fold effect as pictured. Low neck finished with Dutch collar of heavy Venise lace. Material is cut away beneath lace. Elbow sleeves, fancy cuffs, trimmed with braid ornaments. Skirt is made in shaded tunic effect with stitched fold down front and is trimmed with braid ornaments. Dress fastens in back. White only. Special Price, mail or express charges prepaid . . $6.98

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Sizes of Dresses—Regular sizes 32 to 44 bust measure, skirt length 40 inches. Also in proportions to fit Misses and Small Women, 32 to 38 bust measure, skirt length 36 inches. All dresses are made with deep basted hems so that length can be adjusted by ourselves if necessary.

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Effect of Gold Production on Security Prices

By ROGER W. BABSON

IF BY some magic method each yardstick in the world should increase ten per cent in length during a night it would be necessary for all merchants using yardsticks in the sale of goods to increase their prices the next morning ten per cent; and yet this increase would mean no real increase in the cost of the goods to consumers! Now this illustrates the principle underlying the increase in prices due to the increased production of gold.

Gold is the standard of value in the same way that the yardstick is the standard of measurement; and as this standard of value is increased or decreased, prices must necessarily increase or decrease correspondingly. Therefore, if the small investor will grasp this first fundamental principle he will learn the relation between the increase in gold production and the increase in merchandise prices.

The following table shows the production of gold during the past fifty years; and in a broad way the world's price movement for raw materials, merchandise and labor corresponds thereto.

If freed from outside arbitrary and artificial factors, especially the impetus to speculation caused by increased gold production, prices of raw materials and merchandise should correspond to the changes in the value of gold, or rather of credits, with great exactness.

PRODUCTION OF GOLD IN FINE OUNCES

DATE	THE WORLD	UNITED STATES	WITWATERS RAND
1860	6,486,262	2,225,250	NO REPORT UNTIL 1888
1861	5,949,582	2,080,125	
1862	5,949,582	1,896,300	
1863	5,949,582	1,935,000	
1864	5,949,582	2,230,087	
1865	5,949,582	2,574,750	
1866	6,270,086	2,588,062	
1867	6,270,086	2,502,196	
1868	6,270,086	2,322,000	
1869	6,270,086	2,394,362	
1870	6,270,086	2,418,750	
1871	5,591,014	2,104,312	
1872	5,591,014	1,741,500	
1873	4,653,675	1,741,500	
1874	4,390,031	1,620,122	
1875	4,716,563	1,619,009	
1876	5,016,488	1,931,575	
1877	5,512,196	2,268,662	
1878	5,761,114	2,477,109	
1879	5,262,174	1,881,787	
1880	5,148,880	1,741,500	
1881	4,983,742	1,678,612	
1882	4,934,086	1,572,187	
1883	4,614,588	1,451,250	
1884	4,921,169	1,489,950	
1885	5,245,572	1,538,325	
1886	5,135,679	1,693,125	
1887	5,116,861	1,596,375	
1888	5,330,775	1,604,841	190,266
1889	5,973,790	1,587,000	316,023
1890	5,749,306	1,588,880	407,750
1891	6,320,194	1,604,840	600,860
1892	7,094,266	1,597,098	1,001,818
1893	7,618,811	1,739,323	1,221,151
1894	8,764,362	1,910,813	1,637,773
1895	8,615,190	2,254,760	1,845,138
1896	9,783,914	2,568,132	1,857,071
1897	11,420,068	2,774,935	2,491,552
1898	13,877,806	3,118,398	3,562,813
1899	14,837,775	3,437,210	3,360,091
1900	12,315,135	3,829,897	395,385
1901	12,625,527	3,805,500	238,995
1902	14,354,680	3,870,000	1,691,525
1903	15,852,620	3,560,000	2,859,479
1904	16,804,372	3,892,480	3,653,794
1905	18,396,451	4,265,742	4,706,433
1906	19,471,080	4,565,333	5,559,534
1907	19,977,260	4,374,827	6,220,227
1908	21,430,438	4,574,340	6,782,538
1909	21,082,713	4,821,701	7,039,136
1910	*22,058,303	4,657,017	7,228,588
1911		*4,655,297	7,896,802

*Estimated

Of course, theoretically the extension of our bankcheck system and the velocity with which our checks, bills, and so on, circulate have the same effect in raising prices as has the increase in our gold supply. In the last analysis, in fact, prices are dependent upon the factors shown in the following formula, which has been worked out by Prof. Irving Fisher, of Yale University, who has carried to completion some admirable work by Professor Kemmerer, of Cornell:

$$MV + M^1V^1 = PT \qquad \text{Therefore: } P = \frac{MV + M^1V^1}{T}$$

In this formula

M = Money in Circulation
V = Its Velocity in Circulation
M^1 = Deposits Subject to Check or Credits
V^1 = Their Velocity of Circulation or Activity
T = Volume of Trade
P = Price Level

We see, therefore, that, as the factors M and M^1 or V and V^1 increase, P also increases and the price level advances. As V is fairly constant, this means that the increased price level of today is practically due to the increase in money, M—including gold, banknotes, and so on; to the increase in deposits subject to check, M^1; and to the increased velocity of circulation of these deposits, or V^1. The resulting increase in M^1V^1 is largely reflected in the great increase in bank clearings.

Therefore it will be seen that gold itself is only one factor and that an increase in credits of any form—that is, bank deposits subject to check—and especially an increase in the velocity of circulation of said moneys and credits, are also real factors. This last is very important, for certainly one dollar circulating twenty times a year has the same effect as twenty dollars circulating only once a year or ten dollars circulating twice a year. As to Professor Fisher's correctness there can be no doubt, so far as his reasoning refers to raising the general level of prices throughout the world.

However, it should also be remembered that it is not the raising of the prices of everything that is causing the present acute dissatisfaction, but rather the abnormal increase in the prices of certain necessities. In other words, as money gradually depreciates in value there should be no social disturbance so long as wages, interest, rents and every commodity increase correspondingly; but when wages do not correspondingly increase there is dissatisfaction. In the same way, though Professor Fisher correctly diagnoses the causes of the present uplift of the world's price level, yet the above equation may not satisfactorily explain the abnormal increase in the prices of a few necessities that have increased above the general price level. For the causes of inequality of such price increases one may well refer to the writings of Professor Laughlin, of the University of Chicago. In brief, he states these to be as follows:

1. Credit and Prices
2. Changes in Expenses of Production
3. Tariffs and Taxation
4. Wages and Unionism
5. Changed Agricultural Conditions
6. Monopolies and Trusts
7. General Extravagance
8. Speculation

As labor is in reality a commodity, the same as cotton, iron and foodstuffs, the price of labor should increase proportionately with the price of raw materials and commodities. Therefore, theoretically, the clerk and laboring man who reads THE SATURDAY EVENING POST need give no thought to the gold theory or the increased production of gold. I say "theoretically" because, theoretically, as gold abnormally increases in amount and consequently depreciates in value, and the prices of groceries, provisions and clothes increase, so wages should increase in like proportion. In other words, so long as the laboring man's wage increases correspondingly with the increase in the price of provisions, drygoods, rent, and so on, he is neither worse off nor better off than before. Consequently I say that, theoretically, a salaried man has nothing to fear from increased gold production and the increase in prices coming therefrom.

Unfortunately, however, this is where there is a difference between theory and practice. Owing to the organization and central control in business, the price of groceries, meats, drygoods, and so on, are



Hot

Gingerbread

and maple sugar sauce

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ONE of the most delicious Southern desserts is gingerbread, served as soon as baked, with a thick, maple sugar sauce.

Make the gingerbread, using Crisco where you have used butter. It is better than when made with butter, and of course there is a saving in cost.

Butter is nearly one-fifth water; Crisco is *all* shortening. Crisco makes the cake richer, gives it a more delicious flavor, a finer, softer texture. As there is no water in Crisco, gingerbread made with it does not dry out; it stays fresh twice as long.

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Wherever you have been accustomed to use butter in cake making or in pastry, or butter and lard, or lard alone, use Crisco and see how much better are the results.

Start with the hot gingerbread. Make it tonight and learn how delicious it is.

GINGERBREAD

½ cup sugar
*½ cup Crisco
1 egg—white and yolk beaten separately
¾ cup molasses
¾ cup milk (sour if possible)
1½ cups flour
1 level teaspoon salt
2 level teaspoons ginger
1 level teaspoon powdered cinnamon
2 level teaspoons baking powder or 1 of soda
½ teaspoon cloves

Bake in a moderate oven 30 to 45 minutes.

SAUCE

1 cup (½ lb.) maple sugar
1 level tablespoonful Crisco
1 egg
1 cup boiling water

Dissolve the maple sugar in the boiling water. Rub together the Crisco and the flour. Add gradually the boiling syrup; add lastly the beaten egg. Then cook to the fire and stir briskly until thickened.

*Crisco costs only one-half to one-third as much as butter

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immediately adjusted to any change in the *standard* of value—namely, gold; but, owing to the blindness of labor and the fact that many of our labor leaders so little *understand* fundamental economic principles, the price of labor does not rise so rapidly as the prices of commodities. Moreover, this especially applies to non-unionized labor—such as bookkeepers, clerks, schoolteachers and other inside employees. Of *course*, in a way, labor is very highly organized; but it is organized on the same principle as is the Russian Empire—namely, *through* the autocratic efforts of its rulers. To accomplish good results, however, something besides force and arbitrary rule is needed to accompany organization. Russia is infinitely more organized than America; but give me America as the place in which to live!

Therefore in connection with the discussion of this gold theory I wish to take this opportunity to urge all readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST who are members of labor organizations to insist on electing educated leaders—men who understand the fundamental principles of economics. Moreover, I wish that every Central Labor Union in our large cities could have classes in applied economics, in order that it might understand certain fundamental principles relative to prices, wages and interests. This would enable labor more often to row with the tide instead of so often bucking up against the tide!

Why Money Rates Should Rise

The reason why the capitalist or merchant is so often able to take advantage of the laboring man is simply because the capitalist raises his prices when fundamental conditions warrant it; and he lets his prices sag when he sees that lower prices are inevitable, rather than arbitrarily hold them up. In other words, many labor organizations, not understanding these fundamental laws of trade and prices, miss the real opportunities of obtaining increased wages or better conditions, and very often strike at psychologically the wrong time. This is one reason why the price of labor has not always fluctuated correspondingly to the average price of commodities, and why so many people that are working on salaries are suffering today from the increased production of gold.

Money, also, is a commodity, the same as cotton, iron and foodstuffs. Consequently, if increased gold production increases the price of these latter commodities interest rates must also increase, or the purchasing power of the income on a given amount of capital will diminish. This is nothing more than right and fair. For instance, a woman who is living on her income, if obliged to pay more for her groceries, rent and clothes, will need a higher rate of interest or rent for her money. Therefore interest rates must increase with these other commodities; or the person who is living on the income from his investments will come out at the little end of the horn. Therefore it is fair to assume that, so long as gold continues to depreciate in value, capitalists will endeavor to increase the rate of interest proportionately. Now, granting that the rate of interest will gradually increase, it is a simple matter to think how this will affect the prices of bonds and fixed interest-bearing securities.

For instance, the 4 per cent bonds of the average large city of the Central West are now selling approximately at par, so as to yield investors 4 per cent on their money; or, in the parlance of the trade, these municipal bonds are now said to be selling on a 4 per cent basis. Now if the gold production—and I admit that this contemplates a large "if"—is to continue to increase abnormally, and interest rates for such loans increase from 4 per cent to 4½ per cent, then these cities some years hence will be obliged to pay 4½ per cent on these bonds in order to sell them at par. In such a case their 4½ per cent bonds will be selling at par; but this change will affect all of their issues, so that all of the bonds of said cities will then be selling on a 4½ per cent basis.

Now if a bond is today selling at par and on a 4 per cent basis the same bond must sell below par in order to yield 4½ per cent. This means that all bond issues of said cities now outstanding may, some years hence, be selling for less than they are today.

Now whether or not this will happen depends on whether or not gold is to continue to increase abnormally and depreciate in value; and it is not within the province of this article to discuss this subject. Therefore readers must be careful to note that I do not say that bonds are to decline in price; in fact, so far as the immediate future is concerned I believe that certain highgrade bonds will tend to increase in price. Nevertheless, the thought underlying the theory is that, as the production of gold abnormally increases and thus depreciates in value, the price of commodities and interest rates should likewise increase; and the price of bonds and other fixed interest-bearing securities should decrease.

According to this, the price of preferred stocks should likewise decrease in value, though this, of course, includes only such preferred stocks as now pay their full dividend and are thoroughly established and distributed. So far as this applies to certain high-grade preferred stocks, such as Union Pacific Preferred, Boston & Maine Preferred and similar seasoned stocks, this doubtless may be true; and if bonds decline in price these high-grade, low-yielding preferred stocks should likewise decline in price. I do, however, feel that it will be a good many years before this law applies to such preferred stocks as United States Steel Preferred, American Sugar Refining Preferred, and other preferred stocks now yielding from 6 per cent to 7 per cent.

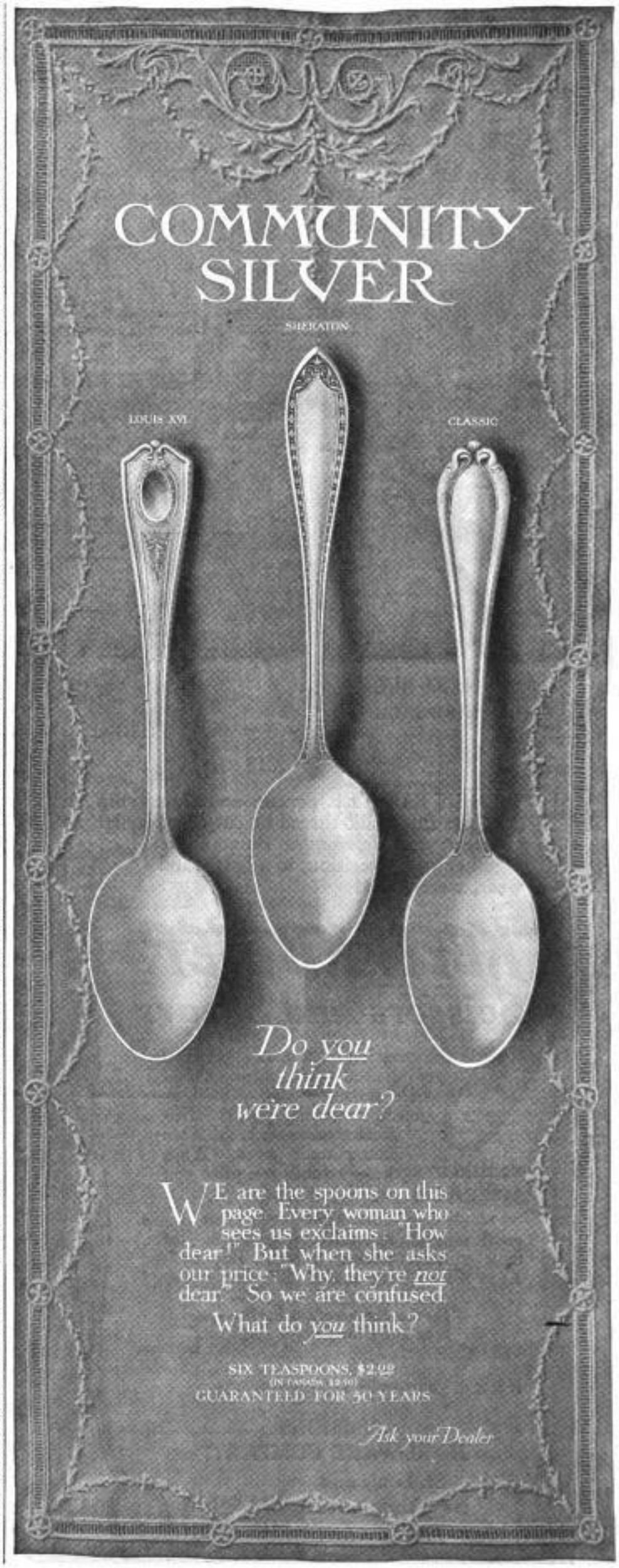
When it comes to a discussion of the effect of increased gold production on the prices of the common stocks of our leading railroads and industrials two other factors must be considered—namely:

1. If, owing to abnormal gold production, the price of money is to increase, a railroad which a few years ago, when interest rates were low, issued some one-hundred-year bonds at 3½ per cent interest—as did the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company—will have a distinct advantage over competitors who must continue to borrow at high rates. Even now the New York Central must pay fully 1 per cent more than it paid when the 3½ per cent mortgage was issued; and, if the expectations of the exponents of the gold theory are to be realized, the time may arrive when corporations like the New York Central must issue 6 per cent bonds in order to sell at par. Therefore it will be seen that, if gold is to continue to depreciate in value, the investor should purchase only short-time securities, while railroads and industrial corporations should borrow for the longest time possible.

The Dividends of the Future

For instance, assume that a railroad has one hundred million dollars of 3½ per cent bonds which it issued some years ago at par, and also has one hundred million dollars of stock upon which it now pays 5 per cent. Assume that a competitive line some years hence must issue one hundred million dollars of bonds, but, owing to the depreciation in gold, must issue them as 5½ per cent bonds instead of 3½ per cent bonds. Now, if all other conditions are the same and if both roads are now able to pay 5 per cent on their stocks, the first-mentioned road, which already funded its debt at 3½ per cent, should in years to come be able to pay 2 per cent more on its one hundred million dollars of stock than the competitive road will be able to pay on its one hundred million dollars. In other words, if gold continues to depreciate abnormally in value, though the stocks of both roads are now paying 5 per cent it is easy to imagine that the time will come when the first road, with a funded debt on a 3½ per cent basis, will pay 7 per cent, though the second-mentioned road, with a funded debt on a 5½ per cent basis can still pay only 5 per cent.

In view of this fact, it is the common stocks of our railroads that will be helped by this depreciation in gold; and such stocks—instead of declining in price, as in the case of bonds—should increase in price, or at least hold their own. I add this latter phrase because—according to the theory in the foregoing paragraph—if this depreciation takes place the 7 per cent stocks of the first-mentioned road will then be selling for only what this 5 per cent stock is selling for today, owing to the fact that all interest rates have increased correspondingly. In such a case, instead of the stock of the first-mentioned road selling higher some years hence, this will simply hold its own; while the stock of the second-mentioned road, which has not yet refunded its indebtedness at a low rate, will decline in price.



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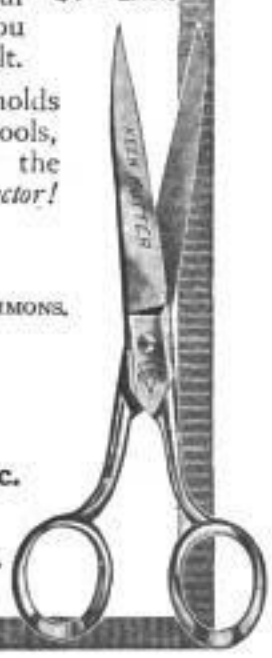


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2. Not only should the corporations which have already refunded their indebtedness at a low rate receive an increased income therefrom but they should be allowed to increase their rates in accordance with the increase in everything else. If the prices of raw materials, manufactured goods, wages and interest all increase, there is no reason why freight rates and passenger rates should not be allowed also to increase. As prices and prosperity increase there is no reason why railroads should not be allowed to share this greater prosperity with others, and there is no doubt they must do so to a certain extent. It is believed by some that increased gold production causes a certain abnormal speculative atmosphere, and takes the appearance of general increased prosperity and also increases gross earnings, which in turn should still further increase the value of corporation common stocks. Of course, theoretically, a very large amount, if not all, of this increase will be absorbed through operating expenses, as more must be paid for materials, more for labor, more for real estate and every other item purchased. You cannot beat the laws governing this universe, which are fundamentally based on Newton's great law: "Action and reaction are equal." The mechanical engineer can increase the diameter of any wheel to increase the speed of the machine of which it is a part, but as that speed increases the power at the circumference of the wheel decreases.

The Situation Reversed

Therefore, to my mind, there is doubt as to whether the advantage which the enthusiastic supporters of the gold theory anticipate will come to the common stocks of our large railroads and other corporations. Law is law, and no way has been discovered yet whereby it is possible to obtain more than one hundred cents from one dollar. The purchaser of common stocks may see his dividends increase if gold depreciates in value, yet I fail to see why the price of these stocks should materially increase, though they should hold up much better than certain preferred stocks. In other words, as far as I can see the only advantage a holder of common stocks can receive is that he will not be affected adversely if gold abnormally increases.

With certain industrials which have large supplies of raw materials, such as the United States Steel Corporation and some of the fertilizer companies, this is a different proposition.

Rising prices for commodities may not interfere with the earning power of corporations that sell commodities the prices of which are not limited by law; in fact, these corporations are in many cases gainers by this influence, which tends to advance prices.

It may be added that railroad companies which own valuable coal lands, and so on, may find that, in case of a great use in commodities, such property may be a great factor in increasing the prices of their stocks. The railroad company, then, may be considered as preëminently a seller of transportation, and has been so regarded in this article.

Most corporations, however, whose products are subject to regulation by law, such as traction, gas and electric lighting companies, are subject to practically the same influences that operate against the prices of railroad stocks. Their cost of production advances easily and inevitably, and the selling price remains fixed or advances with difficulty and under protest. I should like to elaborate here and show the possible effect of Government control of large industrial corporations on the possible increased prices due to too much gold, but lack of space forbids.

Instead of gold abnormally increasing in production, what if it should abnormally decrease? This certainly is something worth thinking about. Every mine has a bottom just as truly as every apple barrel. Hence the day is coming when every gold mine will become exhausted; certain of the best mines are now approaching this point. Of course new discoveries are being made in Alaska, Canada and other portions of the world; but is it not as legitimate to assume that fifty years hence the production of gold will be abnormally small as that it will be abnormally great? The practical answer to this question, so far as we can be interested during our lifetime, depends upon whether or not the very lowgrade ores can

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This marvelous accuracy is not accidental.

It takes, sometimes, a *full year* to make *one* South Bend Watch. For a South Bend isn't finished until it has run 700 hours accurately.

"The South Bend Watch"

Each is inspected 411 times in the making. There are over 100 operations on the dial alone. This merely *indicates* the care exercised in the construction.

But these are the reasons why South Bend owners are proud to take their watches out of their pockets and say, "This is a *South Bend.*"

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South Bend Watch Co., South Bend, Ind.

Gentlemen: I thought you would be interested in a grade No. 217 which you shipped me about eleven weeks ago. It is the most wonderful watch I ever had in my possession.

This watch has not been set for eleven weeks. For seven weeks it has been O. K. every morning when I get time. Not three seconds off or one second off—but so close that I can catch no difference. I am carrying it in my pocket and give it no favors.

Yours truly,
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Go to your jeweler and ask him about the South Bend Watch. Ask about the South Bend plan of selling watches only through the *retail* jeweler. Ask about the regulation to the *buyer's* personality that *every good watch needs.* First write for the free book, "How Good Watches Are Made." It tells a lot of interesting things—things that you'll like to know about watches in general.

Ask to see South Bend Watch Cases in which we mark the amount of gold they contain.

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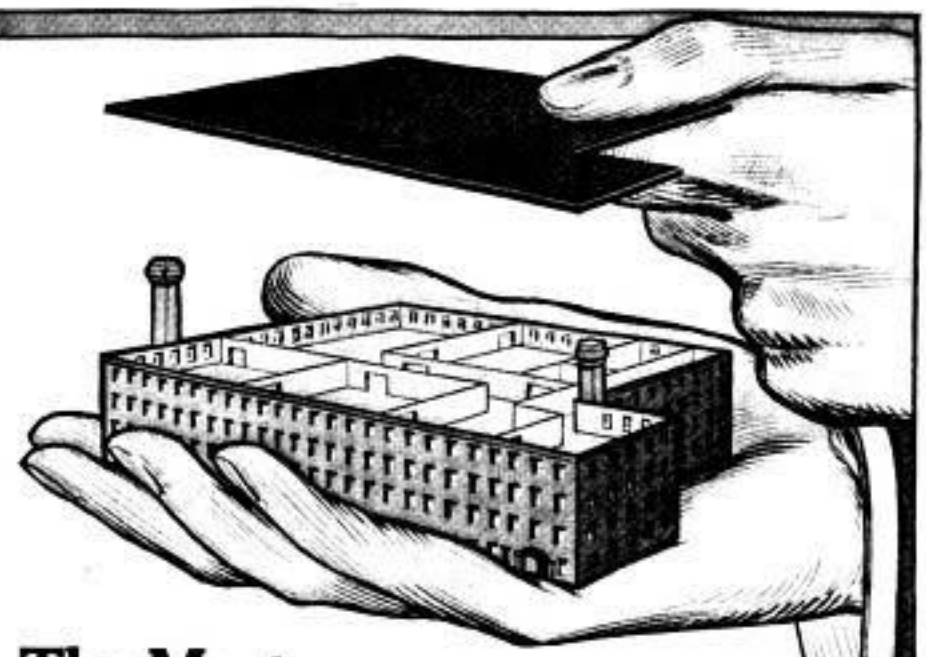
be used. As is known, seawater contains a certain percentage of gold; and there are hundreds of thousands of acres of gold lands throughout the states of the South that contain about one hundred cents in gold to a ton. Moreover, the land upon which the new home of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, in Philadelphia, stands assays about thirty cents to the ton in gold. At the present time no ore can be treated that runs less than about two dollars a ton; but if some new method is discovered to extract these lowgrade ores, then the production of gold will suddenly abnormally increase, and it will be accompanied by an increase in the price of commodities, wages, rents and interest rates. This will be accompanied by a decrease in the prices of long-term bonds and certain preferred stocks, though the prices of railroad stocks may temporarily increase; and the prices of certain industrial shares of corporations not subject to Government control and the prices of speculative commodities should increase.

On the other hand, if no method is ever discovered whereby these lowgrade ores can be extracted at a profit and no further discoveries of consequence are made, our present mines will gradually become exhausted, the production of gold will become abnormally small and the reverse will happen. In this case, the present holder of long-term bonds will have the laugh on everybody else; for wages, commodities, interest rates, and so on, will all decline—but he will have a fixed income at a rate much above the market. In short, it is entirely possible to imagine that things may work around in this unexpected way, and that fifty years hence the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company and other roads may be able to issue bonds at 2½ per cent interest. In this case the bondholder who now has these roads "tied up" at 3½ per cent for one hundred years will have the best of the bargain.

The Results of Over-Production

Therefore, in closing, I submit these conclusions which have been prepared by Mr. Byron W. Holt, who has probably made a more exhaustive study of this subject than any other person, with the possible exception of Senator Burton, of Ohio, and Prof. Irving Fisher, of Yale University.

1. Both the output and supply of gold are likely to increase rapidly for many years.
2. Therefore the value of gold will depreciate as the quantity increases.
3. This depreciation will be measured by the rise in the average price level.
4. A rising price level, if long continued, is accompanied by rising or high interest rates.
5. High interest rates mean low prices for bonds and all other long-term obligations drawing fixed rates of interest, dividends or income.
6. Rising prices increase the cost of materials and of operation, and tend to decrease the net profits of all concerns the prices of whose products or services either cannot be advanced at all or are not free to advance rapidly.
7. Rising prices tend to increase the net profits of all concerns that own their own sources of materials and supplies.
8. Rising prices of commodities tend to cause the prices of all tangible property to rise. This includes land, mines, forests, buildings and improvements.
9. Rising prices of commodities and property tend to increase the value of the securities of corporations holding commodities or property.
10. Rising prices and cost of living necessitate higher money wages, though the rise of wages will follow some distance behind the rise of prices.
11. As rising prices do not mean increased profits to all concerns, many employers will not concede higher wages without strikes.
12. Rising prices and wages, therefore, mean dwindling profits and troublous times in many industries, with complete ruin as the final goal.
13. Because wages will not rise so fast or so much as prices and the cost of living, there will be dissatisfaction and unrest among wage and salary earners.
14. Rising prices of commodities and property encourage speculation in commodities, stocks and real estate and discourage honest industry.
15. Thus rising prices, by diminishing the incomes of safe investments in gilt-edged



The Most Important Part of Your Building is the ROOF

It PROTECTS all the valuable property you have beneath it!

And if you select the *right* roof you will never have to replace it—because the only roof you want is the one that will *last as long as your building!*

It is a poor time to learn what kind of a roof is on your building only when leaks and other trouble occur. The time for serious consideration of the entire roofing question is *before you select a roof.*

More than 25 years ago Philip Carey began placing on buildings of all kinds—on roofs both flat and steep—the composition roofing that is today so famous for service and durability.

And there are thousands of factories, warehouses and business and farm buildings which *for 17 to 25 years* have been—*and are today—perfectly protected by*

Carey's Flexible Cement Roofing

Note the diagram and description below, showing why Carey's Roofing is the most suitable and durable material ever produced for roofing purposes—giving *permanent protection* from the elements.

And here's an exclusive and remarkable feature:

When the Carey Roof is laid, the Carey Patent Lap (an extension of the Burlap along the edge of the rolls) covers over the nails along the joins, and when cemented down, forms a perfect, water-tight join. This makes the Carey Roof a *solid sheet* over the entire top of the building.

Thus its heart of asphalt cement is *hermetically sealed in* and its *life and flexibility* are perpetuated. As a result, the Carey Roof *cannot dry out, crack or deteriorate,* but will last as long as the building it protects!

Carey's Roofing is *made in the factory*—*not* on top of the building! Workmen who lay it *cannot alter* its construction or skimp materials, thus lessening or ruining its durability. And it is easily and quickly laid. We do not ask building owners, superintendents, and architects to select Carey Roofing off-hand, but we do urge investigation of the Carey roof and *comparison of all roofings before* a roof is selected.

Our complete Carey's Roofing booklet, and a GENEROUS SAMPLE *of Carey's Flexible Cement Roofing gladly mailed on request.*

The Philip Carey Company

General Offices and Factories
43 Wayne Ave. Lockland, Cincinnati

Allentown, Pa.,	Chattanooga,	Harrisburg,	Memphis,	Omaha,	Spokane,
Atlanta,	Chicago,	Havana,	Minneapolis,	Philadelphia,	St. Louis,
Baltimore,	Cincinnati,	Jacksonville,	Montreal,	Pittsburgh,	Syracuse,
Birmingham,	Cleveland,	Kansas City,	Nashville,	Portland,	Toledo,
Boston,	Dallas,	Knoxville,	Newark, N. J.,	Rochester,	Toronto,
Buffalo,	Denver,	Little Rock,	New Orleans,	San Francisco,	Wheeling,
Charlotte,	Detroit,	Los Angeles,	New York,	Scranton,	Winnipeg,
			Oklahoma City,	Seattle,	Washington.

CAREY'S

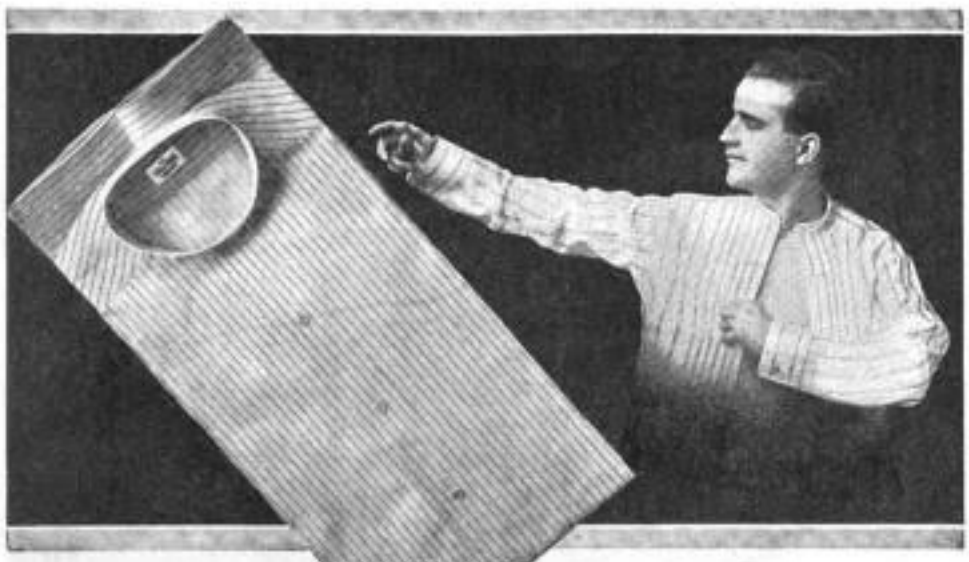
Write nearest branch if not familiar with name of our local dealer



Unequaled Construction of Carey's Roofing

1. Firm foundation of special woolen felt, manufactured in our own mill.
2. Solid flexible body of our special tempered asphalt cement composition (the "heart" of the Carey Roof), laid on wool felt foundation.
3. Strong Calcutta Burlap imbedded over cement body, protecting it.
4. Asphalt compound imbedded into Burlap and preserving it.
5. Carey Patent Lap (extension of the Burlap) which covers over nails along the joins.
6. Asphalt compound that cements down the Carey Patent Lap and makes the Carey Roof a solid sheet over top of building.

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Give a name to added value without added price and that name is

"The Kind of Shirts I've always Wanted, at the price I've always paid!"

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Standing on the prices of ordinary shirts, we have so materially raised the quality

(by means of big production, improved methods and skilled, efficient workmanship)

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Guaranteed absolutely color fast; remarkable wearing and washing qualities; practically endless variety of superb styles.

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SLIDEWELL COLLARS

the collars which end all tie tying troubles with a little shield over the back button that lets the tie slide. Save ties. Save time. Save temper.

Note the fashionable models, the fine quality, the finished workmanship.

15c, 2 for 25c

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bonds and stocks, and by increasing the profits of speculators, encourage extravagance, recklessness and thriftlessness.

16. As rising prices decrease the purchasing power of debts, and thus aid debtors at the expense of creditors, they discourage saving and thrift.

17. Rising prices, then, by promoting speculation and extravagance, increase consumption, especially of luxuries—and therefore stimulate production.

18. Rising prices result in what is real prosperity for many industries, but what is for a nation, as a whole, artificial or sham prosperity—the result of marking up prices rather than of increasing production.

19. With prices, wages, rates and industries always imperfectly adjusted to the ever-depreciating value of gold, and with instability and uncertainty throughout the financial world, there cannot but be a great shifting round of values and of titles to property.

20. As this shifting is to the advantage of the debtors—the rich—and to the disadvantage of the creditors—the great middle class—it results in rapidly concentrating wealth in the hands of a comparative few.

21. For all of these reasons, a prolonged period of rapidly rising prices is reasonably certain to become a period of unrest, discontent, agitation, strikes, riots, rebellions and wars.

22. A rapidly depreciating standard of value, then, if long continued, not only produces most important results in the financial, industrial and commercial world, but is likely to result in changes of great consequence in the political, social and religious world.

My personal opinion, however, is that the chances are about even as to whether the gold supply is to increase abnormally or whether it is to decrease abnormally; in other words, I believe the chances are that conditions may so adjust themselves that the gold factor need not be seriously considered at the moment. Therefore I believe that the small investor had better forget all about the gold theory, so far as it applies to investments, and devote his energy to seeing that his wages are adjusted in accordance with the cost of rents, clothing and foodstuffs.

The gold theory, as a theory, is absolutely sound; but which way it is going to work nobody knows. It is perfectly safe for me to say: "If it is going to rain tomorrow you should be sure to take a raincoat and umbrella." This is sound theory; but what you really want to know is whether it is or is not going to rain tomorrow—and this neither I nor any one else knows. The temporary trend of prices may be correctly ascertained by a study of such fundamental subjects as bank clearings, foreign trade, immigration, failures, crop statistics, and so on; but what the gold supply is to be nobody knows.

Therefore, as above suggested, my advice to the small investor is to forget all about the gold theory until some new development takes place.

Imperfect Impostors

TODAY there is no hope for the impostor successfully to simulate deafness in one ear. The physician will test him with a binaural stethoscope or some similar instrument.

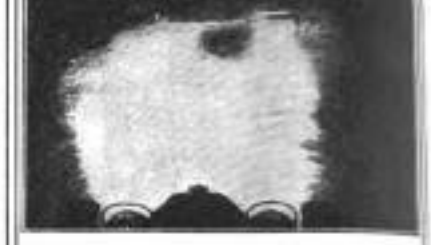
The tubes, several feet long, are placed in the ears of the person to be examined. The test is then conducted from behind the patient.

The tubes are so arranged that either of them may be closed at the will of the examiner without the knowledge of the subject, so that the impostor cannot tell when the sound reaches him whether it comes through the good ear or through the pretended defective ear. Consequently he does not know when he ought to hear and when he ought not to.

An attorney in a case in Brooklyn unmasked an impostor by a clever trick. The man was testifying that he could hear the tick of a watch when it was held on one side of his head, but not when it was held on the other.

The attorney took out his own watch and asked to make the experiment. The man testified that he could hear the attorney's watch perfectly on one side, but could not hear it on the other side. The attorney then opened the watch before the jury and showed that there were no works in the case!

Prest-O-Lite



When You Buy Your Car—

then is the time to get Prest-O-Lite—the best of lighting systems.

Don't take an unsafe, unreliable generator or imitation gas tank.

One accident due to poor light will cost ten times the charge for a *good* light.

Have the equipment changed while it is new.

Specify Prest-O-Lite

Insist Upon It! 350,000 experienced motorists use it—15,000 wise dealers handle it—you will find it on practically every *good* car.

Your light is better, safer, more reliable, more efficient, more economical—if it is Prest-O-Lite!

PREST-O-LITE The Light Universal

Makers of Prest-O-Lite Gas Tanks, Prest-O-Tire Tubes, Prest-O-Tire Tanks, Prest-O-Welder, Prest-O-Liter and Prest-O-Starter.

Ask for information and literature on any or all of them.

The Prest-O-Lite Co.

210 E. South St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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The Senator's Secretary

AMPAIGN managers are so thick in Washington one can hardly avoid epping on them or falling over them, and e cutest one is Mr. Taft's. That one is ly-poly William B. McKinley, of Champaign, Illinois, formerly the Congressional ristmas tree, but now retired as such d devoting himself to the enthusiastic omination of Mr. Taft on the first ballot Chicago next June, the enthusiastic turn of a Republican majority in the ouse of Representatives, the enthusiastic listering of the sacred principle of protion, and the enthusiastic epilation of olonel Theodore Roosevelt.

Mr. William B. McKinley has been in ngress several terms. He has the most naign smile that ever escaped from Illinois. kewise, he is thickly upholstered with oney, having attained for his own use and ofit various suburban trolley lines in his ate, and knowing how to run them so vidends are regular and sizable. He is a id-hearted man, is Mr. McKinley. He es to do things for his friends—and the tire population of this terrestrial globe places in this category. When he first me to Congress he gave dozens of big ners, and two or three times he chartered amships and took a lot of the boys for g sea trips. Little junkets—at his exnse—were common. He certainly was a od provider and a generous.

He didn't do it for show, however. He d it because he is a kindly man and likes have his fellowmen have fun; and he is lling to pay the freight. Being a kindly an, it seemed meet to Mr. Taft to annex n; for the truth is there haven't been any kindly men in the scope of the Taft dion for some time now. Mostly they ve been distinctly unkind. And Mr. cKinley was too tender-hearted to refuse. e felt a strong sympathy for Mr. Taft, alized his isolated position and said he ould take hold. Taking hold, with W. B. cKinley, means a good many things. One that he has the wherewithal with which take hold, and another is that he knows ere to get the wherewithal if he hasn't ough himself.

The Taft outfit was in hard straits. other Charley had not only refused to much more in the way of financing a mpaign, but he had added a sort of a ld and unfeeling aspect to the refusal by inting the fact in the paper. Of course other Charley didn't mean it exactly, d he might have printed what he did out the grip he was maintaining on his rsonal pursestrings so others who might d inclined to contribute wouldn't think ere was no use of it because Brother arley was ready to produce. Anyhow, ter the advent of Mr. McKinley as campaign manager and the advent of Myron Herrick as Ambassador to France, ere was some heft to the campaign exequer; and they know where the postage amps are coming from now.

The Champaign Smile

McKinley is the smilingest, softest-oken, most lovable campaign manager ere is. He radiates all the time. Still, would not be well to mistake his radiation r a sign of obfuscation, for that would be grave error. He knows a heap of things, es Mr. McKinley, and a good many of ose things have to do with politics. He s hired a set of rooms and is hard at it; d, first crack out of the box, he claimed ne hundred and eighty votes for Taft the first ballot, and says it is his opinion at Mr. Roosevelt is for Mr. Taft and working as he is working for strategic rposes. This gave the anti-Taft people mark to shoot at, and gave Mr. Roosevelt something to shoot at too. Anyhow, e selection of William B. McKinley to n the Taft campaign is the first step rward the Taft people have taken in a ng time. It shows some gumption, for r. McKinley is a wise person and an de one.

Other campaign managers are scattered ickly about. Fred Dubois, former nator from Idaho, is managing the Champ lark boom; and Senator Bankhead is oking out for Underwood. The Wilson ople have a covey of wise persons guarding Wilson's interests, including the expert d efficient Thomas Jefferson Pence. The armon men have their place and their anagers, and several other campaign directors are maintaining their headquarters under their hats until the contributions pick up. Altogether, there is enough presidential politics in Washington to satisfy the most fastidious—and, with it all, more piffle than any similar situation in the past twenty-five years has adduced.

Governor Aldrich, of Nebraska, one of the noble eight or ten, or whatever number of governors it was, who issued the loud, clear cry—the loud, clear, clarion cry for T. Roosevelt to come out of the high grass and save the Republican party and the nation and them—rather put it over his clamoring colleagues by not waiting until he got home before announcing himself as a candidate for vice-president with Mr. Roosevelt when that gentleman shall be nominated at Chicago—if he is. This was not clubby of the governor. Everybody knew, of course, that each governor, separately and individually, considers himself the proper person to run as vice-president with The Colonel; but there undoubtedly was a tacit understanding that the Man should await the Event. Not so with Aldrich. He is no event-awaiter. He makes the event himself, and he took time by the forelock—and also his brother governors—and announced himself, getting first into the limelight, much to the disgust, no doubt, of the tardy others. Of course Governor Stubbs, of Kansas, didn't care. He wants to be senator from his state; and he announced that when it came his turn to do the announcing. Undoubtedly it would have been worth going miles to hear Governor Hadley, of Missouri, express his opinion of Aldrich's act.

Not in good form, I should say. The call from the people should have been required. Still, those Nebraska people often do their own calling when the people stutter and hesitate.

When the District Votes

Once in four years the citizens of Washington and of the District of Columbia have the inestimable privilege of walking boldly up to the ballot box and casting their free and untrammeled ballots into said box, the occasion being the quadrennial primaries for the selection of delegates to the national conventions.

This is as far as the citizens of Washington and the District of Columbia can go in the matter of casting ballots. Of course there are numerous people in Washington who retain voting residences elsewhere; and when there is a president to vote for, or a governor, or some important person, they go home and vote like all other male Americans above the age of twenty-one and not disqualified. However, there are in the city of Washington and in the District of Columbia a good many people who were born there and who have arrived at voting age. They pay taxes and obey the laws and function naturally and legally under the Constitution, but the only chance they get to vote is when delegates to the national conventions are needed. The Republicans have their voting day and the Democrats have theirs. Then they lapse into their regular taxation-without-representation attitude and wait until the time comes again for a national convention.

Naturally there isn't much excitement in this sort of exercise of suffrage, and naturally there isn't much interest. About one-third of the population of Washington is negro. The negroes cast ninety-five per cent of the votes at these elections. The other five per cent is cast by the politicians of the city, who get a chance to operate once in four years, and who operate then with all the trimmings that were found in the ward politics of the old days.

They begin weeks before the date set for the primaries, these local politicians; and into the campaign they compress all the vigor and all the politics that are scattered over four years in every other community in the United States. The campaigns are fierce while they last, and the local papers give the news of them with as great attention to detail as if they really were important. Inasmuch as the colored brother is the great voting asset, the attention of the few white men who fuss with the politics of the District is directed to the colored brother. The colored brother takes his voting very seriously. He knows his chance comes but once every four years,



"Now will I make them as beautiful as they are practical," said O. H. L. Wernicke—the father of Sectional Bookcases—when he became president of The Macey Company.

Macey

Book Cabinets

Do Not Look Sectional-
But They Are

They have the style of Old Master Furniture. You can see it yourself; it stands out so you can't help seeing it.

You may have them in Colonial, Chippendale, Sheraton, Artcraft or Mission design, any size; any finish; and they actually cost less than *ordinary* bookcases.

You would like them in your home!

Macey Book Cabinets are on sale with merchants in every locality and are warranted to give complete satisfaction.

A 52-page style book and price list, which is full of helpful information, may be had for the asking, by addressing the designers and makers, *The Macey Co., No. 940 S. Division St., Grand Rapids, Mich. "The Home of Good Furniture."*

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News Announcement to the Dealer in Automobile Tires

With the tire *user* an *equally* interested party

HERE'S the question for you to weigh carefully before the season opens:

"Which tires will be the most popular with the motorists this coming year?"

The more thought and study you give to this question now, the better able will you be to anticipate the makes and designs that will give you a lion's share of the year's business.

We here submit to you some new, important and conclusive selling factors whose power you will quickly recognize. You will read in them ample reasons for making

PENNSYLVANIA VACUUM CUP TIRES

your most special offering to tire buyers this year.



1. **Unparalleled Anti-Skid Guarantee**
   We guarantee any purchaser of a set of Vacuum Cup Tires that if the car so equipped skids on wet or greasy pavements, or if the tires, after reasonable trial, do not fulfil every claim we make as to their Anti-Skid qualities, they may be returned and the full purchase price refunded without argument.

2. **4,000 Mileage Guarantee**
   The above specific and unqualified Anti-Skid guarantee will be in addition to our exceptional service guarantee of 4,000 *actual* miles. The surprising service qualities of the Vacuum Cup Tread in dry weather as well as wet, which have been so widely discussed, are due to the unique wear resisting ability of the heavy cup shaped knobs. These wear down very slowly, and when they are done, leave a tread of more than standard thickness to give additional service equal to a new ordinary tire.

3. **Distinctive Design**
   The Vacuum Cup design is absolutely distinctive and cannot be confused with the many varieties of non-skid treads. So that the large and increasing numbers of Vacuum Cup Tires in use are correctly recognized by every one at sight. This constitutes a definite and powerful advertising influence. The Vacuum Cup idea is highly appealing. We ascribe its rapid growth in popular notice in largest measure to the interest aroused by the tires on cars and by the unique Vacuum Cup tracks which continually criss-cross on city pavements and popular roads.

4. **Unusually Effective Publicity**
   In this publication and in others having most influence among tire buyers, there will appear throughout this coming season by far the most striking, convincing and frequent Vacuum Cup Tire advertisements we have had. No effort has been spared to assure that every advantage will be taken to bring to the highest possible fruition the natural demand for Vacuum Cup Tires, which has proved so tremendously responsive right up to this time.
   One of the strongest of our 1912 advertising and selling factors is the

5. **Reductions in Prices Made Possible by Growth in Production**
   This will enable you to sell Vacuum Cup Tires at the same prices asked for non-skid tires offering far less strong and liberal guarantees. We have been enabled to accomplish this by an increase of over 100% in manufacture. This, of course, will prove the greatest single factor in increasing the sales from now on. Another highly important feature is the

6. **Reliability and High Standing of Our Distributors**
   Marketing Vacuum Cup Tires as we do, through the very largest, most progressive and reliable jobbing houses in the tire trade, as well as through our own branches, you have the utmost assurance of prompt service in shipments, and immediate and unquestioned backing up of our guarantees.

Add the stimulating influence of these new powerful selling factors to the remarkable success which Vacuum Cup Tires have already secured on merit, in the face of necessarily higher cost and without the aid of special guarantees.

And we believe you will see the opportunity they offer you of making yours the most desirable class of tire patronage for 1912.

Just write us now that you are interested or put it any way you choose.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO., Jeannette, Pa.

Reorganized February 1, 1910

Pittsburgh, 505 Liberty Ave. Detroit, 247 Jefferson Ave. Chicago, 1004 Michigan Ave.
Minneapolis, 917 First Ave., S. Kansas City, Mo., 514 East 15th Street
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San Francisco, 512-514 Mission Street Los Angeles, 930 South Main Street

An Independent Company with an Independent Selling Policy

and he demands and receives full consideration for the strategic position he occupies.

Usually the delegation to the Republican National Convention, which allows the District of Columbia two delegates, is made up of a white man and a negro. Perry Carson, a gigantic negro who wore a pearl-colored frock coat and a high hat of the same shade with a big black band round it, was the Republican leader among the negroes for many years, and always went to the convention as a delegate when he could. Once, when it came time in the convention for the delegations to hand up the names of their choice for national committeemen, Perry arose and said: "Mistah Chaihman, I ask that the District of Columbia be passed ovah tempohrar'ly." Perry pointed to his white colleague. "This yere gem'man an' myself have not agreed. He votes foh hisself an' I vote foh myself; an' we is at a deadlock foh th' time bein'."

This year the Taft managers picked out two men for delegates and at the last moment two others announced themselves as candidates, the assumption being they were anti-Taft in their proclivities—though one of them was Sidney Bieber, the Republican national committeeman at present. The voting began at sunrise and continued until sunset. Practically all the votes cast were cast by negroes. The white Washingtonians paid no attention to the contest.

The Battle for the Ballots

Whereupon, under the shadow of the dome of the Capitol, as we say when desiring to indicate a certain proximity to the seat of government, they pulled off an election that would have been a disgrace to any backwoods district in the United States. At two o'clock on the morning following the election, headquarters was surrounded by a big crowd of negroes, split into two factions. One faction, having heard that the Taft delegates, Aaron Bradshaw and Calvin Chase, a negro, had triumphed over the Bieber-Wilder combination, was anxious to find Bradshaw and Chase and impress on those distinguished delegates-elect their conviction that they had won by fraud. The other faction, so far from admitting they had robbed the Bieber-Wilder adherents, was constrained to assert that all persons claiming this had been other than a fair and free election were liars; and after a few hours of this sort of thing the police chased them home—just in time, by-the-way, to prevent the destruction of all ballot-boxes, records and ballots, in order that neither side might have any tangible evidence to support its contention. Of course there will be contesting delegations. There never was a time, in the history of Washington politics of this kind, when there were not from one to six contesting delegations.

In Anacostia, which is a suburb of Washington across the river, the poll officer accused one of the candidates of "fiercely attacking my person, wresting therefrom the ballot-box, shaking it in a queer manner and taking it downstairs." The police were in doubt whether the candidate shook the indignant poll official's person and took it downstairs, or shook the ballot-box in a queer manner and took that below. It was finally discovered that the box was meant, and the box was recovered and placed in position again to receive the snow-white ballots that were being so intelligently cast. Another man made a clean getaway with a ballot-box. He was convinced the side he championed had fewer votes in the box than his opponents, and he sought to rectify that omission by taking all the ballots with him to some convenient place where he might examine them at his leisure and correct any errors into which the voters might have fallen. The police got him and the box. They took both to the police station. Then word was sent to Republican headquarters, and the officials went to the station house and counted the votes there.

There was more of this sort of thing all over the city, and as much of it when the Democratic delegates were selected. And it all goes to show several things. One is that when you deprive the people of a community of the voting privilege, except once in four years, they never will get interested even in so—alleged—important a matter as selecting delegates to a national convention; and another is that those who do want to vote attempt to make up for the indifference of the others by voting as many times as they can.



Mind is Master of the Body

but a well-trained body is more easily managed than an ill-trained one.

The mind has more time to engage in the higher pursuits of life when the body is running smoothly.

Wear

O'Sullivan's

HEELS

of

New Live Rubber

Keep the body in smooth running order by wearing rubber heels, and save the brain from unnecessary jars and jolts, just as you save the automobile and its occupants by using rubber tires.

These heels are made of new *live* rubber—rubber with the spring in it. The mechanical action of walking becomes a pleasure and a source of benefit both to body and mind.

Your body can do more work with less effort; your mind can accomplish more without fatigue.

Worn by efficient, quiet people everywhere.

Say "O'Sullivan's" to your shoemaker and

Walk on Easy Street!

50c attached

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THINKING STRAIGHT IN BUSINESS

The Shortest Road to Money Making

By H. D. KATHVIR

EDISON, who has made a success of his business, tells us that one of his first major inventions was an automatic voting machine for use in state legislatures and similar assemblies. He devoted many working days, of almost twenty-four hours each, to the perfection of this instrument, and spent all his ready cash upon it, only to find in the end that if there is one thing the politicians do not want it is a quick, automatic, indelible-registry method of voting. Thereafter, the great modern Thomas assures us, before devoting either a minute or a cent to any invention he first ascertained if a ready market existed for it.

Straight thinking in any phase of business is the shortest line between poverty and affluence. It is such an uncommon faculty that those who possess it are soon given an awe-inspiring rating in Bradstreet.

Contrast with Edison the thousands of men who invent such things as leafturners for sheet music. They waste time and money, and in the end grow indignant that the world does not welcome their brain-child. A little thought on the leafturner, for example, would show that, of the three classes of people it might interest—that is, artists, amateurs and home talent—the artists do not use notes in concerts; the amateurs of even moderate attainments can read several bars ahead of where they may be playing and so can easily turn the page; and the home talent, scrambling over the keys, is only too glad of any interruption.

The first step in straight thinking is an earnest desire for the present-day truth about a matter. And the truth usually sounds like knocking. So here we have, at one glance, the explanation of the fact that the few people in this world who can think straight have success at their command—a laurel wreath waiting to crown their simplest effort.

Every day some business man starts to think straight about the business he is engaged in. Ten to one, at the next directors' meeting, an old friend, after hearing his views, rises and says: "Well, if that's what you think about this business and about your associates, you had better sell your stock!" The thinker thereupon subsides. No longer does he call attention to the fact that their commercial child has bandy legs, weak eyes and a cough. So the business jogs along as do other concerns that are the apples of the astigmatic eyes of their owners. The great opportunity goes glimmering; the child never grows up—the practice of straight thinking is taboo.

The Profit of Duplicating

It is only the exceptional man who persists, who puts aside all the gentler feelings—even as must the surgeon—who turns a deaf ear to criticism, and who, having first defined the exact end sought, then snaps out the correct course.

There are two ways open to the man seeking to make money—to sell merchandise or to sell service.

Suppose we seek a pair of shoes. On a prominent corner of any city we can find a great shoe store—which its advertising man fondly calls an "emporium." Its shelves are filled with goods; its aisles are thronged with customers. The proprietor is fast growing rich; but we must leave the busy street and turn to some obscure location before we can discover a custom bootmaker who will take an order for a pair of shoes. In most cases, he is just a few laps ahead of the sheriff. The ready-made-shoe dealer has laid hold of one of the great underlying principles of moneymaking, which is duplication. The bootmaker has failed to understand that his one chance of success lay in selling his own personality.

All over this broad land are pianomakers who are amassing tidy fortunes. In the simplest word, why? Because if a lady wanted the black keys on a piano to be red they would request her—politely, of course—to seek elsewhere. All pianos are fundamentally alike. If customer number one does not fancy the instrument it can be sold to customer number two or three. Duplication, achieved through unceasing effort to standardize every detail, spells dollars. Look at the sister industry that sells service—the pipe-organ trade. After tremendous thought, the new English organist of Saint John's Church lays out his scheme for the new organ. It is to cost, perhaps, three thousand dollars. Yet he insists upon those special stops found only in great cathedral instruments. There is a viol d'amour stop, which he heard in Saint Alban's when he was a boy—that he simply must have. Sometimes he cuts out the most fundamental things in order that he may have an echo organ, chimes, and so on.

By the time this organ is built and set up, the English organist has fallen foul of the vestry and is only a fragrant memory. The organ, before being paid for, must be approved by the new organist—and he is a German, of the Kapellmeister model! He runs his fingers over the keys, reels off a few yards of Bach, begins to build up the volume of tone by pulling out the various stops—and then comes as near fainting as his sturdy physique will permit.

A Bird in the Hand

The man who is selling service is often forced to do half his work over through no fault of his own; and woe be to him if he fails to leave a wide margin for whims.

The goal of success lies about twenty year-miles downstream. A powerful swimmer by constant strokes can reach it through the still water that lies near shore; but if a man can only push into the swift current in the center of the river he may turn over on his back and float serenely to his destination, even admiring the scenery as he goes. Given a fine store, in a good city, on a prominent corner, with a big stock and a competent staff of clerks, the stream of trade will do the rest. Marshall Field knew this. Two of his great competitors years ago tried to make money by moving on a side street. One never did come back to the trade center, and the other crawled back after a few years looking much like the jackdaw of Rheims after the cardinal's curse took effect. Yet the center of the trade stream, the heart of the current, is not more crowded than the reaches of the backwater.

In struggling enterprises we often find conditions that a first-class firm would not tolerate for a moment. In great path-breaking houses we find the keen ideas. One unusual example of such a house is a tremendously successful bargain store that does not use checks; that never heard of notes, but pays the actual currency for every article delivered at the time of its receipt. Think what the reputation earned by the practice of this beautiful system means in securing low prices! A wholesale drygoods merchant was "stuck" on cloaks. He sent for the owner of this bargain store and showed him his tables of ladies' garments. Then he began the family history of each lot of goods. After listening a moment, the bargain-store man broke away and, walking swiftly up one aisle and down another, ran his hand through each pile of garments. In almost no time he returned and, stepping over to the elevator, muttered:

"Twenty-one thousand dollars for everything on this floor."

The merchant hesitated—began with, "But, see here ——" And, as his buyer stepped into the elevator, he closed with a stammering "I'll take it."

The goods were piled on the wagons and in one hour the drygoods merchant was busy counting a suitcaseful of greenbacks.

Careful reasoning points out the wisdom of approaching as closely as possible to the methods and conditions of winning institutions. This puts a damper on visionary ideas and makes it very hard in the beginning; it puts the test before the candidate now. Would you go into business for yourself? You must have capital.

The chance to borrow a large sum is not in the least the same thing as money that



12,400,000 Germs In a Bottle of Baby's Milk!

And THAT would be "CLEAN MILK," Madam—as clean as you can buy—for this is the *"certified"* standard. Not *all* of these are disease germs. Millions are not. But nearly *all* milk *contains* disease germs. See what it would mean if you let *one* germ *multiply*, as germs *do* in some "ice boxes."

In 24 hours, unless checked, an ordinary germ in milk breeds nearly 7,000 more. Milk is usually *48* hours old when received from your dairy, and in *that* time *each* of these 7,000 may multiply *7,000 times*. So *one germ* in that milk may make it *deadly*. *Heat* and *dampness* make germs multiply. They will multiply slowly at *50 degrees*—not only in milk but in *all* raw food.

In an outbreak of infant diarrheal disease in a New York hospital the milk *supply* was found to be *perfect*. But the *refrigerator* was tested and, though *full of ice*, had a temperature of *70 degrees!* The germs in that milk had simply *multiplied beyond all estimation!*

Now there's a *patented refrigerator* in which germs in *new* milk *don't* multiply—germ multiplication even in *old* milk is almost *completely arrested* by it. It's the Bohn *Syphon* Refrigerator. It maintains a sanitary cold of from 42 to 48 degrees. *Salt* kept in it stays *perfectly dry*. You can strike a *match* on its walls. Germs multiply *slowly* (sometimes not at all) in perfect dryness and cold.

Both dryness and cold are *"Bohn Syphon" features*, due to the *syphoning* of pure, cold, *dry air* throughout every square inch of each food compartment. This air collects every impurity and deposits it on the *ice*, from whence it goes *off* through the drain pipe. This pipe is *in front*, where it's easily cleaned. But "clean pipes" and "clean walls" don't mean "Clean Refrigerators." *Clean air* must *circulate*.

A Bohn Syphon Refrigerator is a *machine* in which there is *constant action*. "Ice boxes" that lack positive circulation of air are practical *breeding grounds* for germs.

You ought to know more on this subject. We have written a book that tells all about it, called "Scientific Food Keeping." Every housewife and mother should have one. It is vital to health in the home. It reveals some astonishing facts. It is *guaranteed scientifically accurate* by the ex-commissioner of one of our great *Boards of Health*. You won't realize, till you read it, the risks that you run today.

We'll send you this book and the Bohn Catalog for the coupon below. We'll send also extracts from a pamphlet by the Illinois State Food Commission on "Care of Milk in the Home." They will bear out what the book will tell you.

You owe this knowledge to your children, madam, so send the coupon now.

To the *Man* of the House

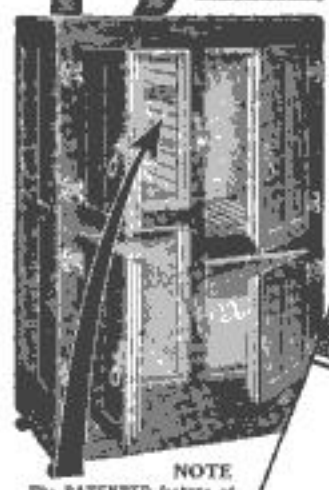
A *good-looking* "ice box" can be made and bought *cheap*. You must pay a little more for a *Bohn Syphon Refrigerator*. You keep your *valuables* in a *safe*. You should keep the health of your family in a "safe" that *germs* cannot "jimmy." A *Bohn Syphon Refrigerator* IS such a safe.

THE WHITE ENAMEL REFRIGERATOR CO.

Makers of the Famous **1500 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn.**

BOHN SYPHON Refrigerator

Used Exclusively by the Pullman Co. and by All Railroads



Any dealer who sells Bohn Syphon Refrigerators can give you these things if you'll call at his store. He'll also gladly show you the *Bohn*—how it is made—why it weighs 30 pounds more than some refrigerators that sell for the *same money* and *what that means*. Examine also the Bohn non-porous, hard, white, "bath-tub" enamel, sanitary lining.

Send the Coupon Now

NOTE

The PATENTED feature of the Bohn Syphon Refrigerator is easily identified by the "open-throat syphon wall" between the food compartments and ice chamber, as shown. Bites for every house.

DEALERS—WRITE FOR AGENCY PROPOSITION.

THE WHITE ENAMEL REFRIGERATOR CO.
1500 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn. (1)

Send me the book, "Scientific Food Keeping," the Bohn Refrigerator Catalog, and extracts from Illinois State Food Commission pamphlet.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____

State_____

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Paint *Now* and Paint *Right*



HERE are two ways to *throw* away money: Neglect painting—let the old paint be entirely worn away, the wood become almost like a sponge ready to absorb paint by the gallon. Another—buy adulterated paint which is likely to crack and scale off and to need burning and scraping before it can be re-coated with good paint.

Don't waste your money. The man who is "paint wise" paints as soon as he discovers the need and uses the best paint—paint made of

Dutch Boy Painter
Pure White Lead

and pure linseed oil. There is a peculiar affinity between white lead ground fine and linseed oil which makes a combination of the two a perfect paint for both outside and inside use. White lead paint penetrates the very pores of the material covered and holds there without crack, blotch or streaking, till the surface is actually worn away by slow degrees.

Tell your painter you want your house white-leaded—then look for the Dutch Boy Painter on the package containing the white lead; he is your guarantee that you are getting the pure service-giving materials. White lead paint can be tinted any conceivable color.

Let Us Send You Our "PAINT POINTS"

A collection of interesting information helpful to every property owner.

Ask for Paint Points 131

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York Boston Buffalo Chicago
Cincinnati Cleveland San Francisco St. Louis
(Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co.)
(Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co.)

Stencil Catalog Free

Send us your name and address and we will send you *free* our Stencil Catalog showing over 100 exclusive designs *for decorating interior walls*. You may select any stencils shown in the catalog and they will be sent, cut ready for use, for one-half the catalog price. These are not *ordinary* stencils, but were designed especially for us by one of the foremost stencil artists in this country.

Ask for Stencil Catalog 131

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
Stencil Department
111 Broadway, New York

is actually your own—dollars that you have saved by the strictest self-denial. A loan must be paid; and when it is made upon a hazardous enterprise, like a new business, it must be paid, with the addition of a heartbreaking charge for interest. Not but what a loan or loans, on top of one's own capital, are good. Rockefeller is pointed to as the world's best borrower. The only time to borrow money, however, is when you don't really need the cash, and the only time to be under obligations to a friend is when he recognizes the fact that, in a pinch, you could get along without his good offices.

Turning to those who sell service, we find that almost everything hinges upon personality. Doctors, lawyers, agents of all kinds, actors and numerous other classes receive the most varying prices for practically the same service. All such persons may charge what they please for their service provided the price be stated in advance or generally known. A poet may charge one thousand dollars for a set of verses. If the purchaser who contracts for them is not satisfied with their quality, and protests the bill, the testimony of other poets is taken in court. And what show does a sordid moneygrubber stand when such a delicate question is left to riders of Pegasus from Podunk and other well-known literary centers!

Men Who Could be Kings

Provided one has the personality, selling service is the simple and direct method of making money; but for one great lawyer or actor there are a thousand who can hardly make a living. It is generally conceded that the Chicagoan who received the greatest cash reward for his services was the late Dr. Nicholas Senn. This great surgeon earned thousands and thousands of dollars a year, though he scrupulously devoted half of his time to charity. A line of patients was ever waiting outside his door. He could remove an appendix in less time than it takes to carve a chicken. A bill for fifteen minutes of work by him for six hundred dollars was sent back by a well-known merchant, who thought it was too little—that it must be a mistake—he had his mind so firmly set on paying one thousand dollars for the operation. The doctor said: "Oh! let it go—the bill is made out." But how many doctors are working themselves to death, rushing hither and thither, day and night, with no better prospect ahead of them than leaving an estate consisting mostly of a frock coat and an assortment of uncollectible bills!

However, since we are not interested so much in the results as in the thing itself—straight thinking in business—we must admit that the sandbag, in a denatured form, perhaps, is still a most efficient means of annexing funds. The word "king" does not mean noble or good—it springs from the same root as our verb "can." Noble families point to the founders who a few hundred years ago took the romantic equivalent of a piece of lead pipe—a sword, and sallied gayly forth, to return in due time with the spoils of the chase—that is, the household effects of some weaker neighbor. The same thing goes on in a thousand diluted forms today.

We see fortunes being accumulated by "good business men" in the same sense that the famous Kelly was a "good ball-player." Kelly, you may remember, was so tricky that no sooner was a baseball rule passed than he found a way of smashing the spirit of it into smithereens. The rule to the effect that a player might at any time be taken from the game and another substituted was promptly taken advantage of by Kelly in this fashion: One day, while sitting on the bench, a foul ball was knocked in his direction. Kelly immediately sprang to his feet, waved out of the game the player who was vainly pursuing it, caught the ball himself and broke into the game—this to the amusement of the thoughtless fans, the disgust of lovers of fair play, and the acute horror of the framers of the baseball constitution.

Some years ago a young man down South had a new baking powder on his hands. Of course it wouldn't sell. He had no money to advertise it; and in the light of what followed it may be surmised that his credit at the bank was nothing to boast of. How to make that baking powder sell—that was the question. Simple, too, was the solution. He artlessly placed a nickel in the bottom of each can. Did it work? "Honey, de way dat baking powder



Through hard, soft or knotty wood the IRWIN Auger Bit bores swift and true

A MAN wants a perfect tool when he buys an Auger Bit. Men who *live* by their tools buy the original IRWIN for its unequaled efficiency. There are imitations cheaper than the IRWIN. They are too costly for the expert. He must get the work right the first time.



This Brand
Guarantees Your Work

—a clean, smooth hole through soft or hard wood. The IRWIN takes knots. No bending or breaking. Made in one piece of extra high-grade crucible auger-bit steel, "headed" and formed in the rough. Put through fifty distinct handlings.

Every IRWIN is sold on a Money-Back Guarantee. The only solid-center-stem bit made in all sizes and styles for every purpose.

If your dealer hasn't the *Genuine, Guaranteed IRWIN* write us.

IRWIN AUGER BIT CO.
LARGEST IN THE WORLD
Station C 1, WILMINGTON, OHIO

The IRWIN Bit
Reg. U.S. Pat. Office

Be sure this identical brand is on the bit you buy

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Why Freeze Out the Little Fellow?

It was A. T. Stewart who first had the nerve to establish the one price plan.

Before the war, merchants sold their goods for all they could get. The wiser the buyer, the lower the price. Stewart started a brand new plan. He made one price to all, tagged his goods and sold them at the price marked on the tag. Today that's the common system in all good stores.

But in selling goods to the merchant himself, the old order still prevails. There's usually one price for the big store and another for the little store. This is known as the "quantity price"—the larger the quantity the merchant can buy, the lower the price. This means that the small dealer must buy more than he needs—more than he can really sell—to get the lowest price and to compete with the rival store.

There's no "quantity price" on Kellogg's.

A case or a carload, the price is the same. The man who sells one hundred cases gets just one hundred times the profit that the dealer gets who sells the single case, and *no more*. Your neighborhood grocer and the little store on the corner get just the same profit on every package they sell as their more pretentious rivals. They buy only as they need—that means no loss from stale goods, fair, honest profits for them and fresh goods for *you*.

W. K. Kellogg



The Original has this Signature for *your* protection

sold was sumthin' scandalous! Go 'long, dar!" Later, when one Southern state passed a law prohibiting putting money in food or household packages, it was shown that some colored cooks used a can of this baking powder for every plate of biscuits that appeared on their masters' tables.

The Northern folks, however, need not smile in a superior fashion at this anecdote—not while coal is being sold on its present basis in some of our greatest cities. Some coal merchants have discovered the best beeline to the exchange of bags of coal for bags of gold. It is to have themselves elected tax assessors. Many a merchant, having his taxes arranged "on a fair scale" on Monday by a coal merchant, is not so heartless as to refuse to buy coal of his good and official friend on Tuesday.

One more example of the lead pipe—up-to-date—will suffice. In the center of a city block there is a gorgeous mansion. The owner is a high official in a great corporation; but his salary has never exceeded twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Did he amass his fortune by strictest economy? Well, hardly! Years ago a clerk in his corporation stole a few hundred dollars. The acute brain, recoiling in speechless indignation at the spectacle, immediately founded a company to bond clerks. No more chances of loss through the dishonesty of employees in that company! And, as the years went by, every one of the thousands of employees who could even squint in the direction of a nickel belonging to the corporation was forced to pay an annual premium to this company.

A little later our straight thinker was touched by the poor success of the lowly workers on the payroll. So he got out an encyclopedia in six volumes on How to Advance—price fifty dollars. It is said that even the lowliest Hun, when the matter was properly explained to him in his own tongue, perceived that the first step in advancement was to sign a purchase order for the official's book. Thereafter his salary was one dollar short each week for a year.

What Pays the Salesman's Salary?

As an aid to straight thinking it is well to remember that only up-to-the-hour facts count. Facts won't stay put any more than a crooked politician will stay bought. Yesterday flying was impossible; today, with the evolution of the gasoline engine, it is almost commonplace. Yesterday a plan to make a small store in the corner of a large old-style corner store, and thus double the income of the property, would have been laughed at. Today it is the usual thing.

The study of business has evolved many interesting questions. Two that have been widely debated are:

1—Who pays for the advertising?

2—Who pays the salesman's salary?

Not long ago the first question would have been answered: "The advertiser." Since advertisers do not put in any new capital to pay for the advertising, and since their profits are larger than those of concerns that do not advertise, this answer can hardly be correct. Some people say: "The public pays for the advertising"; but if these very persons want good merchandise at a reasonable price they join the crowds on the way to the advertiser's door.

The second question, Who pays the salesman's salary? would have been considered absurd twenty years ago. The old-time merchant would have roared: "I do—and I am sick and tired of paying four thousand dollars to a lazy chap like Jones!" Today, however, that same merchant knows better. He has learned by experience. Every time he discharged a Jones, said Jones took his trade with him. The new man, Smith, the first year, usually sold about half as much as Jones; and if he worked up to Jones' figures in the course of three years he invariably demanded the same four thousand dollars for his services. On the other hand, the idea that the customer pays the salesman's salary is not tenable, for the reason that the house with the highest-priced salesmen is practically always headquarters for values.

Perhaps these academic questions are propounded incorrectly. Instead of Who pays for the advertising? and Who pays the salesman's salary? should it not be: What pays for the advertising? and What pays the salesman's salary? If asked in this form the answer is obvious—these and other items of the modern merchandising enterprise are paid automatically by the general efficiency of which they are outward signs. In a word, they are paid for by straight thinking in business.

Abbott-Detroit

THE Abbott-Detroit "44" Fore-door Demi-Tonneau is a car which you instinctively feel has the potential energy to do everything well.

¶ It is the athlete of the Abbott-Detroit family.

¶ It has the reserve strength, the speed, the hill-climbing ability, the elasticity under all conditions that vigorous, out-door people like and appreciate.

¶ It is a car that will carry you long distances quickly and safely without a murmur or perceptible effort.

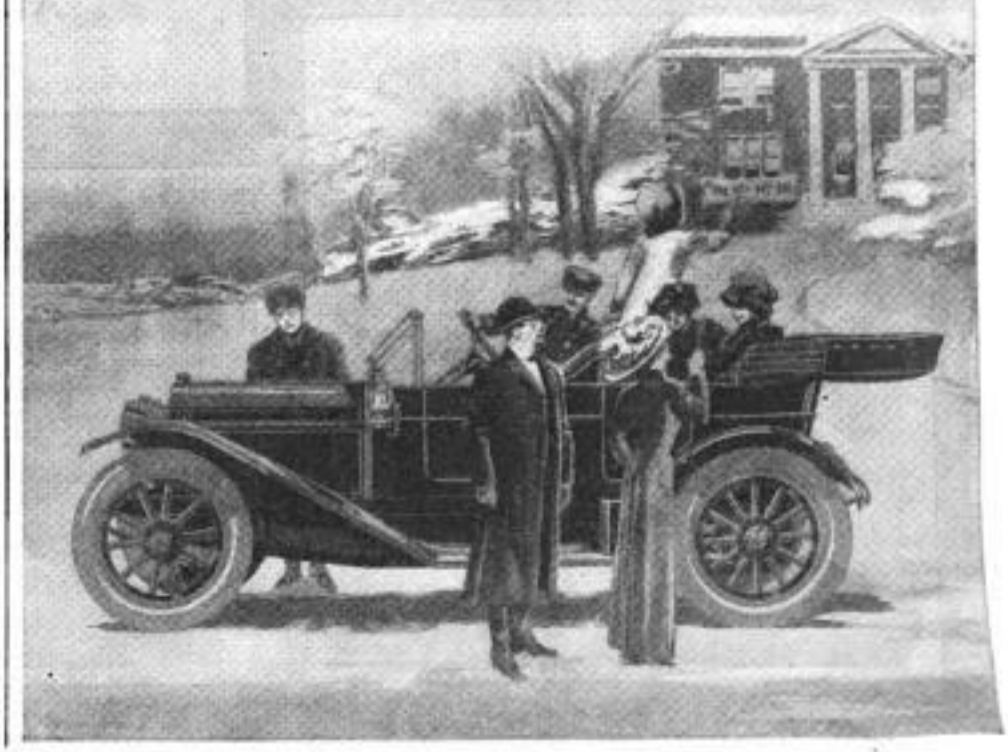
¶ Built upon the same chassis as the well known Abbott-Detroit "44" Touring Car, it has a 4½-inch bore by 5½-inch stroke motor; 36 by 4-inch tires with demountable rims; dry plate clutch; full floating type rear axle, nickel steel construction with Timken roller bearings; all high duty forgings, double heat treated; cellular tube radiator; chrome nickel steel transmission; latest type ventilated fore-door body. Price $1775.

¶ Other models including roadster, touring cars, coupes and limousines $1275 to $3000.

Dynamo Equipment for electric lighting, $90.00 extra
Hanna Self-starter, including gas tank, $50.00 extra

ABBOTT MOTOR COMPANY

601 Waterloo Street Detroit, Michigan



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Mallo

"Cra



Every genuine Mallory Hat

The Men You Meet every day are the men who wear Mallory Hats. Not the clothing-store figures nor the society dandies, but real men, living in an actual world—men of refinement and taste, and good dress. Thes men are the Nation's aristocrats, paying for what they ge but not a penny more than an article is worth.

You see Mallory Hats all about you—worn by you associates in business and social life. Mallory Hats hav been popular for years—since 1823—even long before th famous Cravenetting Process added an exclusive feature t the Mallory Hat. This is because in buying a Mallory Ha

The pictures illustrate a few of the Mallory sty

Look for t
Dea

ALL THAT YOU LIKE IN A HAT
$3.00, $3.50 and $4.00





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Hats

tted"



a man has always received right value—in style, wear and texture. The finest fur felt in a Mallory Hat, worked into attractive shapes, and sold for a fair price, lasts twice as long as you expect any hat to last.

to this is the exclusive Cravenetting Process—con- for all hats by E. A. Mallory & Sons—which makes t proof against rain, snow and sun. Weather can not it, for it's water-proofed. This gives the hat longer d double utility and does not change its appearance. ere's every style you want. Ask to see the Mallory nark before you buy—it's inside the crown. It stands *ll that you like in a hat."*

men wearing them. Sketched from life.



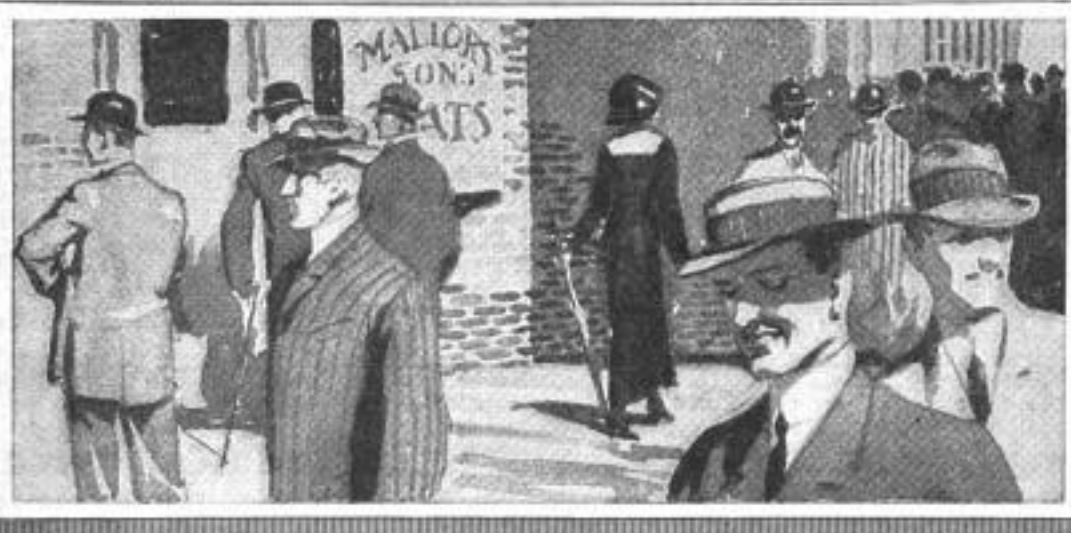




E. A. MALLORY & SONS, Inc. **Factory: Danbury, Conn.**

Store in New York:
1133 Broadway, cor. 26th Street

Store in Boston:
New location, 30 Boylston Street



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What's the Matter with a Fountain Pen when it Leaks?



SOMETHING very simple—*Ink In The Feed Tube.*

When you set an ordinary fountain pen in your pocket, *all* the ink doesn't run to the bottom. Some always stays up in the little, straight feed tube leading to pen point.

And when the pen gets warm from your body heat—98 degrees—the *air* that is always in pen barrel expands. It forces up through feed tube, forcing the ink out on end of pen. So, when you remove cap to write, you get ink smeared.

Simple, isn't it?

Now, the Parker Pen does *not* leak, because there is *No* Ink In The Feed Tube.

Capillary Attraction gets rid of it. You see, the Parker feed tube is *curved*,—the Lucky Curve. The *end reaches* inside of barrel. This touch causes Capillary Attraction, which sucks all ink out of the feed tube the instant pen is turned upright, leaving it *empty* when the warm air ascends.

Why the Parker Pen doesn't leak is simple too, isn't it?

Parker Pens never hitch, skip or blot, because pens are 14k gold, tipped with polished Iridium; and the Parker Spear Head Ink Controller keeps ink from flowing too fast or slow.

Standard style Parker Lucky Curve Pens $1.50 to $250.00, according to size and ornamentation.

New Parker Jack Knife Safety Pen

cannot leak in any position—even carried upside down. *Pen knife size for ladies.* Prices $2.50 up.

New Parker Disappearing Clip

holds on to your pocket like a bull dog, and *disappears* into its kennel when you want to write.

Money refunded if any Parker Pen doesn't please. We protect dealer. If your dealer doesn't keep Parkers, send us his name. We'll send you complete catalog and sell to you direct.

Get ink off your fingers by getting Parker Pen today.

Make this "touch" test your-self, and prove it won't leak.



Parker Pen Company
90 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.
New York Retail Store
11 Park Row Opp. Post Office

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Mail Carriers of Far Countries

MOST city people are used to getting their mail three or four times a day, and if the postman is late with his letters at the breakfast table the average man feels himself obliged to kick on the service. Even the man who lives six or eight miles out in the country is accustomed, these days of free rural delivery, to getting his mail at least once a day without any trouble on his part. The old habit of going to the post-office and waiting for the distribution of the mail is now passing into disuse. Supposing a man lived a hundred miles or a thousand miles from the post-office, it would be still more inconvenient than it is in the average small town, where the custom still obtains.

Yet mails are delivered regularly to persons who live a hundred or perhaps a thousand miles from the nearest post-office to their home. One of the great problems of the Government, a problem intimately connected with the advance of civilization and the welfare of humanity, is that of getting the mails through. Sometimes that simple-sounding proposition costs a great deal of money. Under the process of reasoning used by Postmaster-General Hitchcock in his campaign for higher magazine postage, it might seem reasonable to suppose that the man who lives a hundred or a thousand miles from the post-office ought to pay more for his postage than one who lives just round the corner. Most governments have recognized the difficulty of adjusting postage on the basis of distance, and most nations lump the matter and carry their mails as cheaply as they can and as many of them as they can. When the time comes that the reader must pay more postage than the advertiser, or vice versa, we may perhaps expect wilderness dwellers to pay more for their postage than they do today. As matters now exist, you and I can get a letter through for two cents, crossing a continent or so and an ocean or two; and we are mostly willing to throw in what we might otherwise save in order to get mail out to the poor chap who hears from home only once a month or once a year. The whole idea of the mails is to serve humanity in a broad way.

There are long reaches of uninhabited country owned or controlled in this or that part of the world by almost every civilized nation. The United States, France, Germany, Great Britain—all have to carry the expense of getting mails across wide reaches of mountain or desert, over arctic ice or tropic sands. The full story of the carrying of all the mails which go from civilization to civilization's outposts in the wilderness regions would make many an interesting industrial romance.

How to Reach a Whaleship

One of the longest mail routes of the world is that of the Far North of this continent, which serves the scattered individuals who maintain the fur trade over the enormously difficult region of the subarctic country. The Hudson's Bay Company carries this mail in the wintertime and limits the amount to six hundred pounds. That weight has to cover all the Christmas presents which get into the entire country from Edmonton to the Arctic Ocean—all the newspapers, all the letters, all the little parcels from all the corners of the world that may want to communicate with the factors or clerks, white men or half-breeds and their families, who live in a country where a thousand miles scarcely carries you into your neighbor's dooryard. It is hardly necessary to mark on a package intended for delivery on Herschel Island, in the Arctic Ocean, "Don't open until Christmas!" because the letter that starts in the early fall cannot possibly get there until next April.

Perhaps you want to write to some man far down the Mackenzie River, and your letter is the very item which makes the total mail weigh over six hundred pounds. In that case your letter does not go, but waits until the next mail, which may not go up until next spring. Last fall the total amount of northbound mail at Edmonton, Alberta, amounted to six hundred and ninety-two pounds. The authorities cut out ninety-two pounds of it, mostly newspapers, catalogues and the like.

Lac La Biche is the first stop of the mail to the Far North, and up to that point teams and sleighs make the transport fairly easily. Beyond that point the Hudson's Bay dog teams are relied upon to finish the delivery. The mail last Christmas included twelve hundred and forty-nine letters and fifty-seven postal cards, the bulk of which will be traveling perhaps some time after these words shall appear in print.

From Lac La Biche the dog teams took the mails to Fort MacMurray, then up the Athabasca River to Fort Chippewyan. The next stop beyond that was at Fort Resolution. This is the Great Slave Lake country; and if the ladies living there got their cards by Christmas they were in luck. Any Christmas mail north of that could not be delivered this winter—perhaps not until almost next Christmas. Ultimately, however, the mails will pass down the Mackenzie River to Fort McPherson and on to the Arctic Ocean. In this way officers and crews of the whaleships wintering at Herschel Island perhaps can get a letter or so more quickly than they can by going to the post-office via Bering Sea or Greenland. Remote and difficult as that is, the dog teams count on getting the early winter mail from Edmonton up to Herschel Island by April. This will be the first mail those men will have had since last July.

A Pack of Forty Pounds

Perhaps on the wall of your den you may have as curiosities, collected by yourself or given you by some friend, a gayly ornamented dog whip, or dog collar, or dog blanket from this Far Northern country, where the mails go even in the wintertime. Perhaps you may have a pair of snowshoes or a lynx robe or a rabbit blanket from that country—curious things to look at; yet more curious if they could talk and tell their own stories. However, not even the snowshoes, with their mended thongs, can give you any idea of the countless weary miles over which their wearer ran, following his dogs, thousands and thousands of miles in all, carrying the mail which perhaps he himself could not have read, but which he delivered safely. "O. H. M. S."—On His Majesty's Service—is the franking inscription sometimes written on certain classes of English or Canadian mail. On civilization's service or on humanity's service is the real reason the mails are carried so far and so cheaply and so promptly all over the world.

What is true regarding the delivery of the mails in the Canadian fur country is true in large part regarding winter mail delivery in Alaska. When the boats do not run the dog teams do. When the railroads can operate no farther, wilderness transportation takes their place and the mails get through usually with astonishing regularity.

In the Rocky Mountains, winter changes the whole face of Nature more than most men can realize who have never seen the mountains at that season. Sometimes three feet or more of snow will fall in one night. You will pass on your snowshoes over snowdrifts where it may be from sixty to a hundred feet down to the ground. The general passenger agent of the Yukon & White Pass Railway in Alaska once asked some friends to guess how many feet of snow fell at the summit crossed by his road. They could not guess it, and were surprised when he said it was one hundred and forty-five feet. If you have camped out in the mountains in the wintertime, and had your campfire melt down through eight or ten feet of snow to the solid earth, you will see the strata representing the different snowstorms clearly defined in the walls of your little prison.

Snow packs and settles a great deal, so that down at the bottom of the little well in which you lie you will see perhaps a couple of feet of snow represented by only a couple of inches in the packed product; but all this snow as it falls is loose, so loose that a man cannot get through it without snowshoes. Hence the mail carrier of the remote mining camp, where not even dog teams can go, must travel on webbed shoes, or skees, and carry the mails on his back. He is asked to carry only forty pounds on any one trip, and for this reason perhaps the Christmas newspapers sometimes come



The Winning of

Western Canada

Is Creating Countless Opportunities for You

There are more square miles in the four provinces (states) which comprise Western Canada than there are in all the states east of the Mississippi River. It's the winning of this "Kingdom of Wheat" that is attracting the attention of the civilized world and creating countless opportunities for you.

Vast areas of timber, mineral and 40-bushel-to-the-acre wheat land are being opened to the lumberman, miner and farmer by the building of the

Grand Trunk Pacific Railway

from ocean to ocean. 350,374 settlers came to Western Canada last year; of this number 131,114 came from the United States, making a total of more than a million Americans who have answered the call of the Last Best West. In the

Hundreds of New Towns

on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway merchants, manufacturers, investors, professional men, mechanics, clerks and so forth, will find OPPORTUNITY and a *warm welcome*. Get in—get in early—get in right. It's

Village Yesterday—Town Today—City Tomorrow

in Western Canada. One of the greatest services rendered by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company to those who desire to identify themselves with the onward movement of the Canadian West is the Company's policy regarding townsite property. Merchants, manufacturers and investors may purchase Grand Trunk Pacific townsite property at prices ranging from $100 up to $250 per lot, on very easy terms—no interest. For you this means a store, factory or home site at a low cost; or it may open the way for you to invest a small or large sum in property—getting it direct from the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company. However, it is not necessary for you to buy property in order to receive any assistance we can give: so place your problem before us. Act quickly, *decisively*. Through our authorized agents we will point out the best towns and opportunities for you—individually. Tell us what you want to do. Let us bring you in close touch with leading wholesale houses, commercial clubs, boards of trade, industrial societies, newspapers and individuals. This service is cheerfully given and entirely free. Your correspondence will be treated confidentially and individually. Write to us, also ask for free, illustrated book—

"A Chain of Opportunities"

It is full of valuable information. Learn about the wonderful growth of new towns in Western Canada; about the town in which the merchants did $700,050 worth of business in the second year after the town was established. Ask about the town in which a lot bought from the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company for $325 sold less than a year later for $1,442.50. Let us tell you about Mirror—"The City Beautiful"—and many other towns wherein lie opportunities. Write tonight. Address:

G. U. RYLEY, Land Commissioner

Grand Trunk Pacific Railway

Room 316, Union Station
WINNIPEG, CANADA

(19)

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HANSEN'S Gloves fit the *hand* and fit the work in hand. Ordinary gloves are a hindrance to work; *Han*sen's are a help. They give perfect protection with freedom of movement—ready fingers, nimble knuckles and limber wrists. There are no binding seams, no rivets to scratch.



HANSEN'S GLOVES

"Built Like a Hand"

are made of best horsehide leather, tanned by special process and guaranteed never to shrink or shrivel, harden, crack or peel.

Motorists and motorcyclists should always wear one of the many HANSEN styles. The railroad man—engineer, fireman and brakeman—the lineman, lumberman, doctor and hunter—all professions, trades and sports—every man finds in the Hansen line the glove that precisely suits his own specific needs.

Every Hansen is soft as kid, but strong as rawhide, heat, cold and steam-proof, impervious to water—"made-to-order," but ready to wear. When soiled, wash in gasoline. Nothing makes them lose their shape or softness.

Free Book Fill out attached coupon, mail to us today and receive free booklet describing and illustrating all styles. Or, if more convenient, write us a postal today.

O. C. HANSEN MFG. CO.
100 Detroit St.
Milwaukee Wis.



O. C. Hansen Mfg. Co. 18817
100 Detroit St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Please send me your Free Book, illustrating and describing your styles of gloves and mittens. I am most interested in the styles you make for the following purpose:

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____

in a little late, first-class mail having precedence over the bulkier sorts.

Some of these mountain mail carriers in the Rockies are among the boldest and hardiest men the country produces. There is always risk in following this calling, especially toward the close of winter, when the snowslides begin to run. An acquaintance of the writer, who once carried mails into Telluride, Colorado, in the winter season—a trip which he said took him all day to make going up and five minutes to come down on his skees—was once caught and carried some distance down the mountain in a snowslide. He said that the only direction that he knew was up; but, between him and his friends, he managed to get out, as he happened to be buried but a short depth. He did not get scared until several hours later, when from a comfortable cabin door he looked out into a frozen night, lighted only by rather chilly stars. Then he got so scared all at once that he quit the job.

One of the most interesting mail routes of the Rockies formerly lay between Gardiner, Montana, and Cooke City, northeast of the Yellowstone Park, the route crossing the park by way of Mammoth Hot Springs and Lamar Creek. The man who had this contract some fifteen years or so ago was named Church, a plucky, red-whiskered chap of whom it was said he had never failed to bring the mail through on time and never had been known to complain about the weather or to utter a profane word. As do many of these winter mail carriers, he took chances every time he started out, for no man who has not seen it can have any idea of the character of a genuine mountain snowstorm.

When this man started out he used a light wagon as far as he could going up the big hill east of the Mammoth Hot Springs. When a wagon grew impossible he left his vehicle and hitched to a sled, which he left within reach. Once on the summit he had a wide plain to cross, and then a very bad descent down what is known as Devil's Gut, before he got to his first landing-place at Yanceys. These narrow defiles would drift full of snow, and perhaps no other man in the world excepting Church could have gotten a team and sled over such country. His horses learned to wallow through somehow, though their driver often had to dig them out and always went prepared for such service.

Like Pilgrim's Progress

Resting at Yanceys perhaps over night, and thawing most of the icicles out of his whiskers before the next morning, this mail carrier would worry along with his sled up Lamar Creek until he got into more difficult country. Here he would unhitch his team, blanketing and tying out in a sheltered spot one of his horses and riding the other as far as he could. When he had gotten as far as possible on horseback he tied out this horse in similar fashion, and then took to the snowshoes which he had left on his previous trip. By the time he got through with his mails, he had behind him a string of conveyances and rolling stock scattered at different intervals over, say, fifty miles. He picked these up in reverse order on his way back to the railroad. This was his daily routine. Any man trying to travel with him, for even one day, would find his work cut out for him.

It chanced that one winter the writer had a little experience in covering this particular Rocky Mountain mail route on skees. It was hard enough, with the thermometer twenty or thirty degrees below zero; and more than once our party was obliged to "hole up," not venturing to travel in snowstorms which came so thick and fast as to blot out the back trail a few minutes after it was made. As it chanced, with an interval of no more than two or three weeks, I found myself on a little sailing schooner with a mail carrier running from Galveston to Smith Point, on the Gulf Coast. Here the weather was mild and balmy, too warm for comfort almost, and with a wind entirely too gentle for any sort of speed. We lay becalmed for several hours out in the bay, and for once the United States mails did not advance very rapidly. The mail carrier was very philosophical.

"Pshaw!" said he. "I don't suppose any of them letters or papers amounts to much nohow; and, besides, 'most everybody in Smith Point will be out duck hunting by the time we get there."

In other parts of our possessions, however, the mails are sometimes carried by



Rubber Heels that STAY ALIVE

They are unlike any rubber heels you ever heard of.

The first ten steps you take on them, you'll *feel* the difference.

And the longer you wear them the more apparent that difference will be.

SPRING-STEP Rubber Heels

start with more "spring" than anybody ever thought could be put into a rubber heel.

There's a LIFT to them that can't be described.

They're tough and strong and full of wear.

But the really new and great thing about them is that they retain their life and buoyancy right down to the last day you walk on them.

Wear them to a wafer—they're still ALIVE.

We've done it with pure rubber treated by our special process.

Into this heel we have inserted the Patented RED "Can't-Slip" Grip—

You can't slip on Spring-Steps if you try.

Ask to see them at your nearest repair shop.

50 Cents put on.
Any shoe repair shop.

REVERE RUBBER COMPANY, CHELSEA, MASS.

BOSTON NEW YORK PITTSBURG NEW ORLEANS CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO KANSAS CITY MINNEAPOLIS

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Grandma on a Visit

ONE of her first cares is to see about her little granddaughter's teeth.

Naturally so.

Her own teeth are perfect—good as ever—and she knows what that has meant, more and more with passing years, in health, good looks, well being.

"I use Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder night and morning. Mama taught me to."

"Yes, dear, just as I taught your Mama to, and just as my Mama taught me."

With millions of the best families it is a tradition to use

Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder

prepared for almost half a century by a doctor of dental surgery.

Three generations have been brought up to its use with increasing faith. It has an honorable place apart from ordinary tooth preparations. The best dentists prescribe it as they have always done.

Because Dr. Lyon's is a perfect dentifrice in POWDER FORM, having no gelatine, glucose, glycerine, or honey to leave sticky masses between the teeth to encourage decay.

It cleanses and polishes the teeth, removes discoloration and tartar, WITHOUT CHEMICAL ACTION, and imparts a natural fragrance to the breath. Use it thoroughly night and morning—*above all at night.*

What Dr. Lyon's does not do should be entrusted only to your dentist to do.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

The brush never touches this can



boat where the other extreme obtains as to wind supply. There is no more dangerous coast than that of Alaska; but daring little schooners, manned by some of the pluckiest sailors in the world, manage to get in and out of the remote ports of that far-off country, even in weather that would make a Gloucester fisherman look down his nose. The steamers that go north of Frisco and Seattle carry the mails to the larger settlements on the Alaskan coast, and thence they are distributed by schooner, packhorse, man pack or dog team. The population of some of the Alaskan coast country is rather cosmopolitan—some of the sailormen are Russian, others Scandinavian, yet others full or half-blood Aleut, with a sprinkling of English and New England Yankees. Wild and bold enough chaps they are, too—good pilots and good sailors, in fair or foul weather. They do their part simply and unpretentiously in getting the mail through to the outlying settlements.

Five years ago I was up in Northwestern Alaska and there met a Russian, one Pete Petrovsky, who then and there promised to send me an Aleut whale-harpoon. This contrivance is only about four feet long, and could be sent by mail, as he supposed. It took us two years to discover that one harpoon had been sent, only to disappear somewhere in parts unknown. In another year I got word back to Pete that his first venture had failed. This winter, two years later, I got another harpoon in good condition, with many writings on it. This is a rather longer time than I find necessary to communicate with another friend of mine by the name of Clarke, who lives on the Peace River, almost a thousand miles north of the American line. And now and then I get a postal card or chance letter from another wandering friend who writes from New Zealand, Heidelberg, Paris, Sydney, Nairobi, Honolulu, Nagasaki, St. Petersburg—or wherever else he happens to be. For the most part, these communications come through in astonishingly short time. You can get from New York to Nairobi, for instance, and started on your elephant hunt, in something like thirty days or so, if my memory serves.

The Lion's Share

This friend, who breaks the monotony of his life with an occasional lion hunt or the like, sometimes has occasion to put a letter in a split stick and hand it to a fuzzy negro two or three hundred miles inland from Nairobi. Such communication reaches New York, Chicago or San Francisco with practically unvarying certainty, unless a lion eats the bearer. Even in this case the lion does not always eat the letter; so some one else is pretty sure to get it through.

United States Army officers in the old days very often used Indian runners as mail carriers. Varying stories have been handed down regarding the distance which a native runner can cover in a day. Dog runners, back of their teams in the fur countries, are credited with fifty-five, sixty-five and even seventy-five miles in a day's run. As a man cannot do seventy-five miles a day on snowshoes, the explanation seems to be that he hops on and takes a ride once in a while. He could, perhaps, do forty or fifty miles, however; and a man on skees could do twenty or twenty-five miles in the Rockies on a day's journey without being extraordinarily skillful or powerful. In the earlier days, before Indians got fat or had learned the delights of whisky, their young men could do extraordinary distances on foot when the going was good—no doubt, sixty miles a day; and army officers have credited them with a hundred miles in a day of twenty-four hours.

The Indians of the dry Southwest seem to have been the best runners, and there is one tribe of Indians in Mexico who are noted for their extraordinary speed and endurance on foot, who could get over almost or perhaps quite a hundred miles in a day. Sometimes these runners carry a letter in a split stick as do the African savages. General Fremont once rode a hundred miles in one day of twenty-four hours, using two California horses; but when it comes right down to animals a good man is the finest animal of them all, and will go where no other can and do what no other can. It is these men, simple and sometimes ignorant, but the hardiest, shrewdest and most enduring animals of all the earth, who get the messages of civilization through to the outermost dwelling-places of the wilderness.



Municipal Building

Des Moines

The City of Certainties Has Made Good

Two years ago we began this campaign of advertising Des Moines—the City of Certainties.

In each advertisement we explained that the Greater Des Moines Committee is devoted to public service, that its function is to act as a bureau of advice and counsel between the interested outsider and the city of Des Moines. It is virtually a clearing house of information; its purpose is to aid and direct the growth of Des Moines.

Everything we have said about Des Moines has been found to be exactly true.

Every visitor to Des Moines has learned that our statements and our figures are facts.

If you are a man of energy, of initiative, of ambition, and of capacity, with an industry or enterprise which naturally should have part in this business field, you owe it to yourself to know about

Des Moines

Des Moines today does not supply more than one-third of the insistent demands of its trade territory.

Why not let us at least tell you about Des Moines? We have answered thousands of inquiries in these two years. Many men have come here and are glad they did. Des Moines has profited 150% on the expenditures of the Greater Des Moines Committee. Tell us frankly your desires and let us tell you what there is here for you in your own business sphere—and what there is here for your family, what kind of a city this is to live in.

Either write us now, or fill the coupon below and mail it.

All railroads give stopover privileges at Des Moines. It will interest you to spend half a day or so here and see things for yourself.

Greater Des Moines Committee
130 Coliseum Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa

Certainty Coupon

Greater Des Moines Committee,
130 Coliseum Building, Des Moines, Iowa

Send me "WEALTH" and the Des Moines Certainty Book.

My business is_____

Name_____

Address_____



Walnut St. Bridge

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D X N TRADE MARK

The Lubricant for Your Car

Flake Graphite is acknowledged an ideal lubricant because it produces on bearing surfaces a marvelously smooth and durable veneer that actually holds the metal surfaces apart. Friction is reduced to a minimum—bearing surfaces can't cut or seize—when you use Dixon's Motor Graphite, a wonderfully unctuous graphite of extraordinary softness and lubricating qualities.

Dixon's Motor Graphite increases the lubricating value of oils and greases. Only a very small quantity added regularly is necessary to keep bearings in perfect condition. Unlike oil or grease, it is unaffected by heat or cold—can't be squeezed out of bearings.



DIXON'S Motor Graphite
(Pulverized Flake)



Add a little Dixon's Motor Graphite in dry form to the oil in your crank case or blow it in the spark plug hole. It will increase compression and give you more power from a smoother running engine.

Mix it with your own choice of lubricants or we will do it for you, as we manufacture a full line of greases containing Dixon's Motor Graphite.

Ask your dealer for Dixon's Graphite Lubricant No. 677—a highest quality mineral grease scientifically combined with Dixon's Motor Graphite. Fine for differentials or transmissions. More economical than plain oil or grease.

Send name and model of car for free book, "Lubricating the Motor."

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
Established in 1827
JERSEY CITY
NEW JERSEY

D X N TRADE MARK

The deeds of the old pony-express riders, who crossed the continent before the railways, have passed into history, almost unbelievable as they are. A rider has made a forced ride of a hundred and fifty miles—continuously in the saddle—in that service. We do it rather more easily now with our fast mail trains; but who can tell all the romance of a mail packet which starts, say, from the center of the city of New York? The pneumatic tube, the electrified railroad and the river tunnel help start this packet on its westbound way. Then it begins to travel a mile a minute until it reaches countries of slower railroad facilities. The trolley car now takes up the journey; after that perhaps the stagecoach, the buckboard, the rural free-delivery wagon; then, perhaps, the rider with mail-bags back of his saddle, or the footman with the mail on his own back; the snowshoer, working hard to make ten miles a day uphill; the sailor, who takes more care of the mails than he does of his own life when he goes out in a storm; the ox-team mail driver; the mail carrier of the Far South, who goes on his way in a narrow sassafras dugout, or the one who rides a melancholy mule. They say that ere long we shall be carrying mail by airships—and that may be. It is a far call from the methods of the frontier when the mail was sometimes packed on the back of a dog.

Itinerant Postmasters

One way or another, the mails get through at small cost in cash for each item carried, but at an enormous total cost, both in scientific and industrial skill, and in sheer human pluck, strength and hardihood on the part of individuals. It is on the king's service—and that king is yourself. You love the wild places, no doubt; but you do most to conquer and alter them when you buy a roan stamp for two cents and start it for Tincup or Nairobi, for Fort Herschel or Paris, knowing that it will go through.

You can get a flavor of the wilderness by a glance at any post-office gazetteer. Perhaps you yourself may have felt the touch of other days when, in the middle of an apparently edgeless Western plain, you have seen a lard can or a cracker box acting as a post-office, once in a while receiving mail and once in a while sending out mail—by no discoverable human agency. Uncle Sam is methodical in his ways, and no doubt thinks that when once he has located a post-office it stays there. Such is by no means the case, for many a Western postmaster considers that he is the post-office, and that mails should be received from him, wherever he happens to be.

There used to be and still is a post-office in Wyoming called Fourbear. It was once located at the ranch of old Colonel Pickett, a noted grizzly killer of the Greybull Valley. The colonel sold his ranch and left the country and the post-office dropped down to another ranch, but the name remained the same. Last summer it had moved down to Meeteetse, fifteen or twenty miles farther—or, at least, Fourbear mail was all delivered at Meeteetse.

There used to be another postmaster in that same part of the world who regularly used to drop down out of the mountains when the snow came, some twenty-five or thirty miles, taking his post-office with him in his hat. The arrangement suited him and everybody else; for, after all, men are like other animals, and there is no use looking for them if the snow has driven them all out of the mountains.

In some way or other, however, whether by exercise of skill, courage, ingenuity or common-sense, the mails get through. Sometime we shall have a parcels post—and ought to have; but if it ever gets to the place where you can send a cookstove by mail it is going to be hard for the fellows who deliver by dog team or snowshoe at Herschel Island, Cooke City or Tincup.

Short but Sweet

SENATOR JOHN W. KERN, of Indiana, put on his high hat and his long coat, combed his justly famous paint-brush whiskers and visited New York.

An affable stranger approached him on Broadway. "Doctor," he exclaimed, grasping Senator Kern by the hand, "I am glad indeed to meet you. I have often had the pleasure of seeing you in the pulpit."

"The deuce you have!" said Kern, and the interview terminated.



Here's a hot favorite

A REAL East India dish; blended as skillfully as in its native clime. When your appetite needs a little extra "spur" and your palate longs for "something different," just try

Campbell's MULLIGATAWNY SOUP

Then you'll realize better than ever what a pleasing and distinct variety is included in our wholesome "21 kinds."

Chicken, rice, chutney and other condiments, fresh fruits, apple, citron, cocoanut and the finest imported curry all help to give this soup its distinctive and inimitable flavor. And those who like a naturally hot soup like this the best of all.

Why not get acquainted with it *today*?



"Teacher: 'Twas an extra plate Of *Campbell's Soup* that made me late."
"Good excuse; and bounteous larder. Now you'll study all the harder."

21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus, Beef, Bouillon, Celery, Chicken, Chicken-Gumbo (Okra), Clam Bouillon, Clam Chowder, Consommé, Julienne, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Mutton Broth, Ox Tail, Pea, Pepper Pot, Printanier, Tomato, Tomato-Okra, Vegetable, Vermicelli-Tomato



Look for the red-and-white label

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My Ideal of a Car

Built to Justify Men's Faith in Me

By R. E. Olds, Designer

Reo the Fifth—My Farewell Car—in every detail marks the best I know. And I have spent 25 years in this business. If any man can build a better car, he's a better man than I.

Not for $1,055

Many able designers say the best in a car can't be given for $1,055.

And I almost agree with them.

Reo the Fifth was not designed to sell at this altruistic price. I fear that this price, in the long run, is impossible. It will doubtless be advanced.

But this much I assure you:

So long as I direct the making, this car will embody the best I know, regardless of price or profit.

It Decides My Fate

I have spent 25 years in winning my place as a designer of automobiles. I have designed 24 models, and built tens of thousands of cars.

It has been a long, hard road. And I, like other men, take pride in what I have accomplished.

Reo the Fifth marks the climax. I have spent 18 months to make this car the capsheaf of my career.

All I have gained in a lifetime of effort is at stake on this car's performance. And for this season, at least, I have complete charge of the making.

So you may be sure that Reo the Fifth won't be skimped to meet a price.

Price Not Fixed

The last car I designed—a car smaller than this—sold for $1,250. And that was considered a marvelous value.

The cost of materials has fallen since then. New machinery has cut our factory cost.

We figure this new car will double our output—and it will. We also save a great deal now by building only one chassis in this enormous plant.

By thus paring our costs, then our profits, we got the price down to $1,055. And we take pride in this amazing price as evidence of our efficiency.

But this price is based on ideal conditions, and on cost for materials the lowest we have had in years.

So this price is not fixed. Any added cost must be added to it. Our contracts with dealers all provide for advance.

We announce this to avoid future misunderstanding.

Our Model Factory

We have built up here what men regard as a model automobile plant. Engineers from everywhere come here to inspect it.

The labor-saving machinery is largely of our invention. It was built in our shops.

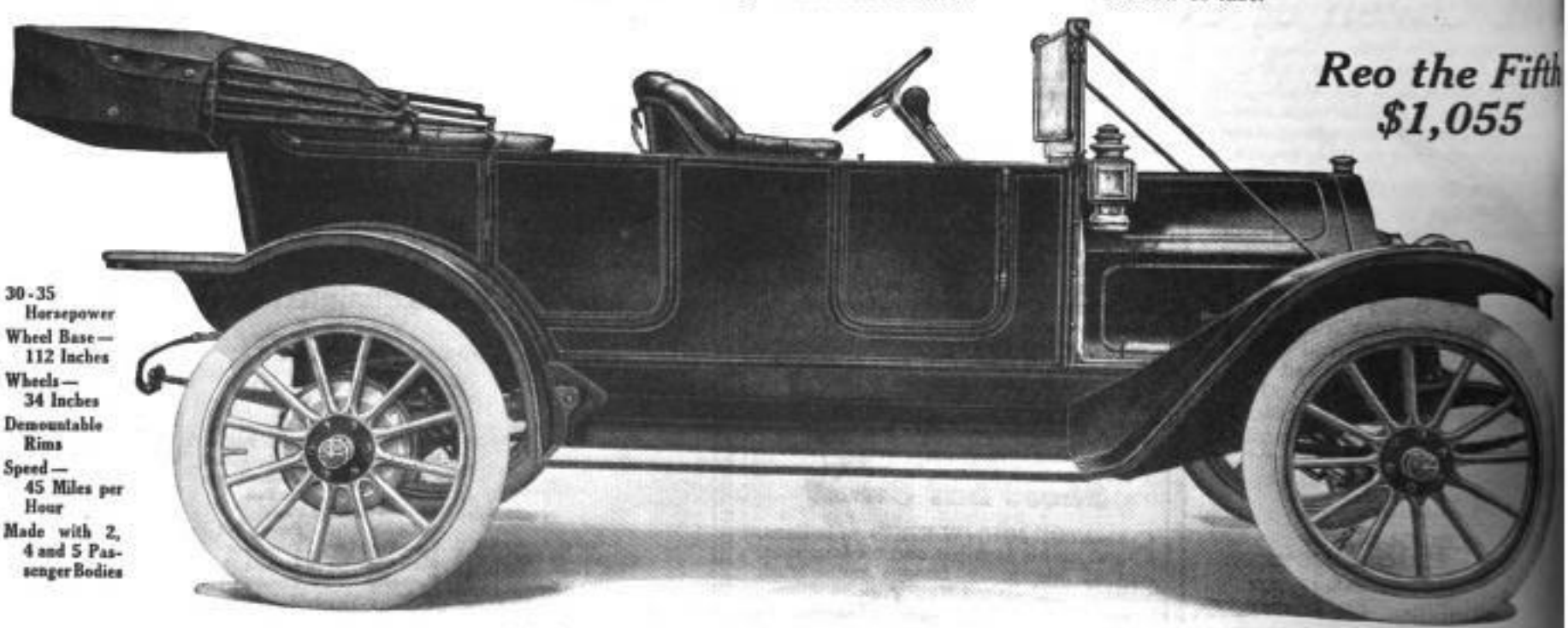
It gives us utter exactness. It makes like parts interchangeable. And it has cut labor cost to the minimum.

In this model factory we build the whole car, so no profits go to parts makers.

Our output is enormous, which means small overhead expense. Our system is perfect. Efficiency here has been worked out to the finish.

Then we are not overcapitalized—have no bonded debt. So that factor in cost is eliminated.

We ought to give more than others give for the money. We expect to, and will. But this initial price, in my estimation, is too low to last.



Reo the Fifth
$1,055

30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 Inches
Wheels—34 Inches
Demountable Rims
Speed—45 Miles per Hour
Made with 2, 4 and 5 Passenger Bodies

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank and speedometer—all for $100 extra. **Self-starter, if wanted, $20 extra.**

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Judge for Yourself

If a Car Can Be Built Any Better

The Standard Car

There are cars larger and smaller than o the Fifth. I have built all types myself, to six-cylinder sixties.

But Reo the Fifth, in my estimation, typi- s the car of the future. More and more, perienced motorists are coming to this ndard type.

It is not too large nor too small, too light r too heavy. It has ample power for any quirement. It is large enough to be a omy car for five.

Cars over-powered and over-sized cost too uch for upkeep. Undersized cars grow to em insufficient.

The popular type is the 30 to 35 horse- wer, four-cylinder car. Cars of this type e sold all the way up to $2,500. So I opted this type for My Farewell Car. And is factory now turns out no other model.

I don't claim, of course, that oversize cars ed not be more costly. But I know of no way, a car of this type, to add one iota of value.

Margins of Safety

The best I have learned in 25 years is the ed for big margins of safety.

I have learned this by watching tens of ousands of cars, with all sorts of drivers, der all road conditions.

It is not sufficient to have parts strong ough. They must have several times the eded strength.

So my axles and driving shaft, wheels d springs are all much larger than neces- ry. So is every part where weakness ever velops.

I use Nickel Steel for axles and driving aft—Vanadium Steel for connections. My differential was designed for a 45-horse-power car.

I use roller bearings—Timken and Hyatt—instead of the usual ball bearings. There are only three ball bearings in this whole car, and two are in the fan.

Unusual Tests

To make utterly certain that parts are right I use very unusual tests.

Each lot of steel is analyzed to make sure it accords with my formulas. The slightest variation causes me to discard it.

It is usual to test gears with a hammer. I have built a crushing machine of 50 tons' capacity, to prove to exactness what each gear will stand.

I put magnetos to a radical test which only two makes tested here will stand.

Inspection here is carried to extremes. Engines are tested again and again against unusual loads.

We use the same clutch as $5,000 cars—the same grade of springs—the same efficient type of brakes.

I ran one of these cars for ten thousand miles—night and day, at top speed, on rough roads. I did this to learn if any part of the car would fail to meet any requirement.

Then we took the car to pieces and examined every part. We could hardly discover in any important part the slightest evidence of wear.

All this is done to make sure of perfection in this, My Farewell Car.

Outer Attractions

Another thing I have learned is that men—and women—want a classy and beautiful car.

So the design of this car shows the last touch of up-to-dateness. The body finish consists of 17 coats. The upholstering is deep. It is filled with hair. The covering is genuine leather.

The lamps are enameled, as per the latest vogue. Even the engine is nickel trimmed.

The wheel base is long, the tonneau is roomy, the wheels are large, the car is over-tired. There are ventilators in front which open and close. There are demountable rims.

You will find no shortcomings when the car is compared with the costliest cars on the market.

Close to Finality

I regard Reo the Fifth as pretty close to finality. In every detail it marks the best I know. And I do not believe that this plant or others will ever build a much better car.

Better materials are certainly impossible. Tests and inspections cannot be carried further. The features and devices are the best yet discovered, and there appears little chance for improvement.

Fashions may change in some minor details, but no designer, in my estimation, will ever get more of real worth in a car.

Ask for Our Book

Our Book shows the three styles of body—touring car, demi-tonneau and roadster. The roadster sells for $1,000.

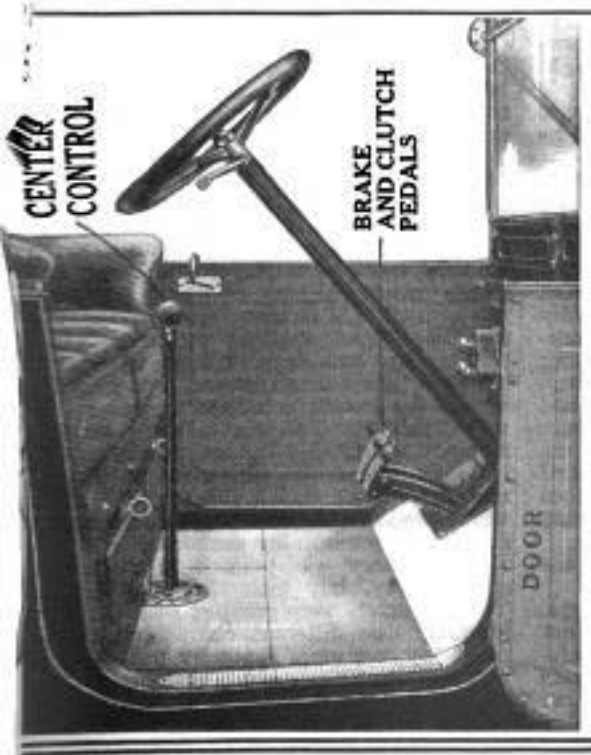
It pictures all of the details, so you may compare them with higher-priced cars.

You should know these facts, for Reo the Fifth is the most interesting car of the season.

Write today for the book, and we will tell you where to see the car. Address

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for **Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.**

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ontario



New Center Control—Exclusive Feature
No Side Levers—No Reaching

Reo the Fifth brings out, for the first time, our new center, cane-handle control.

All the gear shifting is done by this convenient lever between the two front seats. It is done by moving this lever less than three inches in each of four directions.

No noise, no grinding, no reaching. Just a slight, easy motion.

Both brakes are operated by foot pedals, and one of the pedals also operates the clutch.

So there are no side levers to get in the way. The entrance in front, through either door, is as clear as the tonneau entrance.

This arrangement permits of the left side drive, heretofore possible in electric cars only. The driver sits as he should sit, close to the cars which he passes and on the up side of the road. He sits where he can look back in making a turn.

The operation of this car is simplicity itself—as simple as an electric. Your wives and daughters can drive it. This center control is the best new feature brought out in any car this year.

Yet this is but one of the details which reveal this car's up-to-dateness. When you see them all you will say with me that Reo the Fifth comes pretty close to finality.

(44)

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A Long Step Forward!

The firm which for 25 years has set up the big progress-marks in roofing history, now presents a really artistic roofing for residences—fire-resisting, and at a moderate price. The house shown above is roofed with

NEPONSET PROSLATE ROOFING

Look at it. Wouldn't you like a roof as attractive as that on your house? NEPONSET Proslate comes in distinctive red and green colors. It is a re-adaptation of the sturdy, long-life roofing materials which we have been making for years, combined with a colored surface. It is the biggest idea that has ever been launched in the roofing business. More attractive than shingles, and practically fire-proof—while shingles quickly catch fire, NEPONSET Proslate will make the ideal roof for your house. If you would know more—

Send for Our Booklet on Roofing

and the name of a NEPONSET dealer near you. He is reliable. Send postal today.

F. W. BIRD & SON (Est. 1795) **11 Neponset St., E. Walpole, Mass.**

New York Chicago Washington Portland, Ore. San Francisco
Canadian Plant: Hamilton, Ont.

Remember that we are the makers of NEPONSET Paroid for nearly 15 years the acknowledged standard of high-grade roofing.

Ex-Pres. Roosevelt Says—

"Good road-building makes in a nation those stable qualities which tell for permanent greatness." And Mr. Roosevelt is *right!* Good roads mean increased land values—the ability to "get there" easily, quickly and comfortably. But the roads must be *built right.* Ditches badly placed, and weak, leaky culverts, are simply money wasted. Save money by using American Ingot Iron Corrugated Culverts. Heavy loads can't break them—frost can't crack them.

American Ingot Iron Culverts

(99.84 Per Cent Pure Iron)

are strong, durable and easy to transport and place. Leading railroads use them in place of concrete, brick, tile and stone. First cost low—upkeep nothing.

These Culverts are *not made of* steel, but *American Ingot Iron—guaranteed 99.84% pure.* Steel, on account of its impurities, rusts and corrodes quickly. American Ingot Iron, due to its purity, resists rust for many years. This is why American Ingot Iron Culverts outlast steel culverts.

The triangle trademark is on every section of genuine American Ingot Iron Culvert. These famous culverts can be obtained only from the manufacturers named below.

Send for full particulars. The book, "Culverts," will pleasantly surprise you. Write to-day. You will receive it by return mail.

Address Nearest Manufacturer

Dixie Culvert & Metal Co., Little Rock, Ark.; Atlanta, Ga.
California Corrugated Culvert Co., Los Angeles, Cal.; West Berkeley, Cal.; Reno, Nev.
Colorado Ingot Iron Pipe & Flume Co., Colorado Springs, Colo.
Delaware Metal Culvert Co., Clayton, Del.
Illinois Corrugated Metal Co., Bloomington, Ill.
W. D. O'Neall Company, Crawfordsville, Ind.
Princeton Sheet Metal Company, Princeton, Ind.
Fort Dodge Culvert Company, Fort Dodge, Iowa
Independence Corrugated Culvert Co., Independence, Iowa
The Rossi Supply & Metal Co., Topeka, Kan.
Kentucky Culvert Company, Buechel, Ky.
New England Metal Culvert Co., Palmer, Mass.
J. N. Spencer, Havre de Grace, Md.
Michigan Bridge & Pipe Company, Lansing, Mich.
Bark River Bridge & Culvert Co., Bark River, Mich.; Eau Claire, Wis.
Lyle Corrugated Culvert Company, Lyle, Minn.; Minneapolis, Minn.
Corrugated Culvert Company, Moberly, Mo.
Montana Culvert Company, Missoula, Mont.
North Carolina Metal Culvert Co., Greensboro, N. C.
Northwestern Sheet & Iron Works, Walpeton, N. D.
North-East Metal Culvert Co., Nashua, N. H.
Pennsylvania Metal Culvert Co., Flemington, N. J.; Warren, Pa.
Economy Culvert Company, Auburn, N. Y.
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Ohio Corrugated Culvert Co., Middletown, Ohio
Oklahoma Corrugated Culvert Co., Shawnee, Okla.
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AMERICAN INGOT IRON ARMCO

PLATES, SHEETS, ROOFING, FENCE WIRE

THE APPLE OF DISCORD

(Continued from Page 5)

Absorbed in his work, the playwright had scarcely given a thought to his outraged neighbors. There was design in his act, but for the moment this had been forgotten in the interest of his work. He spent the whole of his time in studying out the details of his operetta, either lying in his hammock or sitting at the piano or in moving manikins about his model stage.

Swung from the lashing at the head of his hammock was a bunch of ripening bananas. Now and then the author reached back to twist off one of the small yellow fruit, which he devoured at a gulp, all but the last two inches, this piece being offered to a large green parrot perched in a ring at one side. These bounties the parrot received in one extended claw, remarking in a dulcet tone, "Thank you, darling."

Directly under the hammock, which was as near his master as it was possible to get, a small dog of mongrel type and intelligent expression was crouched on the deck, his alert head turning this way and that, while at least one bright eye returned with unabated interest to the evolutions of a large and handsome raccoon that was fishing about with one paw in a bucket of water. Forward of the awning where the sun streamed across the deck, a black cat with green eyes was watching the gambols of a family of kittens remarkable for heavy fur and ringed tails. The lambent eyes of the mother went frequently toward the raccoon, continuously fishing in the bucket with the patience lent by its species to such pursuits. At these moments the narrow black slits of the cat's pupils opened wider.

Entirely engrossed in his work, Lanier failed to notice the approach of a rowboat that put off from the landing of the reading room. He could not in any case have seen it, but even the swash of oars and the slight jar, together with murmur of voices at the staging of his accommodation ladder amidships, failed to capture his preoccupied attention. Or possibly he may have been subconscious though unheeding, for the story of The Broken Word had found its way into the press, and not infrequently boatloads of summer visitors from the garish hotel at the rivermouth would pass gayly round the battered hulk to a chorus of profane laughter directed toward the frozen groups upon the reading-room veranda.

Intent upon his work of revision, Lanier did not look round until his caretaker, who had approached him in a stealthy and dubious manner, laid his hand on the tense hammock lashing. Roused suddenly by the vibration Lanier squirmed about like a cat that has just received a charge of shot.

"What is it?" he snarled. "How many times have I got to tell you that I'm not to be disturbed when I'm at work?"

"Beg pardon, sir, but there's four parties from the clubhouse wants to see you."

"Where are they?" Lanier twisted his lithe, beflanneled body still farther and his angry eyes fell upon a little group standing in the waist. Preëminent in stature was Mr. Phelps who, catching Lanier's eye, swelled out his chest and appeared about to advance toward the break of the quarter-deck, when the curt tones of the playwright forestalled him.

"Show the gentlemen below," said Lanier to his caretaker, "and say that I shall be down directly."

The words were quite audible to the four visitors, respectively Messrs. Phelps and Soper, Major O'Sullivan and Professor Pringle. Mr. Phelps appeared slightly at a loss, swelled his chest, then slowly exhaled the invigorating sea air through his puffed cheeks. Major O'Sullivan, a slightly built, dapper man with an enormous mustache and a very resonant bass, squared his shoulders, tugged at his mustache and glared in the direction of Lanier, who had returned to his reading and of whom only the top of a black head was visible over the rim of the hammock. Doctor Soper rubbed his hands, hemmed a little and glanced at Professor Pringle, who was gazing abstractedly toward the distant horizon.

"Confound his cheek!" muttered the major. "Let's go back ashore."

The president looked rather vague. "Now that we are here ——" he began, but was interrupted by the harsh-featured caretaker, who came down into the waist with a curt "This way, gents," and a manner more suggestive of a Yankee mate showing their billets to a batch of raw hands than one conducting guests to the saloon.

Mr. Phelps filled his lungs afresh, puffed out his cheeks and followed the man. Professor Pringle started, looked [illegible] dazed—for the dancing blue of the [illegible] had suggested the ancient Ægean and [illegible] mind was some twenty or thirty centuries behind the movement. Doctor Soper [illegible] trotting in the wake of Mr. Phelps, rubbing his hands and smiling nervously to [illegible] Major O'Sullivan alone appeared to [illegible] tate about obeying the summons [illegible] below, but the fact that the others [illegible] already started made a refusal awkward, wherefore he brought up the rear, [illegible] savagely and tugging out a handkerchief at every step.

Ushered by the laconic caretaker, the visitors went down such a flight of [illegible] might lead into the attic of a New England farmhouse and found themselves [illegible] within an apartment somewhat singular in the belly of a ship. To begin with, the gangway first landed on a sort of [illegible] that ran athwartships and extended [illegible] and aft along the sides, ultimately [illegible] appear in the gloom. Below this was another balcony of the same sort, and below this was what seemed to be the floor of a spacious and comfortable [illegible] There were oriental rugs, divans, [illegible] big lounging chairs, a handsome Renaissance buffet and a grand piano. Between the galleries the rough pine ceiling was covered by many posters, some of them representing frivolous young women conventionally clad and bearing such profane inscriptions as Folies Bergères and Tabarin. Others less dangerous to the elderly eyes of the Chimney Corner element portrayed pretty young things [illegible] through pan-pipes or teasing little [illegible] These bore the name of Calvert Lithe with boastful statements concerning the number of presentations.

The whole place was well lighted by roomy ports cut between the galleries and two big spar-deck skylights. Fore and aft galleries and orlop deck faded into the gloom, though the main [illegible] seemed partitioned off by portières of tapestries hung from the main deck to what was left of it.

Arrived below after a considerable descent of ladder steps, the Chimney Corner Peace Commission looked about with some bewilderment. To the eye of a shipbuilder it would have been at once apparent that Lanier had secured a hulk converted from the hulk of an old merchantman and made of the amidships section a practical musical and dramatic studio with very little expenditure so far as the vessel was concerned. The rough, exposed portions of the skin had been ceiled with pine and the side ports and skylights cut out, and that was about all. Lanier apparently lived in the vast, roomy studio, for there was a bed made up on one of the divans and a dressing table in a small recess beside a port. What the rest of the hulk might or might not contain was shrouded in mystery.

It was not until the quartet had reached the foot of their slightly perilous descent that the most striking feature of the place became apparent. Just under the level of the halfdecks was a miniature stage, not so excessively miniature, as the puppet dolls that graced it were constructed to scale not less than half that of the [illegible] and the stage itself filled in width the whole amidships section of the ship. It was in fact a stage upon which a piece might actually have been played, and at a glance one would have said that a piece was even at that moment being presented for the bright sunlight striking down through the amidships skylight illumined the *décor* like a limelight and brought vividly the prettily costumed figures of the waxen players. The *mise en scène* at the moment presented a tropical garden overlooking a bay strewn with islands. In the middle distance was a fortification from which flew the American ensign, and beyond it a naval squadron lay anchored.

The scenery was painted in a [illegible] splashy way, but with charming effect. The doll actors were grouped with exact harmony, the different characters designated by costumes sketchily painted on blank paper, then cut out and pasted on the manikin. Looking closer, the astonished visitors saw that the stage was perforated with numerous holes of about an inch in diameter and perhaps two inches [illegible]

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Model 5 With Its Steel *Coat*-of-Mail Gives Utmost Limit of Service



Built into the new Model 5 Oliver Typewriter are many exclusive devices for saving time and effort. We have even improved the type itself—and all the world now knows PRINTYPE.

Each of the refinements and added conveniences is a link in the "endless chain" of *completeness*. But equal in importance to these *combined* advantages is one that has scarcely been mentioned in print.

—An improvement that actually adds years to the life of the machine.

To deliver to the purchaser not only the highest *working-efficiency* but to *hold* that efficiency at the highest point—for a long term of years—is the problem worked out in Model 5.

Printype — OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

This Masterpiece Model is made with a steel coat-of-mail, which protects the important working parts from dust, dirt and damage from accident.

The mechanism works freely in a framework of solid steel, without the vibration and "rattle" so characteristic of typewriters.

This wonderful *stability* makes for *precision* and practically eliminates *wear*.

It gives to The Oliver Typewriter that marvelous *staying power* for which it is justly famed.

Endurance Plus Speed

The speed possibilities of Model 5 keep pace with the most exacting demands. The light touch and easy action tempt the fingers to move swiftly. The smooth precision of the machine gives speed without conscious effort.

Speed Plus Versatility

Model 5 is as notable for its *versatility* as it is for speed and endurance. Its various devices, for special uses, are simple, responsive and *practical*.

The Vertical and Horizontal Line-ruling Device, the Tabulator, the Back Spacer, the Interchangeable Carriage, etc., widen the scope of its uses to the utmost practical limit.

Versatility Plus "Printype"

PRINTYPE, the beautiful new type face originated for The Oliver Typewriter, was designed exclusively for Model 5. The shaded letters of PRINTYPE give distinction and character to typewritten correspondence. PRINTYPE makes a typewritten letter as readable as the best printed magazine or book. Its attention value adds to the effectiveness of selling letters. It aids and rests the eyes.

To Purchasing Agents of Corporations

When placing your next order for typewriters, we suggest that you give special consideration to these important advantages of Model 5:

—Unlimited durability—No appreciable cost of maintenance—Unparalleled speed—Wide range of uses—Beautiful and novel PRINTYPE TYPE—Simplicity (several hundred less parts than other standard typewriters).

The same qualities that have won for The Oliver Typewriter the favor of the world's greatest firms and corporations, appeal with equal force to the one who buys a machine for personal use. Model 5 is an investment that pays handsome dividends in service and satisfaction, year after year.

Art Catalog and Special Demonstration for the Asking

On request, we will forward a copy of the new catalog and a specimen letter written in PRINTYPE. A personal demonstration of the machine itself will place you under no obligation to purchase. Details of our 17-Cents-a-Day Purchase Plan gladly given. A $5 cash payment brings this $100 machine—*you can pay the balance in pennies!*

The Oliver Typewriter Co.

844 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

Each manikin was fitted with a peg and could thus be placed at any part of the stage. Those occupying the scene at the moment represented soldiers, sailors, señoritas and a few tourists. The grouping was exceedingly effective, and the whole, surveyed through half-closed eyes, gave a perfect illusion of the theater.

Major O'Sullivan, an enthusiastic devotee of the Muses as worshiped across the footlights, uttered a sharp exclamation of surprise and pleasure.

"Upon my word, so that's how it's done. Most interestin'—looks like the Philippines."

"Allee same Panama," said a bland voice at his elbow. "Mist' Lanee makee opoletta Panama. Plenty sing-song dance. You likee dlink?"

Without waiting for a reply, the intelligent Celestial slithered across to the buffet and carried to the center table a heavy tantalus containing three most inviting cut-glass carafes. Four tumblers were produced from thin air, and a siphon opaque with the cold rime of the icebox.

Mr. Phelps was pompously protesting that they desired nothing, but the Chinaman did not appear to understand such language. Major O'Sullivan started to protest, then checked himself and glanced at his watch. He was feeling rather ill at ease, and besides it was half-past four. Doctor Soper was rubbing his hands and examining the little actors and actresses, while Professor Pringle, having sighted a long row of closely filled bookshelves, was being lured in their direction with fatal persistence but bashful hesitation until, his eye being caught and held by a whole row of Greek plays in the original text, the Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles, some tragedies of Æschylus and Euripides and about half a fathom of a beautiful edition of the comedies and satires of Aristophanes, he promptly became oblivious to time, place and the business in hand, and retired to a wicker lounging chair beside a port, to become absorbed and entirely lost to sight and sound.

Meanwhile the smiling Charlie had laid a box of cigarettes beside the tantalus, and smilingly indicated the contents of the three decanters with the tap of a fingernail that would cause the pupils of a manicure to dilate. "Ol' lye—velly stlong, no can get Amelica, velly good an' cost plenty dolla'. Velly, velly good. You tly." And with a positively Celestial smile Charlie had flitted off into the gloom beyond the portières.

Major O'Sullivan's keen military eye rested with appreciation on the different shades of amber reflected from the carafes. He tugged at his fierce mustache and looked at Mr. Phelps. The president of the Chimney Corner Association filled his chest and looked back. Both gentlemen then looked at the tantalus. Doctor Soper rubbed his hands, then broke the ice by taking a Turkish cigarette and lighting it in a perfectly natural manner.

"Since the object of our errand is to arrive at an amicable understanding," said he, "I see no reason why we should reject the hospitality offered us. These are excellent cigarettes. I happen to know that they are to be had only in London."

The faces of the other two lightened. Each man felt that he had never, until that moment, quite appreciated Doctor Soper. Between the major and the president there was that bond sometimes to be found between lawbreakers. Both gentlemen were in the habit of infringing daily, at exactly half-past four, on the laws and statutes of Mrs. Wilmerding and the State of Maine. An accessory before and several times after the fact was the entirely respectable steward of the reading room.

"Soper is quite right," said the major.

Mr. Phelps slowly exhaled a large volume of carbon dioxide between his cheeks.

"The very last idea that could have entered my head in coming here this afternoon," said he, "was that of accepting any material entertainment from this vindictive individual who has caused us so much annoyance. But, as Doctor Soper has very justly observed, the whole object of our visit is an attempt to ——"

"Precisely," snapped Major O'Sullivan, "and it is nearly a quarter to five. Mr. Phelps, I believe you prefer the rye. Personally I happen to know something about this Bourbon. As the mess boy quite truthfully remarked, it is the very good stuff and not to be had for love or money. If it is the real thing, I am afraid that we have made a mistake in barring this man Lanier." He took the decanter from

"You're the man I want!"



PRESIDENT: "You're the man I want! And I want you to know why I chose you from among the 40 men who were after the job."

YOUNG MAN: "I would like to know, sir."

PRESIDENT. "There were several men with records just as good as yours, but—you are the cleanest cut man of the bunch. I want to have men like you around me, and I'm not ashamed to have your kind represent the house. My rule is, *clear the way for the man with the clear record and the clean look*. Remember that, young man, remember that, if you want to get ahead."

There you have it! Promotion to the "clean cut" man; the man with the clear skin. Is your skin clearer, cleaner and more wholesome than the average? Don't be content with soap-and-water cleanliness. Be "Pompeian clean." Discover for yourself how Pompeian Massage Cream makes a healthy, attractive skin because of its marvelous powers to cleanse the pores and exercise the facial muscles. Read test below. Get trial jar.

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WOMEN

Pompeian corrects the past and protects the future. Clip coupon!

"Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one."

MEN

Make yourself "the man he wants." Clip the coupon now!

This shows style of package sold by dealers; not size of trial jar.

Here is the test that has made millions of enthusiastic users of Pompeian. Get your face just as clean as old-time methods will permit. Then apply a pinch of Pompeian to your face. Rub it gently, but firmly. It disappears into the pores. Massage a moment longer. Out comes the Pompeian, and with it comes the hidden pore dirt. The darkened, dirt-laden cream astonishes you. That was the dirt which soap and water couldn't reach.

Make the test. If it doesn't convince you of the merit of Pompeian and its necessity as a complete cleanser of the face pores, then we have nothing more to say. A skin which is "Pompeian clean" means a clear, clean, fresh complexion. "Clear the way for the man with the clear record and the clean look. Remember that, young man. Use Pompeian." **All dealers. 50c, 75c and $1.00.** Magazines and Books for Library Slips. One in each package.

TRIAL JAR

Sent for 6c (stamps or coin). Find out for yourself, now, why Pompeian is used and prized in a million homes where the value of a clear, fresh, healthy skin is appreciated. Clip coupon now.

Cut along this line, fill in and mail today

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Gentlemen:—Enclosed find 6c (stamps or coin) for a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream.

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Notice who Smoke Them

The cigar with the reputation for sustained quality, and the quality for sustained reputation—

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"30 minutes in Havana"

The biggest selling 10c Cigar in the World

We have received so many letters regarding the Preferencia Cigar that it has been utterly impossible to keep pace with inquiries, but all letters are being answered as promptly as possible.

In the matter of the sale to individual smokers we desire to say that the offer in our first advertisement to ship an introductory box direct to the consumer was made for the purpose of acquainting the smoker with the cigar and to insure his future supply through his own dealer.

La Preferencia brand is sold in more places in the United States than any other cigar—and we refer our friends and customers to the retailer.

Only three shapes were mentioned in our first "Post" advertisement. This brand is made in a variety of sizes.

Preferencia quality is always the same

HAVANA-AMERICAN COMPANY

111 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

the case, removed the glass stopper and scented the aroma of the contents. "It is. Doctor Soper, this will do you no harm. Permit me to fill your glass. Fancy the chap drinking stuff like this under our very noses!"

Doctor Soper rubbed his hands and fell to the suggestion of the major. Nobody thought of Professor Pringle, who was already deep in the Medea of Euripides.

Major O'Sullivan was explaining with a certain amount of warmth to Mr. Phelps that after all the Chimney Corner Association had a burden of unpaid obligation to Mr. Lanier, when there came an interruption. A rubber-shod foot paddled with catty lightness on the ladder, and before the visiting committee had realized it a slender, white-clad figure had glided past and seated itself at the piano.

Major O'Sullivan merely stared. Doctor Soper leaned forward, rubbing his hands. But Mr. Phelps, recognizing the playwright from a former and not entirely pleasant meeting, rose to his feet and inflated his chest.

"H'm!" He cleared his chest. "H'm—Ah——"

A crash of chords from the piano drowned his speech. Another crash, then the opening of a gay, laughing theme, which had the same relation to the first melodious outburst as might a shower of blossoms to the ensuing perfume. There was a catchy lilt to the refrain that quickly sent their feet a-tapping. Even Professor Pringle wove his scansion to the meter. Doctor Soper found himself repeating:

The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride to leave her home——

And then suddenly the music broke off abruptly, and a young man with intent, dilated pupils and a very clear skin swung about on the piano stool and stared at them.

Mr. Phelps observed that the musician was immaculately dressed. Major O'Sullivan was more conscious of the wide forehead, dark eyes and peculiar droop of the head between the shoulders. It was a queer, questioning poise and the words that followed it were even more disturbing.

"Do you think it's got the right swing?"

Quite naturally there was no response. The guests were a bit upset, barring only Professor Pringle, who had started The Choëphori and was feeling sad.

"How do you like it? It's quite new, so you probably won't. Plague these reminiscent tunes! Charlie——"

The Chinaman flitted out of the shadows like a white moth.

"Have you some champagne on the ice?" snapped Lanier.

"Hab got, sar."

"Then bring it—and hurry!" Lanier looked with a sort of abstract intentness at Mr. Phelps, who happened to be nearest.

"I hope you will excuse me for keeping you waiting," he said with a sort of defensive irritation. "I was going over the lyrics of my new piece when you called, and all the while that I was touching up the words of a love song that air was bothering me. Did you ever notice that sometimes when you are intent on doing one thing the idea of another will strike you with more force, even, than if that were the one you were trying to concentrate upon? It's that way with my work; when I'm writing songs the music often strikes me—and the reverse. Once a tune I caught made its own words——" he turned to the piano and began to finger the keys, staring at something that lurked in the shadows between the decks just over his head. Still staring, he began to play, modifying the theme as he proceeded and molding it into the semblance of a refrain. It was like a sculptor squeezing a mass of wax into the effigy of something that might ultimately be anything, yet unusual of its kind.

Meanwhile Mr. Phelps appeared to be taking a sort of exercise for the development of the lungs. Major O'Sullivan had started to say something, then thought better of it and was sitting back in his chair, staring at Lanier under his bushy, grizzled eyebrows. Doctor Soper was placidly smoking and waiting for somebody to say something, and Professor Pringle, after a rather vacant stare that lingered longest on the Chinaman, as the only person who appeared to have any concrete objectivity, even though a material one, had returned to his classics. He was skimming Hippolytus with the rapture sometimes to be found as a combination existing in the kiln-dried scholar, who



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gets, as it would seem, a dual benefit, first in the academic perfection of the composition, and second in a sort of vicarious warmth while basking in the reflected passions of such a lady as Phædra may have been. Of all the people there, Professor Pringle was undoubtedly the happiest. Mrs. Wilmerding and other vexations were for the moment forgotten.

Lanier was playing with a sort of irritable intensity, a frown on his forehead and his beautifully cut features drawn into an expression of discontent. He was singing softly to himself as he played. Suddenly he swung about on the piano stool.

"The air is all right, isn't it?" said he, "and the words are good enough, but it needs something else—some sort of melodious interruption ——"

Without waiting for an answer he played over the same air, humming the words as before. It had a catchy lilt, and Mr. Phelps, whose old rye was beginning pleasantly to disseminate itself throughout his expansive system, found himself unconsciously humming in company. As already observed, Mr. Phelps was possessed of a fine baritone voice and was not without vocal pretensions. It was not infrequently that he regaled his friends with some few choice selections, Tosti's love songs being easily his favorites.

Wherefore, it is not surprising that, given one adult's dose of a celebrated rye and a tune that was destined to be ground from every hand-organ in the country within the next two or three years, Mr. Phelps felt moved to lend a certain amount of courteous support to the effort of Mr. Lanier. Even Major O'Sullivan so far relaxed in his curious scrutiny as to tap the measure with his foot.

Lanier was playing slowly, introducing slight variations at the intervals, but evidently dissatisfied. He was apparently on the point of turning from the instrument in disgust, when there came from the darkened recesses beyond the loud report of a popping champagne cork.

"Ah!" cried Lanier sharply, and as if by instinct one quick finger ran up the keys while his tongue clicked in perfect imitation of the gurgle proceeding from the neck of a bottle. So perfect was the imitation, coming just as it did, and so aptly it lent itself to that part of the song, that the major leaned forward, clapping his hands.

"Capital!" he cried. "There's a finishing touch for your song!"

Lanier swung about, his face eager and his eyes alight.

"Isn't it, though?" he cried. "What a chance for orchestration—that *t'luk—t'luk—t'luk—t'luk—*" he imitated the sound with tongue and keys, his eyes on the major and Mr. Phelps. "Wouldn't that make a hit? Charlie!"

"Light away, Mist' Lanee." The Chinaman, bearing a quart of vintage wine in a silver cooler, glided between the portières and across the room, setting his burden on the buffet.

"Get another bottle," snapped Lanier.

"S'ppose you dlink one piecy bottle——"

"Do as I say, confound you!" cried Lanier, so furiously that his visitors were startled.

"All light," answered Charlie.

"Get a move on you!" the playwright shouted at him. "Don't wait to cool it. Bring it here."

Another quart was immediately forthcoming. With a sort of feverish impatience Lanier ripped off the seal and loosened the cork. Major O'Sullivan, observing the label, opened his eyes. The next instant Lanier had stepped to him and placed the bottle in his hands.

"When I come to the interval, let the cork go just as before, will you, please?" said he. "Then both of you make that *t'luk—t'luk—t'luk* sound. I want to see how it works in. Wouldn't wonder if it would be a corker."

"Or an uncorker," ventured the major, who was beginning to enter into the spirit of the thing.

"Good—might use that too. Now then, here goes——"

This time the song opened with a splendid swing, Lanier singing the words out in a rich baritone. As he neared the end of the stanza he looked back over his shoulder at the major. The song was of a farcical character and supposedly sung by the chief engineer at the banquet attending the opening of the Panama Canal.

Major O'Sullivan was tightly gripping the sizzling cork, his eyes fixed earnestly on Lanier. Mr. Phelps, carried away by the

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rollicking air and the magnetism of the singer, had joined in the refrain, taking a tenor part. Doctor Soper was beating time with his lighted cigarette.

The verse neared its end, fortunately for the major, who was getting red in the face through his efforts to control the cork.

—We dam the waters as we may,
We do our little best,
Amber bubbles drown our troubles—
Here's to East and West——

A nod at the major. Pop went the cork, then as Lanier tapped the keys—*"T'luk—t'luk—t'luk."*

The playwright sprang from his stool, his face aglow.

"That'll do it," he cried. "The orchestration can make that great—and a few dummy bottles and popguns in the wings. That's what the song wanted—just that sort of catchy trick. Thanks awfully. Come, we can't let all this good fizz go to waste." He stepped to the buffet and brought over the cold bottle and some cut-glass tumblers.

"But, my dear sir——" began Mr. Phelps.

Lanier waved his hand. "It can't hurt you. It's very awful extra dry. You mix lots worse stuff in a champagne cup and think nothing of it. Let's have a friendly glass and forget the unpleasant features of our last meeting. I've acted a bit nasty, I'll admit. Well, all you've got to do is to put yourself in my place. It doesn't require any great effort of imagination."

Mr. Phelps was beginning to puff himself out preparatory to some sort of peroration when the major cut in.

"Look here, Mr. Lanier," said he, "what is your game, anyway? We've tried to make what amends we could for Mr. Wilmerding's error."

"Yes," Lanier assented, "it is quite true that you have done what you could. I think that I understand the situation. The trouble seems to be that I am opposed for membership by a very influential feminine contingent. It is rather hard on me, because I feel that I should not prove an objectionable member of the colony. I learned only today the true state of affairs."

"Who was your informant, may I ask?" said Mr. Phelps.

"I learned indirectly, through a letter from a friend who corresponds with one of your colony. This being the case, I do not feel justified in obstructing your view any longer. I will admit that what I did was the result of extreme irritation. However, it would not be decent of me to annoy the whole colony out of spite at my unfortunate unpopularity with two ladies."

"Then you mean to go away?" asked Doctor Soper.

"From your immediate neighborhood, yes. But I like the climate and surroundings, and am just now too busy with my new piece to go to the trouble of getting towed to some other locality. For the present, I will merely slip my cable, buoy it, and drop down with the tide and lie to a kedge anchor near the entrance to the inlet. In this way, I shall no longer obstruct your view." He reached for the cold bottle. "Let us wash away past unpleasantness with some of this special vintage. Permit me to fill your glasses."

Ignoring their protestations he poured out the liquid, sparkling amber. His guests, feeling perhaps that the successful accomplishment of their delicate mission warranted certain concessions on their part, allowed themselves to be coerced, after which libation they arose with the extreme dignity which might be expected to result from a combination of old whisky and vintage champagne, and made their courteous adieus. Lanier escorted them to the gangway, where they descended the accommodation ladder with studied care.

Halfway to the reading room Mr. Phelps, who had been humming softly to himself the Champagne Chorus, looked back. From the barge came the sound of hammering.

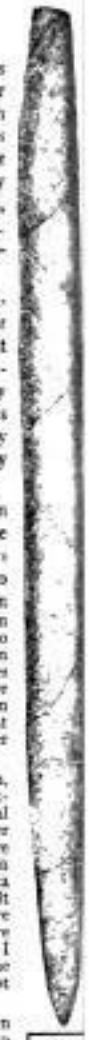
"Look," said Mr. Phelps triumphantly, "his deck-hand is tacking a piece of canvas over the name." He threw back his head and sang jovially:

Amber bubbles drown our troubles—
Here's to East and West——

"T'luk—t'luk—t'luk—t'luk——" joined in the major and Doctor Soper in chorus, at which Professor Pringle looked up in mild surprise from the copy of Hippolytus thrust upon him by his late host.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THE INNER SECRETS OF A MANUFACTURER'S RISE

(Continued from Page 15)

modern layout and get down to sane finance. This plan we put through, but not in a hurry. The banks approved the conservative trend in our management and gave us time to work it out. The way to get round the banks is to have a sound proposition. Then we began to establish a reserve fund—not a surplus to put back into the business, but a separate thing. This brings me back to the subject of understudy products for a drygoods house, for my plan was copied directly from the policy of successful merchants I knew.

"One of these merchants always set apart a quarter or a half of his net profits. This money he invested in gilt-edged bonds and savings-bank deposits, and the fund thus created he never disturbed, except to use the securities as collateral for bank loans when he saw chances to make big extra profits.

"During a dull season, for instance, he saw a chance to buy a stock of merchandise at fifty cents on the dollar for cash. He took his reserve securities to his bank, put them up as collateral and borrowed a hundred thousand dollars. With this money he bought goods really worth two hundred thousand dollars—many of them quite foreign to his legitimate drygoods line. These goods were real understudies, playing the rôle of drygoods for the time being. This merchant knew that people had to live in hard times as well as in good, and he knew—as I had discovered long before—that a lot of people had money stowed away and were looking for bargains in necessities at just such times of depression. So when his store equipment threatened him with the losses that come from idleness, he kept it working with his understudy products. He had the store building, the fixtures, the elevators—all the facilities; he made them work at a profit all the time. Perhaps you've noticed that some men have this mysterious power of buying up bankrupt stocks for a song; and that other men have an equal facility for going broke whenever the wind shifts to the north. It isn't chance in either case.

"Well, I built up a comfortable reserve fund in my manufacturing business and it grew until it had five ciphers attached to it. Then we were often able to make money in big chunks with it. We were now using many iron and steel parts in our factory product, and some of them we could buy more cheaply than we could make them. It often happened that when foundries and machine shops were slack we were able to get very low prices by having the cash. We never touched our reserve fund directly, but followed the plan of the drygoods man."

When the Cat's Away

"Have you ever been hungry for real money? If so you know how big it looks sometimes even to foundries and machine shops.

"We always knew that we could meet the loans thus incurred, or renew them if we wished. The man who knows he can do this is ahead of the game every time. It is the sort of financing that makes an old man young and not a young man old.

"But business is a queer game, and the man who thinks he has mastered all its artful dodges frequently goes to California to spend the winter or up into the north woods for the summer. When he gets back he finds that some funny kink has tied his affairs into a reef knot. I never went away for more than a month at a time, and then I kept the telegraph wires and cables pretty lively. I always had a long-distance sight on Sam Green.

"Of course when a man gets ready to retire it's different. Then he can shed his harness and kick up his heels—provided he's got his own personal reserve salted away in securities that have no connection with his business. I know a nice old gentleman who retired after forty years devoted to building up a successful manufacturing house. But the trouble was that his money didn't retire when he did; it stayed right there in the business and dwindled away. What was left blew up last year in a puff of financial vapor, and today the old gentleman is trying to get a fresh start at seventy.

"I've known merchants—a lot of them—who boasted that they were making heaps of money and putting it all back into their business. Now I've always tried to look the truth in the face. It's sometimes agreeable to hoodwink yourself, but not profitable. When you make a thousand dollars in clean profit and put that thousand dollars back on your shelves in the form of merchandise, it's a sort of legerdemain to call it profit. When you go away for your four-months vacation something happens to that merchandise—perhaps your store takes fire and your insurance doesn't cover the loss, or you haven't bought wisely and can't sell the stuff, or somebody invents something better and you have to sacrifice at fifty cents on the dollar.

"Oh, yes! that thousand dollars is profit after a fashion. I know all the arguments. Yet when you get right down to the naked truth it isn't profit. In order to make it actual profit you've got to get it out of the business absolutely and into something as safe as a government bond.

"Business is a tolerably sure game when it's played by the man who knows; but let that man be laid up for six or eight months with typhoid, and who's going to play it then? On the other hand, a government bond will work for you whether you're off on a vacation or sick in bed. Not that I advocate taking all your profit out of your business. No, indeed! If I'd done that I never would have grown and got rich. But get out a part of it as you grow; that's the part you can honestly call profit."

What Sam Green's Trip Cost Him

"I want to say a few words more about Sam Green, and that brings me to still another crisis. These crises keep coming; I expect them now. It's a pleasure to take off my hat to them, shake hands with them and then throw them out of the window.

"Sam Green went to Europe, intending to be gone only a few weeks, but when they got over there he and his wife decided to go on round the world and have a year or two of travel and leisure. It was a most natural thing that Green's business should begin to sag as soon as he was far enough away so that cable tolls began to cost two or three dollars a word. Green had always been the one personality in his concern. Of course he had a lot of able men under him, but there was nobody who approached him in power and virility. This was a weak point in his management. I had seen it all along and felt sure that something would come of it. It's all right for the head of a concern to be the top in reality, but he doesn't want to be a mountain-peak among a collection of sand-dunes. That's what Sam was. He developed his executives just so far, and there he held them. He got a profit from them, but not the full profit. His was the sort of business that begins to slide downhill the minute the spotlight upon it goes out.

"What happened was bound to happen anyway; only if Sam had been home the thing we did would have been harder to put over. There had been forces at work in my own organization for a long time that meant a revolution which nothing could stop. Sam might have taken advantage of it if he'd had the right sort of organization. In a word, we had been at work secretly on inventions and new ideas designed to put both Green's product and our own into oblivion. We were convinced that times were ripe for the burial of old methods and mechanisms. My ablest executives had studied conditions with the keenest analysis. I don't wish to reveal my identity, else I should tell the public exactly what we did. But I can illustrate it by referring to the typewriting machine—which we did not manufacture then and have not since. I cite it purely as a concrete example in line with my own methods. Everybody knows that a few years ago there was hardly a visible model on the market. Somebody conceived the idea that the times were ripe for a machine that had visible print. Now the old product is being steadily superseded by the new.

"Well, we did just that thing to Sam Green. It was bound to come, either from Green or from us. Now these revolutions in product are not so much matters of mere mechanical skill and inventive genius as they are matters of viewpoint. Sam didn't



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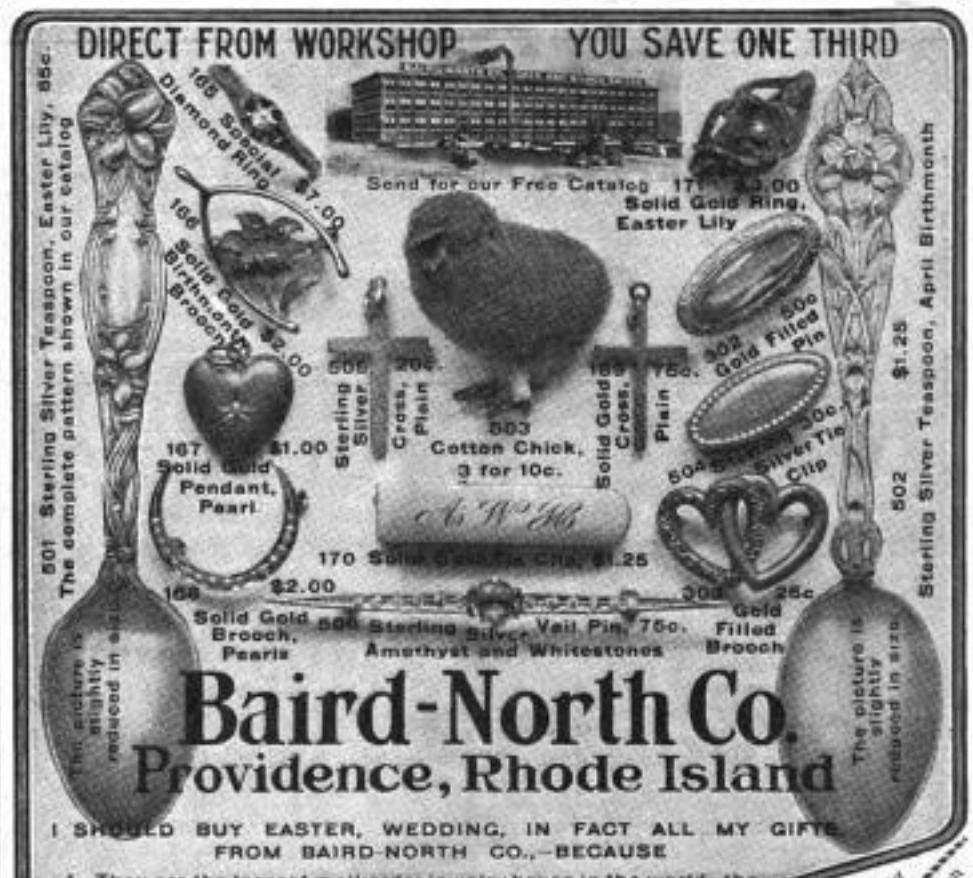
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have that viewpoint; his organization didn't have it. His concern wasn't broad enough, or daring enough, or imaginative enough, to put behind it every tradition and strike out into the unknown. He had no Edisons among his executives; I had a whole group of them among mine. An Edison will not work for a man who holds him down to a sand-dune. I am only too anxious to concede that these men, rather than I myself, saw the signs of the times. They convinced me. It has always been my organization that has done the big things in my business. My own part has chiefly been to develop that organization and hold it together.

"We hadn't intended to spring the thing for a year or two, but while Green was in India we let it go. We got our first patents and started the ball rolling. For a long time we had been drawing in on our old stuff, while Sam had been expanding under the belief that he had us hoodooed. Sam didn't come home for six months, although of course he got wind of the thing. It was reasonable that he shouldn't get the viewpoint way off there on the other side of the world when he hadn't seen the indications while he was at home.

"If his organization had been paying one hundred per cent his men would have made him see the situation and got him home in a hurry. But Sam merely sneered by cable, and his concern sneered in person and went on turning out vast quantities of the old product. You've seen that happen before and since. You remember plenty of folks who said the visible typewriter was only a fad. Give them the good old machine that would stand up under real use! In the end Sam Green's concern went to the wall.

"There's only one thing more I'd like to say, and in a way it's most important of all: The chief underlying element in business—deeper than any of the principles I've spoken of—is the truth that the goods put out by a permanently successful house must be of real benefit to mankind. Sam Green went under because his goods ceased to be a benefit. My business lived because we kept abreast of the world's progress and saw that our products must adjust themselves to the generations."

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Edward Mott Woolley. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

A Message From Edison to the Man Who Pays the Bills

(Concluded from Page 19)

Space does not permit me to give any further details of the very interesting talk I had with this most wonderful man. Furthermore, at the present time I am not convinced beyond doubt that this great solution so strongly emphasized by him is the correct one; but I do state with all my heart that this new phase of the subject upon which he dwells is worthy of the most thoughtful consideration. I will add, moreover, that the more one ponders on this question the nearer one is to being convinced that Mr. Edison has hold of a big principle, which can be applied with great advantage not only to manufacturing but also to capital, to railroads, and last but not least to labor. Carrying this theory to a final conclusion, one must accept as economically correct the principle of the minimum wage which is being preached at present by Professor Taussig, of Harvard University.

In fact, as Mr. Edison says, "we are all of one body—the manufacturer, the railroad company, the laborer and the consumer." Nothing can do real harm to any one of us that does not ultimately harm all of us—the crushing of the independent manufacturer, the restricting of railroad development, and the payment of low wages upon which body and soul cannot exist, all come under the same category and we all suffer thereby. In the same way any act for real good, whether it be by capital or labor, ultimately results in the good of all. We are all bound together with iron bands; we are all brothers, one of another; there are no family lines, state lines or national lines that God, the Ruler of us all, recognizes for a moment. Only as we each forget our selfish desires and keep in mind the final good of all concerned shall we reduce the cost of living and solve our great social and industrial problems.

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CRAVEN

(Continued from Page 9)

The study was upstairs. Mr. Wolfe carefully closed the door before he sat down at his desk—a solid, heavy, sharp-cornered piece of furniture—and drew from a pigeonhole a handful of letters.

"I have been gratified to observe, Richard," he said with pompous approval, "that your delusion has died a natural death; but Doctor Worrall thought there could be no harm in showing you these."

He put the letters into my hands. They were sealed and unopened, and slightly soiled and worn as if they had passed through many hands. They were addressed to my friends in Glencoe; and on the face of each was stamped a purple hand pointing to Mr. Wolfe's card in the corner, with the words "Return to writer" running along the pointing finger.

I stared at them with whirling brain. Then the explanation flashed upon me. I laughed dizzily and pointed with a shaking hand.

"You sent them to Glencoe, Illinois!" I cried. "My town was Glencoe, Nebraska! I had no idea when I talked to you that day that I was in Illinois."

Mr. Wolfe frowned heavily at my renewed perversity.

"That's easily disposed of!" he retorted.

From the bunch of letters he selected one and laid it before me. It was the one addressed to Stewart, editor of the Herald. Across this some official had written: "Try Glencoe, Neb." It bore the Nebraska postmark and a second, smaller hand, pointing to Mr. Wolfe's name—and across one corner, stamped in purple letters, "Unknown."

I sunk my head in my hands. There was nothing to say! However, I said something. "That explains Miss Podmore!" I exclaimed aloud. "She was thinking of the other Glencoe!" But I was acutely aware that it explained nothing; it deepened a stupefying mystery. Stewart, the editor of Glencoe's only daily—six months ago the town's most active and conspicuous citizen—"unknown" there! I went home with Dora, doubting all things, bewildered, stunned!

Was I Craven? Were it not more rational to believe myself mad than all the world raving? Moreover, the unbroken, unchallenged assumption that I was Craven had subtly undermined my own sense of identity. If I were not mad now, in believing that I was not Craven, what would prevent me from soon becoming so, believing that I was? As I asked myself the question, I knew that Dora would. With her I was always sure of my own identity; remorse and dread kept consciousness awake. The one person for whose sake I had indued the personality of Craven was the one who held me inexorably to my own.

Seldom have I wanted anything more fiercely than I wanted that night to take the next train for Nebraska, to prove or disprove my sanity. The reasons I did not are sufficiently obvious. I was quite without a man's ordinary subterfuges. How could I allege a business errand when every one about me understood my business better than I did? Was it likely that a man physically feeble and mentally abnormal would be permitted by his family and physician to follow an impulse which to their minds clinched his insanity? And if I went by stealth or violence, to what possibly fatal misery should I leave Dora?

I did the next thing—I wrote. The inquiry was a delicate one, for I wished to avoid causing curiosity or suspicion of the truth. I wrote as Craven, inquiring for one Richard Trent, said to have been on the staff of a local paper. I described him rather fully and asked if he were supposed to have perished in the railroad tragedy I named. To make sure of the letter's coming to a certain and safe hand, I addressed it to the postmaster at Glencoe. I knew the man well.

Within a week my self-addressed envelope came back. It inclosed my own letter, indorsed, in a hasty scrawl: "Person described not known."

After that I could only wait and contemplate the net in which I was wound. Hitherto I had assumed that Nature's period to my waiting would be decisive; but suppose that were not true? Suppose the child died and Dora clung to me for comfort? Suppose she were left a permanent invalid? I had known such cases.

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One thing only was certain. I could not go on living with Dora as I had lived when no physical frailty of mine or hers should stand between us. Suppose I proved myself mad and all my Trent-memories a lie! What then? Suppose I found Craven—rotting in his unknown grave? What then? What then?

"Dick," said Dora, "promise me—if I should die—you'll be very, very fond of the baby!"

"Die, Dora!" I exclaimed, shocked. "What makes you think of dying? You can't die!"

She shook her head at me, laughing with tear-bright eyes.

"Don't evade the question! Will you promise?"

"I'll do my best, Dora," I said at length. "I'll see that it has every care, every right —— I'll do my best. But you mustn't die!"

"I don't intend to," she said; "but—you can't always—tell!"

You can't always tell! While I chafed against the waiting, suddenly Nature set her terrible period. Death knocked at the door for Dora. Death and Craven, it seemed to me, were allies—were one. Craven's dead hand stretched from his grave to strike Dora down. An endless time I waited outside the room where Death and Craven fought for Dora—and endless times upon that.

At last they brought me Craven's child. I would not look at it—and they whispered—it was natural; the mother had suffered so! Dora, they told me, was barely living—beyond speech, beyond consciousness. They would not let me see her, lest I break the hair her life hung by.

A week of suspense went by—a week of noiseless footsteps and held breath. Then, one evening in the firelight, the old doctor told me that Dora was likely to live. I broke down and cried. He patted my shoulder embarrassedly and went away. I cried a long time in the firelight; and at the end of my tears I came upon a clear and certain sense that now Dora was really mine. It puzzles me still to account for it, because I was at the same time fully aware that in a few weeks I must take up the search which might part me from her.

During Dora's illness my anomalous position had fallen into the background of my thoughts. I had felt as her husband would have felt. As she slowly recovered, my situation returned upon me, but never with the old restless rage. I had somehow attained a calm and steadiness that surprised me, nor did I fear any evil greatly since Dora lived. Neither did I hate the child. I had expected to, but I couldn't. It was too small. I could fashion no hate within me that would stick to anything so little. The baby was four weeks and three days old the day these events drew toward their conclusion. Dora reclined languidly in the wicker chair—large-eyed and thin and pallid—with the baby sleeping on her lap. I sat opposite her, wondering if it were time yet to speak of the Western trip I meant to make soon.

"Isn't she whitening out beautifully?" said Dora, gazing adoringly at her daughter. "Dick, she's got the funniest little birthmark! I'm afraid it will bother her when she wears evening dress. Look!"

She drew the garment away from the baby's throat and pointed to a spot below the left collarbone. There, on the rosy flesh of Craven's daughter, was an infinitesimal brown mole!

I bent and kissed it. I could not speak and I wanted to hide my face from Dora. I had never kissed the baby before and she was greatly pleased. I saw that, even through the bewildering emotion that possessed me. Nothing had moved me like this—that my mark should be stamped above the baby's heart! "This settles it!" I said to myself. "I am Craven—I am a madman, not a scoundrel!"

As it strangely happened that very day, not more than an hour later, I was called to the telephone. It was Mr. Wolfe's voice that came over the wire. Even in my perturbation I recognized an extraordinary note in it; it was shaken, astounded, almost apologetic.

"Will you come over to the house just as soon as you conveniently can, Richard?" said Mr. Wolfe. "Er—the most amazing thing has come up—the most amazing thing! Come over just as soon as you can!"

"I'll come immediately," I said, and hung up the receiver.

(Continued on Page 61)



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(Continued from Page 58)

I was still too much absorbed in the miracle of the baby to care much about Mr. Wolfe's amazing thing. My mind hung near the breaking-point of wonder.

Mr. Wolfe and Doctor Worrall were waiting for me in the library; but they both stood back while a third person came forward to meet me. It was a woman—young, with a small, trim figure, prettily dressed, and with sparkling dark eyes. She stretched out both hands to me without speaking and her look demanded that I know her; but I did not—and yet I did!—or some one like her! The gay alertness of her look was familiar as breathing; and yet—I did not know her. She smiled with a sudden flash of her dark eyes.

"Enid!" I gasped. "Enid!"

Then the cup of wonder overflowed! I staggered to a chair beside the library table and sank upon it. All I felt was an overwhelming desire to sleep.

. . . . . .

I came to myself lying on the sofa. At first, as I sat up, I felt ashamed of making such a fuss; then, for a minute, I went under a wave of bitter and horrible regret. Not Craven then! The wife and child I loved so—not mine, after all! Now, to face the music!

I turned to Enid. I could not think what had so altered her looks. She might have passed through as devastating an illness as mine.

"Enid," I said, "you went to the armory dance with me?"

"Yes. Do you remember what happened next?"

I shook my head.

"Not after I left you on the porch."

"Well, you went on toward the railroad tracks. Do you remember that high culvert beyond the lumber yard?"

"Sure! The one Mackenzie said would make a good hiding-place for thieves' swag."

"Well, it was a hiding-place for thieves' swag! A gang of boys had hidden some stuff there. You know that tough lot—Sam Price and Joe Kurtz and Pete Lundberg—that set?" I nodded. "Well, they were sneaking off in the lumber. You stopped on the culvert and they thought you had discovered them. One of them threw a stone that hit you on the head—Sam Price told all this before he died. You fell down into the bottom of the culvert—on your head, Sam said. They thought you were dead and they were frightened almost to death themselves. They didn't dare let you stay there; so they put you into an empty freight car on the siding. Sam said one leg dangled broken when they lifted you, and that scared him more than all the rest. The car was taken off somewhere that night. The boys swore each other to secrecy and no one knew what had become of you until Sam died. He'd had it on his conscience, you know. Then Henry remembered reading in a Chicago paper, about the time you disappeared, of the finding of a young man bruised and unconscious in a freight car, who was taken to a hospital; but he never thought of connecting that with you. People supposed you'd just got tired of Glencoe and gone away. You hadn't been there very long, you know."

"But I don't get that about the hospital," I interrupted. "My train was wrecked, you know—the wreck where Craven was killed. Was he killed?"

They all looked at one another. Enid opened her lips to speak, glanced at the doctor and shut them again. He edged forward importantly.

"Perhaps you have said enough for the present, Mrs. Milsom."

"Mrs. Milsom!" I exclaimed. "Why does he call you that?"

"Because," she answered swiftly, "I married Henry."

This could delay me a moment, even in the quest for Craven.

"Good work!" I cried, grasping her hand parenthetically. "Congrats! Wasn't it sudden? . . . But Craven? You all know! I see you know. Was he killed? Is he dead?"

Again they looked at each other, those three unmysterious faces, charged now with the knowledge that was life or death, honor or dishonor, Heaven or hell, for me!

It was the woman who answered.

"He wasn't dead," she exclaimed with a little half-hysterical gasp, "fifteen minutes ago! He was here!"

"Craven was here? In this room?"

"Yes; while you were—asleep!"

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1912



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(weighing up to 100 lbs.) with Moore Push devices. Their tool-tempered steel points will not disfigure plaster walls.

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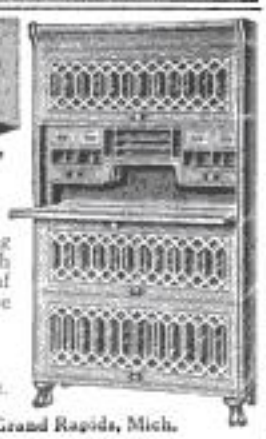
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Our prices are lower than others and high quality is guaranteed. Sold by dealers or direct. Address Dept. M.

GUNN FURNITURE COMPANY, 3 Victoria St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

"Here!" I cried. "Then he's here now! He's in the house. Call him in—I want to see him. I want to see him now!"

The unexplained look passed again from one face to another of the three.

"I want to see Craven!" I repeated passionately. "What's he hiding for? Why are you hiding him? I can look him in the face! You all know whether I've been square with him. Let him look me in the face! Where is he, I say?"

Half mad with pain and pride, I advanced furiously on the two men.

Enid laid her hand on my arm.

"Dick," she said, "that armory dance was twelve years ago!"

. . . . . .

I woke out of a second swooning lapse, and they told me that he who knew himself as Craven had spoken with my lips and looked out of my eyes a second time. They told me that, at my first loss of consciousness, he had cried out with horror at the actual mental presence of the wreck—which to him was still happening; that he had been told of me and all that had happened since the wreck, and was as passionately desirous of meeting me as I of meeting him. Even as they spoke, the irresistible drowsiness swept over me—and the scepter of life we held between us passed to Craven.

. . . . . .

These alternations of personality continued, growing shorter and shorter. The briefest and most baffling phase of my search for Craven had begun. It was as if each of us in our desperate eagerness to meet overleaped the other. Whenever I grew hot on Craven's trail he burst into the circle of consciousness and banished me; whenever he hung on the verge of perceiving me I thrust him out of existence. Then, in a phase of outward stupor, we came face to face.

I had vowed I would find Craven. At last, in the depths of being, I found him, and grappled with him for life or death. It was not in the least as if one man strove to regain lost portions of memory; it was two entirely different men enforcing irreconcilable claims. Death for one or both of us seemed the only solution and infinitely easier than continuing the painful combat—but which must die?

If Trent slew Craven would Trent not become in reality the thief and adulterer he had so agonized not to be? If Craven slew Trent he must sacrifice his passionate, secret desire to repossess a normal past. In each of them was a love of life not to be yielded, subtly sustained by the love of Dora. About Dora their fiercest fight raged. There, too, lay the seed of their ultimate reunion. When, at last, the image of what Dora was to Trent began to melt into the image of what she was to Craven, their reconciliation had begun.

I, who write these pages, am Craven. Craven's was the name and outer personality which, for obvious reasons, I adopted. In my inner self I am, to an equal degree, the man formed by the memories, impulses, emotions—the whole conscious life of Trent. There were weeks and months of readjustment before these two warring phases of consciousness settled down side by side. Gradually I pieced my whole past together; gradually I saw the characters of Trent and Craven blend together into one personality, no more contradictory than is humanly normal.

It was nearly a year later, and our daughter was toddling from my knee to her mother's outstretched hand, when I told Dora the whole story of Richard Trent.

She listened intently, asking a quiet question now and then. At the end she lifted her blue eyes to mine.

"I knew it, Dick! Not at first! Never all of it! But I saw you couldn't remember *anything!*—not until after Baby was born. Poor boy! You worried so!"

"Didn't you worry?" I asked. "Did it seem all right to you?"

"Well," she mused, "I had you anyway!" Suddenly she blushed and dimples played in the pinkiness of her cheeks. She raised sparkling, shy eyes to mine. "Do you know, Dick, you've fallen in love with me three separate times! And the best was the last. You've made desperate love to me since Baby was born."

Perhaps I reddened in my turn.

"That was so you would forgive me," I explained, "when you knew how I'd deceived you and pretended to be your husband when I was not."

"It wasn't exactly deceiving," murmured Dora. "And, Richard—truly—I always knew that you were you!"



"That's a Tough One!"

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Special Sized Sample Carton sent on receipt of 10 cents.



THE HILLS BROTHERS CO.
Dept. K
Beach and Washington Streets, New York

BUSINESS—AND THE OTHER THING

(Continued from Page 17)

agreement, neither. You and Mr. Jacobs agreed—but I never. I see Parkinson on my own hook; and if it hadn't been for me he wouldn't be goin' to give you the contract."

There 'twas, out of the bag. I looked at Georgianna. Her pretty face went white. That contract meant all creation to her; but she stood up to the news like a major. She was plucky, that girl!

"Oh!" she says. "Oh! Then he has given you the contract? I—I congratulate you, Cap'n Snow."

"Don't congratulate me," says I. "The contract ain't been given yet, though this pup says it's goin' to be; but, as for me, if I'd known what was goin' on I'd have stopped it mighty quick! I'm honorable and decent, and so's Jacobs; and we don't take underhanded advantages."

'Dolph bust out from astern of the counter.

"You don't, hey!" says he. "I want to know! How about Jacobs' takin' her to ride and callin' on her, and pretendin' to be dead gone on her? What did he do that for? You know as well as I do. 'Twas so's to keep a watch on her, and not let Parkinson see her and be influenced into buyin' Eureka screens. You know it!"

My own face got red now, I cal'late.

"You—you ——" I begun. "You miser'ble liar ——"

"'Tain't a lie," says he. "I heard him tell you with my own ears. He said all he was beauin' her round for was just that. If that ain't a underhanded trick then I don't know what is!"

I wanted to say lots more; but, afore I could get my talkin' machinery to runnin', the Lentz girl herself spoke.

"Is that true, Cap'n Snow?" says she.

I was set back forty fathom.

"Well, miss," says I, "I—I ——"

"Is that true?" says she.

I got out my handkerchief and swabbed my forehead.

"Well, Miss Georgianna," says I, "I'll tell you. Jim Henry—Mr. Jacobs, I mean—did say somethin' like that; but—but —— Well, you wanted to be treated like a salesman, and—er—Mr. Jacobs would have kept his eye on a man, you know; and so—and so ——"

I stopped again. 'Twas the shoalest water ever I cruised in. All I could do was mop away with the handkerchief and look at Georgianna. And she—well, the color, and plenty of it, begun to come back to her cheeks. And how her brown eyes did flash!

"I see," she says, slow and so frosty I pretty nigh shivered. "I—see!"

"Well," says I, "'tain't anything I'm proud of, I will admit; but ——"

"One moment, if you please. You haven't actually got the contract yet?"

"No. As I told you, all I know is what this consarned fo'mast hand of mine says. For what he's done, I'm ashamed as I can be. As for Mr. Jacobs, I know he did keep to the letter of the agreement anyhow. For the rest —— Well, all's fair in love and war, they say—and there's precious little love in business."

She looked at me with a queer little smile about the corners of her lips, though her eyes wa'n't smilin', by a consider'ble sight.

"Isn't there?" she says. "I—I wonder. Goodby, Cap'n Snow. You might tell Mr. Jacobs not to order those Nonesuch screens just yet."

Out she went; and for the next five minutes I had a real enjoyable time. I told 'Dolph Cahoon just what I thought of him—that took four of the minutes; durin' the other one I fired him and run him out of the office by the scruff of the neck.

Then Mary Blaisdell and me held officers' council, and that ended by our decidin' not to tell Jim Henry that the Lentz girl knew why he'd been so friendly with her. It wouldn't do any good and might make him feel bad. Besides, the contract was as good as got, 'cordin' to 'Dolph's yarn; and 'twa'n't likely he'd see Georgianna again anyway. When he come back I told him I'd fired Cahoon for bein' no good and sassy, and he agreed I'd done just right.

When I said good night to Jim he was chipper as could be; but next day he was blue as a whetstone—and the blueness



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ned to strike in, so to speak. He didn't
e any interest in anything—moped
nd, glum and ugly; and I couldn't get
to talk at all. If I mentioned the
en contract he shut up like a quahaug,
only once did he give an opinion about
That opinion was a surprisin' one,
igh.
lpheus Perkins was in the store, and
he:
Say, Mr. Jacobs," he says, "is old
kinson, the hotel man, cal'latin' to get
ried again? I see him out ridin' with a
yesterday. That female screen drum-
—that Georgianna Lentz, 'twas. She's
isy, ain't she? I don't blame him much
akin' a shine to her."
m Henry didn't make any answer; but,
vin' what I did, I was a little surprised.
Jim," says I, "that contract ——"
D——n the contract!" says he, and
ed out and left us.
was astonished, but I guessed 'twas a
thy plan to keep my hatches closed.
hen I opened the mail a few mornin's
I found a letter with the West Ostable
el's name printed on the envelope. I
red I knew what was inside. Thinks I:
re's the acceptance of our bid!" But
figgers was on the wrong side of the
er. Parkinson wrote just a few words,
hey was enough. After considerin' the
er careful, he wrote, he had decided
Eureka to be a better screen than the
esuch; and, though our bid was a trifle
r, he should give the Eureka folks the
ract.
Well!" says I out loud. "Well, I'll—
blessed!"
m Henry was settin' at his desk—we
all alone in the store—and he looked

What are you askin' a blessin' over?"
he.
handed him the letter. He read it
ugh and set for a full minute without
kin'. Then he slammed it into the
ebasket and got up and started to go
r.
For thunder sakes!" I sung out.
hat ails you? Ain't you goin' to say
in' at all?"
What is there to say?" he asked, gruff.
're stung—and that's the end of it."
But—but—don't you realize——Why,
bid was the lowest! And yet the
ract ——"
e whirled on me savage.
Didn't I tell you," says he, "that I
't give a durn about the contract?"
You don't! You don't? Then who
rth does?"
don't know and I don't care!"
You don't care! I swan to man! Why,
s you that swore you'd put the screens
at hotel or die tryin'. You said 'twas
itter of principle with you. And now
the Eureka folks have beat us by
shenanigan or other—for our bid was
r than theirs—you say you don't care!
e you gone looney? What do you care
t?"
Nothin'—much," says he, and flopped
in his chair again.
tared at him. All at once I begun to
light. You'd have thought anybody
wa'n't stone blind would have seen it
—but I hadn't. You see, I cal'lated
I knew him from trunk to keelson, and
never once occurred to me. I riz and
ed over to him. Just as I done so, I
d the front door open and shut, but I
red 'twas Mary comin' back, and didn't
look. I laid my hand on his shoulder.
im," says I, "I guess likely I under-
d. I declare I'm sorry! And yet I
dn't wonder if ——"
Hidn't go on. He wa'n't payin' any
tion, but was lookin' over the top of
esk—lookin' with all the eyes in his
. I looked, too, and caught my breath
n jerk. The person who'd come in
't Mary Blaisdell, but Georgianna
z.
e saw us and walked straight down to
e we was. She was kind of pale and
yes looked as if she'd been awake all
; but when she spoke 'twas right to
point—there wa'n't any hesitation
t her.
Cap'n Snow," says she, "have you
d from Mr. Parkinson?"
Yes," says I, wonderin'; "we've heard.
lon't understand exactly, but perhaps
ain't necessary. I cal'late all there is
or us to do is to offer congratulations
'go 'way back and set down,' as the
say. You've got the contract."
Yes," she says; "it has been given to
But ——"

Concerning Character & Purpose in 1912 Regal Shoes

THERE are 53 *different* Shapes ("Styles," or "Models") of *Regal Shoes* for Spring 1912.

Every *one* of these has a definite *Reason* for its existence,—a definite *Purpose* to serve—a definite *kind* of Foot to fit,—a definite *Expression* to impart.

Not *one* of them is an "Accident."

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Among these 53 different characters, (or models), of Regal Shoes there is *one* particular model which will fit *your* foot, and suit *your* Purpose *better* than all the rest,—probably better than *any other Shoe in existence.*

That "100% Model" *won't cost you a cent more* than some other Model which suits *your* Foot and Purpose 50% less.

So, it is up to *you* to *select* that 100% Model.

We are in the Shoe Business *to stay.* We realize that the degree of *our* success ultimately depends upon the degree of *Satisfaction* we give *to Consumers.*

Therefore, we endeavor to fit each person's *Purpose and Ideal*, in addition to fitting his *Feet.*

So,—we have taken the trouble (and expense) to carefully *define* the Character, Expression, Purpose, and Service of *each* 1912 Regal Shoe Model, in a very unusual "Style Book"—for Spring.

A brief idea of some Regal Shoe "Models," therein *defined*, here follows:

1st.—"David Harum" Model.—Characteristic—*Solid Comfort*, at some small sacrifice of appearance.

2nd.—"Cushion Sole" Model—a smart Felt-*insoled* Shoe which is *springy* and *insulated* under foot.

3rd.—"Arch Support" Model,—to brace the weakened foot muscles of People who *need* this Service.

4th.—"Low-Instep" Model—for Folks whose feet are so narrow, and fine, that the average Shoe cannot be laced tightly enough *over instep* and lets toe slide forward too far, in walking.

5th.—"Uniform" Model—a hard-wearing, *easy-walking* Shoe, for Policemen, Postmen, and others who are much on their feet, and who need *maximum* wear for the money.

6th.—"Professional" Model—for Doctors, Lawyers, Preachers, Teachers (and people whose callings resemble these,) *Dignity* and *Conservative Style* being its Characteristic.

After these (in Style Book) comes definition of 47 *other* Regal Models—in Men's and Women's Shoes—*each* Model having its *distinctive* Character and Purpose clearly indicated, such as—

—The "Roundup" Model (for Young Men)—having "dash," ginger and some eccentricity of Style.

—The "Gotham" Model for quiet elegance with much Comfort and unusual fitting qualities.

—The "Aristocrat" Model—with high-grade "*Custom Made*" (London and Paris) expression.

—The "Arcadian" Model—being "the Last Word" in English-Walking-Shoes,—flat-soled, low-heeled, athletic appearance, with plenty of *comfort* and good-sense withal. (See picture of this below.)

Also—

—"Dorcas" Model (Women's Shoe), dignified, comfortable and with high-grade "custom-made" effect.

—"Norma" Model—for the dainty "Fritzi Scheff" type of woman.

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Now, in order to know *which* Model will *best* Suit *your* Purpose, and fit *your* Ideal, as well as *your* Pocket-book—write *to-day* for a free Copy of this 1912 Regal Shoe "Style Book."

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Chocolate Tokens—Another dessert sweet with a coating of rich, creamy chocolate.

Jim Henry stood up. "You'll excuse me," he says, sharp. "I'm busy."

He started to go, but Georgianna stopped him.

"No," she says; "I want you both to hear what I've got to say. Mr. Parkinson gave me the contract yesterday; but I have decided not to take it."

We both looked at her.

"You—you've what?" says I. "Not take it? You want it, don't you?"

"Yes," she says, quiet but determined, "I want it—or I did want it very, very much. It meant so much to me—now—and might mean a great deal more in the future; but I can't take it."

This was too many for me. I looked at Jacobs. He didn't say a word.

"I can't take it," says Georgianna, "under the circumstances. I don't feel that I got it fairly. We agreed, you and I, that no personal influence should be brought to bear upon Mr. Parkinson; and I"—she blushed a little, but kept right on—"I have seen Mr. Parkinson several times durin' the past week!"

I thought of her bein' to ride with the hotel man, but I didn't say anything. Jim Henry, though, started again to go. And again she stopped him.

"Wait, please!" she went on. "I didn't go to him—you must understand that! But after what you, Cap'n Snow, and that Mr. Cahoon told me the other day I was hurt and angry. I felt that you had broken your agreement with me. So when Mr. Parkinson came to see me I didn't avoid him as I had been doin'. I—I accepted invitations for drives with him, and—and —— Oh, don't you see? I couldn't take the contract. I couldn't! What would you think of me? What would I think of myself? No, my mind is made up. I'm afraid"—with a half smile that had more tears than fun in it—"that my experiment in business hasn't been a success. I shall give it up and go back to stenography—or somethin'. There! Goodby. I'm sure that the Nonesuch screen will win now. Goodby!"

And now 'twas she that started to go and Jim Henry that stopped her.

"Wait!" says he, sharp. "There's somethin' here I don't understand. What do you mean by what the Cap'n and Cahoon told you the other day? Skipper, what have you been doin'?"

I wished there was a crack or a knothole handy for me to crawl into; but there wa'n't, so I braced up best I could.

"Why, Jim," says I, "I ain't told you the whole of that business I fired 'Dolph for. Seems he'd been seein' Parkinson on his own hook and pullin' wires for the Nonesuch. 'Twas a sneakin' mean trick, and I knew 'twould make you mad same as it done me; so I didn't tell you. 'Twas for that I bounced him."

Jim Henry's fists shut.

"The toad!" says he. "I wish I'd been there. Wait till I get my hands on him! I'll ——"

"But you mustn't," put in Georgianna. "I hope you don't think I care what such a creature as he might do. When I fust come here he —— Oh, why can't people forget that I'm a girl!"

I could have answered that, but I didn't. Jacobs asked another question.

"Then, if it wa'n't 'Dolph, who was it?" says he. "Parkinson?"

"No!" with a flash of her eyes. "Certainly not. Mr. Parkinson is a gentleman; but—but I don't like him—that is, I don't dislike him exactly; but ——"

She was dreadful fussed up. Jim Henry was between her and the door, though, and he kept right on with his questions.

"Then what was the trouble?" he said, brisk.

I answered for her.

"Well, Jim," says I, "there was somethin' else. You see, 'Dolph got mad when I sailed into him, and he come back at me by tellin' what you said about your callin' on Miss Lentz here—and takin' her autoin' and such. How you said you was doin' it so's to keep a watch on her—that's all. I couldn't deny that you did say it, you know—because you did!"

Jim's face was a sight to see—a sort of combination of sheepishness and shame, mixed with another look, almost of joy—or as if he'd got the answer to a puzzle that had been troublin' him.

The Lentz girl spoke up quick.

"Of course," she says, "I understand now why you did it. Then I was—was—— Well, it did hurt me to think I hadn't seen through the scheme, and for a while I felt



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that you hadn't been true to our agreement; but, now that I have had time to think, I understand. You promised to treat me exactly as if I were a man; and, as Cap'n Snow said, if I were a man you would have kept me in sight. It's all right! But"—with a sigh—"I realize that I'm not fitted for business—this kind of business. I don't blame you, though. Goodby. I must go!"

Lettin' her go, however, was the last thing Jim intended doin' just then. He stepped for'ard and caught her by the hand.

"Georgianna," says he, eager, "you know what you're sayin' isn't true. I did tell the Cap'n that yarn about watchin' you. He'd seen me with you and I had to tell him somethin'; but it was a lie—every word of it! You know it was."

She tried to pull her hand away, but he hung on to it as if 'twas the last life-preserver on a sinkin' ship. I cal'late he'd forgot I was on earth.

"You were keeping your promise," she said. "You were treatin' me as you would if I were a man! Please let me go, Mr. Jacobs; I have told you that I didn't blame you."

"Nonsense!" says he. "If I had done that I ought to be hung! A man! Treat you like a man! Do you suppose if you were a man I should ——"

That was the last word I heard. I was bound for the front platform, and makin' some headway for a craft of my age and build. I have got some sense and I know when three's a crowd!

I didn't go back until they called me. I give the pair of 'em one look and then I shook hands with 'em up to the elbows. Georgianna was blushin', and her eyes were damp but shinin' like masthead lights on a rainy night. As for Jim Henry Jacobs, he was one broad grin.

"Well," says I, after I'd said all the joyful things I could think of, "one thing ain't settled even yet—who's goin' to get that screen contract? There ain't any love in business, you know."

"Humph!" says Jim Henry. "I wonder!"

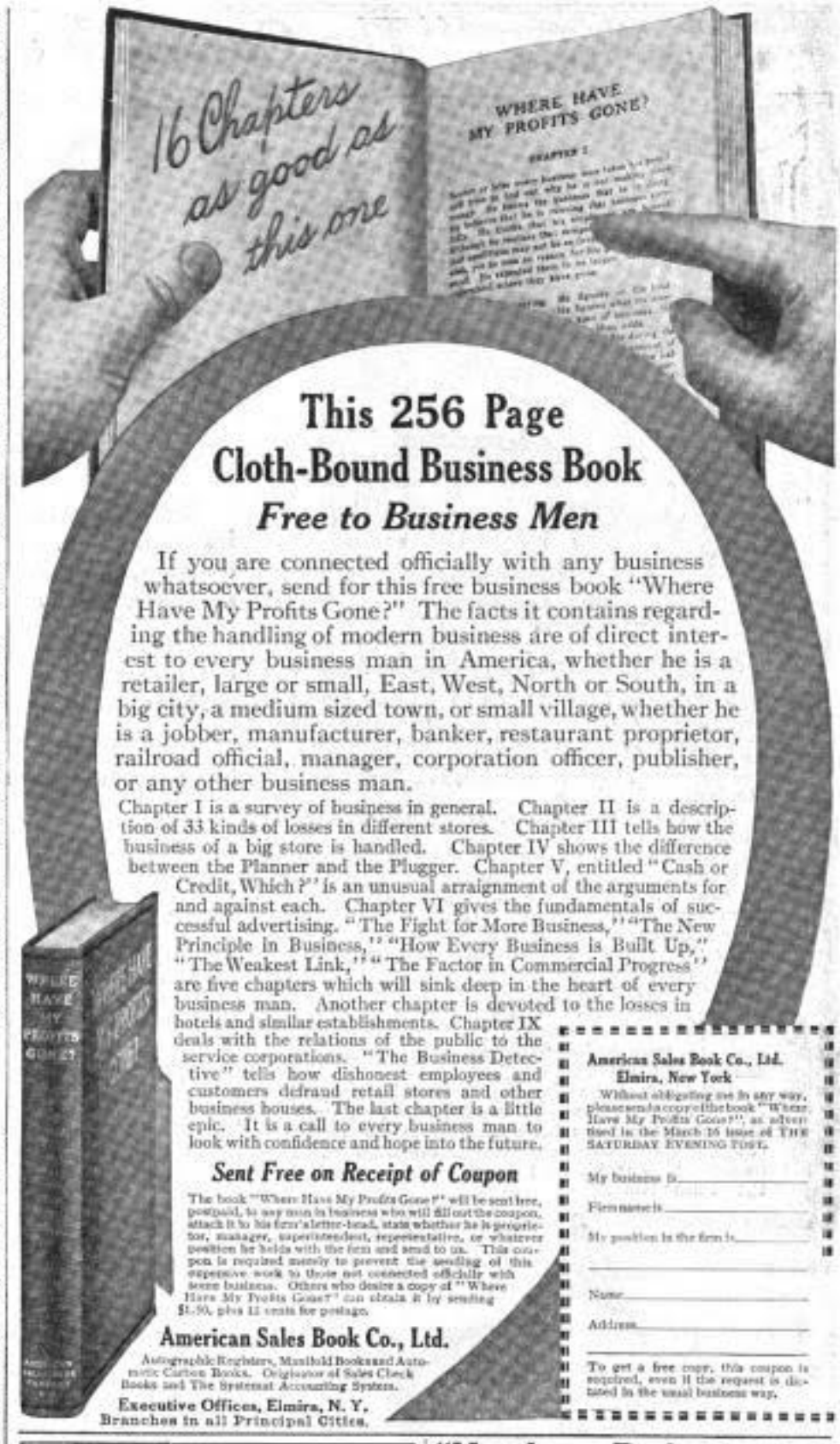
"Why," says I, "that's exactly what Georgianna here said t'other day—she wondered!"

True Charity

A SCORE of years ago a group of girls in New York organized the Sunbeam League of the Babies' Wards of the Post-Graduate Hospital. They agreed to support a bed by their subscriptions and to visit the wards regularly at specified hours. They aided and relieved the trained nurses; they amused the convalescent children, playing with them and trying to make them happy in their strange surroundings. Incidentally the several members of the Sunbeam League absorbed a great deal of information about the care and feeding of children and about the treatment of convalescents, which has been most useful to those of them who have since married and had families of their own.

A little earlier a group of ladies, also in New York, were shocked by the conditions under which the female employees of certain large department stores were forced to labor. These ladies organized the Consumers' League, which drew up a list of improved conditions with which they asked that the large stores should comply. As soon as a sufficient number of adhesions had been secured the Consumers' League published a White List, containing the names of all the houses that approached a proper standard in the treatment of their workpeople. Year by year this White List has lengthened, though the conditions of "a fair house" have been steadily made more stringent; and there is now scarcely a single important department store in New York that would not feel disgraced if it did not appear on the White List. From New York the idea of the Consumers' League has spread to nearly all the other large cities; and the movement has resulted in an immense amelioration of the conditions of thousands of working girls.

A little later two daughters of a New York publisher discovered that the blind were eager for work, and that, even when they were supported by charity, they greatly preferred to work for their own support if only the opportunity were provided. As a result of the earnest efforts of these two ladies the opportunity has been provided, and there are now scores and hundreds of the blind of both sexes no longer dependent upon alms, but earning their own living by the labor of their hands.



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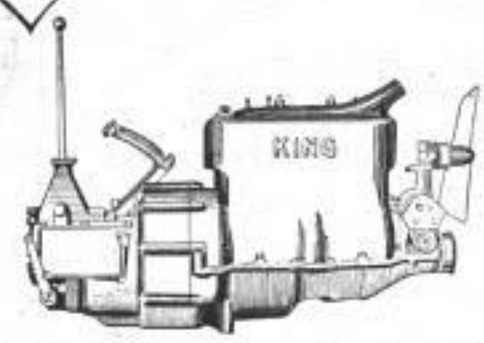
KING "36"

These Features Have Made the King "36" The Talk of the Automobile World

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These points of superiority are not visionary. You can understand their importance if you will read carefully our description of them below.



The Simple Extra Long-Stroke Motor

The King is known as "the car with a thousand less parts." It has fewer parts than any car in the world. This simplification has been achieved by a judicious combination of several members into single effective parts, wherever possible, as well as by the elimination of useless parts.

Much of this simplification is seen in the King Motor.

The four cylinders, measuring 3 13/16 bore by 5½ stroke, are cast en bloc, **guaranteed to develop 36 h. p.** Do you realize the importance of that extra long stroke? Designers of the leading high-priced European and American cars do. They know that this gives *steadiness of pull*, and great driving power.

Extra heavy, two-bearing crank shaft; very wide valve openings, with valves placed on angle in the head of the motor, opening directly into the cylinders—any man who has studied motor car construction can see the value of these points.

In looking at the King Motor, you will be struck by the fewness of exposed moving parts. Practically everything has been enclosed in the motor case, and the motor when running is remarkably free from noise. There is good reason for calling this car the "Silent King."

The King is the Easiest Riding Car in the World

That is a broad statement that we would hardly care to make, if we were not prepared to prove it.

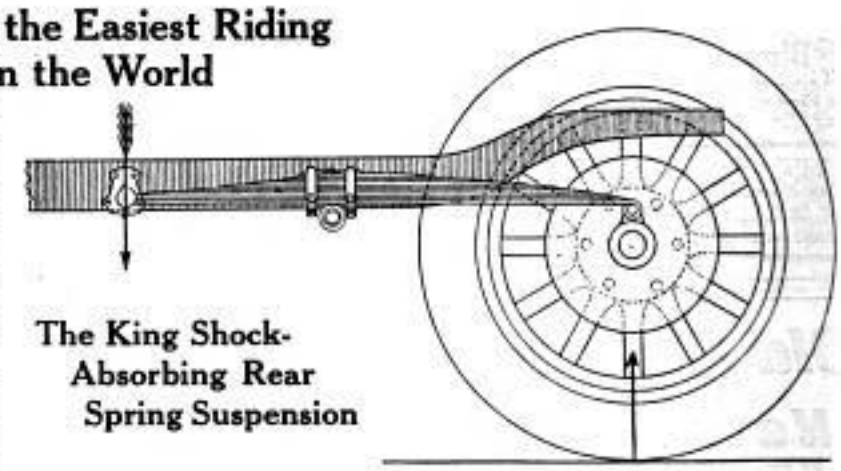
It is the result of our shock-absorbing, rear-spring suspension, a patented feature found only on the King.

In the illustration the arrows show the line of shock.

The spring is pivotally supported near its center, on the frame. Its forward end is also supported on the frame.

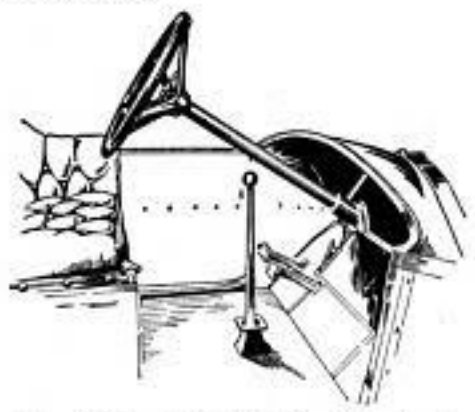
The rear end operates in shackles which are mounted on the rear axle.

In passing over the rough spots of the road the shock, instead of being transferred to the occupants of the car seated above, to their great discomfort, is taken up by the lever action of the spring and thrown downward again.



The King Shock-Absorbing Rear Spring Suspension

This means not only increased comfort to the passengers, but longer life for car and tires.



The Simplified King Control

The King is an easy car to drive. The steering post is placed to the left, a position which is rapidly becoming recognized as the only practical one.

A single hand lever placed in the center of the footboard controls three speeds forward and reverse. This lever is directly at the right hand of the driver, and takes up no room that could be used for anything else.

You can get in or out easily, and there are no levers on the outside to mar the fine, racy lines of the car.



Body Designed by Chas. B. King

The King Coupé is a car of elegant appointment, artistic in design, and of surpassing convenience and comfort, equipped completely, **$2165.**

Other King Features That Are Distinctive

We have mentioned but a few of the points of design that are causing other American manufacturers to copy the King. Let us briefly mention a few more.

When you go to see the King car, as you surely should at the first opportunity, notice how low is its center of gravity. This means comfort, safety and racy appearance.

Note also the long, comfortable wheel base, and its snappy, stylish appearance—its air of completeness and refinement in every detail.

Go into its construction, and see how accessible and how simple is every mechanical feature.

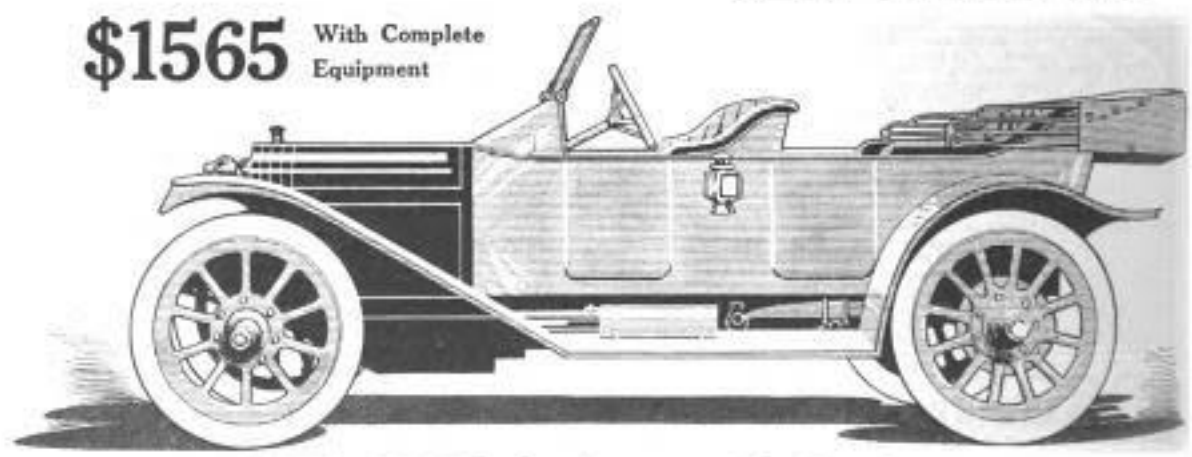
Have the man explain the thermo-syphon cooling system and our special system of lubrication.

Price of King Touring Car, with $300 worth of equipment $1565

A snappy roadster, with full equipment, at the same price.

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$1565 With Complete Equipment



A Word With the Automobile Dealer

Owing to the great demand for the first King cars, we have selected our dealers with great care. Moving into a new plant March 1st, with a capacity of 5,000 cars per year, so increases our manufacturing facilities for 1912 as to enable us to make a few more dealers a very attractive proposition and we are in a position to allot some excellent territory to those who can assure us of their ability to properly represent the King. Full details and information regarding available territory sent promptly on request.

KING MOTOR CAR CO., 1302 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

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THE CAPSULE

(Continued from Page 25)

/har at?" To Old Reliable the vessel labyrinth of hiding-places.
ome along; I'll show you. Don't like that; walk straight." The Irish- went strolling across the open space lived into a dark hatch. Like a big child, Old Reliable followed his new
ning over the rail, Lykoff and the hound looked down upon this lower They saw Old Reliable and Guinea together. The Bloodhound hurried rd and berated his colleague.
ust I take the negro?" his subordinate
o; he is perhaps an American citizen. him; and we'll deal with him—the way."
off returned to his novel; he could nothing; he dared hold no commun- on with either Guinea or the negro. below, in the third-class sleeping , Old Reliable eyed those bunks l against the walls and running in dou- ws down the middle—iron beds, one the other—with scanty mattresses. dor was not pleasant.
e there!" Guinea whispered, and d. "A man that had any sense could back in that corner. They must take suckers! We ain't going to be led—and maybe get three fingers ed off."
l show 'em! I'll show 'em!" Old le mumbled and shook his head.
n climbed back to the deck. A face followed him, an earnest, ed black face, with scary eyes—all ch was immediately reported to the hound.
sants from Russia, Greece, Rumania, iling their plunder on the deck. Few m smiled. Children went stolidly their work. Zack sniffed at their edding and evil-odored bundles that p from the hold. "Huh! Dem things smell like no jewraniums—nigger as y makes me sick."
udden desire possessed Zack to be he Colonel—where he could touch ith his hand when the crisis came. a cut him off at the steps with a n: "Keep your mouth shut!"
k nodded. "I ain't heerd nuthin'."
h a heavy heart Old Reliable began ng the steps to the first deck—"where nnel was at."
vas an almost windless day—blue, surable, unflecked on sea or sky. olonel's finger pointed straight ahead. , Zack; yonder is the land of Egypt."
k could see something—something dusty fog that lay flat against the ut not his idea of mysterious Africa. arbaric glamour did not appeal to

n from somewhere—Zack hadn't it before—there came the "Put-put- of a tugboat; he saw its blunt nose, alligator, rushing straight at them—a yellow flag. Zack choked; his stopped.
ck," the Colonel said, and the negro d; "Zack, is the baggage ready?"
s, suh; ready, suh."
t it up and keep close to me."
s, suh."
off listened with satisfaction. He is advantage over the Bloodhound, nderstood no English. Suddenly t sick. Zack pulled something from t pocket and dropped the capsule! had almost sprung forward when icked it up again and the Russian inwardly. The black must be an plished diplomat; his face never be- him. Nobody could have suspected apsule. The fact was, Zack had about it. Blindly he stumbled down oon steps. Everything below rattled fusion. Porter and stewards jostled ther, dumping trunks into the main e—black-whiskered Russians, who be glad to chop his fingers. He got h safe to the Colonel's cabin and came panting like a lizard, with the bags. t yellow flag was coming with all Things began to happen exactly as had foretold. Zack shivered behind olonel. The ugly little boat bulged

He could make out white faces, faces, yellow faces—all kinds of looking straight at him. The Olga d anchor and lowered a shaky flight s to the water. From the prow of arantine boat a brown-skinned giant reached out with a long stick that had hooks on the end. That must be to snatch folks off the rail and pull 'em down into the boat! The giant lowered his hook, grappled the Olga's steps and made fast alongside. A slimmish white man, with a face like suncracked leather, marched up the steps. Cold blue eyes glinted underneath his helmet—Zack saw no mercy. This man took his stand at the head of those steps on a little platform overhanging the sea. Then he beckoned for his file of mulatto soldiers, with red caps. It was just as Guinea said.

Two other white men came up—in white clothes and white helmets. That terrible Russian captain didn't even try to stop them; it appeared to Zack that the man was bluffed. He took off his hat to that little fat fellow and gave him a lot of papers. While they were reading those papers Zack made a sneak to the other side of the ship. Guinea was right again. Two barges had been made fast to the Olga; a long stepladder reached down to their decks. A soldier stood guard on the top platform. Zack was almost scared to look for the fumigating box—there they were, right there, two of them, made of boards, exactly big enough to stand a man up inside and smother him.

First-cabin white folks assembled in the smoking room. That fat doctor was calling names from a paper. Every time he spoke somebody stuck out a tongue and let him feel a pulse. Zack didn't see any fingers whacked off, but folks looked mighty skittish.

That thin-legged sergeant crossed over to the other side and took his stand at the head of the steps. He shouted something to his yellow soldiers. They scattered along the lower deck and began shoving folks toward the stairway.

The sergeant thrashed his own legs with a rawhide whip. Once in a while he tapped a fellow over the back to keep them hustling. Some of the steerage passengers came voluntarily; some had to be toted bodily. The sergeant counted every one and checked them on a paper.

Zack caught a whiff from the bucket which a soldier carried; it smelled like carbolic. "Huh! Ain't gwine to let 'em squirt none o' dat down my throat." He saw Guinea Ryan cross the lower deck with a bundle and disappear down the hatchway. Old Reliable endured the strain to the last limit of negro nature, then he ducked. Fright got into his legs—his knees wabbled backward and forward, outward and inward; but he succeeded in dodging past the Colonel without breaking into a run. Having got down the main staircase he doubled a corner and there was nothing to hold him until he reached that open space. He tried to saunter carelessly across the lower deck; at the hatchway he dropped out of sight, like bucket into a well.

The sergeant went on counting and shoving, and swearing and waiting. His barges filled with an indiscriminate mass. "One-fifteen," he counted—"should be one-nineteen."

"One-sixteen," corrected Guinea Ryan. "Check me off, Danny; but I won't take your barge today." Guinea smiled and produced his health certificate.

"Hello, Guinea!" laughed the sergeant. "Couldn't stay out of Egypt? Haven't been gone a week. Get along into the barge—all third-class health certificates canceled."

"What's the bloody row?"

"Orders changed; cholera everywhere. Promenade along, down the steps."

Guinea had seen too much of the Far East to argue with a British sergeant about his orders. "Hard luck, Guinea," laughed Danny. "Now we've got to smoke out the hideaways—only three today." The boiler-maker grinned and said nothing. He wormed himself into a position on the barge where he could witness what happened to Old Reliable.

Colonel Spottiswoode had waited inside the smoking-room door. Catching a few words of English, he looked out, glad to speak his own language with somebody. "Well, sergeant, I see you are on troublesome duty."

Danny tipped his helmet. "Beastly nuisance, sir! They hide to get out of the fumigation. Can't keep these Russians clean," nodding toward the muckheaps of men and women on the barges.

Lykoff leaned against the stair-rail in the smoking room. He could look below and

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out of either door. Not a muscle of his face suggested his anxiety: "Where is that black man?"

The Dutch doctor began stammering over another name which sounded like "Zack Foster." Colonel Spottiswoode hurried in and found the doctor's pudgy finger pointing to Old Reliable's name. "Zack was here a minute ago." He leaned over the stair-rail and called: "Zack! Oh, Zack!" No answer. He shouted out of the port door—ran to the starboard side and called. No answer; no Zack. "It's just like that nigger to go off when we need him."

Lykoff saw all, heard all, understood all. He was absorbed in cutting the end from a fresh cigar. Zack was not in the cabin or the saloon. The Colonel hurried to the forward deck and did not hear an uproar that broke out amidships.

Sergeant Danny had accounted for the last hideaway. He was standing on the shaky platform checking up his list. "That's all of 'em," he remarked, and was about to give orders for the barge to cast off. Suddenly he heard a yell from his Gippies—not a casual, accidental yell, but a business yell. He ran back to the railing which overlooked the lower deck.

"Lemme 'lone, you yaller niggers! Turn me loose. I been black all my born days—ax de Cunnel. Lemme go! Lemme go!" Six stalwart Gippies jerked Zack into the open. "Whar's my hat an' my gripsack?" The Gippies did not smile—this was their daily job and had lost its humor.

Sergeant Danny shouted a curt order; his Gippies hoisted Zack up the stairway and rushed him along the narrow deck. He grabbed the rail. A Gippy whacked him over the knuckles; he suddenly remembered how Guinea lost three fingers—and stuck both hands in his pockets. Zack might just as well have argued with a sandstorm. The sergeant nodded; four men shoved him out on the wobbly platform. He caught on with both hands, for fear of tumbling into the sea. A Gippy cast his gripsack into the barge; Zack saw his hat go sailing after. "Turn me loose, yaller nigger! I kin walk." The steps shook mightily as Zack climbed down. The sergeant nodded; the tugboat cast off her lines. Zack stood bareheaded, gazing up at the Olga's rail. He saw the Colonel struggling through the crowd, trying to reach the sergeant. "Here I is, Cunnel! Here I is! Stop dis boat. Stop 'er!"

The Bloodhound leaned over the Olga's rail. He smiled to himself and gave the negro no further thought. Lykoff turned away from the hubbub and looked bored.

Sergeant Danny had turned to his gasoline launch when Colonel Spottiswoode shouted: "Sergeant! Oh, sergeant! One moment, please. That negro is my servant—he's a first-cabin passenger."

The sergeant's face lighted up. "That accounts for it; I had one too many."

"He belongs up here with me."

"Why was he hiding in the steerage?"

"Nobody knows about a negro. Can't you stop your boat and put him off?"

"Sorry, sir; he's been with those suspects and I hardly know what to do with him. I'll send him to your hotel, sir, if you like."

"But I don't know where I am going to stop."

The distance was fast widening between the barge and the ship; the gasoline tooted her whistle impatiently. "It's late, sir," apologized the sergeant; "and we've got all these people to fumigate. Here's my address. Send a carriage for him."

Zack kept shouting until the sergeant descended to the launch and Colonel Spottiswoode went back into the cabin. "Luck's agin me!" He collapsed on his gripsack and commenced smoothing out the broadbrimmed hat.

. . . . . .

The Olga grated against the stone wharf, tied fore and aft. Swarms of porters clambered aboard. Passengers commenced filing down the narrow gangway. Two British officers, with their servants, met the Colonel and relieved him of all custom-house annoyances. Lykoff had a small satchel in his hand and was watching for his heavier baggage, which never appeared. He had almost decided to go ashore without his trunks when Gargarin took the satchel from him.

"I'll take charge of this—and of you!"

"Very good," assented Lykoff.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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THE CITIZEN IN COURT

(Continued from Page 14)

he likes by what are called "false pretenses," provided those false pretenses do not relate to some present or past matter. If they relate to a future transaction they do not come within the law. And in certain jurisdictions the criminal has only to kill his victim and successfully hide the body, destroy it or sink it in the sea, and he cannot be punished unless some one actually saw him commit the murder or do some act that would naturally result in the death of his victim. The circumstantial evidence may be overwhelming, but if these two things are absent the criminal cannot be punished.

On the other extreme, one is often surprised at what appears to be extraordinary severity in the criminal law. A man receives a penal sentence for stealing a loaf of bread from a baker's window or ten years for taking a few coins from a pedestrian. The explanation does not lie in the amount of the loss.

In the first case, the point is that the person has broken into the baker's window in the nighttime—and that is burglary. The serious element here is the "breaking," with intent to steal. The law is very comprehensive in its definition of this word. Breaking has been held to include the lifting of a latch or the unfastening of a hook, and the like.

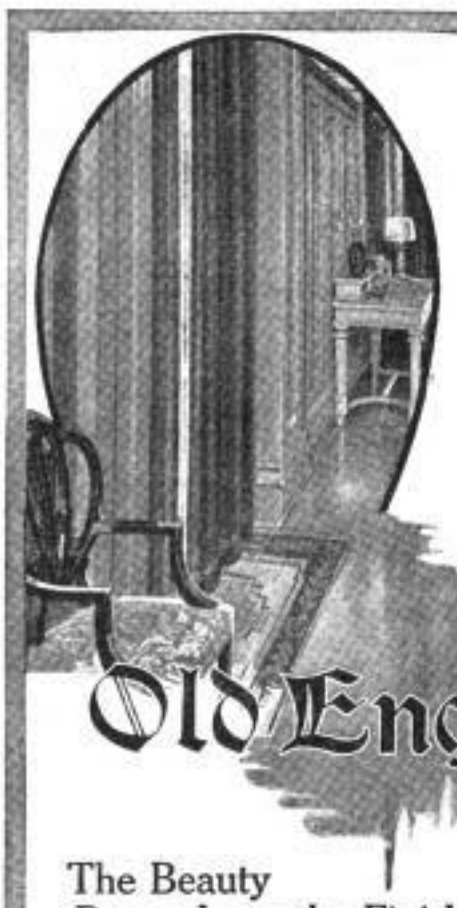
In the second instance, the crime is robbery; and the serious element here is not the value of the article taken from the person. It is what the law calls "putting in fear." Consequently one accomplishes all the elements of this crime by merely putting a person in fear and taking something of value from him, no matter how slight. When one compares the light sentence of an embezzler with the long sentence of a burglar or highway robber he must understand the elements of the crimes in order to make an intelligent comment. The law holds human life and safety of the greatest value—and the crimes of burglary and robbery threaten human life and safety; embezzlement does not.

Enemies of the People

The citizen, however, should remember that there are certain rights of which he is not deprived by the law. In surrendering the maintenance of order the citizen has retained the right to defend his house against attempts to enter it forcibly and the right to defend himself when his life is jeoparded—and he is not required to go first to any court or authority for permission to do so. He must always remember, however, that, though the state permits him this right, it retains the right to review his act and determine whether or not he was justified in what he did. He cannot do an unnecessary or wanton violence under these privileges. If he does he will be punished.

When the citizen comes into court as a juror, witness, or the like, he is constantly confronted with certain aspects of the law that seem difficult for him to understand, and that often lead him to conclude that its administration is strangely impracticable. He observes that a prisoner charged with crime has the right to refuse to make any explanation. He is astonished at this. The prisoner is primarily the one who really knows whether or not he is guilty. Yet the law, making every effort in all other directions to learn this fact, permits the person who is in possession of it to remain silent. This seems to the citizen to be precisely the reverse of a practical way of getting at the thing. If the man is innocent he ought to be ready and willing to make his explanation; and if he is guilty he ought to be forced to make it.

It must be admitted that, as our system of justice now stands, it is a fair question whether this ancient privilege of the law has not outlived its usefulness. One can readily see what an enormous benefit to society it would be if persons involved in criminal conspiracies could be questioned. Recent notorious criminal cases have brought this question very sharply to public attention. If a criminal thought to have accomplices could be interrogated the people would be spared enormous trouble and expense, and every guilty person might speedily be brought to justice. It must be remembered that the criminal is the enemy of society—



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hence, unless there is some benefit to society in it, why permit him to stand dumb? And to the citizen, it seems difficult to realize how any injury to innocent persons could result from forcing a person to take the witness stand in his own behalf! Other nations, quite as enlightened as our worthy selves, do not grant their criminals this tender consideration.

It should be borne in mind that the law is primarily for the benefit of law-abiding persons and not the violators of it; and the average man may be right when he believes that a practical administration of justice demands the abolition of this ancient privilege.

He observes that the examination of witnesses in the trial of a cause follows a cut-and-dried method, which sometimes seems to him to go in a roundabout way to get at the truth. A great deal of care seems to be exercised to exclude from the witness' testimony any expression of his opinion. He is directed to give the fact only. In a great number of instances, however, the fact, after all, is merely the opinion of the witness, and the distinction becomes an attenuated refinement. The opinion of the witness is taken upon some of the most important facts of life—namely, the reputation of a man and the chastity of a woman; and why not to a certain practical extent in other matters?

Another thing which seems absurd to the average man is the method of examination of an expert witness. It is not permissible to ask the expert for his opinion directly upon the testimony in the case. He must be asked a hypothetical question of a supposed case which includes the elements of the testimony in the actual case. Now, to the layman, this is a distinction without a difference. It appears to be a childish subterfuge that does not, in fact, affect anybody. These matters, however, the citizen seems willing to leave to the machinery of the law to reform or correct as it may deem judicious.

The Crow That Jurors Pick

However, there are some aspects of the administration of justice of which he feels he has a right to complain. One of these things is the manner in which he is treated as a juror in capital cases. As the procedure now is in most jurisdictions, to be drawn as a juror in a case of the higher crimes means that one is locked up with eleven men, in the custody of an officer, for an indeterminate period. He is thereby sentenced to a term of close confinement with a number of other persons. In many respects the discomforts are greater than those attending a regular penal sentence; and if one were to choose between them upon the point of hardship and discomfort many men would accept the penal sentence rather than the jury service. It would seem that the courts must reform this procedure. The citizen demands that he be trusted, that he be permitted to go about his affairs, and that he be treated as though he were responsible. He maintains that the way to secure a high standard of honor and a high sense of responsibility is not to assume that one is dishonorable; but that it is by trusting to the honor and integrity of men that the high standard is gained. And it must be admitted that an answer to this argument is hard to find.

The citizen also complains of the manner in which he is treated as a witness. Because he happens to observe a crime or witness a controversy, he is often treated in a court of justice as though he were a felon. His personal history and affairs are intimately inquired into, though they have no relation to the subject-matter in controversy; but they are dragged in under the excuse of testing his credibility, and the like. He also complains that those engaged in the administration of justice, when he appears before them, violate his personal dignity and his self-respect in the conduct of their proceedings. He resents this. He asserts that he would permit no other institution of his Government thus to treat him when he is innocent of wrong and comes before it for the public good. He demands a reform along these lines. He would leave the legal profession to make it if it will—if not he will take a hand himself. And surely, in the vague clamor that has arisen for a revision of judicial procedure, for a recall of judges, and the like, there is something for the legal profession seriously to consider. One must beware how he forces his brother to reform him. Has not Tacitus said: "With more than brotherly hate!"



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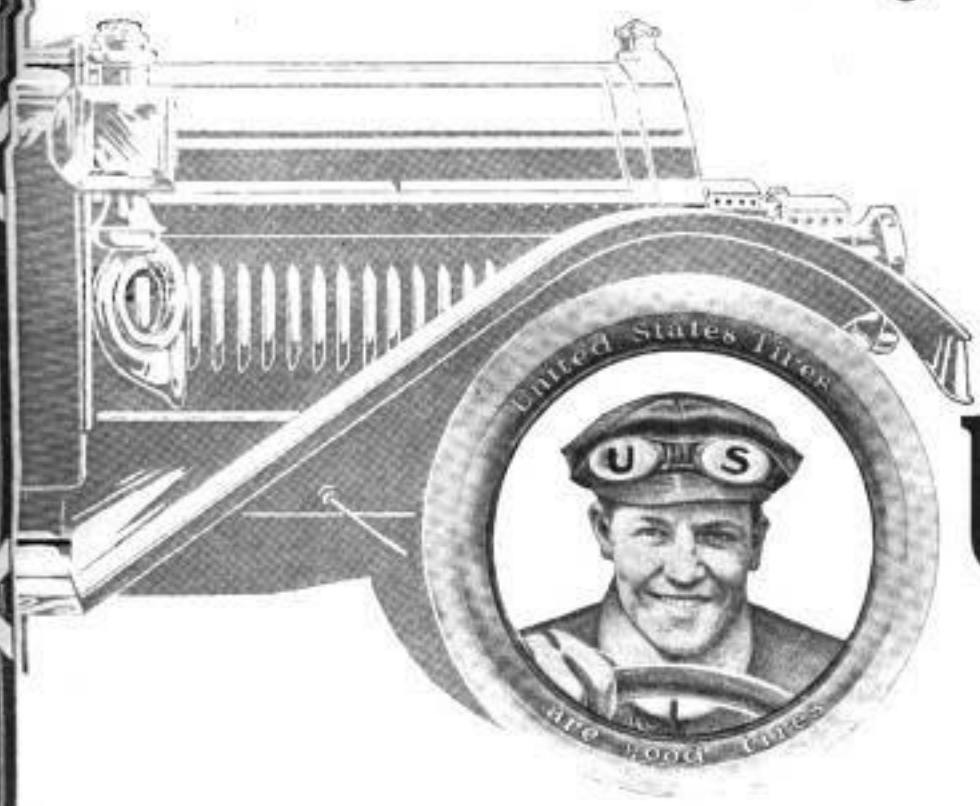
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Three Immensely Important Facts



concerning the much-talked-of

United States TIRES

The first fact—and the biggest

UNITED STATES TIRES are made as no other tires in the world are made.

The co-operative method employed in their manufacture is unique in automobile tire manufacturing.

Here is the method:

In four of the largest and best-equipped tire factories in the world there are at work today four corps of tire Specialists, each of which formerly made a brand of tires which ranked among the world's *best* tires—Continental, G & J, Hartford and Morgan & Wright.

Each body of men formerly put into the tire of its particular manufacture enough of quality, enough of strength, enough of actual *wear* to cause the tire to become a *front-rank* tire—a tire that easily competed with all other single-factory tires.

Now—

In the same factories today these same tire Specialists are at work building tires not only as good as *they know how*, but—and mark this—as good as their knowledge, plus the knowledge of *three additional corps of tire-experts*, can make them.

Or, to put it another way—

It is precisely as if the motorist, desiring an *ideal* tire, should contract with four leading tire manufacturers to build a tire that would actually combine every element of strength and every secret of manufacture known to the four companies.

It is *inconceivable* that such a method of tire manufacturing should not produce a grade of tires that is *distinctly* better than could possibly have been produced by any one of the factories working single-handed.

The motorist who is also a manufacturer will *instantly* recognize this advantage.

It has been said that this co-operative system (employed *only* in the making of United States Tires) is nothing short of revolutionary in the history of tire-making; that it represents an *ability* to give *big tire value* to the motorist that has never before been *approached*.

But far more important to us—as well as to you—is the fact that motorists in every part of the country—on city boulevards and mountain roads—are getting from this *new method* of manufacture a quantity and quality of tire service that is the best possible proof of the *superiority* of the method.

Tests tell, and the service-test to which you can put United States Tires this spring and summer will demonstrate clearly to you that four immense factories, *working as a unit*, can produce a motor tire for you that is as unique in its service qualities as it is in its method of manufacture.

We frankly admit that we are proud to be the manufacturers of tires made as United States Tires are made.

America's Predominant Tires

(any style)

at no greater cost than other kinds

The second fact

YOU can buy United States Tires in any *style* you prefer.

Three styles of fastening—Dunlop (straight side), Quick Detachable and Clincher, and five different treads—Plain, Bailey, Nobby, Chain, Type Course and Steel Stud.

The United States line is *exceptionally* complete, and no motorist is compelled to seek elsewhere for this or that style to suit his particular fancy.

Thus the motorist who clearly recognizes our claim to his patronage on the basis of *manufacturing methods* is enabled to take advantage of our tires *regardless of personal choice* in the matter of fastening or tread.

If you are convinced that a certain style of fastening or tread can best serve your purpose, you can not only get it in a United States Tire, but—what is even more important—you can get it in a tire made as only United States Tires are made.

The third fact

UNITED STATES TIRES cost no more than you are asked to pay for other kinds.

This cost-no-more fact is responsible for a *big* increase in sales during the past year.

The opportunity to secure *extra value without extra cost* has naturally appealed to motorists who are wedded to no tire but the most *economical* tire it is possible to buy.

There is every indication that the spring season will witness thousands of motorists putting on one, two or more United States Tires for the *first* time—motorists who are convinced that, *at the same price*, tires made by our co-operative method most certainly *should* give exceptionally large mileage returns for their investment.

Knowing as thoroly as we do what our four-factory method of manufacture means in the production of superior grade tires, we frankly invite every motorist who, without prejudice, is looking for a *full* return on his tire expenditure, to use United States Tires as either partial or *exclusive* equipment during 1912.

NOTE—Membership in our Service Bureau is open to all motorists irrespective of the kind of tires they are using. The present enrollment is nearly 18,000. A complete Instruction Book on "How to keep down your Tire Expense" (48 pp) furnished to each member, and additional information on the subject is supplied from time to time. No charge. Merely send name, address and name of car.

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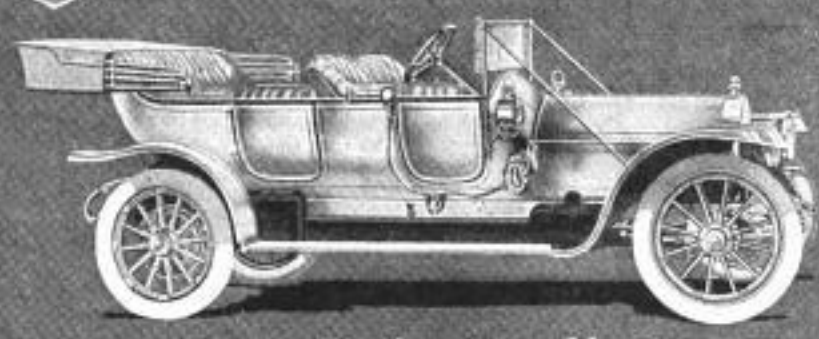
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THE RECORDING ANGEL

(Continued from Page 21)

has riven such a face with the thunderbolt of tears was far from his intentions.

"Er—yes, of course, Miss Percey. You may count upon me for tombstones as long as the quarry holds out," he exclaimed; "but the fact is, I am thinking of a few benevolences myself, and I was just wondering if you ladies will support me in mine if I do what I can to help you."

"Nothing will afford us greater pleasure, Mr. Bone!" she assured him, making good with a smile scalloped inside with two rows of perfectly white teeth.

"It's a bargain then?"

They clasped hands facetiously, and Mildred withdrew, smiling.

Soon after this Bone found a card upon his desk upon which were printed certain scriptures designed to arouse and stimulate the faculty of benevolence—such as "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," "Feed my sheep," and so forth. At length the old sheep herself appeared. As he entered the office one morning after a short absence at the post-office he beheld Mrs. Martin seated at his desk. Her knees were far apart, her skirts spread out setting-hen fashion, her broad black belt supported a bright steel buckle in front. She had on a shallow black hat somewhat awry upon her head, and beneath it she wore the indomitable expression of one who knows she is about to do right and has prayed without ceasing for guidance—at your expense.

"Good morning!" said Mr. Bone.

"Good morning, Jim," she conceded.

"What is it?" he demanded.

"Jim, I am here in a good cause, and I want you to pay attention to me," she began.

"And what else?" he inquired.

"What else what?" She looked up.

"What else do you want me to pay besides attention?"

"Oh, I see the Lord has prepared your heart!" she exclaimed.

He did not admit it, but merely dropped his head lower, which increased his disagreeable horned expression.

"It's the missionary society. We are thirty dollars behind with the Bible woman's fund, and not another cent can I get out of this town for it. And if we don't pay it our Bible women in Korea will starve to death. I have prayed over it and I believe the Lord has directed me to come to you."

"I'll tell you what, Mrs. Martin. I'll contribute the thirty dollars, provided you agree to give me your support and the support of the church as far as you can influence its membership in my work in this town."

"What is the nature of it?" she demanded, thinking this a good chance to solve the mystery that continued to surround the Bone Building.

"It's redemptive, same as yours," he replied.

She hesitated. Mr. Bone clamped his jaws, lifted his head, and offered to dismiss the subject with a plain gesture.

"Well, if you are sure it's redemptive, I promise!" she consented.

"I am sure!" He grinned energetically as he sat down to write the check for her.

"Jim, are you sure you know what redemptive work is?" Mrs. Martin asked.

"Well, I never thought I did till I came back here," he answered, laughing; "but now I know I know what it is. You can trust me."

Thus he went on bribing and tying the citizens of Ruckersville, male and female, hand and heart and foot. He subscribed to their festivals, to the organ fund, to the fund Mrs. Fanning-Rucker was raising for the Colonial Dames, and even to a far-off band of King's Daughters to which Leonora Bell belonged. One of the few women who did not approach him in this sweet mendicant rôle was Sylvia Story. Either Sylvia did not care for benevolence and belonged to none of these organizations, or she was one of those women who do not need to ask.

Still, it was a fact that Bone had advanced old Clark Story a thousand dollars upon the cobalt expectations in his cow pasture; and that in consequence of this sudden good fortune Sylvia went to Atlanta once a week that autumn, where she took vocal lessons from Berilli, the most famous teacher in the South at that time.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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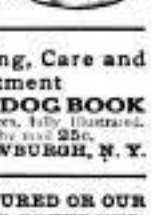
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THE SUFFRAGE IN MILLERSTOWN

(Concluded from Page 11)

"Except drink in them!" said Lizzie with a new quickness of thought.

Steiner would bring them good roads.

"But he is a bad man!" said Lizzie. "It is better to have bad roads. Will you promise not to vote for Steiner?" she asked.

"No!" shouted Alpheus. "Get up!"

It was half-past four when the children came home from school. Alpheus, the oldest, was twelve; Lizzie, who was next to the baby, was five; they were the most obedient children that ever lived. Their mother had risen now to a sitting posture. Seeing her, they hurried up the lane.

"You are to go to your Aunt Sally," she said. "You can go to your Aunt Sally till six o'clock."

The children stared at her and at each other; then they trotted off. Only little Alpheus looked back.

"Why do you sit on the cellar door, mom?" he called.

"Because I like it," said Lizzie.

From the earth beneath came a reproving voice.

"Ain't you ashamed, mom, to lie to children! Ain't you ashamed?"

"Will you promise not to vote for Steiner?" asked Lizzie with the same deadly monotony.

"No!" yelled Alpheus "I won't."

After a long time the clock in the kitchen struck five. The sound reached the cellar. In an hour the polls would close.

"That was six o'clock," said Alpheus.

"It was five," corrected Lizzie.

It seemed to Lizzie, shivering without, and to Alpheus, shivering within, that hours passed before there was another sound. Then Lizzie spoke once more:

"Will you promise not to vote for Steiner?"

To her amazement Alpheus returned a prompt "Yes."

"W-what?" faltered Lizzie.

"I said 'Yes,'" repeated Alpheus. To Alpheus' shame, be it said, Alpheus did not tell the truth. An expedient had occurred to him. If he could only get to the polls in time!

For all her weight and stiffness, Lizzie almost sprang from the door. It was at once lifted and Alpheus thrust up his head. Then he bounced out.

"You dare not make a man promise something when you have him penned up!" he shouted. "It says so in the law. I am going to vote. I——"

Alpheus paused. Up the lane came the children.

"What time is it?" Alpheus demanded furiously of his wife.

"It struck six already," she said heavily; "I thought I would give you another chance to do right, Alpheus."

"What!" began Alpheus—then paused.

Seeing the wild-looking creature before him, Alpheus was suddenly appalled. The recollection of his wrongs, of Steiner's probable rage, of his own little, unshepherded political flock, vanished from his mind; he saw instead those wild, window-smashing Londoners.

"Mom," said Alpheus, "are you going to parade like—like those others? Will you vote, mom?"

Solemnly Lizzie returned his gaze. She was stiff and sore in body and mind; she was a stranger to herself.

"I do not know yet what I will do," said she ominously.

Alpheus was distracted with fright. It would have made no difference to him now if Steiner had been plunged into the sea. He tried to take Lizzie's unwilling hand; he called to the children to "Come quick to mom!" Then he rushed into the kitchen.

"See, mom!" he cried. "Here is the baby—the little baby, mom! It cries for you, mom! See!"

Thankful for the fierce screams with which the baby resented being torn from his bed in the midst of sleep, Alpheus bore him forth and placed him in his mother's arms. Then, as the amazed and terrified children surrounded her, Lizzie returned—for the time at least—to woman's sphere. With a loudness which inspired a like demonstration from all her frightened offspring and made Alpheus declare that hereafter he would do everyth'ng she liked and nothing she did not like—with a heartiness that branded victory as a not unmixed satisfaction—poor Lizzie wept.

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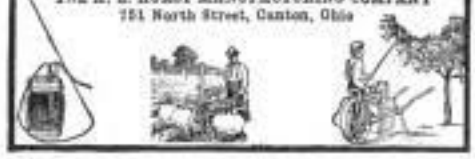


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Substitutes for Wood

ONE of the standing problems in the Office of Wood Utilization is that of substitution. It is the hidden rock that has crippled more than one lumbering enterprise and has at times threatened the safety of almost the entire trade. And the principal peril of this rock of disaster is that it is always shifting its position. Consequently the Office of Wood Utilization is kept constantly busy recharting the trade situation so that lumbermen and manufacturers in wood may steer clear of Substitute Rock.

"Substitution of other materials for wood," says Mr. Sackett, "has made startling and sensational advances, especially in the last five years. You can hardly turn to a large industry that does not show the inroads of a substitute for wood. Very likely the cry that our forests are going fast is in a measure responsible for this wholesale substitution. Looking at this matter from an entirely economic and practical viewpoint, without any special prejudice in favor of wood, I am as yet unable to decide whether the benefits of this wholesale substitution outweigh its bad features or not; but this I do know: substitution is the skeleton in the closet of practically every lumberman and wood-manufacturer in the country. It is the secret peril of the entire wood-using trade.

"Only a few years ago, during the late panic, the whole talk of the lumber trade was pitched to this key: 'Just wait until the railroads begin to hand out orders again and then we'll come back into our own all right and make up for lost time.' The railroads, however, did not come back into the market again for lumber—at least not in the old sense of the term. The car shop that formerly used eighty million feet of wood came back for only ten million at most. The substitute had entered its appearance. The old-style Pullman car contained twenty thousand feet of wood; the present type contains only four hundred feet.

"Previous to the panic, it had been the policy of the railroads running west of Chicago to use timber in their bridges as well as in their depots, station platforms and wherever it could be used. They were expected to come back into the market for these, but they did not. Instead, they built concrete bridges, stations and culverts. In their platforms they used brick and cinders. The same change has been going on in the country districts. An old retail lumberman told me that he used always to sell the highway commissioners of his section timbers and lumber for the bridges and culverts of their territory; but suddenly they changed the policy of construction to concrete, and in self-defense he was forced to buy two brickyards.

"Small boats were formerly built entirely of wood; now they are very largely made of galvanized iron and steel. The same substitution is going on in agricultural-implement manufacture. The makers are using metal in the place of wood wherever they can. The reason they give for this is that the kinds of wood they need are becoming very scarce and dear. Wagon manufacturers are also making iron wheels and gearing to an increasing extent.

"Oddly enough, this problem of substitution is, to a very large extent, a question of advertising. How many wholesale lumbermen advertise in the popular magazines and periodicals? Not a single lumbering firm! One lumber association in the South, however, was shrewd enough to attempt to increase the use of its product by means of advertising directly to the consumer. What was the result? Why, the experiment was an immense success; and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the use of this particular wood was multiplied by the publicity it received. On the other hand, all the building substitutes are floated by liberal advertising campaigns. There is not a patent roofing, building paper, stucco or plaster that is not sold almost exclusively on an advertising basis. Undoubtedly the lumbering interests must go into the advertising field if they are going to maintain a successful war against the encroachments of the building substitutes. Another way of meeting the assaults of the substitute is to find increased uses for each particular wood. Here is where the Office of Wood Utilization can be of greatest service and it is pushing this work as rapidly as possible."

Farm Investments

are claiming the attention of people of means in all vocations. The advantages of investing the savings of the salaried position in the land need not be urged. The good farm, rightly managed, continues and increases in value from year to year and forms a permanent asset, subject to fewer of the fluctuations of business and commerce than city real estate, stocks or bonds.

How May a Reasonable Income On Investments Be Assured?

The business of directing a farm to assure the largest net profit, as well as to conserve the fertility and provide for the upkeep of improvements, is the serious problem now confronting those who invest in farms. The problems of farm management, whether the owner resides upon the place or operates it through a farm manager or tenant, are the most critical problems now confronting American agriculture. The owner who lives at a distance from his farm is seriously handicapped and often sacrifices a part of his income by his being removed from his business enterprise. There are conspicuous examples, however, of farms that are run by proxy with excellent results, and without deterioration of the soil.

The Country Gentleman

will present articles dealing with the various aspects of farm management as a business enterprise. The editors wish to learn of those who have made investments in farms or farm lands, and who have operated them profitably for a term of years. Articles and photographs dealing with such experiences are desired, and when available, will be paid for at current rates. Address all communications to

The Editors
The Country Gentleman
The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square, Phila., Pa.

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MAGAZINE MEN AND WOMEN

Snap-Shots of Authors and Artists at Work



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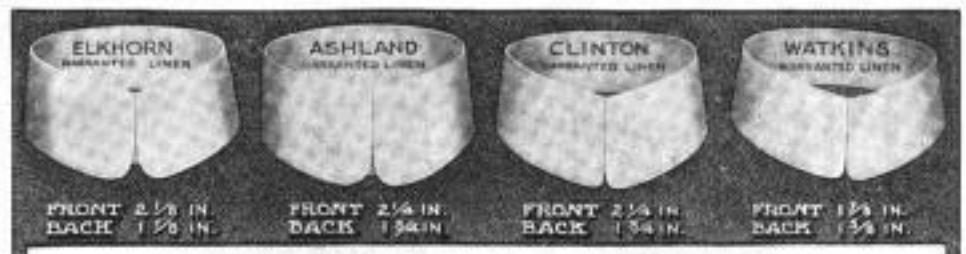
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Robert W. Chambers, the Well-Known Novelist, Who Paints for Recreation



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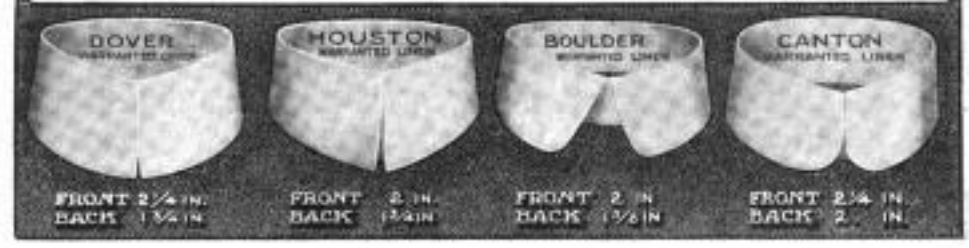
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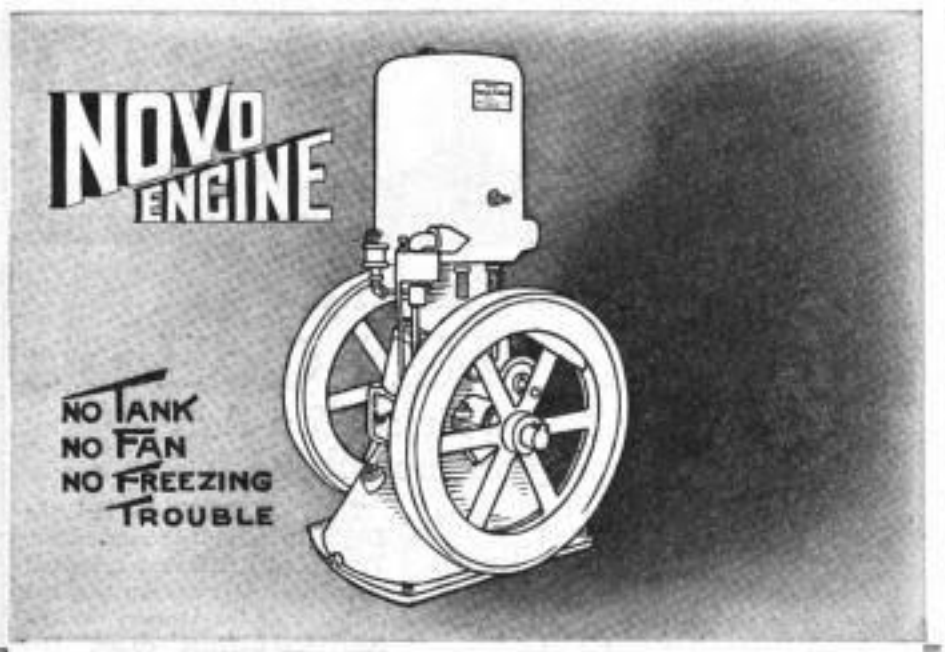
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SENSE AND NONSENSE

The Final Score

THE Hon. Lemuel P. Padgett, of Tennessee, is chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives. Naturally the Navy men desire to remain in the good graces of Mr. Padgett, and naturally they are nice to him. The Navy League gave a dinner the other night, and Chairman Padgett was one of the very particular guests of honor. Captain Ward, now retired, was placed next to the statesman and assigned to see that Mr. Padgett was not bored by the proceedings.

Captain Ward was affable and attentive. He told stories and did his best to entertain Padgett. Finally, as the dinner was nearing its close, the great feature—moving pictures showing the football game between the Army and Navy at Philadelphia last fall—was introduced. Ward used to be a football player when he was at Annapolis. He was much interested and as the films unrolled commented on the game to Padgett. Padgett sat moodily in his chair.

Dalton kicked his famous goal and the Navy men all yelled. Ward, who had been growing more and more enthusiastic, leaned over to Padgett and shouted: "And, just think of it, the final score was three to zero!"

"Huh!" replied Padgett. "It was six below down at my home town yesterday!"

The Correct Designation

A TEN-TWENTY-THIRTY company was making a long road jump. The members were scattered all through the train, according to Harry Miner, the lithograph manufacturer. The conductor found the manager, who handed him the tickets for the whole outfit and left the conductor to pick out the actors and actresses for himself.

Asleep, curled up in a plush seat of the smoker, the conductor came on an elderly person in a fur-trimmed overcoat and tan gaiters. He shook him by the shoulder until the sleeper opened his eyes.

"Belong to the troupe, I s'pose?" said the conductor.

The traveler was wideawake instantly.

"No, sir!" he snorted indignantly—"coterie, sir; coterie!"

A Foul Advantage

JAY BRADY, manager of the Colonial Theater in Chicago, had a darky stagehand working for him who fancied himself a boxer. A match was arranged between the ambitious scene-shifter and a semiprofessional fighter, also a negro.

For a joke, Jay agreed to act as second of the Colonial's champion. Everything went well in the first round; but in the second the semiprofessional dealt his adversary a terrific blow on the side of the head. As the stagehand staggered back against the ropes he yelled out:

"Mistah Brady! Mistah Brady, you kin claim a foul on dat! Dat nigger done hit me a deliberit brain blow!"

The Latin of It

THERE is in a certain Florida city a lady librarian with a fondness for Latin phrases that sometimes require more than a knowledge of Latin to fathom. Recently a visitor to the library inquired pleasantly how she had spent her vacation, to which the lady librarian replied idly: "Oh, I just took a little jaunt up to New York via train and came home vice versa."

"You returned—how?" gasped the visitor.

"Vice versa," repeated the lady librarian blandly. "By steamer, don't you know."

Legislature Ethics

A CERTAIN saloonkeeper years ago was elected to the legislature of a Southern state at a time when there was important legislation pending. He accepted a thousand dollars for his vote on a certain measure. The deal was hardly closed when the opposition came round, offering him two thousand. The temptation was strong, but the new member shook his head.

"No gentleman as is a gentleman," he said, "will sell out twicet on wan proposition!"

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MEN'S PURE THREAD SILK—If you want a good weight, durable, pure thread silk hose, this season's Everwear will certainly appeal to you. Soft, sheer, glove-fitting—with High Spliced Heel for oxford wear—it is the best all-around hose investment you can make.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A REBUILT LIFE

By George Lee Burton

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE man's walk first attracted my attention as he passed up the aisle toward the front of the car with a certain precise tread which claimed recognition. Where had I seen it before? When he came back the individuality of his step again impressed me—and that haunting sense of having once known him. A quick inventory showed a thin, clean-shaven face, dark, nervous eyes, brown hair touched with gray, and a figure of medium height—active, though with shoulders slightly stooped.

Memory seemed playing me a trick: for, though his face assured me I had never before seen him, his walk, with its individuality, its set, half-marching precision that indicated the military which his bearing denied, contradicted that assurance and increased the baffling conviction that we had met somewhere—only I could not remember where or when. He caught me looking with interest at him and his watchful glance became fixed upon me in inquiry. It was the glance of a man constantly on guard against surprise, I thought, as I picked up my magazine.

We were on the same Pullman, as it happened, for two days and a night; and from time to time I again noticed his strangely familiar tread, though he did not always walk in that fashion. He seemed to have two habits of walking; at times there was nothing unusual about his step. When we were together in the smoker I offered a few conversational commonplaces to see whether the sound of his voice would help me to remember, for one often recalls an unchanged voice more readily than a changed face; but his brief answers came in unfamiliar tones. Incidentally his dress and manner both suggested that he was not accustomed to traveling very much on Pullmans.



"I Almost Shouted: 'In the Penitentiary!'"

In the late afternoon of the first day I saw him again passing up toward the front of the car, with that same unconscious, half-measured tread—a tread evidently fixed by long habit. Where had I seen it before?—when the car gave a lurch in going round a bend. Instantly his right hand flew up to the level of his shoulder and reached out into empty space directly in front; then he quickly let it drop and caught with his left at the back of a seat. Immediately it flashed upon me where I had seen that walk; at the same moment he turned quickly and caught the recognition in my eyes. His face flushed as he passed on forward.

The Strange Ways of a Fellow Traveler

INSTANTLY there had come to me a gray November day some years before, when I had visited a penitentiary in a distant state. Again I heard the clank of steel-barred doors as we passed along the prisoners' halls to a cell-house, with its stacks of narrow cavelike cells.

Again I went through high-walled courtyards into shops filled with workmen in black-striped clothing—zebra-coated for a purpose; then to the entrance of the dining hall, whither at the noon hour had come filing from different directions long serpentine lines of those black-striped figures, with the set tramp, tramp of their lockstep, each man's right hand on the right shoulder of the one in front, each pair of eyes surveying the attendant and me curiously, shamedly or defiantly, as the case might be, their faces for the most part evil-lined and hard.

Have you ever felt the constraint, the feeling of shrinking apology, which follows when you have come upon a man's spirit unawares, and you see that he knows you have looked too far in past his screens? The rest of the evening and the next morning we each took on, as well as we could, an ignoring, stranger's attitude.

I had for a time forgotten the man, when, on going into the dining car for luncheon the second day, I found the only vacant seat was at a small table facing him. He saw me as I entered and that the situation was purely accidental. To have retreated would have been pronounced avoidance; so we lunched together.

A remark or two about the flat country through which we were passing, and some casual comment on the service and the weather, made our slight conversation; but he seemed to appreciate my friendly silences. It was not until an hour later, when I was alone on the rear platform of the observation car, that he unexpectedly joined me.

"Excuse my butting in on your observation," he said tentatively, coming out but remaining standing.

"Certainly; this isn't a private view. Have a seat," I replied, motioning to one.

He sat down and was quiet a few minutes as we watched the steel tracks slip away between fields and farms and a little rambling village. Then, turning, he looked at me speculatively from those watchful eyes.

"Did you ever keep quiet so long you felt you just must talk to somebody?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Even about your own affairs?"

"I suppose every one feels that way sometimes," I answered slowly, watching the glittering track unwind behind our car.

An Unpremeditated Crime

"WELL, you don't know me and never will; but you look like you understand men; and I've been bottled up so long—with nobody to talk to—I'd like to tell you about myself and ask a question."

"Thank you. I'd be glad to hear," I replied; "but I don't know that I can help you."

"Maybe not; but the talking it out will—you understand?" he said earnestly, wistfully.

I tried to let him see the sympathy in my eyes as I nodded assent.

"I saw you watching me yesterday. You caught me offguard; you know where I got that walk. I don't walk that way always now; but sometimes, when I am tired or worried or thinking about bigger things, I forget and drop back into it—you understand?"

For answer I gave the slight double nod men often use to save words when they are much together.

"I'm going to tell you all about myself and ask you if I have a right to do now what I want to do. I am not sure—I'd like to talk it over with another man.

"I was in the pen nearly ten years—voluntary manslaughter. Yes, voluntary manslaughter, though maybe I don't look it now. I was married when it happened, with two baby girls, and clerked in the gents' furnishings of a big department store. The man was my wife's uncle and he boarded with us without half paying board. He wasn't a nice sort if he was her kin; but he didn't deserve what I gave him—I know that. One thing after another started between us until I got to hating him.

"He was just naturally mean and trifling and overbearing; and in those days I was just naturally hotheaded and conceited and self-willed—with a mean streak in me, too, I guess. I kept thinking about how mean he was until I couldn't see anything in him but meanness, and how disagreeable he was until I couldn't feel anything toward him but hate. It's bad for a man to think and feel that way; he loses all sense of balance. And it's bad for the man he's thinking about too—specially if he carries a gun.

"Yes, I had got into the habit of carrying a gun at night, as a sort of reaction from the tame ladies' atmosphere of the department store, I reckon; or maybe it was because some of the fellows I ran with before I was married carried guns. I was young then, only twenty-five—had married early, you see. Of course there was a quarrel; we got so we were always quarreling and I said everything I could to make him leave; but he got bullheaded about it and stayed on anyway. And as he didn't have any one else to look after him my wife kinder stood with hands off—only begging us all the time to behave.

"Her begging didn't do much good; and one night when I had been around a little with some of the old set I met him out too. We had a hot talk and blow-up, and my gun did the rest. I can see him now. I'd hate to be shot down in a saloon!

"Well, my wife never smiled at me or kissed me after that. She had lots of snap and spunk about her, and she had often begged me not to carry that gun; but she didn't say much except when I acknowledged to her what I had done.

"'Now you've done it you must suffer for it as you deserve,' she said; 'but you don't seem to care that the children and I who don't deserve it have to suffer for it too.'

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"I tell you that got next to me! I thought of all the mean little things I had said to her and how disagreeable I had been at home for months before. I had got used to saying little mean things; and I wondered if she wasn't more than half glad to get rid of it all!

"But she was as fair and square a body as you ever saw. She sold what things she could spare and gave the money and the little we had saved up to my lawyer. When she found out it was mostly my fault she would not even try to get me acquitted: told the lawyer she didn't want me freed—only asked him to see that I get a fair show; that I did not get a worse sentence than I deserved; that I might have, if possible, the lightest sentence given for my crime—'his crime'; yes, she used those words.

"She didn't come near me during the waiting for trial, and wouldn't come or bring the babies to the courtroom when my time came. My lawyer insisted, but she refused flat; said she wasn't going to take her baby girls to that place to be stared at as a criminal's children—that she would leave the state first.

"I haven't seen her since that day she made arrangements with the lawyer—or the children since I first went to jail. She was a proud little thing and the disgrace nearly killed her. You needn't think it's only the rich who feel disgrace. Right after I went to the pen she got an absolute divorce on the ground of my being convicted of a felony. Then she sold out the rest of our things, took the babies and went to live at her father's, 'way off in another state. That all happened to me nearly fourteen years ago.

"I stayed in the pen almost ten years—a little came off for good behavior. Not much happened in there—nothing worth talking about. I never heard a word direct from her; but my lawyer wrote me every year or two, at first, when he heard anything. Her people were not well fixed; he wrote he had heard she was working and trying to raise the children right. I knew she'd do the best she could for them.

"I don't know what kept me up in there—kept me from getting any worse. Perhaps at first it was my conceit. In the gents' furnishings I had been particular about the way men dressed and held themselves; my own conceit may have made me more particular. The girls used to say I was good-looking and I believed it.

"I hadn't been exactly a fancy dresser—I couldn't afford that; but I had been a neat dresser, with a leaning toward fancy scarfs and handkerchiefs and socks. I had prided myself, too, upon my honesty with the store's time and money—I hadn't had much chance to be other than honest with either.

"Though I didn't exactly excuse my crime—God knows I couldn't!—I think maybe these things helped to make me feel above the men in the cells and shops about me—made me feel I was in a higher class. And something—this feeling, or my natural fighting disposition, or shame at the way my wife had taken it, or all put together—made me determine soon after I went there that when I got out I would stay out—would amount to something anyway; would show people I could still be a man."

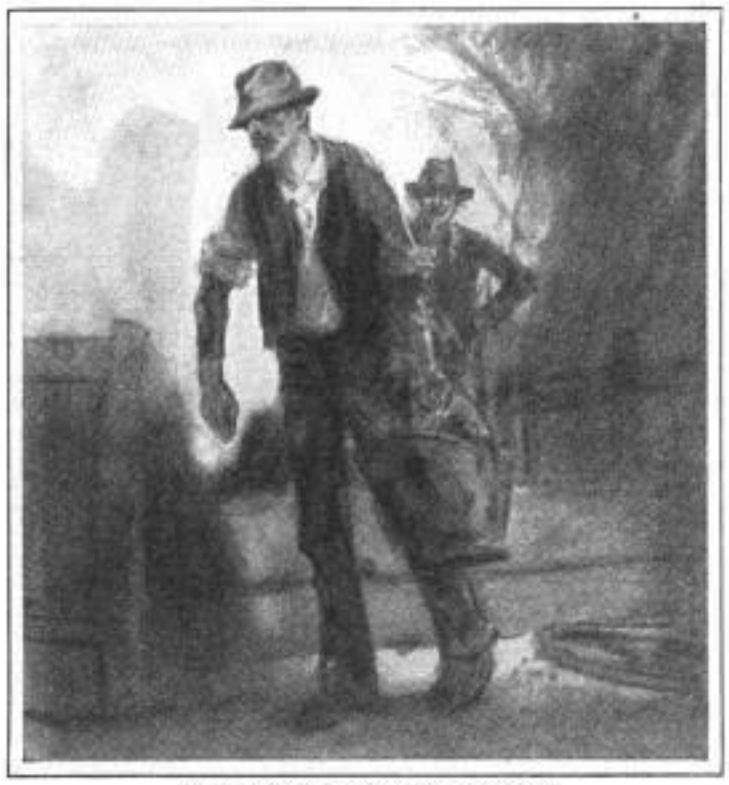
Things Learned Behind the Bars

"IT MAY sound funny to you, but I believe nursing that determination through those years in that place where I had no chance—or thought I hadn't—made more of a man of me than the years before, when I had parted my hair so carefully and strutted about the store with my handkerchiefs and scarfs on exhibition.

"Don't imagine I forgot to think about what I was in there for. You don't know me, I know, and maybe you don't know much about the pen; but you get tired talking to your cellmate, even during the times you can talk to him, when you are with him month after month and neither gets out to learn anything new—and when you look down upon him as a sneaking, lying sort of rascal.

"Forget? Not on your life! I never was much of a reader, yet I took to reading in there; it helped some. But they turned the lights out early—we men had nothing to say about that; and you don't know how long those dark hours were, how much time there was to think. That was the worst of it, the time at night when I didn't sleep or when I slept and dreamed. I got so I used to see that fellow lying all limp and quiet so sudden after I fired. I don't know who you are or what you've been, but you don't know the worst of trouble unless you've lived in a walled-up part of hell with the thought of the dead man that put you there.

"That thought was all mixed up, too, with the feeling that everybody despised me; that nobody—nobody!—cared whether I lived or not; that my own wife and children were ashamed of me and hated me for bringing them to what I had. I loved my wife and was proud of her; she was good and pretty and sweet, though she wasn't the kind to be run over by anybody. I guess it was that spunk that made her get the divorce so quick. I couldn't exactly



"But I Was Glad to Get the Work"

blame her; but the thought of her cutting loose right away, and of her hating me and teaching the children to hate me, went almost as hard as the thought of the killing. Say, are you a married man?" he asked abruptly.

"No," I replied slowly; "but I think I understand."

He looked at me earnestly a minute and seemed reassured as I met his gaze sincerely. He was silent a few moments and then said slowly:

"I don't know whether the life in the pen or the thinking in there did more to make these streaks of gray hair, the wrinkles in my face and these shoulders. Oh, you needn't think I don't consider my looks, especially on this trip; though I'm not a good-looker any longer."

I waved a hand deprecatingly and was about to speak in reply, but he did not care to hear and proceeded with his story.

"Well, sir, when I got out I was shipped back to my own town, or rather the town from which I had been sent up. I was born five hundred miles from there; but my people had died when I was young and I had drifted in there when I was only sixteen years old—I guess that makes it my town after all. Now, at thirty-five, I was back there from the pen and I stayed there.

"Maybe that was a mistake. I guess it was harder for me; but I had that much fight left in me. I wanted to show people that there was still some man in me, even if I had spent ten years in the pen that I deserved to spend there. Besides, I wouldn't like to start off fresh in a new place and build up a little, and just as I got to going have somebody from my old home town come along and tell everybody that respected me that I was a murderer and an ex-convict and a lowdown sort of nobody.

"I believe after all I'd rather start in as I did, back where they thought that about me to begin with, and build up fresh from that. I wanted to live down the killing and those ten years—and I believe I've sorter done it. It may sound foolish, but—though I don't excuse all that, remember—I have got to sorter respect myself again, and I tell you it feels good!

"They didn't have prison reform in that state then, with an employment officer and a job all ready to help a poor devil start out again when he got back to freedom. They gave me a suit of clothes and five dollars and shipped me back to the town I came from, then turned me loose as an ex-convict to hump for myself like the other "exes," branded by those years of living in there.

"It certainly seemed strange to see the place again. There had been many changes in those years. I put up at one of these twenty-five-cents-a-night men's hotels, and took fifteen-cent meals—skipping one every day to make my five dollars last longer; and I commenced looking for a job.

"There didn't seem any need of more help anywhere. I tried many of my old acquaintances to see if I could get a place—I did not seem to have any friends left! I found ten years in the pen seemed to wipe out the claim of being even an acquaintance with most of them. They all looked at me curiously, as if I was a different brand of man—a cannibal, or Eskimo, or something.

"I'd rather they wouldn't have showed so plain they thought me dangerous or worse; yet I'd have swallowed that if they had only given me work. They didn't though; some of them weren't as cold with me as others, but none of them had anything for me.

"Of course I tackled all sorts of strangers, too, for work; but usually they didn't have any—and when they had they wanted references. I couldn't blame them; I guess I had a sort of pasty face and hangdog look.

"They had such a habit of asking: 'Where did you work last?'

"'I've been away a long time—have not worked here for several years,' I would say.

"'Where did you work while you were away?' came next.

"'I worked at broom-making part of the time,' I got to answering.

"Then, like as not, the boss would look at me suspiciously and say: 'No, I don't believe I need you just now; if I do I will let you know. Where do you live?'

"When I gave the number of the bum lodging house he would look as if that settled it; he had known all along I wasn't any good. And I felt so shamed and low down all the time I looked like he was right.

"Five dollars don't last very long, even with two meals a day. I got work one day on a wrecker's force, tearing down an old building; but the foreman drove his men hard and I wasn't used to real work anyway. I couldn't stand up to it, and—I'm ashamed to tell it even now—I fainted about four o'clock that afternoon.

"Another day I got a place with the gang working repairs on the street-railroad tracks; but the man in charge said I was too slow and not strong enough—had better get some different kind of work. As if I hadn't tried everything I could! He didn't pay me for a full day either—said I wasn't worth it; and the worst was that I knew he was right. I was about at the end of my rope when my money gave out, and I was looking so weak and shamefaced that I didn't stand any sort of a chance. I got to feeling desperate."

A Happy Home at Welcome Hall

"I REMEMBER that about this time I went in to answer an ad—'Man wanted as porter in well-established wholesale drug house.' The head of the place was a mild-mannered old man, who sat in the back office, but who always looked over the new men before they were employed. He began as usual:

"'Where did you work last?'

"'With the street-railroad gang,' I answered.

"'U-um! How long?'

"'One day,' I told him.

"'Ah!' he said, as if he had discovered something—'and before that?'

"'With a house-wrecking gang on Flint Street.'

"'Yes—how long there?'

"'Part of a day,' I said. 'I couldn't stand up to the work.'

"I thought he looked a little sympathetic then, but was not sure until he sniffed and asked the next question in a hard, thin voice:

"'And where before that?'

"I hesitated a moment; he looked at me more closely and said in that same tone:

"'Where?'

"I had been looked at and questioned so much that way and had got so raw about it that now I almost shouted: 'In the penitentiary!'

"'Why, bless my soul!' the mild little man gasped. 'No; I don't need you. Good day! Good day!'

"He looked so shocked and I felt so desperate that I could not help adding, while I looked at him hard:

"'I was put in for manslaughter too—voluntary manslaughter!'

"There wasn't any clerk in the room at the time.

"'Oh, oh, indeed!' he gulped out, rising and backing away, big-eyed and trembly. He got almost to the back window before I turned and left.

"Maybe I didn't feel bitter and like 'what's the use—what's the use of anything!' I don't know what would have happened—I guess I'd have starved to death or worse—if it hadn't been for the hoboes' hotel—Welcome Hall—'Headquarters for the Unemployed,' as it's advertised.

"You don't know about the place? Well, sir, it's a dandy!—at least, that's the way I think about it—and a good many others do too. The worst of the hoboes won't go there if they can help it—they'd rather bum a dime and get a bed for the night in one of those ten-cent places.

"This Welcome Hall is a sort of industrial kindling-splitting joint. You blow in there and saw and split kindling for a bed and meals—you give them six hours' work.

"You see, in that way you can live off of six hours' work a day and have some time left to look for a job. It's a good thing, and it's been a moneymaker too; it's the only charity I know of that's not a charity but a moneymaking concern. Of course people had to give it a place and start it; but it more than pays expenses, and at the same time helps to build up a man instead of making him a pauper or a deadbeat bum.

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"I certainly was glad to find some place where I could at least earn my lodging and meals. I rested up some there and was glad I could just stay somewhere. Though I looked about for work a little, nearly every day, I lived along there for three weeks on my six hours a day of work—still out of a job. At last I guess my fighting blood got up again, I determined I would get a job of some kind, even if it was cleaning vaults. I decided no honest work was beneath me when it all seemed so far above me as to be out of reach.

"'If I keep my eyes open and am not too choosy I must find something to do,' I said to myself, and set out to look for it in earnest. It was Saturday morning, I remember, for I thought of the next day being Sunday, when I could not even hunt for work. I had walked a good way and asked for work at a lot of places without getting anything to do, when I saw an old negro man sweeping leaves off the sidewalk and washing off the front steps of a plain two-story house with a bucket of water and cloth.

"'I may not be much account but I sure can do that,' I thought, and asked him how much he got for it.

"'For dese here, boss, I gits ten cents; but when I wuks all de way roun' to de back do' I gits some dinner th'owed in,' he said with a grin.

"That wasn't so bad; and 'boss'!—how good that sounded! I went on down the street feeling almost like a man again and not a down-and-out ex-convict."

A Lot of Work for a Dime

"ABOUT a square away I began to ask at every house if they didn't want the leaves swept off and the front steps washed. Maybe I looked too much like a tramp or too much above one with that 'boss' still ringing in my ears—the first time I had been spoken to that way for more than ten years! Anyway I got turned down at first.

"At the tenth place, however, a two-story-and-attic red brick, they gave me a job. The woman asked me in a sharp voice, as if she were defending herself from being overcharged:

"'How much?'

"'Ten cents,' I answered, as meekly as I could.

"She seemed to think that was reasonable; and after waiting a minute, as if she wanted the work done and couldn't find any excuse for not letting me do it, she handed me a bucket and mop and broom and set me at it.

"I finished the job in about an hour; and I tell you I enjoyed that work! Beneath me? Why, it couldn't get beneath me—I was that low down in mind and living and even hope. I was just about all in, you understand; and I wasn't a plumb out-and-out fool.

"I have got that dime yet; see here," he said, holding out a brightly polished dime surrounded by a narrow gold band, which he wore as a charm on his watch-chain; "whenever I begin to feel ashamed of my work I look at that and get thankful, and remember how proud and happy I felt when that sharp-looking woman handed it to me. I had done a little extra work in cleaning up the yard, and she said as she gave it to me:

"'That looks a whole lot better! You certainly earned that dime.'

"I wouldn't have spent that money if I had had to go without food for two days! It seemed to put springs in my feet and I went down the street hustling for another job of the same kind. I found it before dinner; it was another ten-cent job with twenty cents' worth of work; but I sure was glad to get it.

"I felt that, so long as Welcome Hall was making money, I was earning my way by those six hours of work a day, and I stayed on there for some time longer.

"Monday afternoon I started out again looking for yard-and-step cleaning, but didn't have any luck. I walked enough and asked enough for work, and finally was convinced that Monday wasn't any yard-and-step-cleaning day.

"At last I felt desperate—my luck seemed all gone; and I asked at one house if there wasn't any kind—just any kind—of work they wanted done. It was a man I had to deal with there, an old man with a wooden leg. He thought a minute—it was getting late and cold—then said with a grin:

"'Why, yes; I'll give you a nickel if you will bring in the coal and get up the kindling for morning.'

"'I'm your man,' I answered. 'Where are the buckets?'

"He limped round and showed me, seeming to take it like a joke. I carried up seven buckets of coal and split about a bushel of tough kindling while he stood watching me; but I was glad to get the work. That nickel was all I made that day; and as I left he said:

"'You can come again and do this tomorrow if you want to.'

"I did—that tomorrow, and the next day, and the next.

"Tuesday I did more walking and asking, but I found Tuesday wasn't a good cleaning day either; and there seemed to be plenty of small boys and cooks to get the coal and kindling. Of course I did not try at the big houses on fashionable streets, where they kept a man-servant for such work.

"After about an hour of being turned down I was feeling pretty droopy in my mind, when I saw a darky at a corner drug store smearing something white over the show windows, then wiping it off and polishing the glass.

"It suddenly occurred to me that I had found more work I could do and I spent fifteen minutes watching and asking him questions, learning the easiest and best way to wash windows. Then I started up a new street, looking for a window-washing job.

"The first two or three persons I asked, when I stopped at the front doors of the houses, seemed to take it as an insult—a slam at them as housekeepers.

"'Do my windows look as dirty as all that?' one woman asked sharply.

"'Why, no, ma'am, I can't say they do. I was looking for work, and ——'

"'Well, you had better look at the windows first the next place you go to!' she snapped out, shutting the door in my face.

"I took her advice and passed on a block and a half until I came to a rundown-looking boarding house, with a sign in the front window. There could be no mistake about the need for a washing there. I called for the landlady and explained to her that I was a would-be window-washer, and if she thought she would like any work of the kind done soon I would be glad to do it.

"She looked me over suspiciously and asked:

"'Can you wash windows?'

"'I would like to show you a sample free,' I answered.

"'Well, that sounds cheap enough. You may try on the kitchen. Go round the house.'

"I went round and washed that window. I had not gotten any of the stuff the darky used, the rags she gave me weren't clean and the cook made fun of my clumsy efforts; but at last I got the window looking right.

"I thought I had gotten a job to wash all the windows in the house; but the landlady came back into the kitchen, said she thought the sample would be enough, and laughed with the cook as if she thought the joke was on me.

"Mad? I reckon I was; but between the work and the treatment I had gotten an idea. I went back to that drug store and invested ten cents of my fifteen-cent working capital—you see I didn't count my first dime, my starting piece, my hope-booster—in some of that white window-washing stuff. It seemed a risky thing to do. I don't believe I would have dared if I hadn't had Welcome Hall to back me; but I did it.

"Then I started out in a new way. I would go up to the front door and, as near as I could in my old store manner, explain to the lady of the house that I had a preparation for washing windows; that I would like to show her how well I could polish them up with this.

"'Let me do a sample for you free,' I would say; 'and if you like it I will wash your windows—inside and out—for three cents apiece.'

"That worked pretty well. I made thirty cents before it got dark that Tuesday, besides the coal-and-kindling nickel from the wooden-legged old man. I tell you that money and the feeling I could make more like it made me feel chesty, tired as I was. My arms ached, my back ached and my neck ached; but somehow I felt mighty good.

"The next day I got more window-washing to do; it was surprising how many people thought their windows needed washing when they found they could get all the front windows washed for fifteen cents. The windows looked nice, too, when I got through with them. The white stuff, mixed with a little ammonia water, saved a lot of work and time, and I soon got so I could polish them off pretty fast.

"I wasn't too choosy about my work—usually asked if they wanted any pavement or step cleaning or window-washing; and the rest of that week I did some of each kind of work. Saturday I had more step-and-walk cleaning than any other day.

"By Saturday night I had two dollars and eighteen cents saved up and had, of course, worked my six hours a day at Welcome Hall besides. I hated to put in all that time at the hall, but I thought I had better get more ahead before I cut loose.

"Monday I was going along asking for window-and-walk cleaning, when I saw a load of coal dumped on the sidewalk in front of a small tailor shop. It occurred to me that putting in that coal was work I could do and I asked the tailor; but he told me it belonged to the family that lived upstairs.

"So I tried there. The woman said no; she would make her old man put it in when he came home—though I offered to do it for fifteen cents. However, after that I kept my eyes open for coal work, too, and put in two loads before night—one in a cheap rooming house, where I had to carry it in a sack to the back porch on the second floor; the other load I put in the cellar of a small house that had no alley back of it, where I had to use a barrel to roll it in.

"It seemed hard work to me, but there wasn't so much of it—and it took a good hold of some muscles that the other work hadn't made much use of."



"She Laughed With the Cook as if She Thought the Joke was on Me"

Up Another Round

"AFTER that I got to putting in more and more coal; and I found there were many families, which did not keep a man, willing to pay a little to have the furnace looked after in the mornings and ashes put out for the ashman. This meant early morning work; but I got four furnaces on the same block and could do all four in an hour.

"By the end of that week I was nearly eight dollars ahead, and decided I could make more money away from Welcome Hall than I could staying on there. I was getting plenty of work to do, such as it was, and I felt that I could, at least, make an effort to live on what I made.

"So I hunted up a furnished room for a dollar and a half a week, got me a twenty-one meal ticket for two dollars and a half, said goodby to Welcome Hall, and started out in the world as a moneymaking, independent citizen once more. Citizen? No, not quite; that's what hurt. I was still an ex-convict and could not vote like other men.

"I felt that pretty keen too—hadn't realized how much it meant until I found out I was cut off from

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it; but election day did not last all the year. I tried to forget it, like I tried to forget the cell and stripes and watching eyes.

"Before the winter was over I had many regular customers—if you want to call them that—for my work, and found I had more work than I could well manage. I had taken on the work gradually and gotten toughened up to it; but I was so anxious to make money and save some that I worked early and late, until I could hardly stand up under it. Every man who wants to feel he's getting ahead at all ought to have some money saved up; it gives him a feeling of confidence and backing that helps a lot.

"I wasn't making a lot of money, but I was doing pretty well, for I got to picking my people who knew good work and were willing to pay a little more for work done extra carefully and well by an honest, reliable man. Yes, I claimed to be that; and I was that—if I was an ex-convict who couldn't vote.

"One day I got to wishing I had two pairs of hands and feet—that I was twins—so I could get through all the work waiting for me, when the thought came: 'Why not hire a twin?'

"I thought about it the rest of the day and it seemed a good thing to do, provided I could find the man for a twin.

"I kept my eyes open and talked to some men, but didn't seem to find the right one. In doing this job work I hadn't found many men going round regular at it. I guess most men who were willing to work preferred a steady place somewhere—maybe felt this was too low down and scrappy for them.

"Finally I decided I would try to get a bright negro boy to help me. I didn't find one right away and the first five I found wouldn't do—one was too slow, two were so lazy they quit after the first day, one stole an overcoat where we were working and got arrested, and one was impudent and would not do what I told him.

"I kept on though; and the sixth boy turned out a good worker—reliable and a great help. I hired him by the



week—three dollars and a half a week at first, and more after I got him trained. Sometimes I washed windows while he scrubbed off the pavement; sometimes we worked together in putting in coal and taking out ashes.

"When spring opened up I added grass-cutting to my line of job work, and the coal-and-furnace people seemed glad to know I would be round regular to cut the grass. I had bought a light wheelbarrow some time before, and had mops, buckets, scrubbing brushes and cloths of my own. Now I added to my outfit a lawn-mower, rake, grass-shears, and a knife to take out weeds from between the bricks. Amos—that was my young darky's name—and I had all both of us could do.

"You see this business of mine just naturally grew. When one family saw me coming regularly to attend to the windows and grass and steps of the family next door, or across the street, they got to calling me over to do their work too. My work was my recommendation and the people I worked for spoke well of me With Amos I sometimes made as high as four dollars a day.

"But in August of that summer Amos quit me—got a place to go to the country as house-and-yard boy. I certainly did miss him, for I had more work than one man could do.

"I tried to find another Amos, but couldn't pick up one. At last I thought of a bright, hardworking white boy, the son of a machinist, who lived not far from where I had my room. He was an ambitious fellow, and was glad to earn money to help buy clothes and books for the next school term.

"Andy—that was his name—was quick and willing, and I soon trained him to help me as much as Amos had. Still, I had to turn down work or be behind my orders most of the time; and I asked Andy one day if he didn't have a brother just like him.

"He did not, but said there was a boy in his class at school he thought would do; and he got him for me.

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Why We Need a Merchant Marine

A CASE WHERE CHARITY SHOULD NOT BEGIN ABROAD

By A. C. LAUT

DECORATION BY WILLIAM HARNDEN FOSTER

IF A CONGRESSMAN introduced a bill to make a present of a billion dollars to foreign nations to increase their maritime supremacy there would be so prompt an inquiry into that gentleman's sanity that he wouldn't have time for even a fleeting glimpse of his bill's speed to the Speaker's wastepaper basket. Failing a verdict as to his sanity, there would be a Congressional investigation into the size of the salary drawn by the said gentleman from those foreign nations. Yet that is precisely what the United States is doing in the matter of a merchant marine—making a clean-cut, free-for-all, take-it-all, hog-it-all gift of a billion dollars to foreign nations.

Tell the lumberman that he will save from one hundred to two hundred dollars a carlot on lumber shipped by way of the Panama Canal, or the grain dealer that ocean shipments for wheat mean a saving of one to ten, or the housekeeper that the Panama route for fruit means a saving of fifty cents on every box, and—oh, yes!—they wake up to the fact that Panama means as much to the inlander as to the harbortown dweller. When a steamship company has shipped—not promised to ship or planned on paper to ship—has shipped a ton of freight by sea from San Francisco via Panama—breaking bulk as yet—across the Gulf and up the Atlantic Coast to Savannah; and there, breaking bulk again, has reshipped by sea back to New Orleans and up to St. Louis, practically covering a distance one and a half times greater than that covered by the railroad and handling the freight three times oftener than the railroad, and yet has saved, as against the rail rate, one dollar a ton—you do not need to persuade the inland shipper that Panama affects him. If you want details of such shipments write to the California Atlantic Line or the American Hawaii.

Lily Pads or Ocean Liners?

IF I WERE quite sure that headquarters would not order the lid shut down tight I should not be afraid to refer you for similar examples of saving to three of the big railroad systems, with allied steamship companies, which are now putting on big freighters via Panama.

A year ago—even six months ago—Panama elicited a covert sneer about "the lily-pad" business; but recently the lily-pad business has been eclipsed by rush orders for the building of steamships.

"Will you excuse me for saying that all this talk of preparation for Panama is absolute rot and hot air?" demanded a railroad man of a steamship builder. "The railroads built up and developed this country, and they deserve consideration from the public for it; and transportation rates—ocean or river—must be essentially based on rail rates."

"And will you excuse me for telling you," answered the steamship builder, "that the very railroad of which you are the humble servitor and which owns the controlling stock in one of the largest ocean combines has just ordered several of its best vessels—not built abroad—placed under the American flag so that they can participate in free tolls for Panama if free tolls are granted American ships? And will you let me add that the very railroad that twenty years ago spent millions in strangling Panama traffic is today spending almost the same amount building big liners for Panama? Another railroad has announced, with the approval of its directors, that it will ship its quota of Western grain via Panama. Rot or hot air or what-not, my friend, we are entering on a new era; and you wake up to it! There is not a shipping center in America that is not alive to a new current in the affairs of transportation. If Panama steerage traffic places thirty million immigrants from the south of Europe on the Pacific Coast where today there are only three million people, or twenty millions in the Gulf states where today there are only two millions, the railroads are not going to object or lose out. They are going to shoot more lines straight down toward Panama as fast as they can build them. Those are some of the things that are happening."

The steamship man is right. Within the first month of 1912, three big railroad systems announced ships for Panama. The two largest steamship companies in Germany ordered vessels built for Panama traffic. An emissary of the French government came to America to inquire as to tolls and coal at Panama, because the subsidized ships of his country intend to use it in preference to Suez if the cost be not greater. The most conservative section of the English press has openly come out with the statement that Panama means a division of Suez traffic if not a diversion of world traffic. Every board of trade and chamber of commerce in every shipping center between the Mississippi and the Atlantic has come out with some expression as to the best policy for Panama. Forty years ago, railroad development changed the face of America by moving manufacturing and shipping centers from the East to the Middle West. What is this new current in affairs going to do to the map? West and East, Middle West, North and South are interested in Panama; but what has this to do with fuss and feathers over a merchant marine? What has the merchant marine to do with the average man and woman? How has the merchant marine anything to do with a present of a billion a year to foreign nations?

Begin with the cost of Panama!

Including the first outlay—construction—the loss of running a Panama steamship line to counter-reach the extortion of a Cement Trust allied with a line of freighters, Panama totals close on to four hundred million dollars.

Who is going to use it?

Shall We Give Away a Billion?

TODAY the United States carries only nine per cent of its own ocean commerce! Foreign vessels carry ninety-one per cent. In 1810, when the Republic was young, the United States carried ninety per cent of its ocean commerce. Today it carries only nine per cent!

In 1810, when the United States had only seven million people, it had the second largest clipper fleet in the world. Today, of steamers, among the maritime nations of the world, it has almost the smallest fleet.

In 1810 the United States tonnage in foreign trade was nine hundred and eighty-one thousand. Today it is one hundred thousand less.

But, you say, the United States coastal vessels will benefit from Panama. That depends on Panama tolls; and not a tenth of the coastal lines will go through Panama! To date, only five regular coastal lines have announced an intention of using Panama. The other coastal lines have short runs—Boston to Maine, New York to Rhode Island, and so on.

Who, then, is going to benefit from the four hundred million dollars spent on Panama? The whole country, of course, in lowered freights; but, if no tolls are charged, isn't that four hundred millions a free gift to all the maritime nations? And if you charge tolls what becomes of the benefit to the whole country through lowered freights?

Because the United States has not a merchant marine to use Panama, there is the first part of your billion-dollar present to foreign nations!

Take the ocean carrying trade next—ninety-one per cent of American commerce carried by foreign ships.

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When the Merchant Marine Commission held its hearings in 1904-5 it was carefully figured that the United States was paying to foreign shipowners, in freight, passenger fares, brokerage and wages, from one hundred and fifty million dollars to two hundred million dollars a year. Since that date rates have gone up and exports increased; and Lewis Nixon, who is one of the best-informed ship-builders in the world, declares that the total now paid foreign companies amounts to three hundred million dollars a year—a payment that has to be made in gold, for which there is no return from Europe. It was Mr. Nixon who designed so many fine war vessels and liners that the Cramps used to pay him ten thousand dollars a year for just one day's consultation a week. He it was who was summoned by the Czar to rebuild the Russian navy with American helpers after the war with Japan.

There is your second present to foreign nations—three hundred million dollars a year paid in gold!

Next take your rivers and harbors! For fifty years the United States has been deepening harbors, dredging channels, putting up lighthouses, establishing life-saving service. That has cost two hundred and sixty-one million dollars for the rivers and harbors alone, or for the total service another three hundred million dollars to 1904. To date, the total is given as five hundred million; but take the lower figure.

What Has Destroyed Our Merchant Marine

WHO gets the benefit of that three-hundred-million-dollar outlay? I know of one magnificently equipped pier that has lain deserted for twelve years because there were no American ships to use it. Who gets the benefit? Again the answer: ninety-one per cent of United States commerce carried by foreign ships—only nine per cent by American! The coastal ships, which are purely American, get the benefit of improved harbors; but the total number of coastal ships is only one-eighth of the total number of foreign ships using those same harbors. Put eight foreign ships in a row, and one little United States ship at the tail-end of the procession, and you have an exact representation of how the benefit of that three hundred million dollars on harbor improvements is distributed.

Your total present to foreign nations is now four hundred million dollars plus three hundred millions plus three hundred millions—or a free-for-all, take-it-all billion! No harm in giving it away! Very kind of Uncle Sam to give foreign nations practically the face value of the capital of the Steel Trust, three times the annual cost of army and navy, one and a half times the value of the best wheat crop America ever had!

He does not give it away because he wants to. He gives it away because he thinks he has to—to have his exports distributed to the markets of the world. His Panama outlay he can pay in United States currency, also his harbor-and-river outlay; but the three hundred million dollars for ocean traffic must go abroad in pure gold; and every time that gold goes out and does not come back—as Lewis Nixon points out—a shiver goes through all American banks! Money is tight. The rate on loans goes up. The merchant, the real-estate man, the builder, the manufacturer—who may need loans to keep business going—each and all feel the squeeze of that foreign tax on American commerce.

That is what your present, your bonus, your free-for-all, take-it-all gift to foreign nations means to the everyday business man. That is how the merchant marine or lack of a merchant marine concerns the inland as sharply as it concerns the shore front.

There are two other sides to this lack of a merchant marine worth considering, especially by the manufacturer and his helpers, about whose "empty dinnerpail" the politicians howl before elections. In every big ship are the products of from two hundred to three hundred factories—iron, steel, dynamos, lumber, furniture, rope, and so on. When ninety per cent of American commerce is carried in foreign vessels those two hundred to three hundred factories are humming—not for the United States but for foreign countries. That is where the lack of a merchant marine touches every workman as well as the manufacturer.

The other point was brought out by Mr. Winthrop Marvin, when the Marine Commission was taking evidence.

"America has reached the stage where her commercial supremacy will depend not on developing a vague West but in finding markets for all she raises and manufactures," the Philadelphia agent of a foreign line had declared. "Her problem is now one of marketing abroad; and how she succeeds will depend on whether she walls herself away from other nations, as China has, or enters on the great traffic of world commerce."

"All right," said Mr. Marvin. "We'll say it is like a case of two big department stores delivering goods to the same customers. How long do you suppose Mr. Bawnamaker would stay in business if he had all his goods delivered in Mr. Racy's delivery carts? That is exactly what we are doing in our world commerce. We have the goods, and we are letting the other nations deliver them to the world market."

There is a lot of untold as well as untellable history about the lack of an American merchant marine. Mr. Root could tell some of an occasion when he went to South America as a Government emissary and had to be sent in a man-of-war; otherwise it would have been necessary for a Secretary of the United States Government to go to Europe and take passage in a foreign vessel in order to reach one of the nearest neighbors of the United States! Things are not quite so bad now. Though no purely American ships run down the west coast of South America, six lines sail from United States ports to the east coast of the southern continent. Of these six, at time of writing three are foreign; but there are plans for more American vessels.

A hundred years ago the United States had the second largest merchant marine of the world—a clipper trade that scoured the seas, explored the Pacific, brought the wealth of the Orient to Boston and Salem, discovered the Columbia River—and so laid the foundations of empire in the Pacific states. Today the United States has almost the smallest marine of the world.

When you come to ask the cause of the decline and what swept the ocean highways of the American flag, you are given as many reasons as there are men. Mr. Roach, twenty years ago one of the famous builders and owners of the old liners, was asked by the Secretary of the New York Board of Trade what he thought caused the decline. "Too many laws and bad laws," he answered at once. "Laws that hamper the shipmaster, who is American, in competition with one who is foreign: laws as to food and duties; what bells to get up by and what bells to go to bed by—anything, in fact." It may be stated here that another such law is now before Congress, whether good or bad, regulating duties and privileges of American seamen. "Why, if I could build my ship at the same low cost as the Englishman or the German," declared Mr. Roach; "if I officered my vessel with the same crew as the foreign ship—which I could not as the laws now stand—and if I treated the seamen just as England or Germany treat them on their vessels, I would have a mutiny before I got the ship across the bar from New York. Why? Oh, food, length of watch—anything! 'Well,' I might say, 'isn't this treatment better than you get on the German or the English or the Norwegian ships—easier service, higher pay?' 'Yes,' they would say; 'but this is an American ship!' And there they would have me; for the law says thus and so. Too many laws—laws like the old sumptuary laws that hurt European cities in the Middle Ages!"

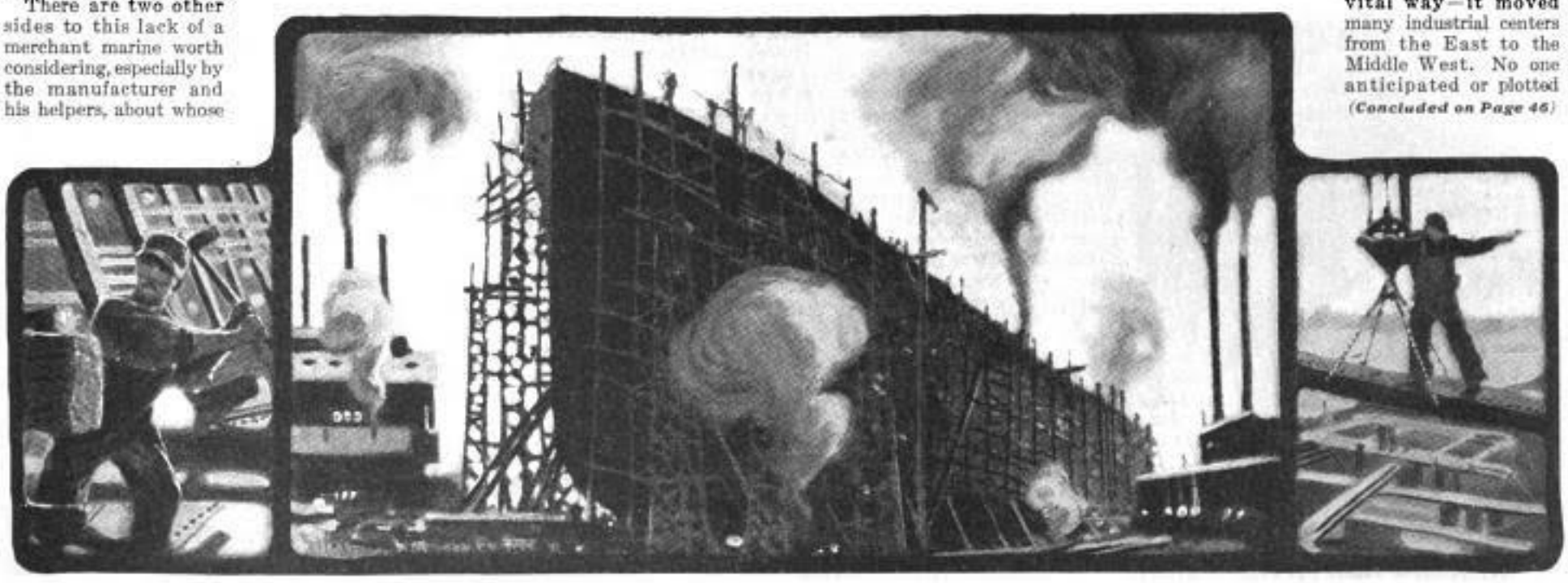
Not enough laws, practically says Mr. Lewis Nixon. "Our early shipping laws were effective; and, until suspended, they safeguarded and fostered ship-owning and ship-building. No one who has traced the rise and fall of our sea-going fleet can question the efficiency of a return to the policy which gave the fleet beginning and healthy growth. . . . Our foreign rivals know that general subsidies will not help us. . . . If any one wishes to see a general alarm sounded among foreign steamships just mention discrimination in customs duties and differential tonnage taxes. . . . Statesmen of Europe know the most dreaded policy upon which we could enter is the right to regulate commerce with foreign nations, which we suspended in 1828. . . . The one thing at all hazards is to prevent a preference for our own ships; for that preference built up and nourished a marine adequate to our needs and would do it again. . . . A discrimination was"—formerly—"made by allowing a duty of ten per cent less on goods imported if brought in American bottome. Differential tonnage taxes were provided—six cents a ton on American vessels, thirty cents a ton on American-built and foreign-owned vessels, and fifty cents a ton on foreign-built-and-owned vessels. The Asiatic trade was secured by grading duties on tea far higher in foreign vessels than in American. American registry was confined to American-built vessels. In seven years our shipping increased three hundred and eighty-five per cent, and by 1826 we were carrying ninety-three per cent of our foreign trade under the American flag. But in 1828, by a crowning act of unwisdom and mistaken legislation, we threw open our indirect trade—trade with a nation with ships not under that nation's flag. This brought about the decline of our merchant marine."

The Decline of the Boston Clipper

"DO YOU think it was the removal of discriminatory duties against foreign ships that caused the decline of the merchant marine?" was asked of Mr. Bancroft, one of the new harbor commissioners of Boston, who are launching comprehensive plans to restore Massachusetts' ascendency on the sea.

"That whole question of discriminatory duties is in dispute. It may or may not have been one of the causes why the American flag disappeared from the sea. There were many causes. Consider for a moment: In the old days, when Boston clippers and Salem ships covered all the seas of the world, the sailing vessel was the only means of transportation. From Maine to New York we had the shipyards, and we had the timber, and we had the skilled laborers, and we had the enterprise. The wealth of the world was carried in American ships. We supplied European nations with vessels and had the second largest sailing fleet on the sea. Then came the use of steam and iron—especially iron. Contemporaneous with the use of iron were our Civil War and the opening of the West and the railroad development that absorbed all idle capital. This gave England the start as a ship-building nation; and by the time the Civil War was over our flag had all but disappeared from the sea. Then it paid the very Boston merchants, who used to have the clipper service here, better to invest their money in railroad development than in vessels. Their capital earned more—doubled over night as it were. Then the development of the railroads and the West reacted in another very vital way—it moved many industrial centers from the East to the Middle West. No one anticipated or plotted

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THE WORD GENTLY SPOKEN

In Which Mr. Bill Moggins Takes a Hack at the Amenities

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

THE hollow echoes of the McGonigal Fireproof Apartments never had much time for sleep, having an environment of much concrete and iron-pipe railing and a voluble and vociferous tenantry; but they were enjoying a brief period of repose when they were suddenly awakened to reverberating clamor by the foot of Mr. Bill Moggins, *au troisième*. Mr. Moggins had mislaid his door-key and, being of an impetuous and peremptory disposition, the course of action that naturally suggested itself was to kick the lower panels of the door with an energy that threatened to break them in, commenting on doorkeys the while in a rumble of more or less palliative profanity.

Bill Moggins was broad of build, and the one inch of celluloid collar that he wore in compromise of the company's linen regulation covered his neck space to the angle of his prognathous jaw and the shaved line of coarse black hair at his nape; his forehead was low, his nose bent slightly askew and his eyes were small and angry in their expression.

When a person of this description kicks at a door with a familiar kick there is likely to be a prompt response from those within. Mrs. Moggins appeared promptly—a small, rather untidy, but not uncomely woman, who seemed less subdued than might ordinarily have been expected.

"What's your rush?" demanded the lady, with some asperity. "Anybody chasin' you? I tell you, Bill, we're a-goin' to have trouble with the landlord if you get to makin' that racket in the halls."

Her husband deigned no response beyond a grunt as he pushed his way to the kitchen. Here he stopped and looked round with a particular regard for the table, which was bare but for its covering of clean and gayly patterned oilcloth.

"Ain't supper ready yet, for Pete's sake?" he asked savagely. "Whatcha bin a-doin' all day?"

"I've bin a drivin' in the park with the poodle in a taxi!" retorted Mrs. Moggins. "Then I come back an' laid down on the sofy while my hired gell done up my hair. That's the way I put in my time—ain't it? I ain't had no week's washin' on my hands nor nothin'. Cert'nly not! What's eatin' you, Bill?"

"You get a royal American wiggle on you with that there grub an' close your trap," said Bill, with an ominous roll of his bullet head. He slouched into the bedroom, removed his shoes, sent his celluloid collar clattering on the floor and then stretched himself on the bed and stared gloomily at the wall paper over the bureau. He lay quiescent for perhaps ten minutes and then raised his voice to a roar.

"Say, you! Are you goin' to be all night with that there supper?"

"If you feel like you was a-goin' to have a fit say the word an' I'll go tallerphone for a doctor," floated back from the kitchen. "Supper's goin' to be ready when it's cooked an' set on the table."

"I don't want no back talk from you!" shouted the man. "What I want is grub; an' it'd better be ready in about a minute or I'll come out an' see if I can't hurry it up."

There was no reply to this; but in a little more than the stipulated time the corned beef and cabbage and potatoes were steaming odoriferously through the apartment and Mr. Moggins drew his chair to the table and squared his elbows for action.

"Them taters is overdid," he remarked gruffly, as one of the jacketed tubers fell apart from his fork. "You couldn't bile water without burning it—you couldn't! Nice mess to set afore a man when he comes home tired an' hungry after a hard day's work! You must 'a' thought you was makin' tater soup. Fierce! Taters overdid an' cabbage underdid, an' the corned beef neither one thing nor the tother!"

"Seems like, among the three, you'd find one cooked the way you like it, Bill," remarked his wife pleasantly. "Why not converse about that?"

"Why not keep your mouth shut?" said Bill, glaring at her.

"Because I can't do that an' chew my victuals," she answered placidly.

"If you'd quit chewin' the rag ——" said he.

His wife smiled covertly as he reached for another of the mealy potatoes and copiously butterined it. There was something fond and half maternal in the smile—the expression at once tolerant and benignant that the manifestation of a ravenous appetite in mankind ever calls to the face of woman. From time to time she urged him to greater exertions, forking choice morsels to his plate, refilling the cup that he noisily emptied, and finally bringing on a quarter section of pie for his especial delectation.

At last Mr. Moggins gave his plate a forward impulse that shot it to the middle of the table and drew the back of his hand across his mouth.

"Ha!" he sighed.

"Had a good supper, Bill?" asked Mrs. Moggins.

"I've filled myself up if that's what you mean," growled Bill. "That ain't a-sayin' I've had a good supper by a jiggered sight."

"Had a hard day?"

"I don't never have anything but a hard day—do I? Whatcha askin' fool questions for? Yes, I've had a hard day," he continued bitterly; "and I come home an' I find myself locked out of my own house an' have to wait round half the blessed evenin' to get a bite to eat, by cripes! I've got a peach of a woman, I have!"

"I'm glad you reelize it, Bill," said the lady. "An', now you've got all that off your chest, let's have the rest of it. You don't need to tell me you ain't got a grouch about somethin', because I can tell it on you every time. It ain't the hard day an' it ain't because you had to wait ten minutes for the eats. I s'pose you've been pinched again."

"That's a lie!—an' you know it," denied Mr. Moggins. "I wasn't pinched again."

"Then what was it?"

Her husband considered, eying her gloomily. At last the necessity of sympathy opened his lips.

"We've gotta be perlite," he blurted out.

"What?"

"Gotta be perlite. Say, whatcha know about that!" He fumbled in his pocket and brought forth a creased and dirty slip of printed paper. "There it is. General order 36,983—as if 36,982 of 'em wasn't enough. Read it, blame you! Whatcha twistin' it round in your hand like that for?"

Mrs. Moggins smoothed the paper out and calmly read aloud:

"Conductors and all other employees of the company are particularly instructed to observe, under all circumstances, a polite and gentlemanly demeanor toward the patrons of the lines and the public generally. Any infraction of this rule will be punished by instant dismissal from the company's service."



"He Left the Platform Five Times to Assist Those Whose Infirmities or Tender Age Required Assistance"



"The Pink of Politeness, the Perennially Blooming Crocus of Courtesy is, Beyond Cavil or Question, Conductor William Moggins"

"Whatcha know about that!" repeated Mr. William Moggins in tones of the deepest surprise and disgust.

"Well, Bill."

"Huh?"

"Bill."

"Spit it out."

"Why not be perlite, Bill?"

II

FOR a full half minute, Bill Moggins glared at his spouse across the supper table. She sustained the glare with smiling equanimity. "I guess you don't understand," he said at last. "We've gotta be perlite—see? 'Under all circumstances'—understand?"

"I gotcha," responded Mrs. Moggins. "What I say is, why not be perlite?"

"You're nutty!" said the man. "Ain't we got enough to do without that? This here means we've gotta say 'If yer please!' an' 'Thank yer!' An' if they hand us any slack we've gotta take it. I've got a pitcher of muhself, life size an' lookin' pleasant, when some mutt gets gay and starts in to bawl me out. Sure! Well, I lose me job—an' then where'll we be? Stringin' along in the bread line. Ain't it enough to make a guy sore? An' you sit there stretchin' your face like a blinky-bashed chessy-cat!"

Mrs. Moggins was undismayed—unperturbed even.

"That's all right," she said. "I know it ain't a-goin' to be easy for you at first; but, after all, 'tain't nothin' but a habit. You practice it on me. I'll learn you."

"Where in blue blazes did you hide the paper?" demanded Moggins, with an air of dismissing the subject.

"Say: Excuse me for interruptin' of you, muh dear, but would you mind tellin' me where the paper is?" corrected Mrs. Moggins calmly.

Moggins opened his mouth for an apposite remark, and then closed it. Gradually he allowed his stern and gloomy features to relax into what was really a creditable grin.

"Pahdun me, muh dear," he said. "If it ain't troublin' you too much would you be so kind an' condescendin' an' obligin' as to tell me?"

"Don't spread it on too thick, Bill," cautioned his wife. "I might think you was just a-kiddin' me. Sure, I'll tell you. 'Tain't no trouble at all. You're a-settin' on it."

"What in the ——"

"Cut it out. Just say Thank yer, an' let it go at that."

"Thank yer."

"Fine an' dandy!" said Mrs. Moggins approvingly. "You're a-doin' elegant!"

Mr. Moggins took up his paper and, dragging a rocking-chair to the stove, seated himself comfortably, with his feet on the oven shelf. For a while he followed his usual custom of droning brokenly through the lurid headlines of the journal: "Ser-ci-ety Bird—Bud See-Seeks Sui-cide. Bank-er Bolts—Bolts—With Boo-dle." Then a muttering of the text; but, before his wife had completed her dish-washing, he was staring blankly at the page, his lips twisted

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into an odd expression of amusement, and now and then he emitted a chuckle to which his wife paid no sort of attention.

Presently Mrs. Moggins stacked her last dish and settled down to the darning of her lord's socks, and her husband resumed his recital of the day's events. Once or twice he made his own free and frank criticism of some happening, but almost instantly modified it at his tutor's suggestion. Once, in turning a page, he upset the work-basket and began ferociously to inquire what in several things the basket was doing at his elbow.

"If I wasn't a lady I'd call you a clumsy, cross-eyed hipperpotermus, an' ast you why you couldn't handle your arms as if you was used to havin' 'em," remarked Mrs. Moggins calmly. "Bein' a lady, I merely requests an apology for your orkerdness. I ain't sayin' nothin' about your langwitch, mind. Take your time, Bill, an' think up suthin'. Want me to tell you what to say?"

Her husband looked sullen for a moment, but again he succumbed.

"'Scuse my orkerdness," he begged. "I wasn't a-noticin' that there basket of yours. I cert'nly ought to be more keerful; an' I hope you'll overlook it."

"Don't name it," smiled Mrs. Moggins agreeably.

The crowning urbanity, however, came a little before the hour of retiring, when Moggins came from the bedroom, his coat slung across his arm.

"Muh dear," he said, "I hate like blazes to put you to the ill-convenience; but I was misfortunate enough to bust a button off this here coat while I was a-stoopin' to pick up a dime what a fat slob of a woman dropped an' couldn't pick up for herself—darn her! If I might p'soom on your kindness so fur as to ast you to feel in the pocket for the button an' sew it on, I'd take it as a partickler favor."

At that, Mrs. Moggins threw her arms about her husband.

"Bill," she cried enthusiastically, "you'll have the whole bunch beat! I didn't think you had it in you."

III

IN THE old, mad days, when Mr. Moggins heard the chimes at midnight, in a manner of speaking, he had "taken in" a Chinatown josshouse and there received an indelible impression. Before his disgusted eyes a blue-bloused heathen had stood, bent almost double, swinging his clasped hands in abject and shameless propitiation of a whiskered effigy in gilt and vermilion.

"Let's get out of here," the sturdy American had said to his companion. "This makes me sick to muh stummick!"

Now the "underdid" cabbage may have been a basic cause or it may have been the natural condition of his mind after the shock of general order 36,983; but, whatever it was, Mr. Moggins dreamed that he was swinging his arms pendulumwise in an agony of supplication before that very joss, who glared upon him, nevertheless, with inexorable and terrifying severity. Suddenly it seemed as if an iron hand gripped his bull neck and forced him prostrate, rubbing his twisted nose in the dust before the idol. Then the alarm clock went off.

"Land!" gasped Moggins with vast relief as he extricated his face from the pillow and hazily realized his familiar surroundings. In a revulsion of feeling he nudged his wife ungently in the ribs. "Hey, you!" he said. "Are you a-goin' to get up an' hustle breakfast any time today?"

Mrs. Moggins yawned cavernously and slid from the bed before realization came to her; but, as she twisted her hair into its matutinal knob, she voiced a mild reproof.

"Some of these days you'll get a swipe in the map with the heel of my shoe, actin' up like that, Mr. Bill!" she said. "An' that ain't no way to be perlite either. Try it oncet more."

The vision of the Chinaman was strong upon Mr. Moggins yet; but, seeing that Mrs. Moggins had suspended her toilet pending correction, he made a heroic effort.

"I'll be erbliged to you if you'll get that breakfast started, Angel-Face," he said.

"That's good," observed the lady succinctly.

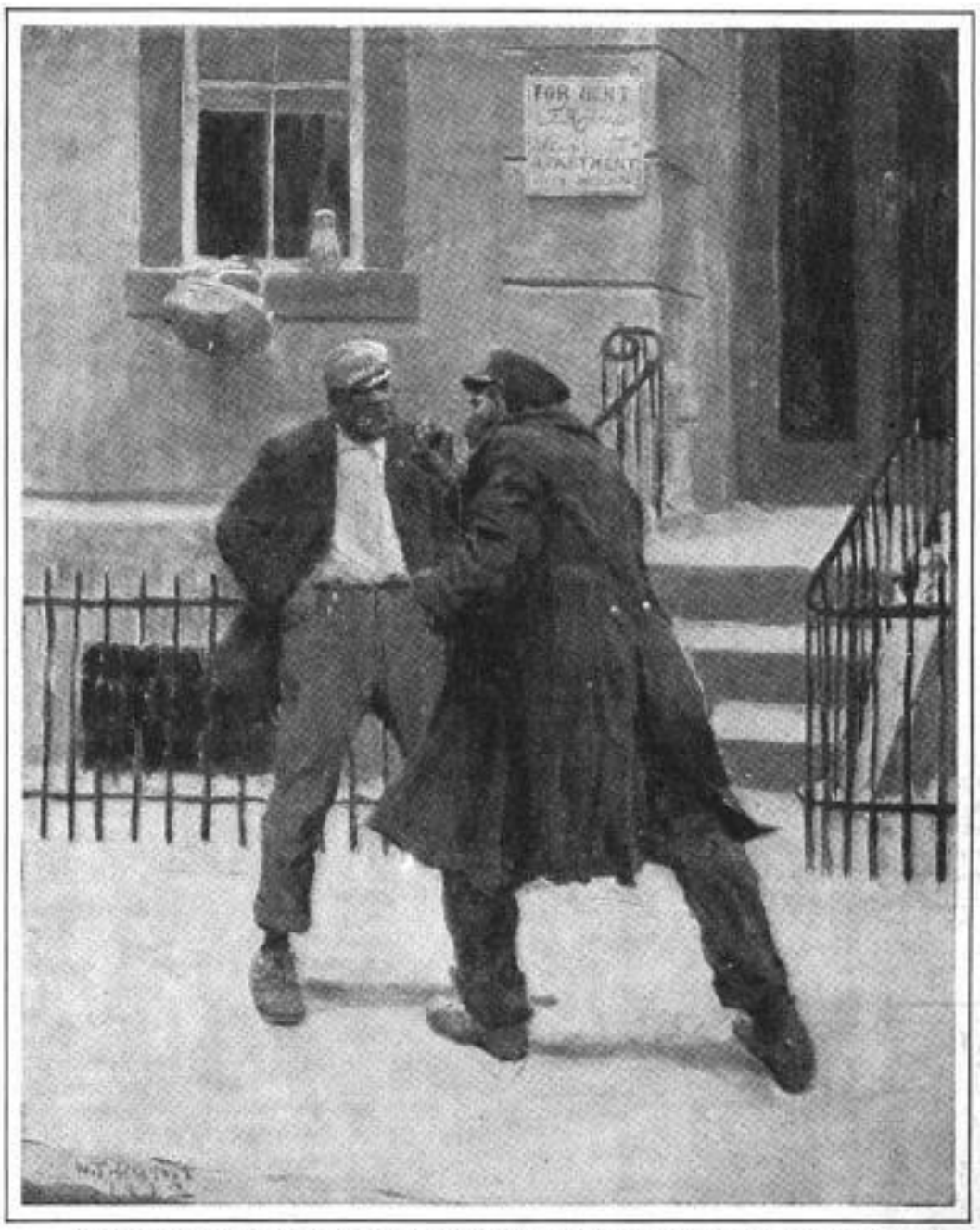
There was no further lapse during breakfast; and, after the mollifying influence of coffee, Moggins even went out of his way to exercise his new vocabulary and later bade his wife adieu in terms almost gallant. Mrs. Moggins returned his courtesy in kind; but as the sound of his shoes ceased to echo through the concrete halls she shook her head forebodingly and sighed. For the rest of the day she alternately sighed and fell into fits of giggling that bordered on the hysterical. Toward evening, however, the giggles became less frequent and the good woman's feeling of anxiety deepened. After all, a job was a job and its loss would be a serious matter. Bill was a good provider, but the provision had never extended to the morrow; and, with clouds gathering thickly on the horizon, there was nothing laid up for the rainy day. Could Bill stick it out? That was the question.

"Pore man!" murmured Mrs. Moggins; "his bark is a sight worse than his bite—but there ain't no denyin' that a stranger would think there was a-goin' to be a piece took out of his leg."

She left the door open, dreading the worst; and this time the table was set and supper ready in the oven by the time Mr. Moggins made his appearance.

A stranger might have imagined the appearance a gloomy one, but Nature had not blessed Mr. Moggins with a radiant countenance; and certain familiar signs, as well as wifely intuition, assured Mrs. Moggins that all was well as yet. Nevertheless she made the inquiry:

"How's she been a-comin', Bill?"



"If You Give Me Any of Your Guff, I'll Make You Think You're the Night-Bloomin' Cereus of the Casualty Ward!"

"I'm still on the payroll," replied Bill not unamiably. He threw his hat at the cat, which fled under the stove in a panic, and then sat down and began to unlace his shoes.

"'Tain't so hard, is it?"

"Oh, ain't it though! Well, I guess yes. Fierce! But I'm still on the payroll—unless the guy reported me."

"Bill," said Mrs. Moggins reprovingly, "don't you tell me that, after all I've bin a-tryin' to pound into you, you've got gay with a passenger!"

"Who got gay with him?" demanded Moggins with an injured air. "I didn't get gay with him until it was a-comin' to him—and five minutes late on the schedule anyway. Say, if it hadn't been for that order I'd 'a' pushed his fat face in so's his back hair'd got mixed with his whiskers. 'Put me off at Turpie Street, conductor,' says he when he climbs aboard. 'Turpie?' says I. 'Sure,' I says; 'with pleasure.' So when we get to Turpie I let out a holler. He don't take no notice; so I figgered he'd changed his mind and took him on to the end of the line.

"'Far's we go,' I says. 'All out!'"

"'Where's Turpie?' says he.

"'Same place,' says I—'right where I hollered it, about three miles back.'

"Well, he gets red in the face and begins to shoot off his yap. I'm perlite, and I offer to carry him back and not charge him for the extry ride; but that don't satisfy him. He's a-goin' to report me. 'That's all right,' says I. 'Muh name's William Moggins an' muh number's 284—which it's on my cap here.' An' I shoves my cap close to him so's he could see it without strainin' his eyes. 'I'll lend you a pencil an' a piece of paper if you ain't got none,' I says; 'or if it will be any ercommodation I'll write it down for you an' welcome,' I says.

"'You're an insolent feller!' he says.

"'Thank you, sir,' says I; an' by that time we started back an' I had him at West Twelfth before he suspicioned anything. Then he got up and come to me.

"'Ain't we pretty close to Turpie now, conductor?'

"'Tolerable close, sir,' says I. 'We're just about a mile past it, I should say. Did you wish to get off there?'

"He begun all over again then—an' me still perlite; but finerly I says to him: 'See here, you pinheaded, potbellied blowhard, I've heard all out of you I want to except just one word; an' you open your mouth to say it an' I'll beat you into a mush an' sweep it off the car as we go along!' That's what I says to him an' he didn't say nothin' more—not until he got off at the next block; but he won't report nothin'."

"Well," ruminated Mrs. Moggins, "maybe he won't; an' I don't know as I blame you, anyway, Bill. He cert'nly must 'a' bin the limit! Was there any others?"

"Sure; but there wasn't none I fussed with. I set out to be perlite an' I was perlite. Sam Wessons was on the run with me an' he thought I was sickenin' for somethin'. He's the one they tried for bustin' the guy's head open with the crank at Riverview Park last summer."

Mrs. Moggins poured the coffee.

"My! Bill," she said, "you don't know how tickled I am! You keep up this lick an' the first thing you know you'll be promoted!"

"What I'm after is to keep my job," replied Mr. Moggins.

IV

THE reformation of Mr. Moggins continued for several weeks, with only slight and casual fallings from grace—and those, it must be admitted, were almost justifiable. The change in him was an all-absorbing topic of conversation and debate in the carbarns, the general opinion being that Bill was running this politeness thing into the ground. A little of it, conductors and others considered, was all right, but the toleration of gayety in passengers and public should have its proper bounds. This being delicately hinted to Mr. Moggins, he replied that he didn't pretend to be able to indulge in civility moderately.

"Some can take it or let it alone, jest as they're a mind to," he remarked. "I ain't that way, muh-self. It's got to be one thing or the other with me; an', so long as that there slobbering order is in force, I'm strong for it."

Nevertheless, Mrs. Moggins worried. She noticed that the slight bulge of flesh over the rim of her husband's collar was disappearing; and though he was uniformly and extra-uniformly suave and affable, there was a dreary monotony about it that got on the lady's nerves. What was lacking in Bill she couldn't say, but it was probably spontaneity—a heartiness that the old morose brutality of manner had never disguised from his wife; and he was certainly losing his appetite.

"It's the happy woman ye must be, Mrs. Moggins, ma'am, wid a husband like yours," remarked Mrs. Clancy from across the hall. "The gintleman, every inch, so he

(Continued on Page 34)

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HOW WE GROW DEAF

COLDS AND THEIR CONSEQUENCES

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

SOME men are born deaf, some achieve deafness and some have deafness thrust upon them. Broadly considered, the second class is far the largest of the three. We still take too many of our calamities lying down and fail to fight hard enough against our fate—not that we were much to blame for our fatalistic attitude toward deafness up to, say, a quarter of a century ago. Not only had we been taught from time immemorial to regard the dulling of the delicate sense of hearing as one of the inevitable penalties of advancing years, but the cure of deafness, after it has once been achieved, was—and, alas, is yet—one of the discredits—even disgraces—of medicine.

Even today the doctor is not very hopeful of curing deafness in the sense of restoring hearing which has been lost for any considerable length of time; but his attitude toward the condition has been completely revolutionized by the discovery that deafness does not come by chance or by some inevitable process of Nature, but is due to definite and well-recognized causes, three-fourths of which are preventable. The great majority of cases, even of chronic and established deafness, can be prevented from getting any worse and usually improved a little, while nine-tenths of all cases can be prevented entirely, either by avoiding their causes or by taking them in hand as soon as the first sign of trouble with the hearing is noticed.



The Sole Value of the Flap Today is as an Ornament

A Big Motto For Very Little Germs

BY THE mercy of Heaven, the first attack of deafness is never permanent, with a few rare exceptions involving the nerve of hearing itself. The calamity gives fair warning of its approach—whom the gods would fain destroy they first make sneeze. Our hearing is lost, not all at once, or even half or a quarter at once, but by tiny successive fractions, each due to a fresh attack of the disease which causes deafness. And that disease, nine times out of ten, is nothing more formidable than our old friend, or rather most intimate enemy, a common cold, which travels up the tube to the ear from the nose or throat.

The motto of our crusade against deafness emphatically is: "Despise not the day of small things." The only way to cure deafness is to treat it before it reaches the ears. To fuss over the tympanum after you have neglected the throat is literally "to keep the promise to our ear, and break it to our hope"—to try to put out the fire after it has reached the powder magazine. The chief warning to remember in treating and getting rid of colds and catarrhs is that all roads lead to the ear, especially in the later stages of the attack; that every little influenza germ, whose motto is Excelsior! climbs the Eustachian tube to the ear, and that every effort on the part of the invader to reach "the man higher up" lands him on the eardrum. Take care of the nose and the ear will take care of itself.



It is Not a Bad Idea for Him to Test it Occasionally

It is curious what picturesquely distorted notions prevail about the causation of even such common and frequent misfortunes as deafness and blindness. Both have formed "high lights" in the classic picture of old age since the very dawn of history. The explanation was as simple as it was plausible and poetic. The dull hearing and dimming vision were due merely to the gradual wearing away and blunting of the keen edge of all the senses and powers of the body under the successive shocks of years and the wear and tear of life.

The auditory nerve was supposed to have been hammered and pounded, as it were, into a sort of stupor—the retina dazzled and flashed into a dazed condition where it could no longer respond to the rays of light. Deafness and the clouded vision of the old man were merely a part of the general scheme of decay—"sans hair, sans teeth, sans everything."

Nothing could sound more reasonable and altogether in accordance with what was to be expected. So long as we were satisfied to accept statements of how things were ordained to be, or inevitably must be, instead of taking the trouble to find out what they actually were, this was a perfectly good explanation, and it has been embalmed in the literature of all the ages; but, the moment we began to ask uncomfortable questions and to insist on finding out the facts, a totally different condition of affairs was discovered to exist.

Barely half a century ago, for instance, it was found that two-thirds of the failing vision of old age was due not to any dulling of the retina or optic nerve, or dimming of the transparent parts of the eye, but merely to the failure of the little circular muscle within the eyeball; so that the eye could no longer adjust or accommodate itself to the light rays. Practically perfect vision, keen and sharp, though, of course, more readily tiring than before, could be restored by fitting the proper "specs"—that is, placing a glass or a lens before the eye to make good the failure of this muscle to act.

When a Safety Valve is Not a Safety Valve

HALF the remainder of the blurred vision of advancing years was found to be due to changes in the lens of the eye known as cataract; and when the clouded lens was removed by a simple surgical operation, and a new clear lens of glass hung in front of the eye in its place, the retina was found to be as clear and sharp as ever. In short, the retina and the optic nerve of the old man of seventy were found to be practically as keen and as responsive to the light as they had been at seventeen; and a full third of the discomforts of old age were relieved at a stroke.

The same thing has been found in regard to the dull ear of old age in even higher degree. Not more than a fraction of a per cent of the deafness of old age is due to changes in the nerve of hearing. In other words, the hearing of the grandfather is at bottom as keen as that of his grandchild if only the sound waves can actually reach the keyboard of his nerve. In the economic jargon of the day, it is the "middleman" who is at fault—the conducting apparatus that lies between the sound waves and the organ of hearing, known from that fact as the middle ear—that is really deaf. Nine times out of ten, when you say a man is deaf you mean that his eardrum and its piano-hammer attachments are out of order.

Our hearing machine, though distressingly complicated in its details, is exceedingly simple in principle. Briefly, it consists of three parts, with a safety-valve attachment to one of them, known simply from their positions as the outer or external ear, the middle ear and the internal ear. The safety valve is the joker that gives rise to nearly all the trouble. The division of labor between these three parts is matter-of-fact and rational.

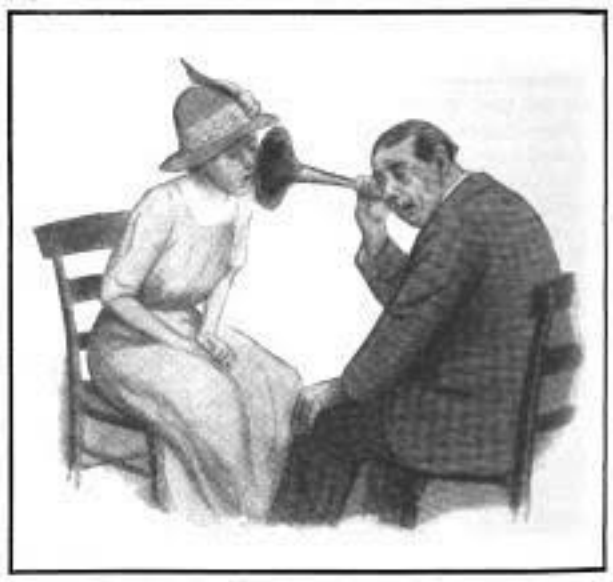
The outer ear, as plainly follows from its position and shape, is merely a horn or funnel for catching the sound waves and conveying them into the interior of the head, where the middle ear lies warm, sheltered and out of harm's way. The outer ear is really of the most trifling importance—little more than a hole leading down to the drum, with a more or less movable flap over its opening. The sole value of the flap today is as an ornament—and it is not exactly a howling success at that in some of us.

The middle ear is, in principle, equally simple and matter-of-fact. It consists merely of a tightly stretched disk or drum of skin, with a cavity in the bone behind it to allow it to vibrate. Across this cavity runs a chain of exceedingly delicate little bones which transmit the vibrations to the internal ear or organ of hearing proper.

The Piano Board Under Your Hat

THIS internal ear is vastly more complicated; but, as it luckily seldom becomes diseased—and when it does we do not know what under Heaven to do for it and have no remedy that will reach it—its makeup is of little practical importance. We may here dismiss it with the statement that it consists of a singular little keyboard about an inch and a quarter long, coiled up like a snail shell—*cochlea*—made up of tiny rods laid side by side, not unlike the keys of a pianoforte.

The delicacy and elaborate perfection of the whole may be gathered from the fact that in its inch-and-a-quarter length there are five thousand separate rods or keys. Each of these keys is believed—though this is largely hypothesis—to vibrate in response to some tone or shade of tone that can be heard by the human ear; and their vibrations are conducted to the tiny twigs of the auditory nerve, which run along the under side of the keyboard and then unite into a small twisted cable, to pass to the brain.



As Soon as Sound Waves Jar Through the Bones of the Head, They Can Reach the Nerve of Hearing

Each key is supposed to pick out its particular note by vibrating in response to it, much as the receiving apparatus of a wireless telegraph responds to or catches the particular vibration to which it is tuned. It is probable that here is the site of those extraordinary differences in tone perception that exist between us, ranging from the born musical ear, with its delicate appreciation of the subtlest harmonies, down to inability to distinguish Old Hundred from Yankee Doodle.

Not a little of the painful and laborious process known as "musical training"—laborious for the pupil and painful for the neighbors—consists in limbering up and drilling the keys of this internal piano. They are taught to work separately from one another, so that the slightest deviation in tone, known as flatting or sharping, can be accurately distinguished; and also they may be given such simple and rudimentary training in arithmetic as will enable them to recognize when any note is struck which has two, three or five times the number of vibrations of their own particular note, and to respond promptly thereto. This response to simple multiples or vulgar fractions of their own tone forms the basis of what we call harmony. In that last survival of the torture chamber of the Middle Ages—five-finger exercises—you are training not merely your stiff and unwilling fingers but the keys of this piano—a piano whose keyboard

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is coiled in your own head, or should be; but which often, so far as possibility of effective training is concerned, exists only—in the vernacular of the day—"in your mind."

The three parts of the hearing machine will thus be seen roughly to correspond to the parts of the transmitter of a telephone. The projecting mouthpiece is the external ear and the hole leading down to the drum; the diaphragm is the drum, and the little chain of bones behind it is the armature which changes the vibrations of the diaphragm into alternating electric currents; and the auditory nerve is the wire that transmits the message to "central."

It is well to have this general idea of the gearing of our hearing machine, both because the three divisions of it play widely different parts in the production of deafness, and also because the practical importance of the parts they play could almost be inferred from their position.

The outer ear, being little more than a hole through which the sound waves can reach the drum in its place of shelter and safety an inch and a quarter below the surface of the head, plays almost no part at all in the production of deafness; in fact, the only way in which disturbances of this part of the ear could interfere with hearing would be by blocking or plugging it up completely—which, in the nature of the case, very seldom happens. Only two such accidents are known—tumors and accumulations of wax.

The other end of the apparatus—the internal ear—is so deeply imbedded and buried within the bones of the head, so completely protected from all possibility of exposure to attack, that it is literally one of the "safest" structures in the body; in fact, the only dangerous enemies of the keyboard and auditory nerve are the toxins of a few infectious diseases, which have a special power of singling out and attacking the brain and nervous system. For practical purposes, these may be really reduced to two—one fortunately rare; the other more common—cerebro-spinal meningitis and blood taint. Could these two diseases be wiped out—and they are both preventable and one day will be prevented when we become intelligent enough—we should practically get rid of all deafness due to diseases of the keyboard and nerve of hearing, known as nerve deafness.

This leaves the middle ear, or drum cavity and its attachments, as the weak link in our chain of hearing, the region in which nearly nine-tenths of all cases and forms of deafness occur. The particular Ethiopian in our middle-ear woodpile, however, is that wretched little tube connecting the drum cavity with the throat, called the Eustachian tube, after the fine old father of anatomy who first discovered and described it. It might almost be called the deafness tube, for it is literally the leak that lets in the flood—the underground passage through which our germ enemies can crawl and worm their way into the very citadel of our fortress of hearing. Then, once they have effected an entrance, they block up the passage that admitted them and proceed to be fruitful and multiply, torturing the defenseless drum and the delicate lining of the drum cavity until they weep literal tears of agonized exudation and pus, thus raising the pressure in that tiny prison until every little nerve twig in it, trapped and jammed against its bony walls, shrieks in agony. Then we say that we have an attack of earache.

The Bump That Breeds Trouble

IF THE enemy be sufficiently numerous and vicious the tension will continue to rise in the drum cavity, and the pain will become more excruciating until the bacillus bomb literally explodes, either by rupture through the drum and discharging a gush of "matter" from the outer ear, or by blowing out the débris with which it had obstructed the Eustachian tube behind itself and pouring back harmlessly into the throat.

Though this is the most painful and furious form of attack upon the middle ear, it is neither the commonest nor the most dangerous. Contrary to popular impression, bursting or perforation of the drum is not a dangerous accident, nor is it often followed by permanent deafness or even serious dulling of hearing. Every time there is a discharge from the ear in childhood this process has occurred; yet, as every one knows, not more than one case in fifty of "running from the ear" is followed by permanent deafness. Instead of its being difficult to heal up the opening in the drum, our greatest trouble is to keep it open long enough to allow complete emptying of the cavity and clearing up of the inflammation within. Just as soon as the discharge ceases, the hole in the drum heals up completely, leaving only a slight scar, and the hearing quickly becomes as good as ever. A puncture of the drum will heal as readily as a cut or scratch on the skin and leave no discoverable scar. So there is no need to fear deafness for life because there has been an explosive or a "relief" perforation of the drum.

This is not by any means to say that rupture of the eardrum is a mere trifle. It is anything but that. The hole made may be large and ragged enough to leave the drum permanently distorted and tied down by the scar, so that it will never vibrate properly afterward. Moreover, on account of the fact that the drum cavity is separated from the brain by only the thinnest plate of bone, the inflammation may push inward, so to speak, instead of bursting outward, and cause a serious meningitis or brain abscess; or the inflammation may spread to certain cavities in the skull just behind the ear—known as the mastoid cells, and set up the now famous mastoid abscess, which also threatens the brain. So that the only safe thing to do in cases of severe earache, whenever the inflammation has gone above a certain height and refuses to yield within a few hours to warm douchings and other local treatment of that sort, is to call in the ear specialist and puncture the drum with a delicate knife-pointed needle, so as to allow the matter or pus to escape harmlessly into the outer ear.

Pus in the drum cavity is literally between the layers of the bones of the skull and may leak upward or inward into the brain or backward into the mastoid quite readily. Usually it works into the large spongy cavity in the mastoid—the bump behind the ear, phrenologically known as "the bump of destructiveness"—and there gathers force for its attack on the brain. So that the moment the bump behind the ear begins to swell or redden, or become tender to pressure, it is time to call a surgeon. Then trephining or chiselling down through the bone to the hollow where the pus is will let it out and save the brain from attack. This is a serious operation, but better than a brain abscess.

The Little Skirmishes That Win the Battle

THE middle-ear attack, which most commonly leads to deafness, is the one which produces little more than that sensation of fullness in the ears and woodenness or dullness in the head, which so frequently follows an attack of sore throat or influenza. Here the germs are fewer in number or less vicious in temper, and do not make themselves so disagreeable as to stir up an inflammatory revolt of sufficient violence to "fire them out" bodily. They succeed in establishing either a permanent foothold or in setting up a slow, thickening, fibrous inflammation of the drum and of the mucous membrane covering the tiny chain of bones.

The temporary excitement which their first arrival caused subsides. The dull, stuffed feeling in your ears disappears after a few days or perhaps a week or two. You think you are as well again as ever; but if you were to test yourself with a watch or tuning fork, you would find you had lost a couple of inches of the distance at which you could hear it. Another cold is caught a few months or years later and fresh reënforcements are added to the hostile forces at work in your drum cavity. A sharper attack of stuffiness and temporary deafness follows; and when that subsides you have again lost a few more inches of your range of hearing. And so you slip gradually down the incline toward the pit of deafness; until finally, by the fifth, tenth or fifteenth attack, you have lost enough of the "margin" of your hearing to begin to make it difficult for you to hear ordinary conversation. Then you suddenly discover and announce to your friends that you must be growing deaf.

Then it is too late to do much more than save such hearing as you possess and stop the process from going farther.

Just avoid common colds as completely as you possibly can; attack them vigorously, with the assistance of the best expert advice that you can secure whenever they do occur. Be particularly careful that they are cleared up as promptly and as cleanly as possible, and not allowed to hang on for weeks or months at a stretch. Consult your family physician or a competent nose-and-throat doctor whenever any stuffiness in the ears or dullness of hearing lasts for more than three days, and you will escape at least two-thirds of all your risks of becoming deaf, no matter to what age you may live. The main reason why deafness is so much more common in later life than it is in childhood or young life is that there have been so many more years to catch colds in.



That Last Survival of the Torture Chamber of the Middle Ages—Five-Finger Exercises

Almost any infection that begins in or involves the nose and throat may also climb the Eustachian tube and attack the drum. Measles and whooping-cough, for instance, quite frequently do so, and pneumonia and the more violent types of epidemic influenza less frequently but with a peculiar deadliness, producing furious earache, with almost certain perforation of the drum and great danger of spreading to the mastoid.

There is one infectious disease, however, that seems to have a special fondness for attacking the eardrum—so much so that it is probably the commonest single cause of chronic running from the ear—and that is scarlet fever; in fact, the two most important points to watch during the attack of this scourge of childhood are the ear in the first week of the fever and the kidneys in the later stages. Fortunately the same method will tend to prevent ear trouble in all of these fevers—namely, thorough and careful antiseptic treatment of the nose and throat by means of sprays and washes such as are advised in the treatment of an ordinary cold, only somewhat more strongly antiseptic or germicidal. Care in this respect will reduce the risks of ear trouble, even in scarlet fever, to a minimum.

Fresh Air the Foe of Deafness

IT IS always well for the intelligent mother to be carefully on the lookout for earache in all the little fevers of childhood, including colds and tonsilitis, especially in children who are too young to tell or even clearly indicate with their little hands where the pain is situated. Successive attacks of loud and prolonged crying or screaming without ascertainable cause in a baby or young child that is feverish, particularly if the little one rubs the side of its head or burrows its head deeply and restlessly into the pillow, should always rouse suspicion of earache and call for expert advice.

Though colds or sore throats will cause earache or middle-ear disease in the adult directly, in children they more commonly do so indirectly by setting up that inflamed and suppurating condition of the roof of the throat now famous as adenoids. An adenoid child, with this pile of tinder at the very mouth of his Eustachian tube ready to flare up at the slightest spark of cold or chill, lives perpetually upon the brink of deafness.

As a matter of bitter and practical experience, most children with adenoids sooner or later become deaf enough to interfere with their studies and mental development; and the habit of attacks of earache after every slight cold in a child almost invariably means the presence of adenoids.

Colds upon colds thicken up the drum and stiffen its conducting chain of tiny bones just as the proverbial dropping of water wears away the stone. The best preventive of deafness is fresh air—twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four. For ninety-nine per cent of us, the statement, "no colds, no deafness," would be literally true.

Of course the more completely we can avoid colds, the better it will be, not merely for our ears but also for our joints, our hearts, our kidneys, our livers and our nervous



Whom the Gods Would Pain Destroy They First Make Sneeze

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systems; for the conviction is steadily growing that these puny "little foxes" in the body vineyard, these mere rats and mice in the House of Life, probably cause more Bright's disease, organic heart disease, gout, rheumatism and neuritis than any other single influence.

Though this "counsel of perfection," of absolute avoidance, is impracticable in the present state of our intelligence and the health conscience of the community, fortunately the very same measures which reduce the risks of cold-catching to the lowest possible minimum are also those that will enable us to acquire immunity from colds, resist them vigorously when they do occur, and throw them off cleanly and promptly. So that if we live cleanly, wholesomely, happily, with a gentle current of fresh, cool air—popularly known as a draft—blowing across our faces two-thirds of the time—day and night—with plenty of exercise in the open air, plenty of rich and appetizing food and plenty of sleep, we can practically snap our fingers at colds and ninety-nine per cent of their deadly consequences, including deafness.

Our noses and throats are evidently, under civilization at least, points of least resistance in the body. This is illustrated by the fact that they are not only the site of the commonest of all our diseases—colds and their relatives—but are also the port of entry for at least half, if not two-thirds, of our more serious infections, such as measles, scarlet fever, smallpox, diphtheria, and so on. It is a useful and practical procedure to keep in your bathroom or your bedroom, or on a shelf of your medicine chest, some form of mild alkaline and antiseptic nasal spray or wash. Your family physician will gladly give you a prescription for one suited to the special conditions of your nose and throat, or the "family" nose and throat. Then use the wash whenever you suspect that you have been exposed to risk of infection by a common cold—for instance, when you have been to the theater or to church, or in a crowded, stuffy, smelly train or street car—or whenever you feel any sensation of tickling, dryness or stuffiness in the nose and throat, and with redoubled vigor when you think you are catching cold. I know of no "stitch in time" in our hygienic economy that is more likely to "save nine" than this simple procedure.

The chief things needed in these washes are that they should be as nearly as possible of the same density—specific gravity—and temperature as the blood, and not too strongly antiseptic; for it is almost impossible to make them strong enough to kill or even seriously injure the germs in the nostrils without making them injurious to the delicate membrane of the nose. If properly adjusted to individual conditions they are perfectly harmless and have a decided effect in diminishing the probability of colds being caught, the severity of their attack if they do occur, and the likelihood of their hanging on or producing unpleasant after-effects. Then, in the event of a definite impairment of hearing which does not promptly subside within two or three days, consult your family physician or a nose-and-throat specialist. Nothing is easier than to cure deafness at this stage of the process; and even a single treatment now may be the means of blocking the way in the direction of serious and permanent hardness of hearing.

It may perhaps excite wonder in some minds as to why that wretched little rift in the lute, that fatal leak in the side of our bark of hearing—the Eustachian tube—was introduced or permitted in our bodily makeup by Nature. In view of its dangerousness, why should we not stitch or plug it up completely in some way and thus protect the middle ear from a thousand risks? Unfortunately it is as necessary as it is dangerous. If our eardrum is to vibrate at all it must have air on both sides of it and the pressure of the air inside or behind it must be kept equal to that on its outer surface; and this tube is simply an equalizing pipe for that purpose, through which air can be sucked into the drum cavity whenever a vacuum begins to form.

Indeed, blocking up the tube alone will cause deafness. The air in the drum cavity is quickly absorbed into the blood, producing a partial vacuum; and then the atmospheric pressure of the outside air upon the drum pushes it in, so that it can no longer vibrate; and at the same time it jams the little chain of bones together so tightly that they cannot transmit the sounds. This is one of the methods by which middle-ear deafness is produced—the tube becomes blocked by inflammation, the drum is driven in by the pressure of the outside air, and slow fibrous changes tie it down and glue the bones together—and permanently fix them so. This is why the mere driving out of a bubble of air along the Eustachian tube—as, for instance, when you blow your nose and your ear "goes pop"—will sometimes improve your hearing when your head is stuffed up and your ears feel blocked and full.

However, every cloud has its silver lining—and deafness is no exception. In spite of the swarms upon swarms of enemies that threaten the peace of our eardrums, and the frequency of some degree of hardness of hearing after middle life, there are two or three consoling items to be entered on the credit side of the ledger. The first of these is that, as we have already seen, all these conditions are not only preventable but in process of prevention by the spread of intelligence and the progress of sanitary science. The second is that the vast majority of cases of deafness, even after they have got a good start, can be kept from developing beyond the stage where there is still sufficient hearing left for most practical purposes. And, last and most fundamental of all, middle-ear disease, which causes nine-tenths of all deafness, almost never completely destroys hearing.

This last is inherent in the nature of the affection; for, as we have seen, the middle ear consists entirely of conduction apparatus, and the real, live, essential parts of the organ of hearing—the nerve and the sound-keyboard—are

(Continued on Page 37)

THE APPLE OF DISCORD

III

By Henry C. Rowland

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MRS. WILMERDING was not content. She sat on the veranda of the reading room and watched the big hulk being guided gently down the tide by the motor whaleboat, and as she watched there reached her ears the vibrant tones of Mr. Phelps as he enthusiastically described one Calvert Lanier, playwright, and his floating home. Mrs. Wilmerding's pretty brows were knit in a frown.

There were several features about the affair that annoyed her excessively. To begin with, she had more than once secretly regretted her action in the matter of Lanier, and she had felt that he had in a way justified her objections to him by his behavior in taking a spiteful revenge. Now, in withdrawing his hulk to an inoffensive distance and obliterating the accusing name, he was demonstrating a decency of feeling that was bound to alter the general sentiment of the colony. Had he withdrawn himself completely from the Chimney Corner and gone about his business beyond its observation, his action might have left a certain sentiment of remorse; but in merely hauling off a mile or so he was bound to remain an object of communal interest and speculation, while it was very possible that public opinion might take a turn in his favor. Such a state of affairs would not tend to the increased prestige of Mrs. Wilmerding.

Mr. Phelps' amphoric voice reached her jarringly. "A genius—Lanier," he was saying largely—"a positive genius! I am not at all sure that we have not made an unfortunate error—eh, Major?"

"I like him," said the major. "I should enjoy seeing more of him."

Mrs. Wilmerding turned abruptly in her chair.

"There is nothing to prevent your doing so," said she sharply. "No doubt, from a man's point of view, it is a convenient thing to have a floating bar about the premises."

There was no immediate answer to this. Mrs. Wilmerding rose suddenly from her chair and stepped into the writing room. Her mind had taken a quick resolve. The colony was threatened with schism and internal dissension, and Mrs. Wilmerding decided on a *coup d'état*. The propinquity of a rank outsider, who was regarded favorably by certain members while yet barred admittance from the sacred precincts of the Chimney Corner, made a situation that was dangerous and embarrassing. Mrs. Wilmerding decided to have it out herself with the playwright, should this be possible. Seating herself at a desk, she wrote as follows:

Mr. CALVERT LANIER,
Yacht Broken Word.

Dear Sir: Your action in acceding to the request of our president to remove from the immediate vicinity of the reading room has put the writer and certain other of our members in a rather difficult position. It is intimated to us that in opposing your membership we have acted unjustly and unwisely, and that your expressed desire to cause no more annoyance on learning the source of your opposition proves you to be a person of chivalrous instincts, who would have been a distinct acquisition to the community.

Admitting the truth of this view, the writer, who is the chief cause of the late unpleasantness, would like the opportunity of justifying her recent course. Would you be willing to call upon her tomorrow afternoon at an hour to suit your convenience?

Yours truly,
LORETTA WILMERDING.

Beacon Rocks, Chimney Corner.

Having sealed and addressed her note, Mrs. Wilmerding left the reading room, and passing round the head of the little cove took the path along the cliffs that led to her summer home—a long, low house built of stone and stucco, situated on the brow of the cliffs, half hidden by a growth of dwarf pine and about half a mile toward the inlet from the reading room. Just before reaching the beginning of the last steep ascent that led to the house, Mrs. Wilmerding took a narrow winding path that ran down to the shore, and here in a cosy bight with a shingly beach she came upon a charming, rustic boathouse, in front of which a lank youth was engaged in baiting some lobster-pots.

"Caleb," said Mrs. Wilmerding, "I wish you to get into the dory and take this note out aboard the—the—that hulk that was lying off the reading room ——"

"The Broken Word, ma'am?" asked the young man, looking up in surprise.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Wilmerding calmly, although she winced a little at the name. "Please wait for an answer—and bring it up to the house before you start out to set your lobster-pots."

"All right, ma'am." The youth took the note gingerly by the corners and dropped it into his pocket. Then a sudden thought striking him, he asked:

"He call'atin' to drop his hook offen here?"

"He will probably anchor nearer than we care to have him," she answered. "And—oh, Caleb."

"What, ma'am?"

"It is not necessary to say anything about my having sent you with the note."

"No, ma'am," Caleb answered, whereat Mrs. Wilmerding turned and made her way up the steep winding path to the house. Caleb was the functionary who looked after the Wilmerdings' boats.

Arrived on her veranda, a little breathless and charmingly flushed, Mrs. Wilmerding stepped to a big telescope on a tripod and watched the sluggish maneuvers of the hulk, which was still drifting slowly down with the tide and rather ridiculously in tow of the motor whaleboat. At a distance of about half a mile from the Wilmerdings' boathouse the anchor splashed over the bow and the hulk came presently to a stop. A few moments later Caleb's dory drew alongside, where it remained for so short a time that Mrs. Wilmerding's face grew rather red, for she did not think that Lanier could possibly have had time to write an answer. It crossed her mind that he might have glanced through her missive, then told the messenger that there was no answer. This humiliating doubt was soon set aside, however, by the return of Caleb, who handed her an envelope inclosing a correspondence card on which was written in a minute and regular hand:

MRS. WILMERDING.

Madam: In reply to your note I have the honor to say that I will call, as you request, tomorrow afternoon at four.

Very respectfully,
CALVERT LANIER.

If Mrs. Wilmerding could have witnessed the reception of her note it is possible that she might have been vexed. Lanier was engaged with some business correspondence when the cat-footed Charlie dropped the missive on his desk. He frowned, ripped open the envelope, scanned it through, then grinned wickedly.

"Mrs. Wilmerding," said he to himself. "Why, that's the wife of the thin gray shape who betrayed me. Beautiful, I understand, and domineering." He grinned again. "A splendid chance to get even."

He dashed off his brief reply and gave it to the Chinaman, then returned to his business letters. It is doubtful whether he thought three times of his promised call until the near approach of the hour of rendezvous. Lanier had a singular power of concentration, but he was by no means absent-minded, and never failed to keep an appointment. So he dressed with his invariable perfect taste and, having neglected to ask where the Wilmerdings' house might be, had his caretaker set him ashore on a point of land opposite his anchorage, intending to walk toward the settlement, making inquiries of any whom he chanced to meet on the way.

There was a path along the top of the low cliffs, and Lanier had proceeded in a leisurely manner for about a hundred yards when he came upon a girl who was standing before a half-painted canvas on an easel. She had located herself directly on the side of the path, and as the playwright approached he observed that she was very young and more than uncommonly pretty. Her eyes were so dark that he thought them black, until a second look proved them to be an almost purple violet. Her hair was a rich auburn, very thick and at that moment none too

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tidy, and the loose sailor suit she wore could not conceal a deliciously lithe and rounded figure with long limbs and exquisite ankles.

At the sound of his step she spoke without looking round, and his musical ear was at once attracted by the *low*-pitched, throaty tone:

"Don't bother me. I'm busy ——"

"I don't intend to bother you," answered Lanier, "beyond asking where Mrs. Wilmerding lives."

She spun round quickly, and it was after the first glance, when the violet eyes opened wider, that he discovered their real quality.

"Oh!" said she. "I thought it was Stephen Carew. He's always taggin' me round."

"A man can be a nuisance and yet show great intelligence," Lanier replied, and looked at the picture, which was full of faults. The young girl's gaze followed his.

"Do you know anything about painting?" she asked.

"It is one of my professions," he answered.

"Then tell me what's the matter with my picture. I can't seem to get it right."

Lanier half closed his eyes, and in so doing unconsciously accentuated the length and thickness of his long, very black lashes. The girl eyed him covertly.

"There is something the matter with it," said she, as he did not immediately speak.

"Yes," he admitted, "there is. The distant pines are too green, the sky is too blue, the rocks are too brown—and if a ship hit the edge of that horizon she would lose all of her spars." He looked at her and smiled the swift, dazzling smile that seemed to light with a startling suddenness the shadows of his nervous face and to wipe away its cynical expression, leaving instead an immense kindliness. "What is your name?" he asked.

"Clare O'Sullivan," she answered, staring at him with a fascinated and slightly bewildered expression on her face.

"Well, then, Clare," said Lanier, smiling thoughtfully at the canvas, "some teacher must have told you to work only in pure colors, which is excellent advice, but not to be followed too slavishly. Don't you see the gray tone in everything today? Besides, you've painted everything but the air, and that you've left a vacuum. Put your gray tone all through, and those colors will come down into their places."

She handed him her brushes and palette. "Show me," said she.

Lanier smiled again as he took the things from her hands, then with a few rapid touches began to pull color and values into their true proportions. It was a simple scheme, and he had done many like it in Brittany, before the pen claimed him and he picked up the brush only to work out scenic effects. But to the girl it was amazing—a piece of magic—for she was practically self-taught.

Presently he turned and held out to her the palette and brushes. Clare stepped back, holding up both hands, and he noticed what pretty hands they were.

"No! No!" she cried. "Finish it—please! And who are you and where are you visiting?"

Lanier resumed painting and had laid in several broad strokes before he answered. Then he said, talking as he worked and speaking half absently, for colors and brushes were of the best, the composition charming, and under the inspiration of the girl and the moment he was doing an exquisite though simple thing:

"In the Chimney Corner, Clare, such a question does not require an answer. All of those who are with you are—or ought to be—of you."

"I told you mine," she pouted.

"You shall know mine by-and-by."

"But I want to know it now."

"Then watch. 'By their works ye shall know them.'"

He had been working rapidly to cover the canvas with the soft gray haze of a rather cloudy afternoon in July with the delicate mistiness that precedes a smoky sou'wester. Much of Clare's most painstaking drawing had been painted out, with the result that one could almost hear the hiss of the brown, glistening kelp as the tide fell. There was no particular note to the study; it was rather impressionistic and vague, and the girl had ignored the big hulk of the quondam Broken Word moored in the immediate foreground. Lanier began to paint it in swiftly but deftly, and with broad but subtle strokes. Under his handling the hulk became a thing of picturesque beauty; an old seafarer hauled apart to die; a tired candidate for the port of missing ships, ready for its last resting-place, whether to bleach its tired bones on a forgotten beach or to let them sink gently to the ocean's soft bed. The brave old hulk was shrouded in mist and mystery.

Clare watched the swift strokes of the brush, half troubled, half fascinated. She failed utterly to grasp the significance of Lanier's last words and the painting in of the hulk that followed them. It was the man rather than the picture that claimed the girl's interest. Lanier, intent now on his sketch, seemed oblivious of her.

"You see, Clare," said he presently and without looking at her, "you must think of colors from the viewpoint of their relative values. That bit of water off the end of those rocks is really very high, but by giving it that violet tone you made it about the lowest value in the foreground."

"Why do you call me Clare?" asked the girl.

"Because you told me that it was your name. Now if you had said that your name was Miss O'Sullivan I should have called you that—which would have been a pity."

"Why would it have been a pity?"

"Because I should not have stopped to paint you a picture—and kept Mrs. Wilmerding waiting. I fancy that Mrs. Wilmerding is not accustomed to being kept waiting, and therefore it will do her good."



"Don't Bother Me. I'm Busy ——"

"Indeed." The curiosity in her violet eyes was growing deeper, so was their color. "Then you think that what is unaccustomed is good for one?"

"Very. It scrapes the barnacles off the mind."

Clare watched him in silence. "You know your work," said she presently. "Where did you learn to paint?"

"At Julien's and in Brittany. Where are you studying, Clare?"

"I am not studying—and you mustn't call me Clare. I am not a child."

He turned from his canvas to look at her, and as his eyes, which were of an indescribable color, met hers Clare was conscious of a sudden and peculiar warmth, which seemed to come out of the ground and traveled glowingly up through her vigorous young body to find its outlet in her piquant face, which flamed suddenly in a crimson flush.

"Oh, aren't you?" asked Lanier, and smiled.

"I put away my dolls long ago," said she.

"Really? Then I must be the child, for I still play with mine. I have some dozen, and scarcely a day goes by that I don't take them out and change their clothes."

Clare's face showed puzzled anger. The friendly informality of the Chimney Corner was one thing, but to be chaffed by a strange young man was quite another. Her supple, girlish figure straightened haughtily.

"Thank you for helping me with my picture," said she. "I am going to paint it out now and start another. And it's really not very nice of you to keep Mrs. Wilmerding waiting."

Lanier said nothing. Turning quietly he picked up a broad brush from the color box. Clare stepped forward and held out her hand instinctively.

"I'll paint it out," said Lanier. "The general gray tone will make an excellent background for the next. Let it dry and start on a fresh panel."

He stepped to the easel, but Clare reached forward quickly and seized the brush.

"I think I won't paint it out after all," said she. "I—I like it. You may call me Clare if you like. But I wish you'd sign it."

Lanier's quick smile sent another thrill through her. The instant before his face had been almost severe, glacial, but the smile for all its charm was the least bit cynical. He saw through the little feminine ruse to learn his name.

He took a small brush and deftly traced in the corner of the panel:

PAINTED FOR CLARE
BY CALVERT LANIER

He turned and looked at her, a gleam of amusement between his dark lashes. Clare was standing perfectly still, looking at the picture through narrowed lids. Lanier could see the girlish bosom rising and falling under the loose blouse. Suddenly she stooped and picked up a brush, then stepped to the easel, where she hesitated for an instant.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

She turned and looked at him and he saw that her face was rather pale.

"Paint out your name," she answered.

"Is it detested to that degree in the colony?" he asked.

"It isn't that," she answered.

"Don't you want one of my signed studies?"

"I'm—I'm crazy to have it," she confessed. "But you see, Mr. Lanier, I haven't come by it honestly. I wanted only to find out who you were, and now by signing it you have given me a really valuable present. I oughtn't to accept it."

Again the smile sent Clare's blood racing up to crimson her face. He reached out and took the brush from her hand.

"It is a free gift," he answered. "There is no reason why you shouldn't keep it. Between artists there is no talk of intrinsic values. Give me a sketch of your own."

"Oh—but I've nothing good enough," she faltered. "If I only had something else to give you!"

"You have," answered Lanier, smiling.

Their eyes met and Clare read his meaning. She drew back with a startled look. Lanier held out his hand.

"Goodby, Clare," said he gently.

Clare took the offered hand and a sudden madness seized her. She swayed forward.

"It's not much to give for such a lovely sketch," said she rather breathlessly, and raised her face to his. The flame in her eyes was reflected in Lanier's. He had not meant to coerce her, but she seemed to him scarcely more than a child, if a very lovely and well-grown child. He had spoken more in a spirit of boyish mischief combined with a curiosity to see what she would do and say. But as the tempting face was lifted and the violet eyes looked straight into his, a very real and very tender emotion swept over him. Nevertheless, it was with a sense of guilt that he reached out, drew her to him and touched the fresh, parted lips with his. Then he stepped back, with the vague sense of having kissed the heart of a rose.

"I am a thousand times repaid for my little sketch, Clare," he began gently, then paused at the expression of her face. Clare's color had fled and she was staring over his shoulder. Her wide-open eyes were positively black.

Lanier turned sharply. A few paces behind him there had emerged from a turn in the path a very pretty woman, who was standing stock still, her graceful figure held very rigid and an expression of indescribable shock upon her face.

"Mrs.—Wilmerding ——" faltered Clare under her breath.

IV

THE tableau lasted only for an instant. Mrs. Wilmerding turned slowly and disappeared behind the clump of dwarf pines whence she had so inopportunely emerged. Lanier swung about and looked at Clare.

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"Mrs. Wilmerding, eh?" said he. "I am afraid, Clare, that you may have had to pay an even higher price for my wretched little sketch than I had supposed—and you may be sure that my most successful work, whether artistic or dramatic, was never so overcompensated. Will the good lady tattle?"

Clare shook her head. She had been going white and red by turns. "No," she answered, with a rather frightened smile. "Mrs. Wilmerding isn't that kind."

"She looks very nice," Lanier assented. "I suppose I'd better go after her and keep my appointment."

They looked at each other and laughed. The discovery of the innocent sin appeared to have formed a closer tie.

"What are you going to say to her?" asked Clare.

"About my painting fee? Nothing, of course, unless she introduces the topic. Then I'll tell her the truth."

Clare began to push a pebble about with the toe of her little shoe.

"And what is that?" she asked, without looking up.

"An idyl."

"Is that all?" She glanced up with a smile on her mouth and a curious mistiness in her eyes.

"Idyls are the garments of the gods cut down to fit us mortals, Clare. I can say no more than that."

Clare looked dissatisfied.

"I'm not keen about hand-me-downs—even from the high gods," she answered a little shortly. "Besides, it wasn't an idyl anyhow. It was simply that I didn't want to be—to be under obligations to a stranger. That's what I shall tell her. So you'd better say the same thing."

Lanier laughed. "You are right, Clare. It wasn't an idyl at all. It was a purely commercial transaction on your part. When I spoke of it as an idyl I was thinking of myself."

"Then you think," said Clare, giving the pebble a little kick, "that I am willing to trade a kiss for a picture worth several hundred dollars? Is that your idea?"

"No. I think that you inherit the princely instinct to return gift for gift with no thought of cost. I give you of my little best. You are graciously pleased to accept, but pride will not permit of your not reciprocating. You give me of *your* best—and Mrs. Wilmerding butts in. Now I must go, and Mrs. Wilmerding will no doubt give me of *her* best—and I fancy, from the look of her face, that it will be well worth not having. Goodby, Clare ——" and he held out his hand.

Clare swung about impetuously and her firm little hand nestled for a moment in his. "*Au revoir*," she said, "and thank you for the sketch," and she turned suddenly away and began to gather up her painting things.

With a very warm feeling in his heart Lanier took the path by which Mrs. Wilmerding had preceded him, which wound along the edge of the cliffs, occasionally to dip back into the dwarfed pines. Another man might have felt a certain amount of diffidence in calling upon the official duenna of an exclusive colony immediately after being taken red-lipped, as one might say, in an act of gallantry to the said colony's youngest and prettiest débutante, but Lanier was conscious of no embarrassment. As a matter of fact, he was not thinking of Mrs. Wilmerding at all, but of Clare O'Sullivan.

The playwright was amazed to find himself so stirred at the touch of a girl's fresh lips, not because such contact was habitual, but because he thought that he had long since passed out of the sentimental stage and into the analytic, which is very apt to be the cynical.

Lanier had gone through an early and violent love affair which had ended unhappily and left him, as he thought, safely inoculated against poisoned darts. This episode had aroused first a furious resentment, then a thoughtful curiosity. He had taken to studying women as a scientist or philosopher might study the composition of a flame, the law of storms or the combustion point of high explosives. It was not an idle pursuit, for the result of his observations went to the creation of his art first, then his books, then his drama, and the exposition was invariably free of bitterness and full of the sweetness and tenderness that were characteristic of all his work. Lanier had come utterly to deny the existence of abstract bad, least of all in women; and the sex, as though instinctively recognizing its champion, had never failed in due acknowledgment. Of this tribute the artist, true to his ideals, had availed himself only of that which lent itself to a higher conception of art and beauty. He could not help but know his power over women, but he was no more flattered by it than might be an electrical expert by his control of this subtle potentiality. Lanier was a *feministe* in the higher sense of the word—a clean-hearted student of womankind.

Wherefore, he was as startled and surprised at the rush of emotion that Clare had given him as might be the electrical inventor who, in his investigation of what he thinks a harmless form of current, gets a shock that twists him out of shape. Lanier was pondering deeply on this new discovery when a turn in the path brought him in sight of a residence that he rightly guessed to be the Wilmerdings', and with some effort he turned the focus of his thought from Clare and directed it upon the present.

Glancing at his watch he was surprised to see that he was only about fifteen minutes late, which led him to think that Mrs. Wilmerding must have seen his boat put off from the hulk and, after waiting a reasonable time for him to appear, had strolled down the path to look for him, deciding that he had missed the way up the cliffs. He had given himself plenty of time, not knowing how far away the Wilmerding place might be.

An elderly butler opened the door and ushered him into a drawing room that overlooked the sea. As Lanier entered, Mrs. Wilmerding, who had been standing by a window, came forward to greet him. Lanier bowed, almost in the Continental manner, and Mrs. Wilmerding slightly inclined her head. She did not offer him her hand, but indicated a chair facing the window and asked him to be seated, she herself sinking into a Louis XVI arm-chair opposite him. Lanier's appreciative eye observed that she was far prettier than he had thought, certainly not more than thirty-eight, with a charming figure and exceedingly graceful wrists and hands.

"I must apologize for being a quarter of an hour late," said he. "Not knowing where you lived I allowed myself too much time."

Mrs. Wilmerding raised her eyebrows.

"That seems a peculiar reason to offer for being late," said she drily.

"It is really an excellent one," said Lanier. "Too much of anything tends to extravagance. I was extravagant with my time."

"I observed your extravagance," said Mrs. Wilmerding coldly. "I am very sorry; it is the last thing that I should have wished."

Lanier was surprised at her directness and admired it.

"Please let me say how sorry I am to have put you in such a position," said he.

Mrs. Wilmerding frowned. "Perhaps it was for the best," she replied. "I sent for you, Mr. Lanier, because I felt that I might have made a mistake in using my influence to keep you from becoming a member of our colony, and I wanted to explain my position. But now I cannot help but feel that I was quite justified. It was to prevent just such incidents as occurred a few minutes ago that I objected to your membership."

"If you expect to prevent such incidents as that anywhere," observed Lanier, "I must say that I admire your ambition."

Mrs. Wilmerding looked exceedingly annoyed.

"I expect to prevent them in the Chimney Corner," said she, "and I fail to see any reason why I should not. Do you?" And she shot him a challenging look from her very blue eyes, now dark with anger.

Lanier shrugged. "According to Biblical history they were not kept out of the Garden of Eden," he answered, "and that being so, I am inclined to doubt that Mrs. Wilmerding will be able to keep them out of the Chimney Corner. Also I beg to say that if Miss O'Sullivan never receives a less respectful salute than mine she will be an exceedingly lucky girl."

The color came into Mrs. Wilmerding's face.

"Let me tell you how it came about ——" Lanier began, but Mrs. Wilmerding made a swift negative gesture.

"Such things are better not discussed," said she. "I do not wish to hear ——"

Lanier leaned forward and fastened his compelling gaze on the angry blue eyes opposite. "You have got to hear!" said he decisively. "Your attitude is unkind and unjust. Since you saw what you were not intended to see, you are in honor bound to let me explain it. I came upon Miss O'Sullivan painting, and asked the way to your house. She took me for a member of the colony and asked me if I knew anything about painting. As you may know, I am an artist of some ability, so I put her sketch right for her, then at her request I signed it. When she saw my name she refused to accept the sketch. I intimated that it hurt me to think that my name should be regarded with such undeserved censure, whereupon, being scarcely more than an impetuous child, she had a sudden wave of remorse and gave me a kiss for the picture. That was all."

Mrs. Wilmerding's face was aflame.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself for permitting an inexperienced young girl to so cheapen herself!" she cried hotly. "Then it was Clare who—who offered you—her lips?"

"I signified that it would be a fitting recompense," said Lanier, suppressing an inclination to smile, yet angry with himself for having told the truth of the affair.

"It is shameful!" cried Mrs. Wilmerding, and looked as if she wanted to cry. "Absolutely shameful! Clare has disgraced us! And as for yourself, I had been told that you were a gentleman, or I should not have asked you to come here ——"

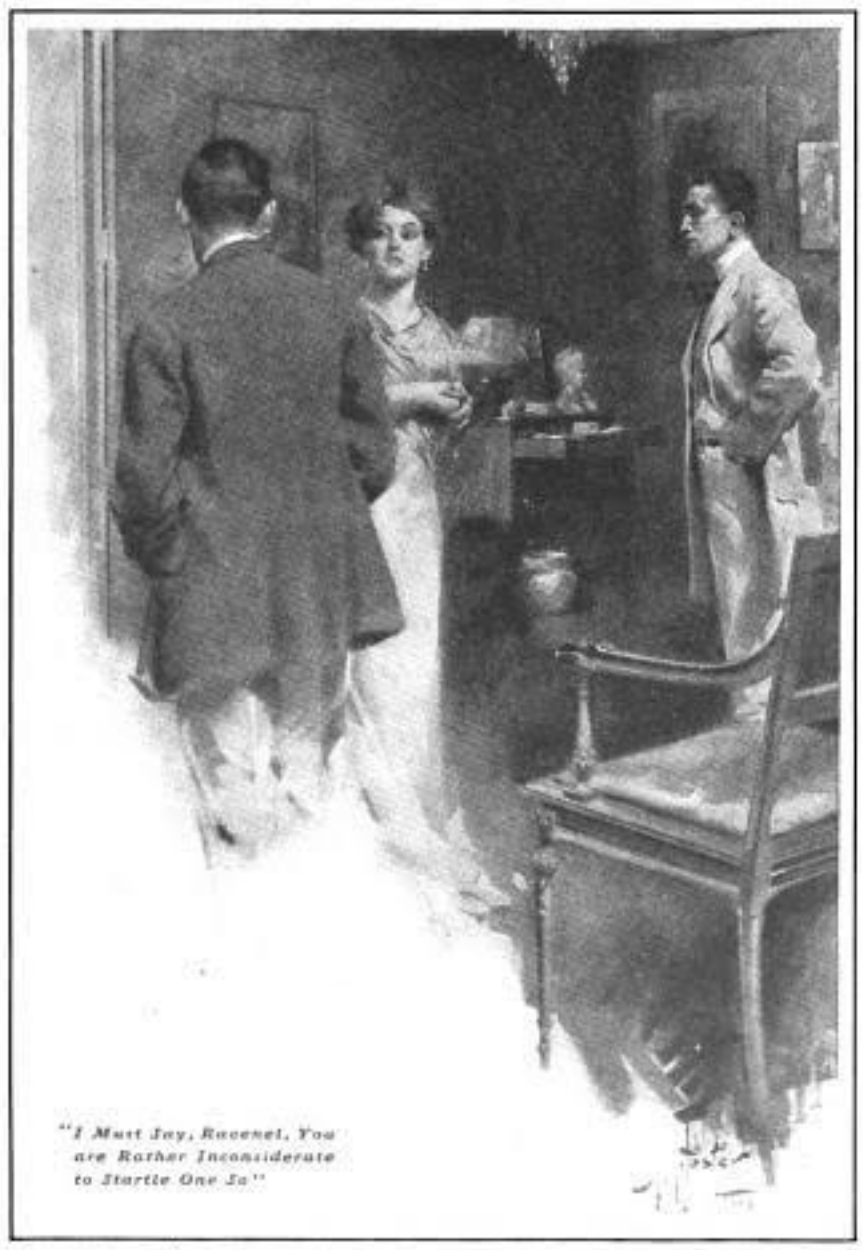
"Stop, Mrs. Wilmerding," said Lanier sternly. "You do not realize what you are saying. It is not Clare who has disgraced the colony, but yourself!"

"What? I? What are you talking about?"

"It is true. You are the one who has brought discredit on the Chimney Corner." Lanier leaned forward, raised his beautifully shaped hand and shook his finger at her as he went on. "A random kiss bestowed in a warm-hearted and impulsive manner is not a very serious affair, Mrs. Wilmerding; but one's given word is a very sacred thing. Your husband passed me his word that I should have my building site, and as his wife you were in honor bound to uphold his promise, made in all good faith. Had there been any doubt in my mind I should have asked for a signed agreement, but as one gentleman to another I did no such thing. You induced your husband to break his faith, which should also have been your faith, and what was the result? I was furiously angry and descended to an act of spite, which I am willing to admit a gentleman should not have done. This made the story public property and the Chimney Corner was advertised as a not too honest organization. So in all justice, Mrs. Wilmerding, leave this poor little girl alone and think of your own not altogether honorable act!"

Lanier had not raised his voice above its usual pleasant and modulated key, but there was something in the inflection, and even more in the strong and virile personality that projected his words, which gave Mrs. Wilmerding the impression of having been transfixed by a very cold, thin blade. It is probable that she had never been so spoken to in all of her pampered life, and the contrast between Lanier's keen-edged presentation of

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"I Must Say, Ravenel, You are Rather Inconsiderate to Startle One So"

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Retailing the Wooden Nutmeg

SOME OF THE SHODDY WAYS OF LITTLE BUSINESS



By John Mappelbeck

DECORATION BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

FOR several years the people of the United States have been so busy looking into the crooked ways of Big Business and so anxious to correct them that the crooked ways of what might be called Little Business have been pretty generally overlooked. As a consequence, crooked Little Business has flourished in dishonesty. Having a free hand, it has perfected its methods of swindling; and, operating out of the range of the searchlight of investigation, it has grown almost unchecked. Today the situation in certain lines of business is regarded as acute. The general public has heard little about these conditions; but in the business world, particularly in retail circles, there is serious concern. During the next few years vigorous tradework will be directed to eliminating crooked Little Business through organization, publicity, prosecution and legislation.

Big Business is often crooked only in spots. Little Business, however, is often crooked clear through. As an excellent example, take that curse of the shoe trade known as the "fake sample-shoe store." On the main business street of a factory town, with a considerable foreign-born population, there is an empty store. It has been vacant a year or more. A stranger comes to the owner and offers to rent it by the month. Not much money is offered, but it is pointed out that there will be some revenue after taxes and expenses are met, and that the strange tenant can move out quickly if a permanent tenant is found. If the owner accepts the front of that store quickly blossoms out.

MOST ASTOUNDING PURCHASE
EVER MADE!
FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF SAMPLE SHOES
AT YOUR OWN PRICES!!

Newspaper announcements tell the story at length. This remarkable collection of drummers' samples includes shoes of expensive makes from famous factories. It has been purchased at a low price, with the express understanding that the shoes be taken out of the Eastern market, preventing disruption of the regular shoe trade.

In the windows of the fake sample store and in showcases inside are shown shoes of good quality, priced anywhere from ninety-eight cents upward. Prices are always fractional—never even dollars or dimes. That gives an appearance of close figuring. The display shoes are bound to convince passers-by, because they are standard products of first-class manufacturers, shown for that very purpose. When a customer asks to be fitted with shoes like a certain sample in the window, however, he is shown shoddy goods of fair appearance, made to resemble the sample. The clerks employed in such an establishment are men well versed in human nature and up to all the dodges. They receive their pay in commissions instead of salaries; and, as the stock bears no price marks of any sort, they are free to charge what they think the customer will pay. The higher the price that can be got for a given shoe, the more commission to the clerk.

Sometimes the customer insists on having a pair of shoes in the window or showcase—they are just his size and he will accept nothing but that identical pair. Then the clerk takes the shoes out; the customer sees them actually wrapped and goes away confident that he has not been deceived—but he has, nevertheless, for the wrapper knows what to do in such emergencies. Shoddy duplicates are kept under a table and the clerk substitutes a pair of these for the sample shoes. If the customer comes back the store's organization deals with him in various ways. Sometimes it denies ever having seen him before, and when he produces the shoes says they were not bought there. If he is willing to listen to reason a clerk exchanges goods for something a little higher in price, and the customer goes away with shoes just as cheap and worthless. If the customer wants war he can probably get that too—the organization throws him out on the sidewalk!

The Bait That People Jump At

A SHOE-TRADE journal editor estimates that many millions of dollars' worth of shoddy shoes are sold annually in this country through the fake sample stores. There is a swindle in the very assertion that their stock consists of drummers' samples; for every sample shoe made up in the regular trade is of standard size—that is, each sample of men's shoes used in selling is uniformly "size 7 width C," and in women's shoes "size 4 width B." Therefore, the shoemen who did a large volume of business in real samples would have to select customers whose feet were all the same size. The goods sold in these establishments come from prisons or shoddy factories, and are distributed through jobbing concerns that specialize in them and frequently own an interest in the fake sample store. Materials are "splits" and side leather, condemned leather, compressed paper, imitation leather—and so on. The hard-working laborer who pays two-sixty-eight for a pair of such shoes may be under the impression that he has cut out a middleman's profit somewhere—until the first rainy day, when his bargain goes to pieces.

The legitimate shoe dealer is a merchant with honest stock, selling goods at reasonable profits, sticking to the same location year after year, ready to exchange goods, and paying taxes and doing his duty as a citizen. He has enough legitimate competition to keep his mind occupied, as a rule; but the fake shoe store is not regarded as competition. He knows that it is a downright swindle and regrets the loss to the public and the harm done the shoe business. Occasionally such a merchant undertakes to expose the fake sample-shoe store single-handed. The outcome has been compared to a catch-as-catch-can match with a skunk. The fakers delight in such an adversary, set up a loud cry of "Persecution by the Shoe Trust!" and make capital of the opposition. Merchants have, therefore, held aloof, in the hope that the fake sample-shoe store would eventually run its course and disappear. Instead, it has merely grown stronger. That sort of business is plain fraud. There are laws against fraud, but nobody has been interested in collecting evidence and conducting systematic prosecution in the courts. The end of this unsavory branch of Little Business will come when merchants in each community organize for exposure and prosecution.

Another familiar fraud is the fake bankrupt stock of men's clothing or furnishings. Often where an empty store on a leading business street can be secured at low rent from month to month, it blossoms out, backed up by some fictitious story of damage done by a fire that never happened or of goods involved in the bankruptcy of a house that never existed.

In New York the compiler of a trade directory of clothing and furnishing firms has found a steady demand for affidavits. One of these establishments opens in a Middle-Western town, loudly advertising a stock "purchased at fifteen cents on the dollar, to wind up the bankruptcy of the famous house of Bottom & Bottom, New York." The regular merchants of that town sometimes get together and telegraph the directory man, who makes an affidavit something like this:

As compiler of the standard directory of the men's-clothing and furnishing-goods trade for twenty-five years, I have personal knowledge of every house engaged therein. The firm of Bottom & Bottom has never been listed in our directory; the name is not found in any New York city telephone or trade directory; I have never known or heard of such a firm. To the best of my knowledge, it has never been engaged in the clothing or furnishing-goods business in the city of New York.

That affidavit, telegraphed back, is then published in the town invaded by the fake bankrupt concern.

These frauds go to great lengths in deception by the use of well-known tradenames. There may be a make of underwear enjoying a national reputation under the trademark Standard, for instance. The faker will display some genuine suits of this brand, marked at very low prices, and substitute a cheap imitation when customers buy. Or he will exploit his imitation under a similar name—as Stanford. Another common trick is the sign in the window: "This Standard style underwear, eighteen cents a garment"—the word "style" being printed in almost microscopic letters.

Some manufacturers have taken steps to protect their trademark rights by photographing tricky window displays and obtaining other evidence; but this is costly work and only checks the faker in one of a thousand deceptions. The remedy here, too, seems to lie in merchants' organizations for the prosecution of frauds. Not long ago, in a large Southern city, all-wool suits were advertised at

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The Last Stand of the Buffalo



The Last Eight Hundred Buffaloes Alone Stood Between the Species and Utter Extinction

By WALTER NOBLE BURNS

ONLY eight hundred buffaloes were left alive in the world in 1895. The year marked the minimum numerical strength of a race of animals whose former population in North America has been estimated at sixty millions. The last eight hundred buffaloes alone stood between the species and utter extinction. If by any chance these few survivors had been wiped out of existence the buffalo would have become one forever with the dodo and the mastodon.

By so slight a tenure did the buffalo cling to racial existence that preservation seemed a forlorn hope; but the buffaloes rallied in their last ditch. The tattered remnants of the once mighty herds began slowly to increase. Today it is possible to assert confidently that the crisis is passed and the future of the buffalo is assured.

Within the past few years the United States and Canada have established herds of buffaloes on Government ranges that reproduce as nearly as it is possible to do under fence the conditions under which the buffalo lived in the wild freedom of prairie days. Left to themselves in these spacious pastures, the buffaloes may be depended upon to work out their own salvation—slowly but surely.

The United States now possesses three buffalo parks. These are the Wichita national bison range in Western Oklahoma, the Montana national bison range in Northwestern Montana and the fenced-in range in Yellowstone National Park. Canada is breeding buffaloes in Rocky Mountain Park at Banff, and in Elk Island Park; but its great buffalo nursery is at Wainwright, in Alberta, where it has established the most extensive fenced-in game preserve and the largest herd of buffaloes in the world. The herd now numbers more than a thousand head.

Opportunities We Have Lost

THE policy of the United States in dealing with the problem of buffalo preservation has been marked by niggardliness and a woful lack of sentiment and spirit. It is to the American Bison Society that all the credit must be given for putting the buffalo in this country on a safe footing for the future. The original herds in all three national parks have been gifts to the Government. The nucleus herd in Yellowstone Park was the gift of C. J.—"Buffalo"—Jones, who purchased the animals and had them transported at his own expense to Yellowstone Park. The nucleus herd on the Wichita range was the gift of the New York Zoölogical Park. The nucleus herd on the Montana range was the gift of the American Bison Society.

The work of Canada has been in munificent contrast. It is a sad commentary on the parsimonious and dilatory policy of the United States that Canada obtained most of its buffaloes from this country. The original Wainwright herd was bred on the Flathead Indian reservation in Montana. Michael Pablo, a half-breed Indian, its owner, was compelled to sell it when the reservation was about to be thrown open to settlement. He loved the buffalo. He wanted them kept in the United States. He wanted them kept if possible in Montana, on their old range. He wished them always near him. The sight of them wandering over the hills stirred the aboriginal strain in his blood like an echo from the past, when the great herds blackened the prairies and Indian villages smoked by every stream. He tried hard to induce the United States to establish a national park in the Flathead reservation and purchase his buffaloes with which to stock it.

Did the opportunity thus presented kindle in the breasts of the senators and congressmen at Washington a sentimental enthusiasm in the cause of a noble and dying race of wild animals—an enthusiasm touched with poetry and akin to patriotism? It did not. The Government authorities gave old Pablo's proposition scant consideration and promptly turned it down.

A. Ayotte, Canadian immigration agent at Missoula, Montana, heard of the United States Government's refusal. He hired a cayuse without delay and rode sixty miles to Pablo's ranch. The old half-breed took him out into the mountains and showed him the magnificent brutes at pasture on their wild range. When he started back to Missoula Mr. Ayotte had an option upon the herd. When he reached town he rode straight to a telegraph office and wired Pablo's price to the Canadian government. The Canadian authorities did not wait to write. They wired back: "Buy the entire herd at once!" And Mr. Ayotte did. In shame and bitterness of spirit all Americans interested in the buffalo saw the great herd pass eventually across the border into alien hands.

However, if the United States let one magnificent opportunity slip through its fingers it still has a chance to redeem itself. The American Bison Society is now in the midst of a vigorous campaign to induce Congress to establish a fourth national buffalo park in the Black Hills country of South Dakota. A survey of the land has been made under the direction of the society. The proposed site includes the Wind Cave National Park and adjacent lands, with a total area of seventeen thousand acres. If the park is established the Bison Society will present to the Government a herd of not fewer than twenty-five buffaloes.

Right at hand for the stocking of the new park is the Philip herd, at Fort Pierre, South Dakota, now the largest herd in the United States. The herd was bred by the late James Philip from five buffalo calves captured in a hunt on Grand River in 1881.

"There are now in the herd three hundred full-blooded buffaloes and I think they are the finest specimens in existence," writes Mr. George Philip, administrator of the James Philip estate. "They are allowed to run at large in a pasture of about twelve thousand acres in the Missouri River brakes about six miles north of Fort Pierre, and make their way both summer and winter without being fed any hay. So you see they are as near the natural buffalo as present-day conditions permit. It is only a question of time when the Philip estate will find it necessary to dispose of the herd, and I should like very much to see the National Government take it over and keep it intact."

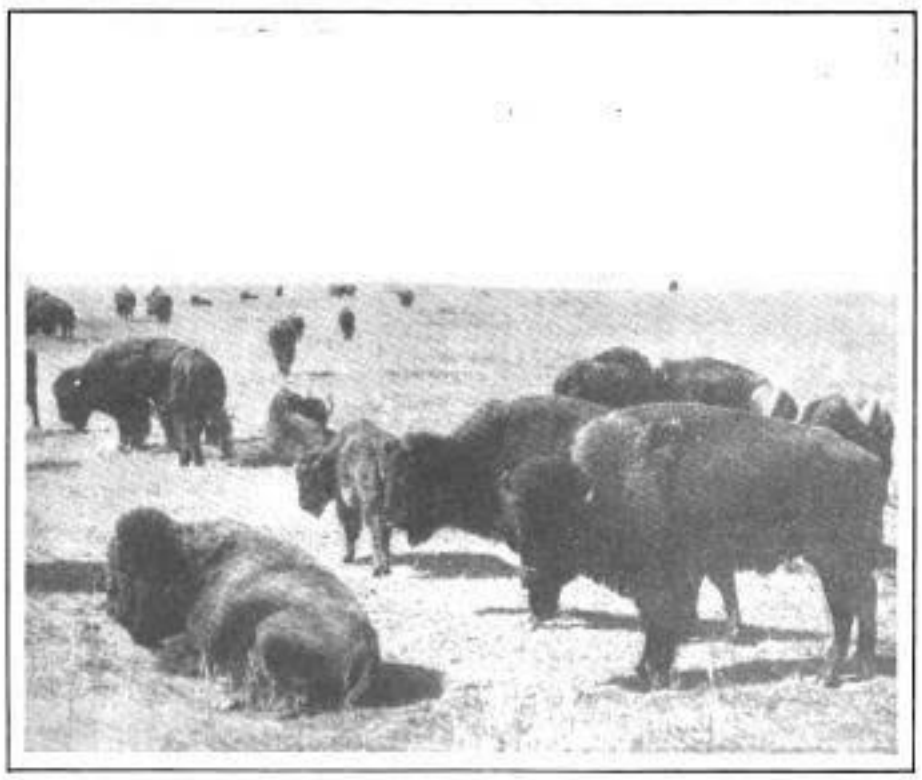
Though Congress has established parks and provided funds for the maintenance of national herds, it never has purchased a single buffalo. The American Bison Society has been thankful for small favors, and has hesitated to ask more for fear of causing a reaction that might prove hurtful to its cause. To friends of the buffalo it would be in the nature of a tragedy if this fine herd were broken up; but it seems too much to hope that the Government will buy it. If danger of its dispersal were imminent Uncle Sam doubtless would stand by, twiddling his thumbs apathetically, as in the Pablo episode, and see it sold over the border or disintegrated by private purchase.

Policies of Preservation

POPULAR subscription might save it for the nation; but popular subscription in the cause of the buffalo is slow and difficult work. The American Bison Society tried it once. It had about all it could do to raise the ten thousand dollars with which the herd for the Montana national park was bought. The sentiment for the preservation of the buffalo was apparently quite keen throughout the country, but it was surprising how much of it suddenly evaporated when there seemed to be a prospect of its involving the pocketbook. One other hope remains for preserving the integrity of the Philip herd. That lies in the possibility that some millionaire or wealthy individual may become sufficiently interested to purchase the herd and present it to the nation.

With the establishment of the park in South Dakota, but one other important detail in the American Bison Society's general scheme for the national preservation of the buffalo will remain to be accomplished. That is the transformation of Antelope Island, in Great Salt Lake, Utah, into a national buffalo park. The island is twenty miles northwest of Salt Lake City. It is about sixteen miles long, from one to five wide, and contains between 25,000 and 30,000 acres. Officers of the American Bison Society have looked it over and declared it would make an ideal buffalo range. It is a mountainous island containing fine natural pastures for summer and winter grazing, and it is abundantly watered. A herd of buffaloes numbering about one hundred at the close of 1911 runs wild upon the island. Both island and buffaloes are owned by Mr. John E. Dooly, of Salt Lake City. The movement to convert the island into a Government park has progressed far enough to warrant the belief that within the next year or two it will be added to the nation's buffalo pastures. It is to be hoped the entire Dooly herd will be purchased and kept upon the island. If Congress cannot see its way clear to do this the herd is so small that its purchase price unquestionably could be raised by a vigorously conducted campaign of popular subscription.

There are several reasons why a number of comparatively small parks are preferable to one or two very large ones. Authorities agree that, in a wild state, no herd of animals ever deteriorates through inbreeding. A number of unrelated herds



Americans Saw the Great Herd Pass Across the Border Into Alien Hands

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bred in widely separated parts of the country will obviate the possibility of danger from this source, as new blood may be introduced at any time by the transference of bulls from one range to another. Moreover, there are few places in the country where very large parks of good pasture land can be established without inclosing areas that will be wanted for agricultural purposes more and more insistently as the West becomes more thickly settled. With national parks in Montana, Oklahoma, the Yellowstone, South Dakota and on Antelope Island there would be ample provision for the maintenance of expanding herds of buffaloes for fifty or a hundred years to come. The acreage of these five parks would take care of from ten to fifteen thousand buffaloes, self-sustaining on land that no farmer would covet.

The latest figures of the American Bison Society, compiled by Mr. William P. Wharton, secretary, bring the census of the buffalo up to January 1, 1911. The figures are as follows:

Buffaloes of pure blood in captivity in the United States	1331
Buffaloes of pure blood in captivity in Canada	954
Buffaloes wild in the United States	25
Buffaloes wild in Canada	450
Total buffaloes in North America	2760

Here are later figures which were obtained by myself in the fall of 1911 from wardens and superintendents of national parks, or are estimated, the estimates being carefully based on the last census of the American Bison Society and upon my own knowledge of the number of breeding cows in the herds. These figures, so far as they go, are really the census figures for January 1, 1912:

Montana National Bison Range	70
Wichita National Bison Range	30
Yellowstone Park—in captivity—estimated	140
Philip Herd, South Dakota	300
Antelope Island Herd, Utah—estimated	100
Goodnight Herd, Texas—estimated	140
Conrad Herd, Montana—estimated	60
Corbin Herd, New Hampshire	120
Pablo Herd, Montana—estimated	80
Wainwright Herd—Canada	1031
Other Government Parks in Canada—estimated	80
In United States owned privately or scattered among city parks and zoölogical collections—estimated	388
Total	2539

It is difficult for the modern American, whose knowledge of the buffalo is confined largely to specimens in zoölogical gardens, to realize the vast numbers that formerly inhabited North America. In its former range the buffalo touched tidewater along the Atlantic Coast in Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina and Georgia. Its northeastern limit was in New York at the eastern end of Lake Erie, its southeastern near the mouth of the Altamaha, in Georgia. It never was found in Central or Eastern New York, Canada east or north of the Great Lakes, the states of New England, Central or Eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware or Florida. It made its home in all the other states east of the Mississippi River, with the possible exception of Michigan. West of the Great Lakes its habitat was bounded by a line extending from Chicago northwesterly to Great Slave Lake, then southwesterly to the Rocky Mountains. The buffaloes overflowed into British Columbia through passes in the mountain rampart north of the international boundary. They were found in Idaho, on the slopes of the Blue Mountains in Eastern Oregon, in Northeastern Nevada, the northeastern half of Utah, in Colorado and in New Mexico as far west as the Rio Grande del Norte. They extended into Mexico as far south as the twenty-fifth parallel. From the southwestern limit of their range to the delta of the Mississippi they were abundant. They never reached California and, so far as known, never glimpsed—even distantly—the blue waters of the Pacific.

A Shameful Carnival of Butchery

THE extinction of the buffalo is the most murderous and shameless chapter in the history of man's dealings with wild brutes. Buffaloes were in Western New York in 1800, and in Ohio as late as 1812. They were practically extinct east of the Mississippi River by 1820. A few stragglers slain in Wisconsin in 1830 were the last buffaloes killed east of the great river. The country between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, the Rio Grande and Great Slave Lake, was one great buffalo pasture. It is estimated that it held forty million buffaloes in 1800.

The advent of the railroads marked the beginning of the end for the Western buffalo. The Union Pacific divided the buffaloes into two great divisions known thereafter as the southern herd and the northern herd. The two herds withdrew farther and farther from the terrible iron horse and the deadly hunters who swarmed along its sinister steel trail, and they never were reunited.

By 1871 the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe and the Kansas Pacific railroads had been built, both through the heart of the southern range, opening its remotest corners to Eastern markets. As if fate itself had marked the buffalo for quick extermination, the breech-loading rifle reached perfection at this time. The buffalo range suddenly became a bonanza land and the inrush of hunters has been compared to the stampede to the California goldfields in 1849. Good shots could kill from forty to sixty animals a day, and hides sold at one dollar and twenty-five cents. Merchants in the railroad towns grubstaked and outfitted hunting parties. Dodge City, Wichita and Leavenworth became centers of the buffalo trade. The chief business of the entire country became the destruction of the buffalo.

Still-hunting was the method employed. From the crest of a ridge, from an arroyo, from behind a clump of sagebrush, the hunter opened fire. So long as he remained concealed the buffaloes would not run. They would look curiously at each puff of smoke and bellow as they sniffed the blood of their dying comrades, but stupidly remain to be picked off one by one until the last had fallen. It was no more a sportsman's game than killing beeves in an abattoir with a sledge-hammer. It was business pure and simple, murderously effective and immensely profitable. A single hunter annihilated a herd in a day. Records of more than a hundred buffaloes killed in an hour from one stand were not uncommon. In the hunting season—from November to February—no hired hunter was considered worth his salt who failed to kill from one to three thousand. The season's kill of the most expert hunters ran far above this.

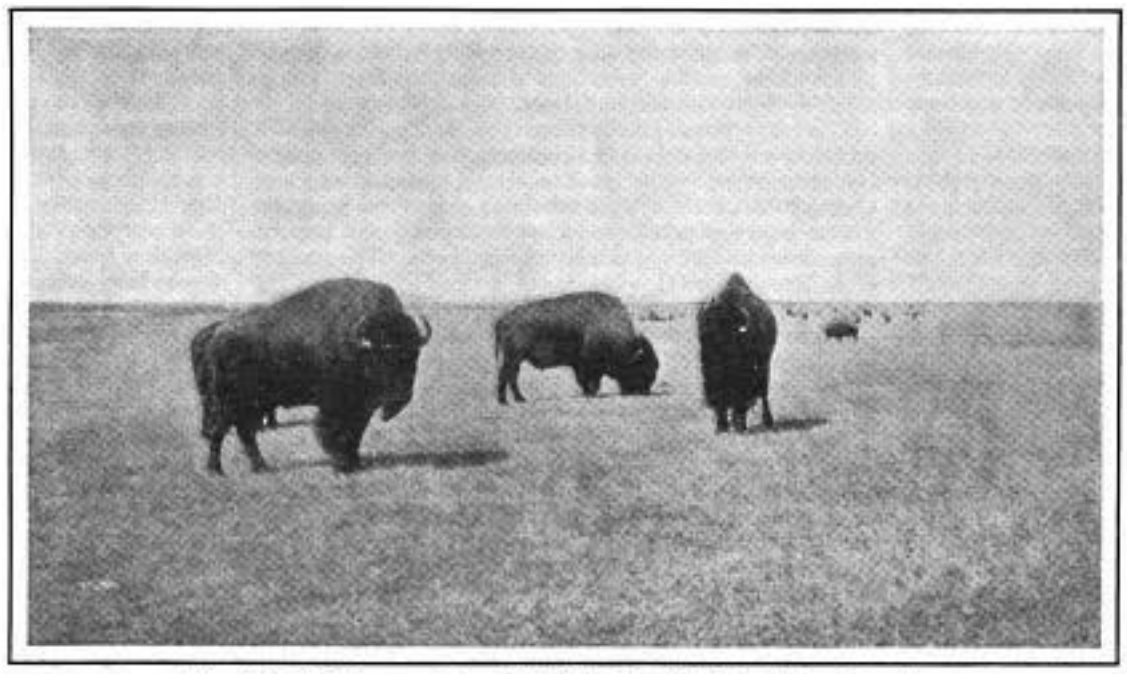
At the beginning of 1871 the southern herd numbered about four millions. It had been wiped out of existence by the end of 1874. Into those four years was crowded the most tremendous slaughter of wild animals in the history of the world. When the carnival of butchery was at its height the plains were mighty shambles tainted with the pestilential savors of thousands of carcasses. Fat years were these for the buzzard and the coyote. In 1871 the prairies were black with living buffaloes. In 1874 they were white with their bones.

The survivors of the great slaughter fled southward to the Llano Estacado. Scattered bands lingered about the headquarters of the Republican River and in Southwestern Nebraska until 1885. Wild buffaloes were seen for the last time in Kansas, in the extreme southwest corner of the state, in 1886. Fifty-two were killed near Tascosa, Texas, in 1887. Four killed in 1889 near Buffalo Springs, Texas, are believed to have been the last survivors of the southern herd.

The fate of the northern herd was staved off for a few years after the southern herd had been wiped out, by the presence on its range of Indians hostile to the whites and by the absence of railroads. The Northern Pacific road was built to Bismarck in 1876. It became the outlet for robes and hides shipped by boat from the headwaters of the Yellowstone and the Missouri. It was not until 1880 that the road was extended west through the center of the buffalo country. In 1876, according to Doctor Hornaday's estimate, the herd numbered a million and a half. By 1880 it had dwindled to one million. In 1881 there was a rush of hunters to the northern range that rivaled that to the southern range a few years earlier. In 1882 there were five thousand hunters and skinners on the range.

The still-hunt again was the only method employed, and robes and hides were worth three and four times as much as on the southern range. The butchery was at its height in 1882. The Northern Pacific shipped out fifty thousand hides in 1881, two hundred thousand in 1882, forty thousand in 1883, and only three hundred in 1884. These shipments are an isotherm marking the rise and fall of the slaughter. The end came without the hunters themselves being aware of the exterminating character of their work. In the autumn of 1883 many hunting parties were outfitted at heavy expense and struck into the range only to learn through bankruptcy that the buffalo had gone forever.

Toward the close of the season that marked the extermination of the northern buffalo a herd of fifty thousand crossed the Yellowstone River near Fort Keogh, and disappeared in the northern wilderness. When the range grew green the next spring settlers and Indians furbished up their rifles and watched the northern horizon for its return; but they watched in vain that year, and the next, and the year after. The last great herd passed into tradition as the lost herd. The belief grew that it had escaped the slaughter and had found refuge in the wild country between the Peace and Saskatchewan Rivers, in Canada. To this day, in the cabins of gray-bearded pioneers and the teepees of Indians in the Northwest, you may find men who expect to wake up some fine morning and gladden their eyes with a sight of the lost herd once more at pasture on its old stamping grounds. Alas, that their dream never can come true! The great herd in its northern migration never reached the Canadian border. It was wiped out to the last hoof by white hunters along the upper reaches of the Missouri River.



They Would Bellow as They Sniffed the Blood of Their Dying Comrades

The Lost Herd

ONLY a few stragglers of the great northern herd were spared. Two hundred survived for a few years in the broken country west of the Musselshell River, in Montana. These eventually were killed. Two hundred found refuge in Yellowstone Park. Many of these were slain when they strayed out of the protected area. The last buffaloes of the northern herd that kept to the open range were killed in 1886 on Big Dry and Big Porcupine Creeks, in Montana, by Dr. William T. Hornaday at the head of a Smithsonian Institution expedition. The doctor and his companions killed twenty-five. A number of these were mounted and are now in the National Museum, at Washington.

The future of the buffalo seemed dubious when the American Bison Society was organized in 1905 and began its work for the preservation and upbuilding of the race. The buffalo never had more devoted friends than Dr. William T. Hornaday and Ernest Harold Baynes, who were chosen president and secretary of the organization. Doctor Hornaday, now director of the New York Zoölogical Park, is without question the greatest living authority on the buffalo. The first signal achievement of the new society was the creation of the Wichita national bison range.

When the Kiowa-Comanche reservation in Southwestern Oklahoma was thrown open for settlement, in 1901, sixty thousand eight hundred acres were set aside by Congress as a national forest reserve, embracing the Wichita Mountains and the adjacent plains. The region included some of the best grazing ground of wild herds in early days. The American Bison Society offered to provide fifteen buffaloes as the nucleus of a national herd if the Government would fence a range in the Wichita forest reserve. The offer was accepted. An appropriation was made by Congress and twelve square miles in the heart of the reserve were inclosed by a high meshwire fence. At the suggestion of Doctor Hornaday, the New York Zoölogical Society donated the buffaloes, which originally had been a part of the Austin Corbin herd, in New Hampshire. They included one bull five and a half years old, one bull three and a half years old, two bulls two and a half years old, one spike bull yearling, one bull calf six months old, six breeding cows, one cow two and a half years old, one cow one and a half years old, one cow calf six months old. These animals represented four distinct strains of blood, and the oldest bull was not related to any other member.

They were shipped from New York in separate crates in palace stock cars forming part of a fast passenger train,

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and were unloaded at Cache, Oklahoma. From Cache they were transported on wagons twelve miles across the prairie to their new home. They were turned into the range in October, 1907.

Wichita Park consists of wooded hills and open rolling prairie, covered with mesquit grass, buffalo grass and blue-stem. The water supply is abundant and constant. A fine spring in the northern portion of the range is the source of Cache Creek, which flows the entire length of the range. The hills are timbered with black-jack and post oak and form an excellent winter shelter. The winters are mild. There is little snow. The buffaloes require no artificial shelter and there is fine winter grazing.

Warden Frank Rush writes, however, that in winter he feeds the buffaloes hay, cane and Kafir corn. This custom probably will be abandoned as the herd grows. It is necessary now because the buffaloes are zoölogical-park animals that have lost the instinct to rustle for themselves, especially when snow covers the pasture. The warden, moreover, hesitates to force the buffaloes to rustle for themselves, for fear they might come through the winter lean and enfeebled, and not in condition to fight against a possible attack of Texas fever. The entire Wichita forest reserve was formerly the grazing ground of thousands of range cattle and became infested with the tick which produces that dangerous epidemic. Buffaloes are not less subject to this malady than cattle. Two buffaloes died from the fever after reaching the range.

To guard against the tick, each buffalo is sprayed annually with crude petroleum shot from a hose. This antiseptic bath kills the tick and renders the animal immune from attack so long as the odor endures. During the period of danger the buffaloes are kept under close observation in an inclosure of two hundred acres, which has been burned over. According to Warden Rush, the tick is gradually being eradicated from the entire forest reserve and now offers no serious menace to the herd.

In its four years in Oklahoma the buffalo herd has doubled in size, numbering thirty head at the close of 1911. This rate of increase is considered satisfactory, as there are now only eight breeding cows. In a recent letter Warden Rush said: "The herd should increase in the next two years to forty-five; and after that, of course, much faster."

Eight antelopes and six elks have been colonized in the park and are thriving. These animals were shipped from Yellowstone Park. No finer antelope pasture could be found on the continent than these prairies of mesquit and buffalo grass. A few white-tail deer were inclosed in the park when the fence was built. They have dwelt among the hills and it is estimated they now number eighty.

At Home in Their Native Haunts

THE Montana national bison range was established in 1909. The American Bison Society selected and surveyed the range, and again agreed to supply the herd if the Government would provide the park. With a congressional appropriation of forty thousand dollars, twenty-nine square miles were purchased and fenced in the Flathead Indian reservation in Northwestern Montana. The site was the best portion of the former range of the Pablo herd. It lay along the Northern Pacific Railroad, the nearest stations being Ravalli and Dixon.

With ten thousand five hundred and sixty dollars raised by popular subscription the bison society purchased thirty-four buffaloes from the Conrad herd, near Kalispell, Montana, seventy miles distant from the park. The price paid was two hundred and seventy-five dollars apiece for the buffaloes delivered on the range. The purchase consisted of one bull five years old, two bulls four years old, two bulls three years old, three bulls two years old, four bulls one and a half years old, three cows six years old, seven cows four to five years old, three cows three years old, five cows two years old, four cows one and a half years old. A gift of two additional animals was made to the society by Mrs. Alicia Conrad, administratrix of the Conrad estate. Of this pair Mrs. Conrad wrote:

"We have selected for this gift the finest pair we own—Kalispell Chief, a nine-year-old male, an animal to which we believe it would be difficult to find an equal in the world today; and, as his mate, the herd leader—a vigorous, sagacious cow, having a calf every year—a cow which will be of the greatest value to the new herd. We have depended upon her wise head and good sense in our management of the herd and have no cow to equal her."

The herd arrived at Ravalli, at the edge of the park, in October, 1909. "As the crates were opened," writes Doctor Hornaday, "the bison backed out of them, looked about for a moment, saw their Paradise Regained looming up across the Jocko River, splashed across the stream and climbed up into their new home."

Eleven gift buffaloes from the Philip, Dooly, Corbin and Goodnight herds swelled the total of the new herd to forty-seven. These have increased to seventy, nineteen calves having been born in the spring of 1911. There are now twenty-three breeding cows in the herd.

The Montana park is a fenced-in mountain, with connected pastoral ridges and with wide level meadows along the watercourses. The river flats are about three thousand feet above the sea. The highest peak is Quilseeh, or Red Sleep Mountain, forty-eight hundred feet above the sea. From its summit the land slopes away in every direction. On the south it drops to the Jocko River; on the west to the Flathead River; on the north to Mission Creek; and on the east to Mission Valley. These streams are fed from melting snows in neighboring mountain ranges and are never dry. Abundance of pure water also is supplied by many large springs. Through almost every ravine in the park sparkles a rivulet of crystal spring water. In some places these brooks have been dammed to form ample drinking basins for the buffaloes.

The pasturage is chiefly bunch grass. This grows lush and deep on the slopes, in the draws and ravines, and on the river vegas. The great central pyramidal mass of Quilseeh Mountain and its adjoining ridges and summits are smoothly carpeted with grass in summer and present an appearance of huge velvety rolling lawns. The grass is often knee-deep. It cures on the ground and affords the finest of winter grazing.

There is a scattering of yellow pine, Douglas fir and rock maple on the ridges. The southern slopes of several of the peaks are covered from base to summit with sparse timber of this sort.

Along the streams, cottonwood, birch, aspen, alder and willow grow thick. These timber belts are, as a rule, not broad, but in places they spread into considerable groves. In summer the buffaloes haunt these shady copses, wallowing in the cool loam, standing half asleep on some golden shingly bar in the shadow of verdurous banks, or plunging up to their flanks in some pellucid waterhole. In winter the same tangled thickets are splendid coverts against wind and storm. Abundance of winter shelter also is offered by the ravines, the deep pockets among the hills and the secluded valleys. No matter from which direction a storm blows, the buffaloes can find shelter by moving from one side of the range to the other. There is protection from cold blasts and driving snow to be found in coulée or ravine in every part of the park. Sheltering the entire park, in a way, and adding to the beauty of its situation, mountain ramparts, seen across valleys and broken land, shut in the horizon on all sides.

The Montana buffaloes are not fed hay—or anything else—summer or winter. They run practically wild all the year round. When the range is deep with snow there is always some grazing ground blown bare by the wind; but the buffaloes do not depend wholly upon the windswept patches. With an instinct handed down from their wild ancestors, they find the grass by nosing or pawing away the heaviest snows. They will grow fat on a winter range where domestic cattle would starve to death.

The winters are comparatively mild. The mercury rarely falls below zero. The snowfall is sometimes heavy, but there are frequent chinook winds that blow through the gaps of the western mountains or overflow across the lower ridges, bearing a touch of warmth from the Japan current, that tempers the climate of the Pacific Coast. In consequence of these mild winds snow rarely lies long on the buffalo range.

Eight antelopes and six elks have been added to the range. The antelopes were shipped in December, 1910, from Yellowstone Park. The elks came from Jackson Hole, in April, 1911. According to Warden Andrew R. Hodges, more antelopes and elks are soon to be introduced. It was the original idea of Doctor Hornaday and the bison society people to stock the range with a herd of twenty-five antelopes. Antelopes increase much more rapidly than buffaloes, producing two young at a birth and breeding at an earlier age. Buffalo cows never breed until they are three years old, and only about fifty per cent of them breed then. Black tail and white tail deer, and perhaps mountain sheep, will be placed in the park later on. The sheep, it is believed, would do well among the ridges.

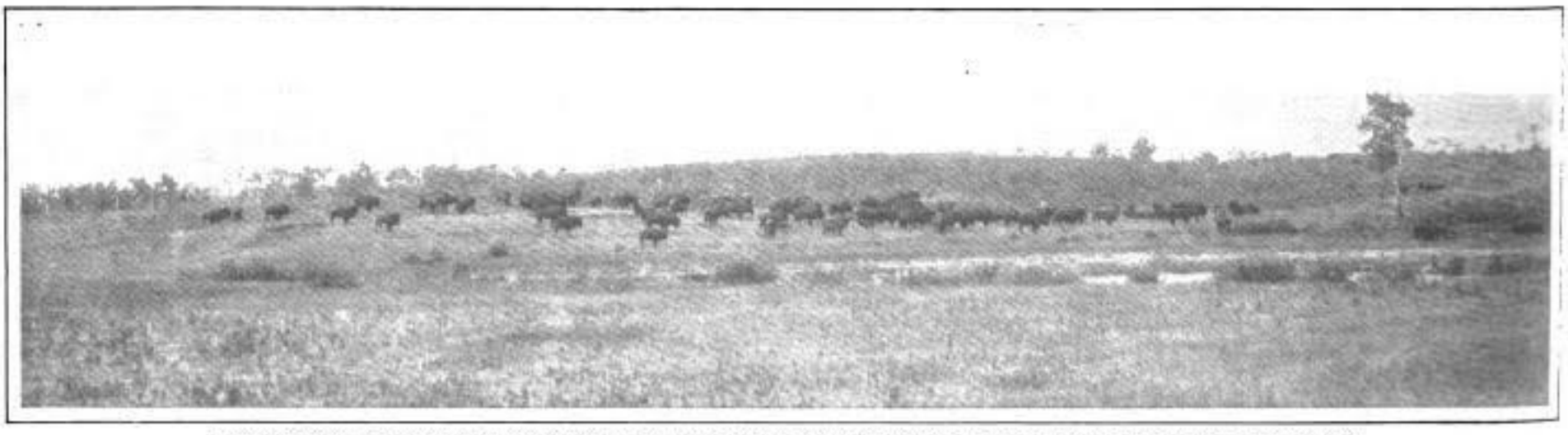
A Paradise for the Bison

"THE American people," writes Doctor Hornaday, "have thus become owners in perpetuity of what we believe to be the richest and most beautiful grazing grounds ever trodden by bison hoofs. I have seen the best portions of the buffalo plains all the way from the Texas Panhandle to the Sweet Grass hills of Northern Montana; and for abundance of rich grass, pure water, winter shelter, picturesque interior and surroundings, the Montana national range is beyond compare. I cannot conceive how any range for semi-wild animals can be more perfect or beautiful. It contains eighteen thousand five hundred and twenty-one acres, and it can support fifteen hundred buffaloes, five hundred antelopes, one hundred deer and one hundred elks, all of which in good time I trust will be seen there busily engaged in perpetuating their species. It is my opinion that, as it is today established, the Montana bison herd alone will be sufficient to save the species from extinction, and that within our own times it will make good to us the loss of the Pablo herd to Canada."

The Government herd in Yellowstone Park numbers about one hundred and forty head. For years it did no more than hold its own, but recently it has begun to increase rapidly. It has been necessary from the beginning to feed the animals hay in the winter. Much of this hay is alfalfa, grown in the park. Hay is scattered also over the open range for five or six hundred antelope, eight hundred black-tail deer, one hundred white-tail deer, a small band of moose and about forty thousand elks, now in the park. Major H. C. Benson, superintendent of the park, in his last report says new meadows on which to cut hay for the buffaloes must be found, owing to the growth of the herd, and he asks for an increase of from three to four thousand dollars in the annual appropriation for the herd's maintenance.

The fenced-in range of the buffaloes is divided into what is known as the upper and lower corrals. The upper is a six-hundred-acre tract on hills adjoining Lamar Valley; the lower a four-hundred-acre tract in the valley. The buffaloes are kept in the upper corral in summer, while the grass in the lower corral is permitted to grow. In the fall about one hundred tons of hay are cut from the lower corral and stacked for winter feeding, and then the buffaloes are turned into it to spend the winter. These corrals will be too small for the herd in a few years. The pasturage is husbanded even now. In summer the buffaloes are grazed daily on the open range outside the inclosure, in charge of cowboys, and put back in the corral at night. They have become almost as tame and tractable as domestic cattle.

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No Matter From Which Direction a Storm Blows, the Buffaloes Can Find Shelter by Moving From One Side of the Range to the Other

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THE RECORDING ANGEL



A Party on Mrs. Fanning-Rucker's Lawn Was Like an Expurgated Picnic

XV

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT

THE time to write a story is after all the characters who figure in it are dead. While they still live, God holds the sequel in the hollow of His hand. You see them only going forward in it with their backs to you upon secret errands which should be included in the chronicle if you only knew what they were; or coming to meet you with enigmatical faces that baffle interpretation. An author may invent his own plot if he creates his own heroes and heroines, but if he takes them from life he is often as much in the dark as the reader is as to what the issue may be. Moreover, if the scene is laid in a village like Ruckersville all the characters that belong do not get into the scene. There is room enough for them in the life of the town, but not power enough in the author to set them moving without their jostling each other and spoiling the literary art of composition by crowding the stage of action. The Great Dramatist is the only one who is able to accomplish this and give each a perfectly defined minor part.

Ruckersville was a town of five hundred inhabitants, every one of whom actually played his or her rôle in this story, but you will observe only about a dozen figures here by name. For example, I have been obliged to leave out a very prominent character in an old St. John preacher. He was the pastor of what the other Christians called the Campbellite church, and what he and his little hen-flock called the Christian church. He was even at that time the father of a man who has but recently become one of the Justices of the United States Supreme Bench. But to have known him at that time one would have been more likely to suppose he would become the father of a great poet or a great saint. God has a curious way of choosing the material for national characters. They do not grow as often as they might be expected to upon the hilltops of publicity. They rise mysteriously gifted from charming obscurity. This country of obscurity, by the way, is that section which really produces the greatest men. They come up in it and flourish like seeds planted in deep soil—the soil of humanity fertilized by the great simplicities of faith and virtue.

This old preacher, who was so detached that he was never involved by Jim Bone's new activities and, therefore, does not figure in this story, was really the most potential character in the town, if you considered him according to the will of God in the affairs of men. As it was, nobody considered him at all. He was very old, grizzled, nearly blind, a trifle stooped in the shoulders. On Sabbath afternoons it was his custom to read some verses of Scripture in his little church far out upon the sunny rim of Ruckersville, expound them so simply and tenderly that one might have marveled at the contrast by which some theologians confound the gospels with commentaries. Yet he was himself the author of two immense volumes of this character! And he administered the sacrament with the pleasing courtesy of a host in his Father's house.

I have also been obliged to omit the editor of the Ruckersville Star, a little mouse-colored man who went about collecting news for his paper with the straining despair of a man squeezing blood out of a turnip. There is not a more comical or pathetic figure in any village life than this one. But I am unable to quote even an extract from one of his editorials, they were so removed from any real interest in life. And so far the doctor has been omitted. But for Agnes Yancey, he would never have appeared in these pages, in spite of the fact that, next to the reigning pastor of the leading church, he exercised more influence over the women than any other man in the town. You must have observed that, though men are naturally and healthily opposed to obeying doctor's orders, so that most of them die honorably and bravely refusing to take their tonics, women are inclined to make a piety of quoting what their physician says and of yielding him an obedience that they do not know how to render the very Maker of their exaggerated beings. The doctor is the dictator of their physical existence. He appeals to the only nerve of their courage. And they are willing to crucify themselves taking nostrums, which in many cases the distracted man only prescribes to humor their distempered minds. Agnes Yancey, as you might have easily inferred from the negativity of her character, belonged to this class. She was a professional invalid only because she had missed her natural vocation in life—that of marriage. And since she is already on the scene, it is inevitable that you will meet the doctor before the curtain falls.

But, as I say, there are a number of other important citizens that you may never know at all, whose rôles in the drama of Ruckersville life were important. Among these was that of Austin Bourne, a young man with a coffee-mill voice who had studied law in vain. He could not practice it. He had been everything in vain, from a shoe drummer to an insurance agent. He could make a success of nothing. It was due to the fact that he had this gift of a voice, and believed himself too temperamental to endure the revolting details of earning a livelihood in a sordid world. His voice was he. He subjugated every feeling and every obligation to this fact. Therefore, while you may never meet him in these pages, you will bear in mind that there was never an evening when his squalling bass did not rattle the casements of some one of the Ruckersville mansions. And it would always be accompanied by the tremulous feminine reed treble of an organ, manipulated by either one maiden or another. The queer thing was that he had never married any one of his accompanists. But the explanation was really simple. He was already wedded to his voice. Besides, if he had married Leonora Bell, for example—not that Leonora would have had him—he would have been deprived of the pleasure of having Mildred Percey to accompany him on the organ in her parlor. A man with a voice is an innocent sort of instrumental polygamist. He cannot endure the same organist for a lifetime.

On Sunday afternoons in particular the town indulged in a kind of sacred concert. The words and tunes of many hymns ascended and descended in the great Sabbath calm, and often with a predominant treble poignancy that suggested that they were passing along with the camel and with many vocal squeezings through the very eye of the needle. But always, somewhere in the thin streaming sound, could be heard an awful bass.

On the Sabbath evening of which I am now about to write Jim Bone and Bimber were taking their way leisurely along Elbert Avenue. Through the open window of the Misses Yancey's parlor could be plainly seen the figures of the two sisters standing on either side of Leonora Bell, who was seated at the organ with her fingers spread out over the keys. They were singing Abide With Me; while from the parlor of Mildred Percey rolled a tremendous and familiar bass. The singer was struggling with Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep in a manner sufficiently realistic to produce seasickness. As the two pedestrians came opposite the gate of the Percey residence and the surging waves of the song rolled over them, the dog sat down, laid his tail out in the dust behind him, dropped his ears mournfully, lifted his nose, opened his mouth, and exhaled an antiphonal howl that was excruciating. Your grand opera tenor has not more temperament than a hound when it comes to singing; and Bimber was so worked upon by the combination of the organ and the voice within that nature compelled him to join in.

Nothing could have been more sympathetic than his intentions, but the effect was to silence the music as suddenly as if the singer had been dashed to death in the waves of his own melody. The dog at once resumed his walk, tail erect, ears cheerfully pointed. This was the view he presented to the two outraged faces that instantly appeared in Mildred Percey's parlor window. Bone himself was seen to stagger. To all appearances he was drunk. As a matter of fact, he was laughing. Whenever he was sufficiently inebriated by the application of his sense of humor to a situation, he weakened, lost physical control of his muscles and fell out of his chair, if he was sitting, or staggered, if he was walking.

This incident of the usual Sabbath recital in Ruckersville has no particular bearing upon our story. I merely set it down as an illustration of the innumerable details that may define the life of a community, but that are necessarily left out of fiction and history, thereby rendering both everlastingly less veracious than life.

As Jim proceeded along from the shadow of one great tree to another, which alternated with intense patches of sunlight upon the sidewalk, he saw Amy White advancing unconsciously to meet him. She wore an old rumpled and wrinkled muslin populated with faded pink roses. It was made with a "peroda" waist, and the full skirt rippled in the breeze about her tall, thin figure. She was bare-headed and she bent a trifle forward, tapping with a cane upon the walk, locating herself at every step with that singular, touching dexterity of the blind. He had passed the house a number of times within the last few months and always saw her seated at the window. But some masculine horror of invading the tragedy of such a presence had prevented his going in and making himself known to her, and thus renewing an old and intimate relation. For, when he was an urchin, years before, he had been in Amy's Sunday-school class.

It was as if he were unwilling to break the seal of an old affection, which had amounted at the time to one of those comradeships so frequent between a patient elderly woman and a very restless, outcast little boy. His parents had not been of the old Cavalier stock, and even in the Sunday-school class he had been a sort of Ishmael brand, snatched from the burning of his little sins. It was during this period that Amy's sight began to fail, a frightful miracle that the child watched with the ruthless curiosity of the young. It was his cruel custom to test her from time to time in those days by standing up before her in the doorway of her house—a vagrant, red-headed, thin-faced lad in baggy short breeches—and demanding:

"Can you see me yet, Miss Amy?"

Each time he was obliged to draw a trifle nearer, before the straining eyes could define him like a darker shadow amid the gathering of all shadows.

The day came when she could no longer see him even in the bright sunlight. He remembered the morning well. The peach blossoms were out in the orchard behind the house; the old lilac beside the chimney was covered with purple plumes. A hundred jonquils stood in rows along the path to her door. And a March wind was blowing out of a clear sky. She was seated upon the steps—changed, silent, with closed lids. The struggle was over; she had yielded to the darkness at last. He missed the strained, sweet look with which she had so many times greeted him, always ambitious to proclaim that she could yet make out the color of that flaming head.

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He hastened to station himself before her in the glare of the sun. "Miss Amy, look and see if you can see me now!" he cried.

"No, Jimmy," she replied softly; "I don't really believe I've seen you for ever so long. What I see is not you, but merely a deeper darkness in that spot."

He recalled the propriety of his grief and wondered now at the delicacy of the boy he had been, who had laid the branch of fragrant lilacs in her lap as if there were nothing remarkable about going blind, thus artlessly concealing the shock and horror of his mind from her.

All these recollections passed with incredible swiftness through his thoughts as he now watched Amy advancing, unhurried, serene, tapping the pavement to right and left, unchanged by the years that had flown since their comradeship. Her face shone in the sun, supernal, ageless. He hesitated, was tempted to cross the street and avoid the meeting. When you are a certain kind of man you do not like to be translated and transfigured back into the little boy you have been by the greeting of one who has not seen you since. It makes a contrast, wrenches the moral coward in you, which is painful.

At this moment Amy paused, waved her cane vaguely as if in search of him.

"Who is it?" she demanded in that curious deep voice. "I don't believe I recognize you."

There was scarcely a man, woman or child in Ruckersville that she did not know always before they reached her. But at the distance of three yards she now recognized a stranger.

"Miss Amy ——"

"Jimmy! It's Jimmy Bone!" she exclaimed, with the quick transfiguration of her face from the masked silence of the blind into a smile that rendered it effulgent.

Jim made a stride that brought him within reach. She dropped her cane, lifted first one hand then the other, touched the stubble on his cheek, made sure of the cleft in his chin, with a widening smile of recognition as if she had located a familiar mark.

"Do you know, boy," she went on, measuring him with the quick, delicate precision of the blind, "I believe yours was the last face I ever really saw! Do you remember how your red hair was the last to fail me? I could see that long after your face had become just a blur!

"But it's your nose I remember best." She laughed, lifted an exploring finger once more and ran it along the Sierra ridges of this organ. "As a child, Jimmy, you were cursed with a nose of a cynical maturity that was out of all keeping with your tender years."

Thus it was that Amy came to the tear that lay upon his cheek.

"It's not your being blind, Miss Amy; it's your cheerfulness," he exclaimed hoarsely, brushing it away with the back of his hand.

She omitted the point. She was really incapable of grasping it. They walked along together, he holding her arm and guiding her.

"I am so glad to see you!" she went on.

"I believe you do!"

"Do what?"

"See me. It's the first time since I came back that I have felt that anybody actually saw me! I've a little chicken's roosting feelings, Miss Amy—as if it had just been one long, long day since I was here with you, and I'd spent the whole of it looking for doodles in the grass, and was now getting back, mighty cross and tired, to the coop at sundown. Haven't you got a few breadcrumbs for me in the old pan you used to keep on the water bucket shelf in the back porch?"

"I had to give up my chickens, Jimmy. It was a great cross at the time. But I got to where I could not find all the little ones in the evening, and I'd be awakened sometimes at night hearing one cheeping, cheeping somewhere out in the dark. And I'd hate to disturb Elbert. He works so hard every day, it seemed unreasonable to make him get up out of a sound sleep to put just a little chicken in the coop under its mother's wings. So I let the hen go."

They sat down in the entry of Amy's house and talked—that is, Jim talked. It was the first time that he had willingly given out in Ruckersville any of the details of his past. But now all at once it seemed that he had an overwhelming desire to get it properly expurgated and set forth to Amy's admiring ears. It was no more the truth than any other man's past is the truth when he tells it to a woman. She inspired him to lie about it beautifully, as she inspired Elbert to lie about his daily existence, and as every good woman inspires every bad man to fabricate his autobiography. As he went on with the tale of his adventures he began to see himself sweetly glorified in the placid, smiling attention of her sweet blind face. He wondered why in the world he had been so secretive about those years in the West.

Jim Bone perceived all at once that he was not the rowdy he had supposed himself to be, but something of a hero of the chapter-heading smiles upon Amy's lips. Given the tablet of such a countenance, and the worst man in existence can make shining scriptures of an ill-spent life. The truth is, we are all autobiographical liars. But the funny thing is that once we see ourselves clarified by such faith as Amy's, we accept her version, and experience a shriven peace that must distract the God who makes our moral sense, but does not control it afterward. On this occasion Bone finished his metamorphosis from the outlaw into the modest deprecating hero simply by a method of narrative that left out the undesirable portions of his real history. And it is one of the commonest miracles of conversion practiced by either men or women.

Two slim poplars that stood on either side of the front gate to Captain Martin's residence across the street cast long, steeple shadows upon the floor of the entry of Amy's house before Jim had finished his story. Then there was a little silence. Amy sat with her hands peacefully folded, showing like long-fingered lilies among the roses in her gown. Jim looked up like a man who is resting after a prodigious creation, and saw her face hooded in the evening shade, serene like a prayer that was answered years and years ago. For the first time he really thought of her. During the past hour she had simply been the environment in which he had found it possible and natural to recreate himself in the image of strength and nobility. Now he was inclined to part with a question the silence that hung like a curtain before that marvelous countenance.

"But what of you, Miss Amy? You haven't told me a thing about yourself."

"Oh, I've been singularly blessed, Jimmy," she said, covering him for a moment with the halo of her smile.

"You might not think it, me being blind. But I've missed all the sad sights in the world for more than twenty years. At first I was lonely. You know Elbert is a very busy man. His practice keeps him uptown all day. But I reckon I'm gladder to see him when he comes in the evening than most women are, who are busy all day and do not spend the whole of it waiting for their husbands. It seems to me that I don't really live till I hear Elbert's footsteps out there on the walk in the evening. Then all at once in the twinkling of a star, my heart begins to bubble, I am alive, I laugh and I talk. It's funny. You'd think that Elbert would do most of the talking, him being out in sight of so much doings in the town all day; but really I always have the most to say. You'd be astonished how much news of life you get just sitting blind and still for so many hours every day. Elbert says I am the greatest sensationalist in Ruckersville. I'm always telling him things I've thought out about this one or that one during the day—most of 'em good things, I hope, Jimmy," she interrupted herself to add. "It's wonderful how kind not seeing makes all your knowledge of men and women. And, of course, it's Elbert's way of complimenting me," she laughed. "He says it would make him terrible uneasy to have such a long-sighted woman for a wife if he didn't behave himself; he says he'd never dare come into my presence if he didn't do his best. He says he knows that the Lord sometimes holds His hands before His face when He's planning His new salvations for man, to keep me from taking advantage of it a thousand years too soon."



This Old Preacher Was Really the Most Potential Character in the Town

Jim was unable to join in her punctuations of laughter. He was thinking of Elbert, the vagabond and sot, and marveling at this sweet miracle of blindness, which was better than sight. He was suddenly overtaken by a stinging self-consciousness. It seemed that he, as well as Elbert, was a reincarnation achieved by Amy's faith, which bore no resemblance to the man he really was. It was depressing. The polluted past streamed in again upon his memories of himself. He arose, shook one trouser leg down and then the other, and said:

"Well, I must be going."

"Come again, Jimmy," she invited. "I want to know what you are doing in the town. Everybody is talking about you."

"They are?"

"Yes," she laughed; "I hear all sorts of rumors about the Bone building on the square; and Mildred tells me you are going to furnish tombstones for the soldiers' graves out of your new quarry. Yes, and that shows the people you mean well. They are very glad now that you have come back."

"Hope they'll stay glad!"

"Of course they will. And you must come back again and tell me things. I'd like to hear."

She paused, smiled a smile so luminous that it might have bridged any darkness, and went on:

"I'll tell you a secret, Jimmy, that I've told no one else. I am writing a little Book of Life. Elbert copies it out for me in the evenings. It is about people in Ruckersville. Nothing wise or great. I am just setting down the things they do—the commonplace deeds that never get into history or fiction. It's not to be published, of course—just a sort of human calendar of the days of our years here in the old town, which the children who come after us may discover some day in mine and Elbert's things, after we are dead and gone, and may find interesting and profitable. I've set it down already—all this life you've stirred up, and the talk about that strange Bone building on the square. It's getting to be like a real story, my little book, since you've come, a story with a mystery in it—a mystery upon which you have got us all working, without telling us what it is we are doing. You have no idea what a difference it's made, your coming and your stirring up things. Sitting here by my window, I've felt these last few months like a thermometer with mercury rising."

"You say Elbert copies it for you?" inquired Jim, who had listened with singular intentness to her artless confession. He had seen chapters of The Town Testament i



"Did You Ever Have Any Trouble With Your Spine, Mr. Bone?"

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The Monthly Mercury, and had wondered, like every one else, what cross between saint and fiend was the author of these papers. He was still standing with his back to the street—poised in the mid-air of astonishment, so to speak, at the discovery he had made—when another shadow fell between those of the two poplars on the floor. The *shadow* moved, lengthened, tilted its hat, swished its skirts, and showed for an instant the neck and chin of a charming profile.

He turned and beheld Sylvia Story setting her foot upon the doorstep, looking more than ever like a Corinthian virgin in the calm of the Sabbath evening.

"Sylvia!" called Amy at once. "Come here, child, and let me see you!" By seeing she meant touching. "I always know you by the rustle of your skirts," she laughed, lifting her hand and passing it delicately along the girl's shoulders and neck as she bent and kissed her.

"Jimmy, you know Sylvia, don't you?" she went on.

It was a fact that they knew and did not know each other with an intimacy that enthralled imagination, but as the young man looked into the girl's face he understood that he should make a great mistake if he admitted this fact.

"No, never saw Miss Story before!" answered Jim, conjugating the lie glibly.

"I'll make you acquainted then," she said sedately. "This is Jimmy Bone, Sylvia. I used to know him when he was a boy. And this is Sylvia Story, Jimmy, the girl that's taken your place to me since you went away."

Jim flattened his hat against his side with one hand, set one leg forward, bent his knee and bowed awkwardly, but low enough to show the entire top of his red head. Sylvia merely inclined hers.

"Am I never to hear her voice?" thought Jim.

"Sit down, Sylvia!" Amy commanded. Then the young sphinx yielded the point.

"No, thank you. I am on my way to choir practice. I only stopped for a moment."

How terrible it is that no mortal grace has yet produced a language worthy of the tongue of a beautiful woman. If Sylvia had parted her lips and spoken in the Ossian strain of Torcah-tarno's daughter, Jim would have been startled only by the fitness of the speech. As it was, the commonplace familiarity of the sentiment she expressed took nothing away from the deep resonant tones coming out of her throat in a cadence that would have charmed any words into the semblance of poetry.

A moment later both had taken leave of Amy and were walking along the dusky street together.

It is not my purpose to follow them. The language of true love is monosyllabic and symbolic.

If a lover says to his beloved, "It is a beautiful night," he does not really refer to diurnal phenomena of darkness in which distant suns and moons and planets shine. These are minor constellations bedimmed when compared with her eyes. What he really means is that her presence makes the night beautiful.

She understands and says nothing. To reply "yes" would indicate egotism or dullness. Nothing from the standpoint of an ignoble eavesdropper can be more inane or absurd than a conversation between lovers. And no speech in this world is so pregnant with supernal meaning. This is why it is nearly always profanation to quote lovers, and explains why the conversation of Sylvia and Jim as they took their way down the avenue is not set down here. If it is as great a relief to the reader as it is to the author that they have at last met upon grounds sufficiently conventional to permit their courtship to proceed in a proper manner, this is gratification enough, without your knowing the only two sentences that passed between them during the walk from Amy's house to the church. A real lover does not beat much about the bush. He makes every word tell, till his arms render further conversation unnecessary. Mr. Bone, I say, addressed Sylvia only once during this walk. But this remark, whatever it was, printed the entire anthology of the rose family upon her face. She left him at the door of the church, turned her back upon him in the twilight outside, took her way down the aisle, perfectly indignant and perfectly happy.

XVI

BY THE first of October the walls of the Bone building were complete and the roof was on. It was built of stone and had the appearance of an ancient horned owl in front. This astonishing effect was secured by two stubby square towers that rose up on each side of the wide entrance dropping back the width of the towers and opening with arched double doors upon the mysterious interior. The back of the building bellied out like those Baptist churches where the baptismal pool is let in under the pulpit. It might easily have been taken for a church by the simple-minded people of the town, but for the fact that no house of God could have had that peculiarly sinister horned expression in front. Another queer feature was the half-moon stained-glass windows, put in a yard above the tallest man's head, and so turned upon their hinges as to afford light and ventilation within, but no possible chance of observation from the outside.



It Was No More the Truth Than Any Other Man's Past is the Truth When He Tells It to a Woman

"It's no church!" commented Elbert White late one afternoon as he stood between the Captain and Clark Story. The three had paused upon the sidewalk to study these same windows.

"It's got two steeples," said Story, by way of rebuttal.

"That's it," remarked the Captain. "A church ain't entitled to but one."

"And there's a carload of benches at the freight depot, shipped to Jim Bone; seen 'em myself today. And if they ain't church pews I don't know one when I see it."

"Still," persisted Elbert, leaning heavily upon his friends and squinting with a drunken wag of his upturned head at the windows, "no church rolls its eyeballs that high up under its eaves! That's one thing—hic—'at you can always say for a church. Its doctrines may be so devious that its goshpel tends more to salivate 'an it does to shave, but the theology of its windows is so near an' clear 'at a wayfarin' man, though a fool, can always look in and see ever'thing 'at's to be scheen!"

He drew one arm from around the captain's neck, worked his face into a drunken maggot smile, let out a puling laugh, pointed shakily at the high eyebrows of the Bone building, and concluded:

"It may be a mosque, or a harem, or'n ice cream parlor, but I'll be danged if it's a church!"

They moved on, Elbert dragging his feet, swaying tenderly this way and that between his friends. One of those circumstances had transpired that drew them closer together than usual in the recognition of a common fate. Mrs. Fanning-Rucker was giving a lawn festival that afternoon, for the United Daughters of the Confederacy fund, the fund to be used to pay the expenses of moving the ashes of the Confederate heroes from the old cemetery to the new one. And, though a festival was in the nature of a public entertainment, Mrs. Rucker always stood for exclusiveness, and would choose her guests even when they paid for their refreshments. And, in spite of the war record of the three old vagabonds, they were not invited. It was the way she had of expressing her contempt of the Captain's stinginess with his bee swarms in the spring, and her social aversion to vagabonds in the case of the other two. Vagabonds are, as individuals, usually far more interesting than a better respected person, but one does not recognize them socially. As a matter of fact, the three old cronies would not have come if she had asked them; but the fact that they had not had the coveted opportunity to refuse depressed them and afforded the much more to be desired excuse for consoling themselves in Bilfire's saloon. They drank, therefore, and then promenaded the almost deserted streets arm in arm, laying the palsied finger of their poor old muddled wits upon everything that attracted their attention.

These lawn festivals given by Mrs. Fanning-Rucker were as much in the year's calendar as Washington's Birthday and Decoration Day. One occurred in the spring, the other in early autumn. And they served a twofold purpose: the first, to replenish the treasury of the D. A. R., the other to replenish that of the U. D. C.; but chiefly these were the semi-annual occasions when Mrs. Rucker chose to separate the sheep from the goats in Ruckersville. And it was always a lawn festival, because she labored under some affectation of English customs, where the great people invite people to take refreshments in their parks and on their lawns whom they could not entertain at their infinitely more exclusive dinner tables. Mrs. Fanning-Rucker chose these guests almost entirely from the neighboring city of Atlanta. The society of Ruckersville never reached further than the shade cast by her front veranda upon the lawn. If you wish to know exactly what persons social megalomaniacs consider in their set, note those they invite to dine with them. These consist of other megalomaniacs like themselves, a few poor beswitched creatures who know how to barter compliments for social favors, and lions of one sort and another. Any stranger at such a table may easily recognize the three classes. If the young man seated next to you makes extravagant efforts to be agreeable, you may know that he is one of the poor creatures. The megalomaniacs are to be recognized by the fact that they do not exert themselves at all to be agreeable. They show their natural dispositions as plainly as the bristles on a dog's back. Usually there is not more than one lion at a properly arranged dinner party. This is upon the theory that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time,

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A Dollar Down and a Dollar a Minute

By Robert Sterling Yard

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS



Women are Not Successful in This Field So Far

A FRIEND of mine got home in September from a summer abroad and stopped a couple of days at the Waldorf, in the city of New York. At ten o'clock the next morning, while awaiting a business appointment made overnight by telephone, a card was brought to him which bore an unfamiliar name. A dapper young man of assured and not unpleasing address followed hard upon it.

"I want to close up with you," said this young man, "the matter of that set of Creation's Greatest Orators which you discussed with Mr. Darrow in Denver last May. It was just before you went abroad. You expressed admiration for the work—as well you might, being some spellbinder yourself—oh, I read the newspapers; I know all about you—but you did not sign the contract then—hurry to get away or something. I have a contract here—for the half-morocco edition. You just put your name there. No—that next line. Oh, it's all right. Not the most expensive, but really the most sensible working edition for a busy man like you. I understand, sir—of course you don't want any foolish frills. You're no art collector. You want standards. Seven a volume—just a modest price for a really fine work, finely bound. Good library edition—that's all.

"Eh? Only twenty volumes. Covers all the classics, you know, and right down to living times in America. Yes, the great Englishmen too—Pitt and all those, you know. Sure thing! Those impassioned Frenchmen too—eh? Eh? Well, you know their names better than I do. You're an orator yourself—eh? Ha! Ha! Why shouldn't you know them? Of course.

"No, no; I don't want any money. Just your signature—that's all I want. That's good enough for me. Good enough for anybody in these United States, I'm thinking. No—that line there. This is the inked pen. Right there——

"Thanks! Mr. Darrow will have them waiting for you on your library table when you get home. All right. Awfully glad to have met you. Just keep my card. You might want a Shakspere or a Scott sometime as you rush through—or maybe the Philosophies of All Times. Fine set, that. Good day!"

How the Agent Spotted His Victim

MY FRIEND told me that he really didn't know how it happened until it had happened. He had been much attracted by the books the spring before, but had decided that after all it was one of the things he could very comfortably do without. Though a public speaker of local note and something of a student he probably would not really read the books when he got them. He thought of the numerous purchases he had denied himself abroad, for it had been an expensive year. How had this thing happened anyway? He gave a short laugh; then he started suddenly after the clever salesman. Down Peacock Alley he dashed, nearly upsetting a large and indignant blonde; he swung round a corner, short-cut a luncheon room and caught his man at the side entrance.

"Eh? Oh, it's you!" laughed the salesman. "What's the matter? Do you—do you want the Philosophies? Fine set—fine set, I tell you; only nine a volume. I have here a ——"

"No, no," said my friend firmly—"not another book! I just want to know something."

"Why, certainly, sir. Anything at all. What can I do for you?"

"You can tell me this: I got in rather late yesterday. I came a steamer ahead of my schedule. I had never stopped at the Waldorf before and did not register till nine o'clock last night. I have never discussed these books except with a man in Denver whose name even I did not know. Now how? What? Why? How did you know? How did you recognize me? I'm curious. Tell me."

"Oh, it's all in the course of business," said the salesman, lovingly stroking his signed order. "Your name, with a lot of other passengers' names, came off the steamer by newspaper wireless a couple of days or so ago. Naturally the New York correspondents of the Denver papers pass your name on home. Naturally one of Darrow's clerks reads it in the home papers and reports it instanter to Darrow. Now I look after Darrow's New York business, so he naturally shoots on the facts to me in a night letter. I look up hotel arrivals after breakfast, spot your name, hike up here over my early cigar and naturally get your sig. That's all. Have a drink? Well, it is a little early—that's a fact. Good morning."

This lifts the curtain upon only one kind of subscription-book business. There are so many kinds that I'm not even going to catalogue them. Some of them are new and they are all, even the most ancient, highly modernized. There is nothing more modern in all its moods and tenses than the subscription-book business. Yet, after all, it is essentially the same old business. In every mood and tense the root form sticks out big for all observers. If I could only say that P. T. Barnum invented the subscription-book business it would enormously simplify this getting at the essence of a complicated subject; but he didn't. It began many generations before Barnum. Its origin lies back in the morning mists of publishing. Some day patient investigation will discover the man who first invented selling books by personal solicitation and devised the books to entangle his fellow townsman, together with the patter to do it with; and it's tomes to tracts his name was Barnum.

It must have been down that ancestral line we got P. T.

The old old-fashioned kind of subscription-book business still flourishes here and there in the far country—the kind you knew when you were on the farm; the kind your grandfather told you about; the kind Eugene Field wrote his wonderful story about. The other day I ran across a printed paper entitled Instructions for Agents, issued by a big firm still doing this old-fashioned sort of thing—one of those, you know, which advertises that you can make from twenty to eighty dollars a week if you'll only send in your name. The instructions were for neophytes and the detail was terrifying. There were instructions for approaching the house, for the conversation at the door, for entering the house, for every possible exigency in the house and for getting out of the house gracefully and in good order.

Would-be salesmen were especially impressed with the necessity of finding out facts in advance about the people to be called upon. "Inquiries should be made delicately from house to house," and facts thus acquired should be confirmed before they were used.

"Never ask, 'Is Mrs. Blank in?'" says Rule Six. "Take it for granted that she is in and that she will see you. Simply state: 'Please tell Mrs. Blank that Mr. Dash wishes to see her.' Invariably give your name instantly and do not wait to be asked for it by the servant. This is very important."

"After having addressed the servant," says Rule Eight, "slip into the house. Don't show undue haste or force your way in, or stand like a piece of wood waiting to be asked to enter or as if you expected to be left standing outside. Walk deliberately into the house as any gentleman would who had been in the habit of paying visits. Some canvassers act very foolishly in this respect and are very awkward."

"Once inside," says Rule Ten, "you must not stand in the hall like a blockhead; neither dare you open the parlor door yourself and walk in, but hang up your hat on the hatrack immediately after you enter and the servant will always take the hint and ask you to take a seat in the parlor. She will treat you exactly as she finds you expect to be treated."

And so on. The agent is instructed to begin safely on the weather, but not to linger too long in generalities—rather to get down to business by a conversational path carefully chosen according to the disposition of the hostess; and, once begun, carefully to avoid direct issues, which may result in premature refusals, but swiftly and skillfully to steer round rocks until attention and interest is fairly won for the book offered. Then strike quickly and surely and hold tight.

New Methods to Meet New Conditions

IT IS true that in these piping times, when the farmer runs his car and his daughters are up on the best sellers; when Ibsen is discussed at the crossroads; when one woman's magazine alone, without counting a dozen of large circulation and a score of others, sells a million and a half copies a month; when a school expansion of unbelievable rapidity drags far behind the demand; when boiler-plate frontier newspapers carry weekly book departments—in these amazing days the familiar crudities of the old subscription business are to be witnessed only in the back waters of the swift current of universal cultivation.

However, other times, other fashions and—to refer to Barnum again—"the people" of all times, even the most intelligent, apparently "love to be fooled." Today has its corresponding subscription methods. We are all familiar with the "secret" histories of courts, the advertising of which suggests to the naughty mind all kinds of mysterious things that it doesn't actually promise, which of course the sober, substantial books, when they arrive, are found not to contain; but people ought not to have naughty minds. And we know well the wonderful offers of solid sets which, "because of recent consolidations of large interests, we have been able to acquire at a mere fraction of their cost, and will sell, beginning at nine o'clock tomorrow morning," at prices that undoubtedly will never be offered again.

Though it has brought forth many new-style subscription eccentricities this splendid age has also—and naturally—developed



"Yes, Sir; It's Getting to be a Harder Game Every Year"

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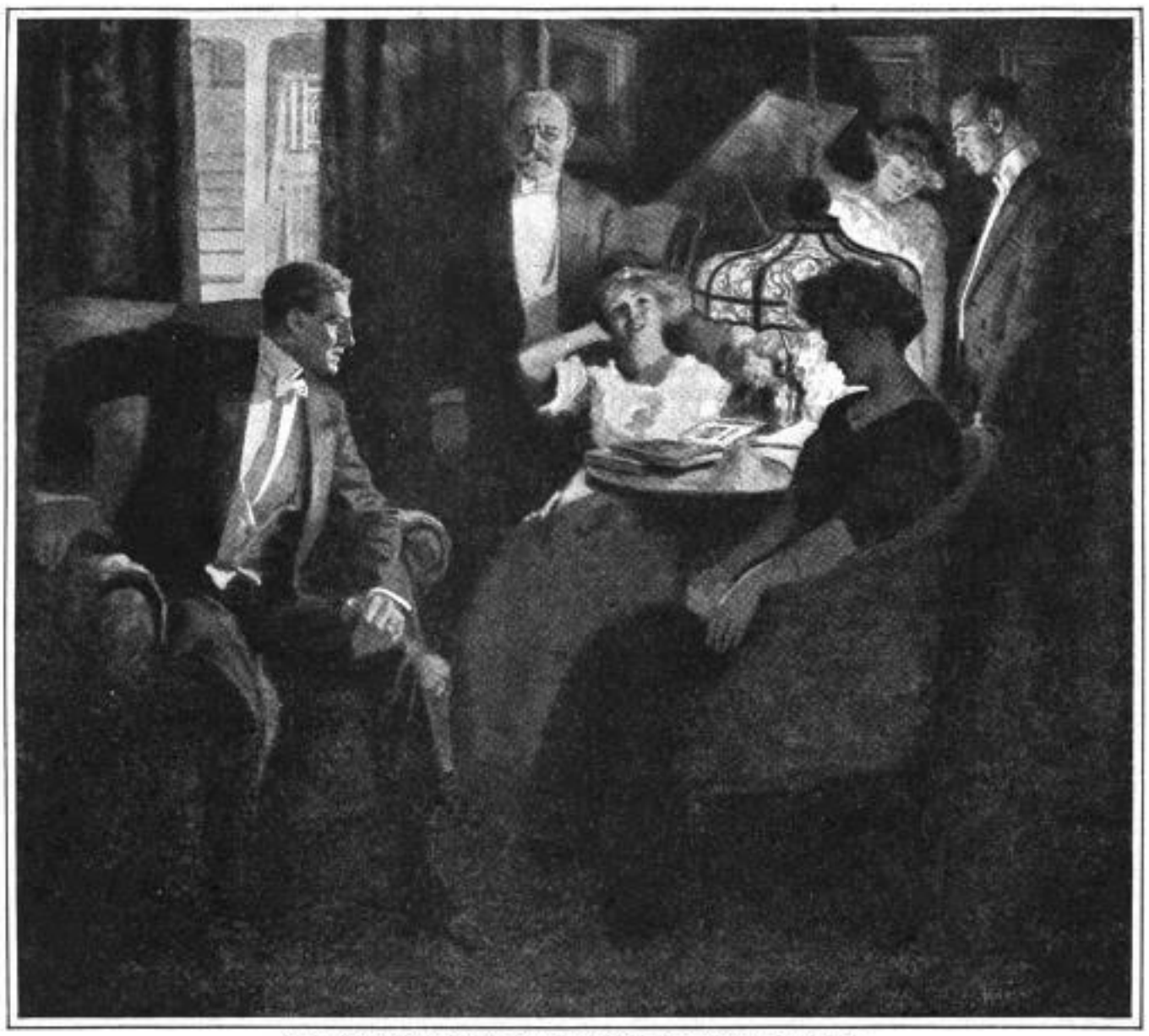
several subscription forms that rank high in publishing and business estimation. It is the easiest thing in the world to belittle these or even overlook them altogether, *for* naturally it is the sham in every business that attracts the public attention; but, amusing and fantastic as many of these forms are, it would be as unfair to allow them to color your conception of the subscription-book business as a whole as it would be to pronounce the entire clothing business, for example, a sham because of the picturesque antics of the "puller-in" of Baxter Street.

To these forms must be given the fullest consideration, for they constitute the subscription-book business of today.

The greatest discovery of the last two decades is the fact that the public is honest. Considering that our jury system, based upon the discovery that the public is unbribable, is centuries old, it seems strange that knowledge of the public's honesty is so recent. I suggest the fact for the consideration of the philosophers. I'd like to hear their reasoning.

Upon that discovery is based the modernized subscription-book business. In the old days the agent would leave you a volume at a time and collect the money for each delivery. Today the agent collects an original payment often as low as a dollar and delivers the entire set of books at once, the publisher depending upon the customer to pay the balance direct to him in weekly or monthly installments.

The modern discovery is that the customer pays it. Of course there are individuals who don't—some who cannot when the time comes; and now and then, very rarely, some who won't. The proportion of these, however, is found in practice to be so small that the losses are less by far than were the combined expenses and losses of collections through agents under the old system. There results a stabler and in every way a simpler basis of business. Nowadays your publisher, dealing directly with his public, allows for a small, calculable and dependable percentage of loss. The confidence and variety of today's business are two natural resultants. Another is today's enormous distribution of good literature in cheap form at a much lower margin of profit—a fact of incalculable importance in casting up the causes of the American's amazing average of cultivation.



He is Not Uncouth, or Ill-mannered, or Overtalkative, or Insolent

One of these several newer subscription forms—one dealing mostly with modern copyrighted sets—deserves for several reasons first consideration. Because it is especially sound and reasonable in its business foundation; because it is just and honorable to scrupulousness in its methods; because it deals in highgrade books, honestly priced and made to stand years of reasonable service—in a word, because it corresponds in ideals with the highest type of trade publishing, from which it differs chiefly in the method of reaching the consumer, it must be considered the ranking subscription business of the day. Let us grant it is the offspring of an ancient and not too scrupulous parentage, if you will; let us grant that some of its brothers and its sisters and its cousins and its aunts are today not its social equals; let us grant that in bulk it is, in the bosom of its family, as a single sheep in the flock—it is, nevertheless, what reputable publishers mean when they speak of the subscription-book business.

And yet, in justice, we must not give the present generation all the credit for this splendid business form. Far back through past generations are seen its forerunners, showing unmistakably that, perhaps even from the beginning, down the genealogical line runs a strain of fine dealing side by side with that fantastic strain which is responsible for so much that is eccentric and even farcical, which is smart at times to the brink of trickery in that part of the business of the present, as well as of the past, which has naturally most attracted the public gaze. To show this it is needless, in this article, to go back of the recollections of many now living. Still it was a good many years ago that Stanley's In Darkest Africa was sold by subscription in strict accord with the highest ideals of publishing. Later on Blaine's Twenty Years in Congress and Grant's Memoirs stand out among the fine successes of the most honorable of subscription methods.

And these titles, too, will serve the purpose of illustrating the principle of subscription selling that is differentiated from other book-selling methods and affords a firm foundation for a highly organized, highly individualized business. It is well known that all of the books I have mentioned were extremely successful. In Darkest Africa made its author independent for life. Twenty Years in Congress added nobly to the resources of the Blaine family. Grant's Memoirs yielded what was once called a fortune.

Yet I am sure that none of these handled otherwise would have been anything more than profitable sellers.

The fact involved is human negligence. Few of us, even in the most trifling affairs, will step outside the set paths of our lives without compulsion. You know yourself you never would have bought that umbrella, even under your wife's constant remindings, unless compelled by a midday shower. And you know also—everybody knows—that bossism in this land could be crushed out at one overwhelming blow if the men who are opposed to boss rule would take the trouble to walk round the corner and register—or, having registered, to walk round the corner and vote. A study of the figures of any ordinary election in the last half-decade will prove that. Now this could all be cured and the political front of the nation changed in a day if a system of calling at the voter's residence for his vote, instead of requiring him to call at the polling booth to present his vote, should be adopted. I think every observing citizen will agree with me in that. I suggested the scheme once to a "spoils" leader whom I knew well at the time, and he shivered. Then he grinned and said: "My boy, thank Heaven it's impossible!"

Though impossible in politics, it is precisely what the subscription-book publisher puts into profitable practice. He knows that of, say, twenty people who are probable purchasers of a given work, only one will take the trouble to go to the bookstore to buy; but half a dozen, say, will buy if the bookstore comes to them. There is only required, then, a practicable plan under which it will be profitable to send the bookstore on a house-to-house tour. That is the subscription-book business.

The financial plan is simple. There is only one price—the retail price—from which no discounts are made. The publisher divides his receipts among these items:

	PER CENT
Manufacturing	20
Selling commission	25
Author's royalty	10
Cost of doing business, including depreciation, collections and losses	30
Profit	15
Total	100

Of course there are variations from this. Sometimes, especially with large press runs, the manufacturing cost is lower, and with everything else constant the profit is better. Sometimes the author has to have a little more royalty, and sometimes depreciations, collections and losses add several points to the cost of doing business. The average, however, at least for standard houses, stays pretty close to the figures quoted.

As in every other business, of course, a certain bulk is necessary for this condition to be realized. Many book sets require several years of activity to offset the heavy original investment and get on their financial legs, so to speak; and during this period the average of business is kept up by sets formerly published—the backlog, as publishers sometimes call it. Many ambitious book agents, who lose their all or their friends' all in some independent publishing ventures of their own, fail because they overlook this great fact of bulk. A well-established, well-bulked subscription business of the first class of quality is, under wise management, one of the safest and most satisfactory—though not one of the most profitable — businesses in existence; but, like every other fine, sound business, it becomes fine and sound only by growing. It is no mushroom.

Many who are knowing in subscription books of other kinds will question the item of twenty-five per cent commission to agents; they will quote commissions of forty per cent or more—but not in this class of business. As we shall see presently, a bigger commission to general agents goes only with cheaper production and higher prices. This ideal trade, which unites the best possible quality of material with prices low enough to represent value, cannot afford the luxury of general agents.

How—you with the old-fashioned general-agent idea in your head may ask—How does this newfangled subscription publisher reach his market, covering, as it does, the whole United States? So great a territory cannot adequately be reached from one center.

This brings us to quite a new personage in subscription-book selling—one who lived a generation ago only in isolated, distinguished examples, but without whom many thousands of regular and considerable book-buyers of today would not be book-buyers at all.

Let me present to you the new-style book agent!

I note your surprise.

No; he is not uncouth, or ill-mannered, or overtalkative, or insolent; nor does he back you into a corner and force you to buy a book you don't want as the only means short of calling the police—which is always unpleasant—for getting him out of your house. On the contrary, he is a courteous, well-groomed, energetic business man, who has

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 23, 1912

The Third-Term Bogy

SENATOR REED wants to amend Article II of the Constitution so that no person who has served two terms as president of the United States, or one term and part of another, shall ever again be eligible to the presidency; but if Article II is to be amended at all—and no doubt it isn't—it should be made to read simply as follows: "No person shall be eligible to the office of president unless he has been elected thereto." That is the only restriction which has any reasonable place in the Constitution.

Referring to the crisis of the Civil War and the nation's emergence therefrom, Ambassador Bryce observed that such a people can make any constitution work. He might have added that if a people cannot make any constitution work no constitution will do them any good. If the people of this country ever reach a state where they will accept government on the Diaz pattern no constitutional restrictions will help them. One can imagine some prolonged national crisis—such, for example, as arose for the states of Europe in the Napoleonic era—when the people of this country would wish another Lincoln to serve three consecutive terms. There should be no bar to their having him. In view of the activities now centering upon a distinguished resident of Oyster Bay, one can readily imagine a situation in which the people would wish some man to serve a third non-consecutive term. There should be no bar, either of law or tradition, to their having him. We think very few people indeed are imposed upon by the third-term bogy as applied to a candidate who has been out of office four years. If that is all there is to be said against The Colonel as a candidate we might as well stop abusing him.

A Motion-Picture Amendment

CONGRESS has not a high opinion of literature, music and the plastic arts. If Michelangelo had produced his statue of Moses under the protection of our copyright law, and somebody had stolen and sold a copy of it, he would have found that the law estimated his damages at ten dollars. Our law would suggest the same sum to Leonardo as damages for a larcenous copy of his Mona Lisa—thus probably reconciling him, if he were still living, to the outright theft of that masterpiece from the Louvre last year. The commercial value of the Sermon on the Mount, under the copyright law, would be fifty dollars.

Congressman Townsend, of New Jersey, proposes a further cheapening of literature. A bill introduced by him provides that, in case of the infringement of a copyrighted work by a moving-picture show, "where the defendant proves that he was not aware that he was infringing a copyrighted work and could not reasonably have foreseen that he was so infringing, the entire recovery by the copyright proprietor shall not exceed one hundred dollars," until after a notice has been served upon the moving-picture man that he is infringing a copyright.

The argument is that some dishonest person may, at any time, build a moving-picture play upon a copyrighted story and sell it to an innocent producer who is not aware of the infringement. Under this bill, the moving-picture man would be practically absolved from any obligation to find out whether a copyright was infringed. He could buy anything offered him and be sure that, no matter what copyright he infringed or how seriously his infringement might damage the real author, his liability would be limited to one hundred dollars.

In contrast with the tariff, we are decidedly in favor of revising the copyright law upward—not downward.

Another Wisconsin Example

FIFTEEN years ago, we learn from The Survey, a Chicago woman whose husband earned sixty dollars a month borrowed twenty-five dollars to buy her son a suit of clothes. She didn't wish her husband to know of it, and told the loan shark so. Playing upon her dread of exposure, the shark employed the well-known arts of his trade to nurse the loan along, adding another layer of usury whenever the woman and her son seemed on the point of extinguishing it. At the shark's death, not long ago, he had collected five hundred dollars from his victims—and the loan was still alive.

That is a very common case. It presents a subject with which Congress, for the District of Columbia, and the legislatures of many states have wrestled of late. Just such merciless robbery of the poor by money lenders has existed everywhere. What ought to be done about it?

Various answers have come from different quarters; but a completely novel answer comes from Wisconsin—where politically they do many strange things, such as taxing railroad property as heavily as farm property and attempting, by an income tax, to make all citizens contribute to the support of the state according to their means.

Wisconsin has a usury law with teeth in it. Under that law a Milwaukee loan shark, reputed to be a millionaire, was recently sentenced to ninety days in jail—the first time, we believe, that a prison sentence was ever given for usury in the United States.

This is radical, because robbing the poor by unconscionable usury is a genteel sort of crime. It is committed necessarily by persons possessed of capital, who usually wear good clothes and live in comfortable houses. It bears a resemblance to the honorable trade of banking. The law has invariably treated it as a genteel crime, punishing it only with a money amercement by way of loss of interest or a fine—which, of course, the loan shark promptly charged up to his next victim.

The Wisconsin law, however, recognizes the thing for what it is—namely, robbery of the meanest kind. We heartily recommend this Wisconsin example to every legislature that is dealing with the loan-shark problem.

Loan-Shark Legislation

HAVING fixed a reasonable rate for small, personal-security loans, the exaction of a higher rate ought to be regarded and punished as larceny. No doubt this flies in the face of the common-law theory that every sane adult is capable of looking out for himself; but, since most social progress involves flying in the face of common-law theories, we should not bother about that. Abundant experience shows that poor borrowers are not capable of looking out for themselves; and there is no better excuse for leaving them exposed to unconscionable usurers than to green-goods men.

The first thing, however, is to fix a reasonable rate. Without that there will be no real advance in curbing loan sharks. By a vote of one hundred and seventy-five to eighty-three the House of Representatives not long ago refused to sanction a higher rate than one per cent a month in the District of Columbia, though persons who had disinterestedly given most time and thought to remedying the loan-shark evil in the District urged that the rate be two per cent a month, because experience elsewhere had shown the business could not be conducted profitably at one per cent. The argument in favor of the one-per-cent amendment was that nobody could really afford to pay more—and Congress ought not to sanction what poor borrowers could not afford to pay.

Ignoring experience and going upon fine sentiments will never cure the loan-shark evil or any other. That is exactly what makes futile so many of our well-meant reform movements.

Leadership and Stock-Watering

THE investment of capital in the United States continues upon the large scale that characterized last year; but financial people complain that the money, as in 1911, mostly goes into old, well-established concerns—and then largely into their bonds rather than into stocks. There is little new enterprise, little reaching toward the future; and the reason—we are told over and over—is that the leaders are discouraged by the attitude of the state and Federal Governments. There is a growing tendency, seen in the Interstate Commerce Commission and in the public-utilities commissions of various states, to limit the returns upon capital—seen also in current talk of controlling prices of commodities made by big industrial concerns. Though the people who furnish most of the actual capital for big enterprises are content with a limited return, as their large purchases of bonds show, the leaders will not stand for it.

We are often assured that we cannot have leaders without watered stock. Bold and resourceful men who project important new enterprises must be tempted by a chance of extraordinary profits. Would Hill have built the Great Northern for six per cent upon the money he put into it? Would Carnegie have developed the Pittsburgh steel mills for seven cents profit on each dollar he invested? It takes a hundred or a thousand per cent to set such men in operation.

This argument is very familiar, and it might be convincing if we did not know that real leaders often get no per cent at all. For leadership in acquiring large wealth Mr. Carnegie himself laid down the sound rule that "pioneering doesn't pay." New enterprises make themselves when they are needed. The circumstance that there is little doing in the watered-stock line means simply that at the moment the country's chief need is to develop and adjust established concerns.

Automobiles and Road Taxes

IN NEARLY every state, of late years, the simple old system of maintaining highways exclusively by local taxation has been abandoned. Undoubtedly the automobile has had a much larger part than any other agency in forcing this change. When scarcely any vehicle on the public road could travel farther than twenty miles a day, and hardly any vehicle did travel farther than ten miles, highways might be maintained by local funds, because practically every vehicle upon a given piece of road was owned in the neighborhood. The motor car, with its easy reach of a hundred miles a day, changed that, and nearly every state now aids in the building and maintenance of public highways.

However, this doesn't cover the ground. A count made by the state engineer of New Hampshire last summer indicates that fully half the cars on the best public roads were from outside the state—touring through on a free ten-day permit. Conditions in New Hampshire, no doubt, are exceptional—but the same condition to some degree is found nearly everywhere; and as the use of motor cars steadily increases it will become a more and more important factor in regard to highway maintenance. Automobiles are hard upon many roads that were built only for wagon traffic. On the other hand, a road properly built to withstand automobile traffic is very durable, but the first cost of construction is relatively high. Local rural communities should not be expected to build and maintain highways for through motor-car traffic—that is recognized nearly everywhere, and the state aids them; but should the state alone be expected to build and maintain highways for a constantly growing interstate traffic?

In spite of President Taft's constitutional objections, we expect that the automobile, by throwing an ever-growing interstate traffic upon the highways, will presently get the Federal Government more actively into the good-road movement. And farmers will receive incalculably greater benefit from such participation by the Government than automobile owners do—because farmers, after all, are the great road-users.

Better Than Damage Suits

THE beer industry in this country is largely conducted by the Brewers' Association and the International Union of Brewery Workmen. As the names imply, the first is a comprehensive organization of brewers and the second an about equally comprehensive organization of brewery employees. For nearly two years a committee representing these two big organizations has been at work upon a plan for accident compensation and old-age pensions. It proposes, in brief, that every employer shall contribute one and a half per cent of the amount of his payroll to an indemnity fund, while each employee contributes half of one per cent of his wages. Out of this fund every employee who is temporarily disabled by an accident shall receive sixty-five per cent of his regular wages during the disability; if totally disabled he shall receive sixty-five per cent of his wages for five years; if killed his widow or dependents shall receive, roughly, four years' wages. The compensation is to be paid, in every case, regardless of negligence, assumed risk, fellow-servant doctrine or any other common-law defense. A workman of twenty-five years' standing who has reached the age of sixty-five receives, during the remainder of his life, a weekly pension equal to one-half of his average wages. Three men chosen by the employers and three chosen by the employees constitute a board to administer the fund.

This certainly looks far better than the barbarous, uncertain, costly, contingent-fee, damage-suit method of settling compensation for accidents—under which lawyers, court costs and accident insurance companies absorb most of the money. The prime factor in bringing this about, no doubt, was that both sides were well organized

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Foe of the M. D.

SHOULD you observe the Money Devil clattering down the street, yowling mournfully and chased by a young man of high and noble mien, of a pale and poetic cast of countenance and of an air of intense devotion to the duty at hand, that young man would be Bob Henry—Robert Lee Henry, erstwhile of Texarkana, Texas, but now of Waco, which is but another of the sparkling gems that glitter in the imperial diadem of the geo-lorious Lone Star State, as Robert himself would say.

Every morning Robert goes round to the noisome but popular lair of the Money Devil and routs that opprorious ogre out of its opulent nest by sticking a few denuniatory shafts into its gilded hide. A timid creature despite its awesome appearance, the Money Devil snorts with pain and dashes madly through the busy marts of trade, with Bob Henry only one jump behind and prodding at every leap. Presently the Money Devil galumphs back to its hiding-place and crouches, trembling, until the coming morn, when Bob Henry appears again, and again jabs it into its daily frenzy.

You know the habitat of the Money Devil, of course—Wall Street on this side and Lombard Street on the other. But Bob devotes his attention to our own specimen, only occasionally hurling a few javelins at the Lombard Street one to show he's no piker and is on the trail of all and sundry Money Devils there are. As he classes them, our particular Money Devil is known as the Money Trust. It all amounts to the same thing; for, as is well known, all trusts are devilish, especially to those who are not in on them. Hence Robert desires to investigate the devilishness of the Money Trust; and in that enterprise he has the backing of Mr. William J. Bryan, adviser in ordinary to the Democratic House of Representatives.

However, it is not with politics or investigations I am concerned at the moment, but with Robert Lee Henry—than whom, I may say, no more consistent forayer against the abuses of wealth by the wealthy, whether individual or corporate, has forayed in Washington for quite a spell. Robert has viewed with alarm the growing tendency of our multimillionaires toward crass and arrogant and un-American display, and has called the multis down pretty sharply on occasion. It did not begin with his castigation of the Money Trust. Long before he reached that phase of the matter he had spoken in no uncertain terms of various other demonstrations of his vulgar and vicious practice on the part of those who have the price.

I quote: "Can any patriotic American who contemplates the rising tide of lavish and almost obscene extravagance, with its source springing from the coffers of the overrich, fail in the perception that it is rapidly undermining the foundations of every cottage in the Republic? As surely as death, with its impartial footsteps, approaches the doors of palatial abodes and cottages of the poor, so will the corruption of lavish display drag its withering trail over every home in the land. . . . History does not record anything surpassing the sudden and intensely bacchanalian revel of extravagance and show into which our simple and serious people have been swept by the abnormal growth of tremendous fortunes and estates, to the detriment of our purest and best ideals." And so forth.

The Money Devil Hunting Cover

WHAT Robert was getting at when he uttered these ringing words was *(a)* the glitter of American diplomacy and *(b)* the curse of international marriages. He certainly was unsparing when he handed it to the rich Americans who go abroad as ambassadors for this country, and he had nothing but contempt for the daughters of our rich families who contract international marriages; in fact, Robert was very severe. And many an American ear, attached to an internationally married duchess, formerly of Pittsburgh or New York, must have burned at the time he was speaking; while, if the ambassadors, "installed," as he said, "in viceregal magnificence," didn't move about uneasily in their gorgeous chairs, they must be hardened indeed!

Proceeding by easy stages, Mr. Henry worked up to the assault on the Money Devil; and the way he lambasted that facinorous octopus, in resolution and speech, certainly was a caution. He demanded that it shall be shown up—and shown up forthwith! He demanded that the Congress shall investigate it and see how it is that a combination of a few men controls the finances of this country. Day in and day out he camped on the trail of the Money Devil, and bedeviled that devil until the name of Robert Lee Henry became a byword and a hissing at the corner of Broad and Wall, and thereabout. "Help!" screamed the Money Devil—"Help! Help! Call off this man Henry, or he may find out something about me that I do not want found out!"

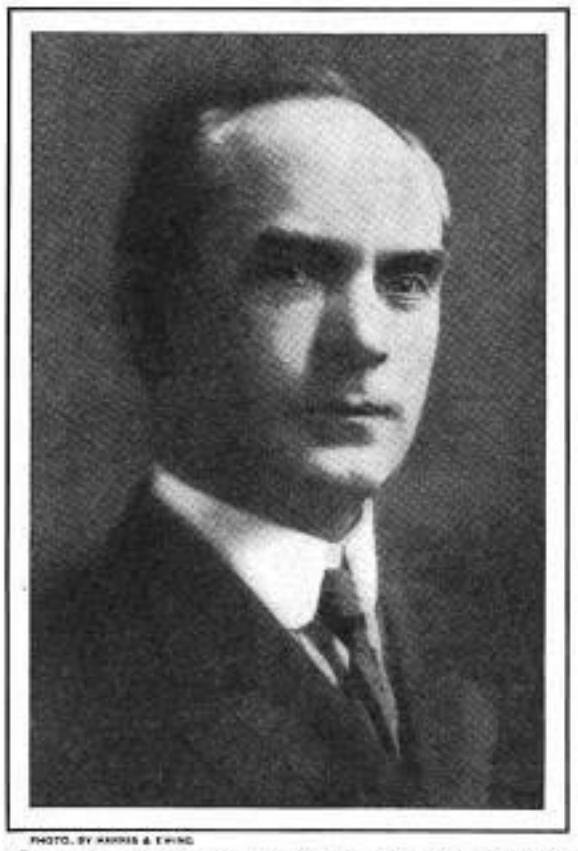


PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING

Looking for Czars, You Would Never Pick Out Henry

As has always been the case, when a Money Devil yells for help there are helpers to be found. It was so in this instance. Before long numerous trusty and trusted trust defenders had rallied, and the Money Devil was eased off into a less parlous situation amid loud cheers at the corner of Broad and Wall, and thereabout, and to the accompaniment of much oratory in the Democratic caucus. Still, Robert Lee Henry is not eased off—not yet. He is still stalking that M. D., and swears he will continue on the trail. However that may be, he started something, did Robert—and it will be some time before it stops.

He is a busy citizen. When they organized the House the Democrats made him chairman of the Committee on Rules, which position, by right of designation and denunciation by the Republican minority, makes him a sort of a czar. To be sure, to hear the Republicans tell it, the House of Representatives is all cluttered up with Democratic czars. The Republicans can spot a Democratic czar every time a Democrat moves the regular order. Henry qualifies oftener than almost anybody else except Oscar Underwood, because he, as chairman of the Committee on Rules, hands in the rules that stifle the minority, perpetrate obnoxious outrages on free speech, tie the helpless Republicans to the wheels of the Democratic chariot, gag them in what is reputed to be a forum of free discussion, and other unpleasant things—to hear the Republicans tell it.

Henry commits these heinous crimes with an air that is bland and pleasant and with a smile that is benign. If you were looking for czars you would never pick out Henry. Indeed, you would think him a genial and kindly man until you had been informed of his terrible moral obliquity—by the Republicans. The fact is, Robert Lee Henry is a czar only in the course of duty. At all other times he is a good deal of a poet, a lover of Nature, and has a real Texas slant to his rhapsodies over the same.

It is quite true that Henry does not habitually speak in blank verse, as does that other eminent Texan, Morris Sheppard; but when he lets himself out he gives Sheppard a hard run for his poesy. One of Henry's desires is to change the date of Inauguration Day from March fourth to a later time, when there shall be a chance that it will not snow on the parade. In the course of some remarks urging that project he said:

"Let it be when the earth's icy mantle has been wooed by golden sunshine into a carpet of verdure rivaling the kaleidoscopic grandeur of Old Ocean's emerald; when myriad millions of scurrying snowflakes round yonder dome have been transmuted into seas of April blossoms everywhere, 'neath Nature's elements in peaceful accord. Here in this capital, robed in the splendor of springtide and with a beauty unrivaled in all the world—when God has summoned His favorite season to smile and speak welcome—we will induct into his exalted station the loftiest official in the greatest republic within the tide of time!"

Otherwise, Mr. Henry is a native Texan, was at one time mayor of Texarkana, and once first assistant attorney-general of Texas. He has been in Congress for fifteen or sixteen years and he is one of the big men on the Democratic side. They like him in Texas and they like him in Washington; and when a statesman can get past in both of these places he is a man of parts.

A Concession to Cummins

ON THE day, some years ago, when Senator A. B. Cummins, of Iowa, first took his seat in the Senate, he was sworn in and introduced to some of the senators, and given a desk. Nobody paid any particular attention to him, and Cummins felt lonesome and out of place and generally scared and bashful. He looked round at his fellow senators in the hope of getting a few smiles of welcome, but they were too busy or too indifferent to "glad-hand" him.

For want of something better to do Cummins took up the calendar of Senate business that lay on his desk. When he came to "Unfinished Business" he found, to his consternation, that the Postal Savings Bank Bill was the unfinished business.

Just at that moment Senator Crane, of Massachusetts, came over and sat down beside Cummins and welcomed him to the Senate. Crane was very cordial and pleasant, and Cummins explained his predicament.

"I find here," said Cummins, "that the Postal Savings Bank Bill is the unfinished business. Now I am somewhat familiar with that bill, and there are many things in it to which I am opposed. I cannot let it go to a vote this afternoon without my protest, and I am just new here and do not want to rise and say anything on my first day. At the same time, if that bill goes to a vote my conscience will not allow me to sit here silent without voicing my protest. You understand my position, Senator Crane. Can't you help me? Can't you have action on that bill deferred for a few days until I get somewhat over my newness and find my bearings?"

"It will be very difficult," replied Crane, "but perhaps I can help you. At any rate I shall try out of my high regard for you."

Half an hour later Crane came back smiling. "I have fixed it," he whispered. "The bill will not be brought up today. I explained the situation to Senator Aldrich and some of the other leaders and, as they have a kindly feeling for you and desire to work in harmony with you, action on the bill has been postponed as a great favor to you."

Cummins thanked Crane effusively. The bill was not brought up that day, nor the next, nor the next. He marveled at Crane's influence in the Senate. At the end of a fortnight he made some inquiries. He found the Postal Savings Bank Bill was the permanent unfinished business, that it had been placed on the calendar as a buffer to hold back other measures, and he was present two years later when it was voted on.

Mose's Million

E. F. SWINNEY, president of the First National Bank of Kansas City, was born in the South. He goes back home once or twice a year, and it is part of the home-coming program to have Old Mose polish his shoes. Old Mose prides himself on the fact that he has known "Misteh Eddie" since he was born—and "his daddy befo' him."

When Mr. Swinney was there recently Mose was polishing his shoes. He stopped and asked:

"Misteh Eddie, how much is a million dollahs?"

"Well, Mose," Mr. Swinney replied, "you have seen ten silver dollars—haven't you? Now imagine ten of those stacks and you have a hundred dollars. Then ten times that and you have one thousand dollars. Then ten times that and you have ten thousand dollars—and one hundred times that and you have a million."

"Misteh Eddie," continued Mose, exceedingly troubled, "would all them silveh dollahs go on that table yondah?"

"No, Mose—not if they were piled to the ceiling. What would you do if you had a million silver dollars, Mose?"

Mose stopped shining. He pondered for a minute. Then he said:

"Well, Misteh Eddie, I reckon I'd have mah cistehn cleaned out."

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THE CAPSULE

By HARRIS DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. CHAMBERS

Old Reliable Makes a Mistake, Turns a Trick and Hires a Servant

II



"Come 'Long, Nigger," He Ordered; and Puffing Like a Switch-Engine Old Reliable Entered the Hotel

ALOW, gray sea-wall defends the level sands at Alexandria. Against it throbs the ebb and flow of tepid waters. Behind that wall there runs a road, a faithful, slavish road conforming to every whim and curve and angle—a glaring, sandy road—a staring, vacant road. Beyond is a row of cafés fronting the wall and facing the sea, empty as tombs—which can be seen from without, for customers never go within; but when the sun has turned to a copper ball and tumbled over the rim of the world—when evening winds toss spray above the wall—that road is transformed into a fashionable promenade. Tables and chairs appear in front of the cafés and men come to occupy them. Out from their offices, from counting rooms of commerce, from palaces and dingy huts, come the beys and the beggars; the seller of lemonade clashes his cymbals and the hawker of Indian figs shouts his wares.

It is a Noah's Ark of humanity—that promenade. The cocotte—painted and Parisian—swishes her skirts against the dervish; men of science touch elbows with fever-blooded adventurers; the swarthy Bedouin clicks his dice and calls his points across the café table to his blue-eyed Saxon opponent—for Alexandria is the strainer-rag of creation. She stretches her nets across the corner of three continents and hauls a catch of motley fish—Copt and Kurd and Sudani; Scandinavian, Greek and Scot—the flotsam of the Occident, the scum of the Orient. Tides of the East and tides of the West mingle and fret in picturesque confusion. Every derelict drifts to Alexandria, for Alexandria is the strainer-rag of creation.

Somewhat retired from the skirmish line of cafés, with a broader waste of sand between its striped awnings and the sea-wall, stands the Grand Hotel Rameses. Here, as in less pretentious quarters, men dine in the open air, looking toward the water and drinking the Mediterranean breeze. The dining space is scarcely more than a booth, built on the level sands adjoining the hotel. A partition, the height of a man's waist, supports the framework for an awning which flaps and shivers in the wind. Those who pass and those who sit within, each may see the other; the beggar may look at the bey and the pauper may observe the pasha as he dines. Men lounge in wicker chairs while drinking Turkish coffee and chatting over their cigarettes—men of the East and men of the West—and women of the West. Women of the East appear not in public places.

Old Reliable had not yet emerged from his fumigation adventure, and the anxious Colonel awaited him. He sat in the Rameses smoking room with the two British officers who had met him at the dock. They represented the New Sudan Syndicate and would conduct him to the proposed plantation. In this experiment, so dear to British hearts and so close to British pockets, the government lent its active aid and contributed its best men. Lyttleton Bey was fifty, wiry, resolute, tanned; MacDonald Bimbashi, thirty, slim, resolute, tanned. Both wore white linens. The American had already put himself upon a cordial footing—there being little difference between them in blood, ideals or traditions. The British officer in the Sudan is a picked man—the pick of picked men—else he will not be assigned to Anglo-Egyptian service. Lyttleton had campaigned with Roberts at Kandahar and with Kitchener at Khartum. MacDonald fought at Mafeking and lived in further hopes.

Colonel Spottiswoode leaned across the table, bowing to Gregory Lykoff and Demetrius Gargarin—the hunted and the hunter. They were three tables away from him, in the center of the smoking room. Though his acquaintance on board the Olga had been no more than a smile and nod in passing, yet he was glad to renew it and to recognize a familiar face. Being compatriots and cabin mates, it seemed natural that they should sit chatting over their coffee. They kept together because they feared to separate. Lykoff, on tenterhooks until Old Reliable had delivered his priceless cipher, felt easier if he knew exactly where Gargarin was. And Gargarin's sole chance of capturing that cipher lay in cuddling close to Lykoff. Meanwhile he waited for the man whom he had detailed to ascertain if Zack were entangled in their affair.

To people in conventional dress, Colonel Spottiswoode gave little heed. Those twisted turbans and filmy gowns fascinated him. Nubian waiters moved noiselessly among the tables in garments of white, the red tarboosh on their heads, red shoes on unsocked feet and broad red bands about their middles. A beggar tottered past, clutching the low partition with both hands and trembling in a palsy. The Colonel could only see the upper half of this man—a gaunt, high-cheeked Arab, with dirty bandages around his head. He groped along, peering under the canopy for such as might give alms to one groaning beneath the chastisements of Allah. When this man reached the front gap in the balustrade he fell, a limp huddle of rags, from which came forth an open palm and wheedling voice: "For love of the Prophet!—I am a famished man!—Allah will reward thee!" The Nubian waiter, reckless of Allah's rewards, kicked him up with none too soft a foot; he limped away like a crippled dog and sank again from exhaustion. Fiercely he reviled the Nubian: "May thy hand be blasted! May thy sons desert thee! May——" The waiter turned his back, intent upon the fetching of more cigarettes and the receiving of more piasters, with scant uneasiness for a beggar's malediction. Being no longer watched, the old man rose from the sands; his desert eyes roved across the spaces between himself and the sea-wall—looking for something or seeking for somebody. Then he came slipping back, inch by inch, until he had resumed his crouching position and his old whine: "May Allah prosper thee!—Behold, I perish!" But none took notice of him. As he stumbled back his shrewd glance of scrutiny rested no longer upon Lykoff than upon any other man. Lykoff gave no sign of recognition and beggars were far too common in Alexandria for the Bloodhound to observe him.



"Maybe I'll Have to Hire Another One Like Him for Zack"

Darkness came, as darkness comes in Africa, with the downgoing of the sun. Colonel Spottiswoode snapped his watch. "Isn't it time for that hackman to be getting back with my servant? I'm worried about old Zack."

MacDonald laughed. "Patience, my dear Colonel Spottiswoode; nobody hurries in Egypt. 'Haste! Haste!' we urge, and the Arab answers: *Bukra*."

"That must be like the Italian *domani?*"

"No; it's worse. *Domani* means 'tomorrow'; *bukra* signifies a vague and indeterminate future that will never come. Tarry in the Orient for a while; you'll get used to it and like it."

Lyttleton Bey clapped his hands. "*Wahid!*" he called. Instantly a slim yellow man appeared at his elbow with the respectful and scarcely uttered "Effendi." A few words in Arabic sent Hassan the servant out to take his stand and sentinel the approach of Old Reliable.

Everything was so new to the American that he took his eager chance to learn. "What was that you called out?" he asked, having already heard the word a dozen times.

"'*Wahid.*' It is the Arabic numeral meaning 'one'; we use it to summon a servant—one servant, any servant, the first servant who may hear."

"Oh! that's it. I was wondering if all of these yellow men were named *Wahee*."

"*W-a-h-i-d.*" Lyttleton spelled the word. "By the way, we have engaged your servant—your personal attendant. You can't get along without him and you can't get along with him."

"Fudl! Fudl!" He clapped his hands again. "Effendi!" Prompt answer came from a collection of benches and tables across the narrow side street—from a native coffee-house, where servants waited the orders of their masters. Fudl stood before them—the same gown, a tarboosh instead of a turban, and European shoes with white buttons. Fudl was a progressive.

"Fetch Mohammed Mansour."

"Very good, effendi." The Arab moved off silently and beckoned to a man who had been sitting on the bench beside him.

"Peace be upon you, Excellency. May Allah prosper thee and multiply His blessings——" Mohammed Mansour greeted them in a parroted sentence. A squatty Berberine, the color of a russet orange, he stood half bent and waited.

Colonel Spottiswoode was experienced in all sorts and conditions of negroes; but this was a new variety. It amused him to have a servant with red shoes and no heels, a long-tailed shirt of silk and confectionery stripes, and no breeches—eyes half shut, like those of a fat pig.

"What is your will, effendi?"

"Is this my servant?" Colonel Spottiswoode inquired of Lyttleton.

"If you like; Fudl has recommended him."

The inquiry lingered upon the Colonel's face, so Mohammed dived into the conjurer's pocket of his robe. He might have produced a white rabbit or a pianola, which would have surprised nobody; but he didn't. He unwrapped a handful of letters, well worn, breaking into creases and gaping at the folds.

"Dragoman for Americaine effendi in Nooyork; this that effendi he say: I, Mohammed Mansour, talk the Ingleese very good; honest man, he say—I, Mohammed Mansour."

Mohammed submitted this document as Exhibit No. 1. Colonel Spottiswoode put on his specs and examined it—all things in this country interested him. The Britons had hired so many servants and had disproved so many bogus eulogies that their faith grew censorious.

The Colonel indulged his curiosity concerning these letters wherein various American tourists extolled Mohammed Mansour as dragoman, interpreter, purchasing agent

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herwoman, cook, camel-driver, first aid to the injured—the versatilities of Egypt.

One great pasha, see! Americaine prince; him you st could know. Sheekargo—see!" The Colonel nitted his lamentable ignorance of "Mr. Theophilus rwine"; but the peculiar name stuck in his memory.

How much are your wages?"

The month, three hundred piasters' tariff; it is noth-

I, Mohammed, can certify—for the love ——"

Hold on!" The Colonel stopped Mohammed's patter. ow much is all that?"

yttleton Bey interpreted: "A piaster is equal to tup-ce ha'penny—three hundred piasters would be three ereigns—about fifteen dollars."

What does he do for that?" The Colonel looked toward hammed and wanted to hear him talk.

Mohammed warmed up, turned on his orotund inflection gesticulated: "I show you the pillar of Pompey, the sque Ahmad. We see the birrymeed ——"

The what?"

The birrymeed—birrymeed—tall—so—*agib*."

Burymede? Where is that?" The American shifted inquiry to MacDonald—the place had such a sporty e, like a racecourse.

Birrymeed! Birrymeed!" repeated Mohammed.

He means the pyramids," suggested MacDonald.

Aiwah! Very good, effendi; yes, birrymeed; birry-d very much high; big climb-up. Tomb of great ——" Mohammed paused at a sign n Lyttleton Bey, who again explained: he Arabs have no letter *p* in their lan-ge and they cannot pronounce it. They byramid."

Aiwah! Aiwah!—yes, yes; birrymeed—ymeed." Mohammed smiled his satisfac-. "I show you dembles ——"

Peace, Mohammed!" Lyttleton silenced Berberine.

Thy will, effendi." Mohammed bowed listened with all deference. Lyttleton ounced the contract—in English for the erican's benefit: "Colonel Spottiswoode ages you for his servant. Your wages will seventy-five piasters the month, and all enses."

What the effendi says, so it must be. *ttar Allah kherak.*"

We depart this night for Cairo; then travel the Sudan, south of Khartum, in the ntry of the sun—a far journey. Go now make you ready."

Mohammed's eyes glistened. This meant g service at good pay. His master must chase much food and many necessaries ng the route; Mohammed, being thrifty, ld profit greatly in these traffickings. He those letters again in his robe and, bow-went his way. He had been gone but w moments when Colonel Spottiswoode st into a laugh. "Maybe I'll have to hire ther one like him for Zack."

Who is Zack? Your friend? Of course must have a servant." Lyttleton lifted hand to clap for Fudl, but the Colonel pped him.

Zack is my negro. I brought him from ne to wait on me; but since we left New rk the shoe has been on the other foot. It es all my time to look after him."

By all means—by all means ——"

No; I was joking. Yet I don't know. night be worth fifteen dollars a month to rid of wondering what has happened to k. He's a faithful negro, but he can of no help to me. We can use him on the ntation to show the new hands how to w and hoe —— Look! Look! Who are se people?—there—in the corner—stand-?" The Colonel directed Lyttleton's ention to a spectacular group of silent n. Just inside the room, beneath the opy, he beheld an oriental tableau the like which his American eyes had never rested upon. The tral figure—he would have been a central figure anywhere—was a powerfully built man, scarcely brown, near that sandy-reddish color of the desert. His elevated w, incisive eyes, clear-cut nose and thin lips marked n as a man of distinction in any land. Draped in robes many colors, elaborate and graceful turban, he stood h arms folded in repose, as if his superior soul scarcely ed the kaleidoscopic follies of humankind. Six gleam-spears formed a hedge behind him, in the hands of six id tribesmen. It was as if some desert sultan, with his dyguard, had stepped out from the Arabian Nights. No nder the Colonel whispered, "Who is that?"

Lyttleton glanced around and his face grew serious. ome day we may hear too much of that man—perhaps a more dangerous Mahdi. Even now his name is on the lips of all the faithful—Mohammed ben Muza Gazan, a sheik from the northern Sahara. See that green in his turban? He's a descendant of the Prophet. Gives the French and Spaniards no end of trouble. He dreams of uniting all northern Africa in a Moslem empire—Morocco, Algiers, Tunis—Egypt, perhaps. This is the month of the pilgrimage; he journeys to Mecca with a retinue of holy men and warriors—they are camped outside the city. Then he will be a *Hadji*, enormously increasing his prestige. His next step possibly is to preach a *jehad*, or holy war."

"There's fighting already among the Riffs," added MacDonald.

Lyttleton Bey whispered; the American listened with eyes fixed upon that unmoving figure. Hassan hurried across the sands, came in like a fluttering shadow and said something to his master.

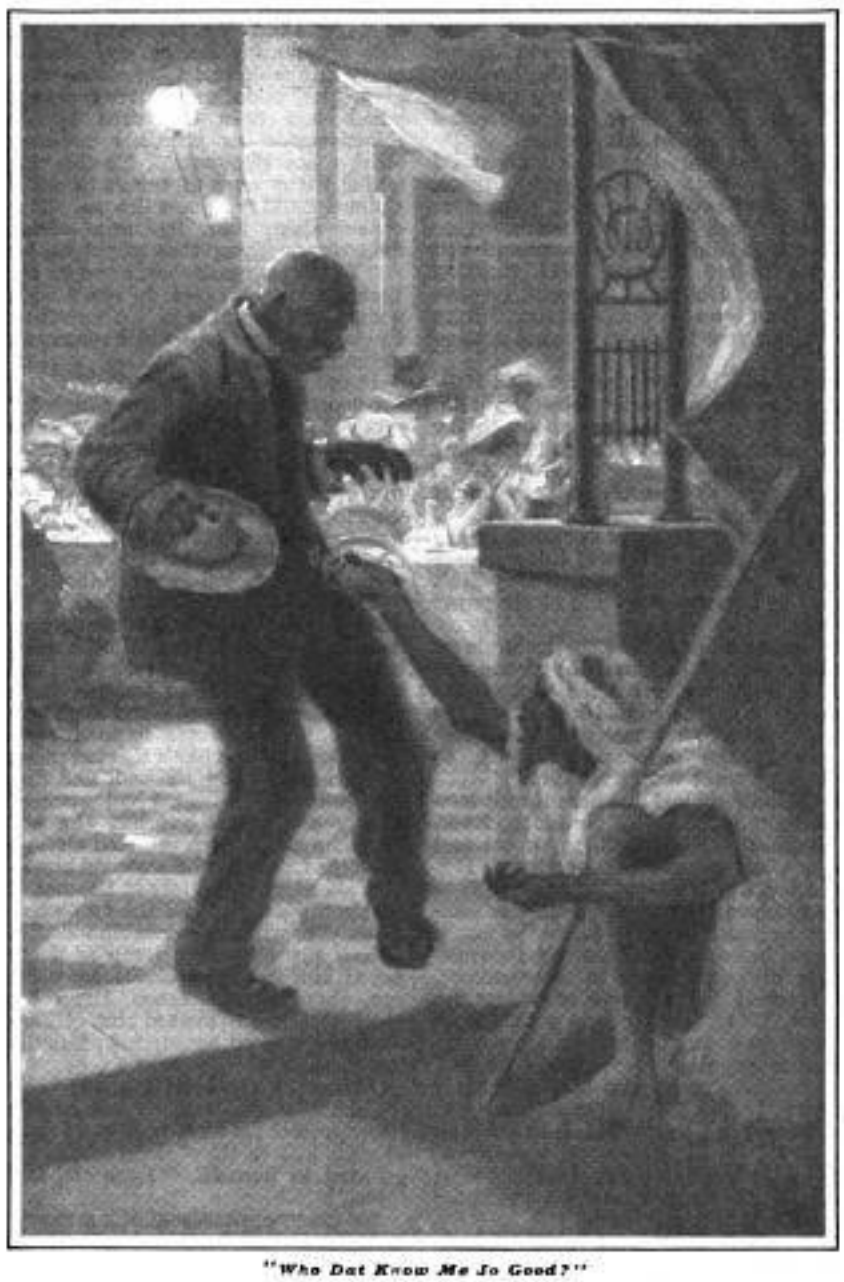
"Good!—the carriage with your black man."

Lykoff and Gargarin sat nearer to the sheik, but Lykoff was not interested in desert problems. Through that gap in the low partition he could see the beggar and was first to hear the crunch of wheels that toiled through muffling sand. The carriage stopped and a British soldier stepped out. "Get down, old man; here we are," he said. Old Reliable climbed from the box where he had been sitting beside the driver.

Gargarin and Lykoff both observed a second carriage, which deposited the man whom Gargarin had sent to the quarantine station. Lykoff did not know this, but he saw something else which Gargarin never suspected. He alone saw the veiled inspection that the beggar gave to Old Reliable. Those Arab eyes searched the negro's face, gray hat, woolen suit, heavy shoes—it could only be the man with the message; none of his like was in the land of Egypt. The beggar groveled and whined and waited. Time is nothing to a beggar. The soldier marched in, between the chairs and tables, and saluted Lyttleton Bey. "Here is your man, sir."

"Very good." Lyttleton dismissed him.

Zack shuffled along behind his liberator, indignant at the outrages which had been heaped upon him. He passed the beggar, he passed the desert sheik; Old Reliable "warn't studyin'" these folks. He wanted to find the Colonel.



"Who Dat Know Me So Good?"

"Well, Zack, I am glad they didn't clap you in jail. Next time maybe you'll stick to me and keep out of trouble."

"Gawd's troof, Cunnel; you hadn't no more'n turned your back befo' dem yaller policemuns grabbed me. It sho is worrysome to be 'rested by niggers when you ain't doin' nuthin. Dey wouldn't lissen to no sense; jes shoved me in dat flatboat and ——"

"Never mind, Zack. We'll talk about that tomorrow; I'm busy now. Are you hungry?"

"Yas, suh; I ain't touched a bite o' vittles."

"*Wakid!*" called Lyttleton Bey. Zack looked around curiously and Fudl appeared. "Take this man and give him food."

"Very good, sir," Fudl answered his master.

Zack was mighty dubious about this long-shirted negro, but followed without protest in the direction of victuals.

"A peculiar person, I fancy," remarked Lyttleton as Old Reliable trailed out behind the Berberine. Then an extraordinary thing happened. Zack got quick action—so sudden, so dramatic, that it jerked every man to his feet. Everything was perfectly quiet in that room when Zack came abreast the Sheik Muza, who stood in the full glare of an electric light. The negro stopped and stared solemnly at the sheik from head to foot for one long moment of surprise. Slowly a grin appeared, lengthened, broadened and overspread his countenance. Recognize that fellow? Of course he recognized him. Hadn't Guinea Ryan tipped him the wink on board ship that there were plenty of brothers around here? Zack cast a stealthy glance toward his white folks. They warn't payin' him no mind. So he whispered a magic word to the sheik and made a complicated sign with his fingers; after which he raised his right arm and strode boldly to that desert chieftain. Nobody knew exactly how it happened—it happened in silence except for Zack, who rent the peaceful night. The first that Colonel heard was a yell from Old Reliable. "You niggers is too rough—lemme git up!"

The Colonel sprang up and ran toward him; Lykoff darted between the tables and stood beside the Southerner. Gargarin bolted forward—and the British officers. Old Reliable lay flat on his back, struggling in the sand. Four spearmen held him down, their weapons flashing in the light. They said not a word, but pinned him firmly and looked to their sacred sheik for orders. Muza stood motionless, his arms folded, contemplating the presumptuous black who had dared threaten his consecrated person.

Lyttleton and MacDonald seized the Colonel and prevented him from trying to release Zack by force. They knew the temper of these desert visionaries.

"Lemme go! Lemme go! Quit dis foolishness! I'm financial, jes same as you." He struggled vainly with the fierce-eyed men, selected for their strength. Lyttleton spoke in Arabic to Sheik Muza, but gained no answer. His sharp black eyes glittered with hate for these sons of Christian dogs. Turbans massed in the sandy space outside, waiting a word from him who represented the sanctity of their religion. Behind the Europeans stood other silent men in robes and turbans and sunscorched faces. It was the month of fervor and fanatics, the month of the pilgrimage; a hasty word might fan their smouldering zeal into a whirlwind of riot. The British hesitated. Lyttleton consulted with MacDonald. MacDonald shook his head. From the throng behind them an aged man came forth, richly dressed, with a band of blue in his turban. MacDonald made way. With grave salutations he salaamed before the sheik, addressing him in a tongue which even Lyttleton could not understand. Muza neither moved nor changed countenance; the old Arab spoke smoothly and his words were few. The spearmen looked only to their sheik. Muza nodded imperceptibly; but it was sufficient unto them who obeyed his nod as law.

The sullen spearmen loosed their hold. Zack scrambled to his feet and began brushing off the sand. "Dat ain't no way to treat a brudder—gittin' all dese white folks mixed up in nigger foolishness!"

Lykoff edged close to Gargarin, clutching a keen knife in his pocket. He had turned intensely pale. Passionately he scanned the Bloodhound's face. If by this trick Gargarin got possession of his cipher Lykoff meant to cut his throat—that much he could do for his slaughtered friends. His eyes flamed, but Lykoff never acted in haste. Old Reliable continued to brush the sand from his clothes. Not once did the negro feel his pocket to see if the capsule had been disturbed. And Lykoff thought him wise.

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Gargarin strolled back, took his seat again; but there was no triumph in his step and the other Russian knew it.

"Come along, Zack." Colonel Spottiswoode drew him toward the table they had just vacated. The loungers about the room settled down and discussed the significant incident.

"Now, Zack, tell me the truth—what was that racket about?"

Zack hung his head and paid strict attention to picking off a few grains of sand.

"Out with it!"

Old Reliable grinned sheepishly. "It warn't nuthin' 'cept a passel o' tomfoolery. Some niggers, jes soon as dey git lodge clothes on 'em, dey commence ackin' biggity—specially dese yaller niggers. Yonder's dat Gran' Gardeen—jes look at 'im, all puffed up wid hisself!"

"That what?"

"Gran' Gardeen. I hailed him wid de sign an' password and dem four niggers shoved me down. Dey can't have no 'nishiashun right in front o' de hotel. Must be new members what don't know deir business."

Lyttleton and MacDonald listened intently, trying to get the straight of what had occurred. Perhaps there was a deeper meaning, and they wanted to know. "Kindly repeat that—I do not understand," said Lyttleton. Zack began to feel easier; his apologetic grin became beautiful and beaming. "You see, mister, dem niggers is members o' my lodge. Dat feller wid striped clothes on, he's de Gran' Noble Gardeen; dat's de head leader boss. Dey must be havin' gran' lodge. Every nigger's got a right to act de fool at gran' lodge."

The Britons stared at Zack with stolid faces. The matter was beyond them. Colonel Spottiswoode listened, almost as mystified. Then he saw a glimmer.

"Zack, what did you take that man for?"

"Take 'im fer? I knows: Gran' Gardeen o' de Sons o' David. I knowed 'im fust minute I sot eyes on dem clothes. White folks don't never ketch on to what niggers is doin'."

The Colonel in turn stared at Old Reliable, whose serene smile reassured him. The negro had wriggled from beneath the heel of death without a thought of having been in danger.

"Zack, weren't you afraid they might kill you with those spears?"

Zack grinned tolerantly at the Colonel's ignorance of facts. "Lordy, Cunnel, dem stickers couldn't hurt nobody. Dey ain't nuthin' 'cept pasteboard, wid silver paper on 'em."

The American couldn't help it; he threw back his head and laughed. Lyttleton and MacDonald promptly hushed him. "Sh! These Arabs might consider that we are making sport of their religion. See, they are passing the news from mouth to mouth—but what was it all about?"

The Colonel choked down an almost hysterical desire to laugh. "Go along, Zack, and be good. Get something to eat and keep out of trouble." Lyttleton Bey added a few words in Arabic to Fudl. That prudent person led his dangerous companion out by another way, where he would not come in contact with the tribesmen. Meeting his own people in the shadows, Fudl touched his forehead significantly. "Madman!" the people said unsmilingly and went their way with the tidings.

"Rather singular person that, I fancy," the Scotchman remarked when Colonel Spottiswoode had failed to make either of them understand what Old Reliable had done.

"No; he's just an ordinary bullet-headed negro. He'll be lucky if he gets yard-broke before he gets his neck broke."

MacDonald nodded such a cheerful assent that the Colonel went on: "That settles it. Let's get him a servant—a good, cautious wet-nurse."

"Yes; he might cause much annoyance," Lyttleton promptly agreed. "I shall send for a man. *Wakid!* Fudl!"

Fudl came running. "Effendi."

"I have need for a servant."

The adroitness with which these Arabs produced other Arabs amazed the Colonel; it was like rubbing the magic lamp for a jinnee to appear. This man was scrawnier and somewhat darker than the others; he was a Dongolawi and his name was Said. Like Mohammed, he had letters; in fact, he had the same letters. When Said unfolded them the first name to catch the Colonel's eye was "Theophilus Warwine."

"Here," he said; "this is the same letter that Mohammed ——"

Said and Fudl joined their voices in a duet of explanation—"Said's wife made the mistake—true it is, Excellency ——"

Said snatched up the package and darted out, winging his way like a bat through the lights and dodging into the darkness. Breathless, he came to the coffee-house of Selim. Mustafa, the dragoman, was playing at draughts. Said threw down his letters. "Mustafa, give me quickly ——" A fair exchange is no robbery. Said swapped recommendations with Mustafa. Each could use one as well as the other—legal tender in any lands. Then Said sped back to his prospective employer. "True it is, O thou Excellency—they were of my brother—my wife—forgiveness, Excellency ——" Simple-hearted Said, he got the job—and Old Reliable got a servant.

When Fudl led Zack homeward from the feeding-trough Lyttleton clapped his hands. "*Wahid!*"

"Here, effendi," answered Said, the scrawny brown man.

"Zack," said the Colonel, "this man is your servant. He will take charge of you."

Zack did not smile; it was too momentous an occasion. From the fullness of his active day he remarked: "Yas, suh; I speck I got bizness aplenty fer him to tend to."

"I don't doubt it," laughed the Colonel. "Now, don't bother us for a while."

MacDonald and Lyttleton spread a stack of invoices and other papers on the tables—lists of planting machinery, plows, hoes, every thinkable variety of cotton seed, bagging, ties, supplies of every description, which had been suggested by Colonel Spottiswoode as probably necessary to stock a new plantation. To this they had added many curious things of which the Colonel could not guess the use. They discussed them item by item—seeking to discover anything that might be lacking.

"You must remember, my dear Colonel, that if we need a tool we can't walk into a shop and purchase it. We must send to England or America—which requires weeks, perhaps months."

It was a formidable outfit. "I'm afraid, gentlemen," remarked the Colonel, "that you will find this a very costly experiment."

Lyttleton shrugged his shoulders. "We want to see if these lands will produce cotton. If it costs ten shillings a pound our directors care nothing for that. They must produce cotton." Then they plunged into a wilderness of plantation detail: labor, water, climate, soil—everything.

Their preoccupation left Zack to his own devices; he had become as circumspect and cautious as a pet coon. The Sheik Muza had departed with his retinue. Zack was glad of that. A band was playing somewhere along the front—and Zack was glad again. The awnings flapped overhead. White spray arose like a sheeted rain-ghost, appearing over the sea-wall and dropping back again. The beggar had returned. His skinny arm stuck out like the withered limb of a tree. Zack rambled aimlessly toward the front; Lykoff watched him closely. The old negro stood idly at the gap, almost beside the beggar, and the two were quite alone. The whining voice stopped. "Zack!" Lykoff saw the negro jump as if one had called him from the tomb; he whirled to run, then glanced down. The beggar's hand stretched up toward him. "Zack!"—that single word again; low, but distinct, unmistakable.

"Who dat know me so good?"

Zack saw the beggar's left hand sneak from beneath his dirty rags—and the glitter of gold was in it. "Huh! huh!" Zack grunted to himself. "Dese sho is funny folks."

He gazed curiously at the money; then something stirred within him. "Dar now! Dat white man—on de steamboat ——" He rummaged hastily through his pockets, fished out the capsule and held it in his fingers. Lykoff was talking with Gargarin; he saw everything but spilled not a drop of the liqueur as he poured.

"What dat you say?" Zack leaned closer to the beggar and asked again.

"Zack," repeated the beggar; but ten goldpieces were assurance enough. Zack reached for the coin. The beggar's long, lean fingers clinched upon it; the hand was sinewy—the fingers made of whipcords and whitleather. The beggar nodded toward the capsule.

"Huh!—you want dis here pill? Sholy, sholy."

Zack dropped the capsule into the beggar's hand, which transferred it instantly to the beggar's mouth. The left hand loosed



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its gold. It was a wide-open transaction, conducted under the electric lights. Lykoff did not tremble as he raised the liqueur to his lips. As yet Gargarin had no suspicion.

Zack stepped inside to a brighter zone of light, counting his money as he came, biting it with his strong white teeth. He hadn't an idea whether it were good or bad, but he had once seen a white man testing gold money in that way. The beggar moved off very slowly—as a cloud dissolves. A quick-stepping European came toward the hotel. The beggar straightened visibly, stood erect for an instant, then relapsed into senility. That movement betrayed him to Gargarin. The Bloodhound sprang up, overturning his chair. At his signal, two men who sat in the corner leaped to their feet; another pair came running from the servants' café; and yet two others from across the sands.

The beggar saw them all. He dropped his staff and shook off his rags, revealing a slender body, lithe as a reed, surrounded by men who closed in upon him.

Gargarin rushed across the room and vaulted the partition. Then the beggar moved. Swiftly he crossed those shining spaces of sand and vanished into the yawning cavern of an alley. A naked man, the color of the night—like a night-bird he had disappeared. The chase disappeared behind him, a silent chase of close-lipped men, darting as swallows dart into the black mouth of a chimney. They were gone. For a moment Lykoff stood beside his table and watched those flying figures in the dark. Then he settled down again to his liqueur.

Old Reliable stood dazed. "Dar now! Don't dat beat de Jews! Dat beggar nigger sho did arrive away from dis hotel in a hurry."

There was no outcry, no confusion, except the overturning of Gargarin's chair—which attracted no attention. Old Reliable chuckled to himself: "Huh! Swallowed dat pill; den lit out like a rabbit in a sedge fiel'. Dat must 'a' been a runnin' pill!"

The British officers had gone inside the hotel. Colonel Spottiswoode strolled toward Zack, where he stood with mouth wide open. "Well, Zack, how do you like this town?"

Zack slipped that easy money into the bottom of his pocket and chuckled. "I never see so many niggers wid so many diffunt kinds o' nightshirts on."

The Colonel laughed. "We're going to a country where they don't wear anything at all. You'd better be getting ready for the train."

The Colonel looked round to see if any one observed him before trying to use his first lesson in Arabic. Then he clapped his hands and called: "*Wahid!*"

"Here, effendi." Mohammed ran from across the street so promptly that Zack was delighted.

"Come." The Colonel turned into the hotel with his servant. At the door he stopped. "Zack, call your man and get all the baggage ready."

Zack adjusted the lapels of his coat and glanced across to the café where Said was sitting, doing nothing. It would be so much fun to stir him up. He was mightily tickled with the idea of calling a man who had to come. Zack Foster liked this town. Just as the Colonel had looked round him, so did Zack, to be sure that none of his white folks were noticing. He grinned and grinned; then wiped the grins off his face with a big, rough hand. Pitching his voice at the full, he leaned over the low partition and yelled: "Whar he?"

"Here, effendi." Said bowed before his master. Zack wanted to laugh, but received his servant with impressive solemnity.

Nobody looked at him; he was not getting his due attention. Zack took out a broken cigar, licked it all round so that it would draw, then fired up. "Come 'long, nigger," he ordered; and puffing like a switch-engine Old Reliable entered the hotel.

(THE END)

Dramatizing Ibsen

ELMER HARRIS, the New York playwright, was talking to a friend about Augustus Thomas, when he happened to remark that Mr. Thomas was dramatizing Gibson's pictures, The Education of Mr. Pipp.

"Huh!" grunted the other incredulously. "He can't dramatize them."

"He can't, eh?" retorted Mr. Harris. "If he wanted to that fellow Thomas could dramatize Ibsen!"



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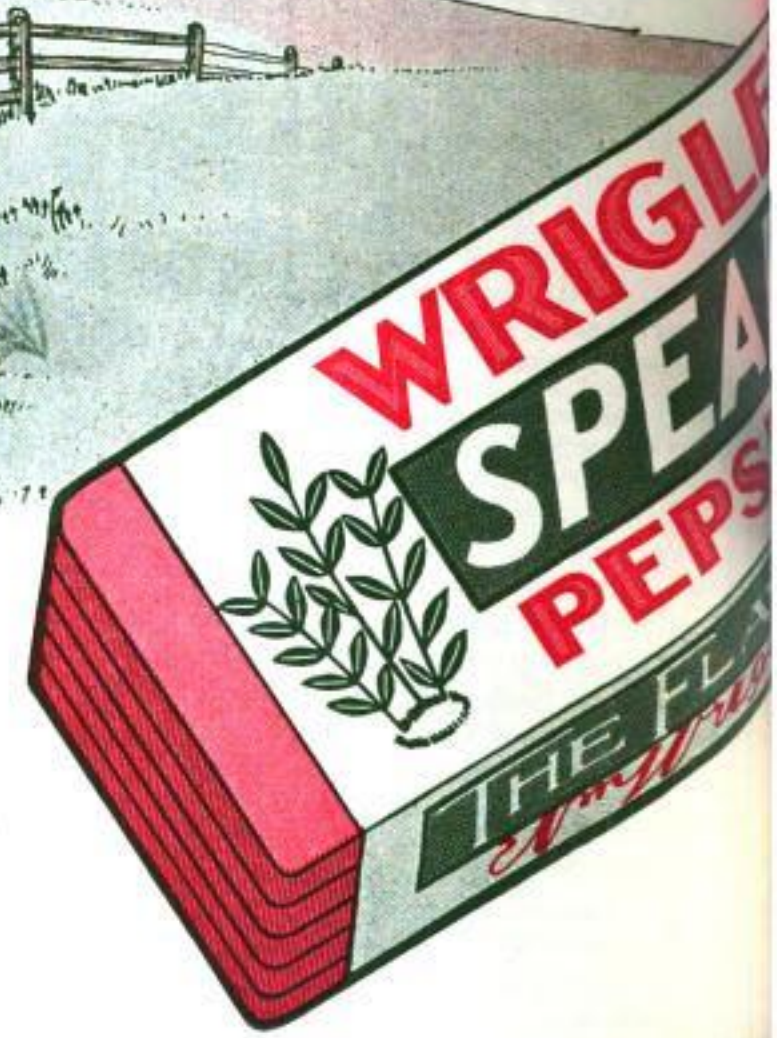
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Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox-Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
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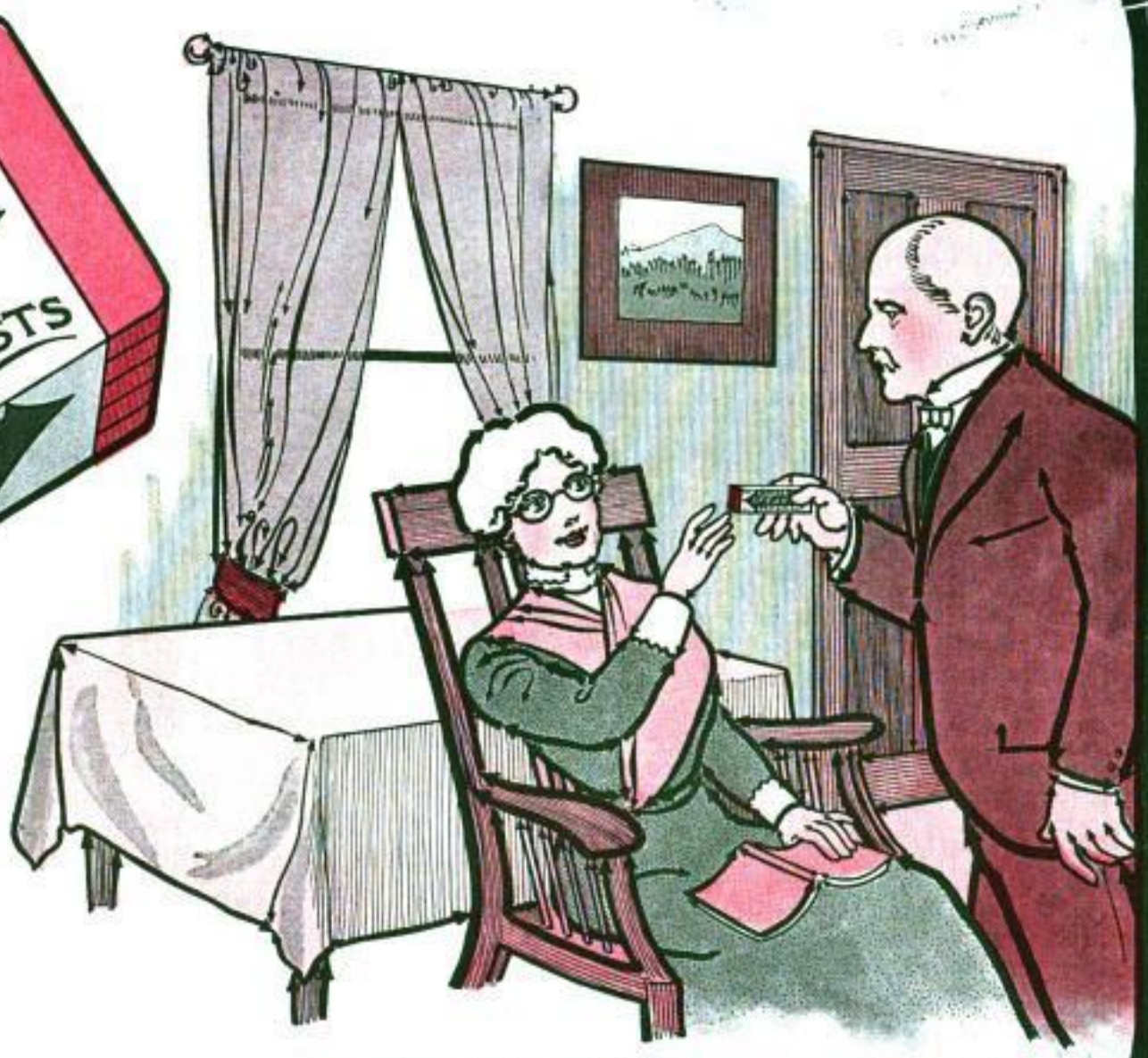
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The brick wall recently required rebuilding, but in the work of renovation *the roof did not require any attention.*

Four times the roof has been exposed to fire; a neighboring hotel burned down and it was covered with falling embers; another building, just across the street, was destroyed and this roof was swept with flame; two other fires, which threatened the destruction of the entire block, left this roof undamaged.

It has never leaked and never been repaired.

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Most of the first-class buildings of the country are covered with roofs of this type because they give *better protection* at *lower cost* than any other kind.

Special Note We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding. If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested:

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified, and subject to the inspection requirement.

Copy of The Barrett Specification, with diagrams, ready for incorporation into building specifications, free on request. Address our nearest office.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland Pittsburgh Cincinnati Kansas City Minneapolis New Orleans Seattle London, Eng.

Canadian Offices—Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.

TRADE B MARK

BUSINESS HELPS

"IT IS ideas that count; in fact, there is nothing else that really counts." I heard a very successful Western business man say this several years ago, and there was something in the words that struck me as being very impressive.

One of the greatest manufacturing establishments in the United States is so eager to receive new ideas from its employees—so eager to draw out, discover and profit by any original thought that may come to any one of them—that it has organized a special system for the handling of this vitally important matter.

The corporation has establishments in various cities, and it has organized a committee made up of engineers and superintendents who are located at different points. Each individual member of the committee is expected to be in constant touch with all the employees, big and little, in his particular district; and, on the other hand, it is well known by all the employees that the system exists, and they know who the local member of the committee is. Each committeeman is expected to discover ideas; each employee is expected to tell his ideas to the committee. And if, from suspicion or any other cause, a man with an idea prefers to send it to the secretary of the committee rather than submit it to the local member, there is no objection whatever to his doing so—the important thing is to get it before the committee.

The committee meets at regular intervals at this or that point and takes up for consideration every suggestion that has come in. The pros and cons, the good points and the bad, are thoroughly gone over. With some of the ideas, a single objection may be so obvious as to be fatal; with others, there must be long and careful consideration; with yet others, there is little or no doubt from the beginning that the verdict will be favorable.

Whatever finally seems good to the majority of the committee is given a commendatory vote, and the management is fully informed as to the supposed merits of the new idea. A sum of money, as a direct reward, is at the same time voted to the originator, the amount depending upon the degree of merit and originality shown and the importance of the improvement. The money given is not the whole reward, however, nor is it even the best part of it; for every man who has an original suggestion accepted and adopted knows that his chief reward is to come from having attracted the attention of his superiors, who will henceforth be watching him, ready to encourage and advance him as rapidly as he can make good.

The Idea and the Ideal Man

If the idea is patentable the corporation sees to getting the patent, which is granted in the name of the successful man, but at once assigned by him to his employers.

It has been only a few years that this system has been in operation, yet already a very considerable number of improvements have been passed upon favorably and adopted. And the employers and employed alike understand that the keynote of the system is benefit for both sides. On both sides there is the enlightened selfishness which, as some writer has remarked, is at the foundation of so much of the world's advancement.

Every great corporation, every well-managed corporation, is just as eager to find new ideas as is the corporation whose system I have described, though I do not know of any other that has a system of discovery and encouragement quite so far-reaching, so shrewd and so efficient. And that the great employers attach such value to the thinking up of ideas points out that there is no better way of advancing from unimportance to importance, or from importance to greater importance, than by showing your employers that you are a man of originality.

Nor does all this point out advantages for employees alone. It points out, and very strongly points out, that there is no better way for a small corporation or small business house to put itself on the road to becoming a large one than to begin this systematic recognition and encouragement of ideas among those in its employ. If employees of originality are kept pleased and satisfied they will remain with the house instead of becoming restless and leaving; and the house will therefore secure for itself that most important of all assets, the loyal service of men who can think. The originality of one will induce originality in others, and ambition and emulation will prove potent factors. Any employer who feels that his house is not growing as it should can do no better thing than imitate the big and successful men in seeking out ideas.

* * * * * * * * *

It used to be that if a man thought of an invention he feared to let any one know of it because of the danger of his idea being stolen—as, indeed, too often it was. And so the man would work out his idea in secret and send it to the Patent Office—perhaps get a patent and perhaps not; and, even if successful there, likely enough he would find himself in possession of something that was quite impossible for him to handle to advantage. And very often, from the need of unattainable money and special apparatus, the inventor was unable to pass through even the initial steps sufficient to construct his model and present it at Washington for judgment. Often, too, an idea is not a new thing in itself, but an improvement or adaptation to be used in connection with something already in successful use. And there is many a good idea that is not even patentable.

Kidnapping the Brain Child

Such considerations, such discouragements, however, need not for a moment be thought of by the employee of an up-to-date concern, for it will gladly assume the general burden of managing the affair and let the employee get only advantage from it. And every well-managed house is particularly anxious to avoid the possibility that some one may filch an idea from the discoverer and proceed dishonestly to profit by it. That ideas were stolen—or, at least, that there was strong reason to believe that some ideas were stolen—was one of the facts that brought about the formation of the committee of superintendents and engineers; in the detail of its proceedings there is constant and special watchfulness for this possibility. And the reasons are obvious. It is not only because of a general desire for fair dealing, but because, by permitting the originator of an idea to lose credit and reward, the employer would be sure to lose his good will and the advantages that would come from continued originality; and would also be pretty sure to lose the man himself to some other house—all of which would be very bad business.

A great advantage that comes from the submitting of an idea to one's superiors is that it gives both employed and employer the chance to profit by collaboration. Many an idea is really only a germ and would not amount to anything without improvements from the cleverness of others besides the originator. In its first suggested form an idea may promise well, but at the same time be quite impossible from any practical standpoint. In such a case, if the originator is working it out entirely by himself the whole thing fails—no possible advantage can come from it; but if he can put it up to his employers—if they are up-to-date employers—they will not only see to it that his own advantage is secured, should it be a success, but they will do everything possible to make it a success by arranging for other brains to mull over it, and to plan and contrive and visualize. With capital behind them, several keen minds get to work upon the problem of putting the idea into its best and most practical form. Combined brains, collaborating brains, often improve a good thing and often make an impossible thing possible. And the final result, though owing primarily to the man to whom came the inception of the idea, is also owing to those who aided him and without whose aid the idea would perhaps never have been developed.

And another excellent feature about collaboration is that it is by no means necessary that the man with the idea, if it be mechanical or engineering, shall have the technical skill necessary to plan details or superintend experiments. If he is clear-headed as to his proposition and if he really has an inspiration he need only explain his inspiration, thus putting it on the way to

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development by men who are masters of mechanical detail.

And, of course, this present-day way of doing it makes it possible to go ahead with good ideas in many a case where the originator, if compelled to rely entirely upon his own resources, would be hopelessly checked by lack of money.

. . . . . .

However, it should not for a moment be considered that new ideas must be inventions and nothing else. A new idea in bookkeeping may be discovered; a new idea for the collection of accounts; a new idea for the dressing of a show window; a new idea in office management; a new idea for the handling of men—it is immaterial what the idea may be. It may be an idea which involves the spending of tens of thousands of dollars in the manufacture and installation of new machinery, or it may be an idea that does not involve the spending of a cent. No matter what line a man or a woman may be in, there is always the possibility of improvement in it; and, what is still more important, there is always a chance to see a possibility of improvement in the position higher up at which the employee, whether big or little, is aiming, and which he will attain much sooner by displaying a practical knowledge of how it may be bettered.

It used to be that the whole duty of man, or at least of a business man, was comprised in the words: "Do your work well and your work will be appreciated."

The business world has gone far beyond that in the course of recent years. Not that it is any the less necessary that one shall do his work well. Of course one must do his work well if he wants to hold his job; but to get beyond that job, to reach out and get better and better jobs, one must not only do his work well, but he must do it better—that is to say, he must find improvements and be prolific in ideas and suggestion.

"If a man would make himself felt as an important and worth-while member of an establishment," said a Chicago merchant to me, "he must do much more than merely do his work in such a way as not to incur blame. He must have ideas about better methods, short cuts, clever contrivances, ways and means of getting results. He must stand for progress and for increase of efficiency. He must constantly be on the alert to discover new things for the good of the house."

New Ways to Tie Up Old Parcels

And I often think of a summing up by the general manager of one of the New York department stores. He was explaining how his establishment sought for and welcomed all sorts of ideas, and how it encouraged them by rewards and recognition; and he concluded with:

"Nothing is too small to consider. A saving on even the smallest things is likely to make a good-sized total by the end of the year. We welcome any idea, even if it is only how to tie up parcels better."

. . . . . .

"Whenever a machine can do the work of a man we put in a machine," said the superintendent of a big Pittsburgh concern. "In this lies the keynote of success in present-day manufacturing. The readiness or unreadiness to put in new machines marks the difference between success and the lack of it."

And, indeed, nothing is more remarkable than the readiness of the great concerns to go to immense expense to carry out improvements. Yet this does not mean that the successful manufacturer puts in new machinery carelessly, rashly, heedlessly, without much thought except that it is new. The constant tendency is strongly toward the new, but this tendency is as constantly kept in hand by sagacity and caution.

As to the means by which the tendency is kept under control, the big companies differ in details; but most of them follow substantially the same course. One of the very largest, after deciding that an idea seems good, has the whole matter figured over most carefully before the new idea is adopted; and the precise cost of the present way of doing and as precise as possible an estimate of the proposed new way are set down before the management for decision.

However, it is by no means even then a mere matter of which way is the cheaper by itself—the new way may in itself be much dearer; and the proposition for the management is to consider whether or not, on the whole, the change would mean advantage. As a matter of fact, the mere expensiveness of an otherwise excellent proposal is seldom a bar to its adoption by any good concern, for expensiveness is likely to be offset by general improved efficiency. And here, again, is where the small manufacturer who wishes to become a big one should follow the example of those who have succeeded—he should and must learn to look upon things large-mindedly; he must broaden himself; he must learn to know that money-saving and money-making often come from money-spending.

Every day somewhere, by somebody, a new idea is hit upon. Why should not you be the one to hit upon it and have the advantage of it? For, as already suggested, the idea need not by any means be mechanical, but may apply to any branch of your work or business. The important thing is to be on the lookout for ideas and to be able to recognize an opportunity when you see it!

As a preliminary to the thinking of the new and worth while, there comes the necessity of being familiar with the present processes that one wishes to improve; and this, whether the improvement is to be mechanical or of some other kind.

The Tell-Tale Furnace Smoke

A favorite dictum of the manager of a great retail house is that within three months any new employee ought not only to understand his own work thoroughly, but should also have a good knowledge of how the entire work of the establishment is divided up and carried on—a good idea of the divisions of the different departments and of the reasons for them. And this kind of seeking for information does not mean impertinently pushing into some one else's work, but merely such a legitimate thirst for knowledge as every factor in an establishment ought to have. "It is only the man who is holding down his job with one hand and reaching out with the other for a job higher up that I care anything about," I remember some one saying. "You must keep on advancing; there is no such thing as standing still—retrogression begins the moment you come to a stop."

If a man does not preliminarily soak in a full and comprehensive knowledge of his work he will find himself proposing something immature and absurd—something which could come only as a half-baked idea from one with half-baked knowledge.

I often think of one of the most ingenious men I know—a man who rose from one of the minor positions in his establishment to be the managing head of it. This particular establishment is a great mill. He is always thinking of some new way of doing a thing and always welcoming those who have something new to propose. So complete is his own knowledge that he can walk through the mill and see at a glance whether or not even the tiniest things are going properly. And his men love and respect him, for they know he is not a mere meddling martinet, but one who has thrown himself heart and soul into his work and is anxious to reward and advance all who will imitate him. I remember, as an example of his knowledge, that as he used to drive down to the mill from his home he could tell at a glance, from the degree of blackness of the smoke coming from the stacks, whether or not the furnaces were being fired properly or extravagantly, and later, on his regular morning trip of inspection, he would caution any foreman who had an improperly fired furnace in charge.

. . . . . .

An encouragement to any man with ideas that his ideas will be taken up and adopted, and a striking example on the part of one of the most powerful of corporations to all penny-wise and pound-foolish concerns, was an advertisement that appeared not very long ago in the trade journals offering valuable machinery at a ridiculously low price—though, as I happened to know, it had cost sixty thousand dollars only a few years before.

The point was that something new had been thought of; a man with an idea had shown how to put in something more efficient, and that necessarily meant the discarding of the sixty-thousand-dollar lot. The machinery had become superannuated from the mere fact that a man had come along with an idea—much, by the way, to the man's own advantage. So the orders of the general manager were:

"Advertise that stuff and send out personal letters to small manufacturers. Try for six months, but don't give it room longer than that; if it isn't sold in six months scrap it!"



For Your Health's Sake

—read in succeeding issues of The Saturday Evening Post our "Smoke Talks" on the *wrong* of *strong* Cigars.

Remember, that in choosing cigars the effects upon your nerves, your heart and your brain should be considered.

"Smoke Talks" will tell you

When To Smoke Mild Cigars
Why You Should Smoke Mild Cigars
How To Tell Mild Cigars
Where To Find Mild Cigars

THE MILD

Robt. Burns

10c CIGAR
is best for your health

Made by STRAITON & STORM since 1857

Ask your Doctor

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A Ten Strike

Samples from ten popular Whitman's packages gathered in

Whitman's Sampler

"Variety," we agree, "is the spice of life." This, then, is the "spiciest" package yet.

It contains generous lots of each kind from these favorite packages of Whitman's Chocolates and Confections: Continental Chocolates (bitter sweet), Super Extra Honey White Nougat, Super Extra Chocolate Covered Mint Marshmallows, Super Extra Chocolate Covered Caramels, the Fussy Package, Super Extra Chocolate Covered Almonds, Assorted Jordan Almonds, Roasted Jordan Almonds, Super Extra Chocolate Covered Brazil Nuts and Super Extra Chocolate Covered Maraschino Cherries.

All these packages have hosts of friends, but very few know all of them. Here, in the *Sampler*, you will find old favorites and new delights. Then, when you want one kind alone you can get it in its own separate package.

Tipped in the package is a loose leaf describing each of the ten packages that is sampled.

The Sampler box is covered with a facsimile sampler in the quaint, old-fashioned needlework that has become the prevailing new fashion. All women appreciate its exquisite workmanship.

You can buy the *Sampler* for one dollar at the selected stores everywhere that we supply, by express, direct from headquarters. You can tell the store—usually it's the best drug store—by the sign:


Chocolate Covered Almonds


A Fussy Package


Chocolate Covered Caramels


Chocolate Covered Brazil Nuts


Assorted Jordan Almonds


Caramel Chocolates


Roasted Jordan Almonds


Honey White Nougat


Chocolate Covered Maraschino Cherries

AGENCY Whitman's CHOCOLATES & CONFECTIONS

Buy from your local agent. Where we have no agency we will send the *Sampler*, postpaid, on receipt of $1.25.

Write for a copy of our "*List of Good Things*" describing and pricing seventy sorts of sweets in sealed packages.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.,
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Makers of Whitman's *Instantaneous Chocolate*


Chocolate Covered Mint Marshmallows

THE WORD GENTLY SPOKEN

(Continued from Page 9)

is—wid his hat off whin he meets you an' the illegant turn to the tongue of him—an' that helpful too! Whin the plumbers was fixing me faucets yisterday I had to carry me wather from the hydrant in the coort; an' I was jest raising the pail whin Mr. Moggins comes up. 'P'mit me!' says he; 'an' he ups with the pail, for all I cud say or do, an' carries it in for me. An' 'Don't name ut,' he says; 'it's a pleasure!' If I could thrain Mike to conduck himsilf like that I'd ask for nothin' more."

Mrs. Moggins flushed with pride.

"Bill's cert'nly a-gettin' a steam-laundry finish on him," she said; "but somehow ——" She sighed.

"If he's the same man indures as he is out ——" insinuated Mrs. Clancy. "Some is not."

"Oh, Bill ain't no different," said Mrs. Moggins. "I ain't had an ugly word out of him sence I don't know when."

That was true. At times Mrs. Moggins' nerves impelled her to sharp speech in the hope of—as she put it—"startin' somethin'," but the more acid and unreasonable she became, the more soft-spoken and good-humored was her husband. At the close of one of these unequal passages, Mrs. Moggins jabbed a knife viciously into the butter, pried off a piece and told him to open his mouth.

"I want to see if it will melt or whether you'll have to swallow it whole," she said. "I'll bet my next new lid you'll choke on it!"

"If you'll excuse me I'd ruther spread it on a slice of bread, muh dear," answered Bill forbearingly. "If you don't mind I'll take a slant at the paper."

With which he settled back in his chair and began on the headlines. His wife went on with her supper without paying much attention to him, until a sudden and violent exclamation made her drop a fork to the floor.

"Whatcha know about that!"

"About what? What in the world ——"

"Listen here!" said Mr. Moggins rising: "'Con-ductor a Chester-field. Willi-am Moggins Larded—Lauded—by Grateful Passengers!'"

Mrs. Moggins snatched the paper from his hand and read:

"The pink of politeness, the perennially blooming crocus of courtesy, the mold and form of affability and the shining pattern and example to all street-car conductors is, beyond cavil or question, Conductor William Moggins, who gathers in nickels and transfers on the Kedzie Avenue line. This is the unanimous verdict of the patrons of the aforesaid line and it was confirmed today by the careful observation of a Tribune reporter. Between Lake Street and Sixty-third Street, Mr. Moggins said 'Thank you!' thirty-two times; 'If you please!' thirty-seven times; 'No trouble, ma'am!' fourteen times and 'Excuse me!' forty-three times.

"He carefully refrained from exhorting passengers to 'Step lively!' and he left the platform five times to assist those whose infirmities or tender age required assistance. He explained the impossibility of riding forward on a backward transfer in terms at once urbane and convincing, and made the soft answers that turn away wrath to two of the species crank."

There was more of it, but the significant part of it was an interview with the superintendent, which the reporter had taken pains to secure.

"I am happy to say that politeness in our employees is the rule rather than the exception," Superintendent Rooksmith asserted. "At the same time," he continued, "I consider that Conductor Moggins is entitled to a good deal of credit; and the company is disposed to recognize merit in a practical manner whenever a suitable opportunity occurs."

Mrs. Moggins' eyes shone.

"Bill," she cried, "you sure done it!"

"Yes, muh dear," returned Mr. Moggins apathetically—"I've sure done it!"

Dilate as she would on the splendor of the prospect opening before him, Moggins could not be stirred to anything approaching enthusiasm. He went to bed rather earlier than usual and again his dreams were filled with oriental terrors. The "super" took to himself the bristling catwhiskers of the Chinatown joss and, from



Ralston

AUTHORITY STYLES

There's a Ralston Shoe That's Built for You!

For you—if you demand ultra-smartness, if you like to be ahead of others in Fashion's Race.

For you—if you insist on conservative lines rather than extremes.

For you—if you seek comfort. Every Ralston Shoe is made on foot-moulded forms, to fit the human foot *correctly*—to fit YOURS from first to last—no "breaking in."

Our Booklet, "Style Talk," Free

Shows the requirements of the season's fashion in men's shoes for every occasion.

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
985 Main St., Campello (Brockton), Mass.

Babies Grow Stronger
Adults Sleep Sounder

Fresh milk tastes better and digests quicker when it is perfected for human digestion with

Ridge's Food
THE CORRECT MILK MODIFIER

Your baby should have fresh food as well as pa... and since milk is the best part of baby's diet, it's important that baby's milk should be fresh.

You can give your baby clean, fresh cow's milk modified by Ridge's Food and the baby will thrive and grow. You can modify with Ridge's Food the milk you drink yourself and your digestion will have no problem to solve. Take it at bedtime and you will sleep. Everything that is lacking in cow's milk to make it a perfect whole food for human beings is corrected by Ridge's Food. Ridge's Food and cow's milk are easily prepared and the improved flavor is assured. Ridge's Food is inexpensive and has been the stand-by of the doctors for 80 years.

If your druggist does not sell Ridge's Food we will send you free a large sample package with full information. We'll send the sample anyway if you want it.



RIDGE'S FOOD CO.
2 State Street, Boston, Mass.

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Standard Taper Roller Bearing

STANDARD

Is a saving of 75% in power worth while?

Standard roller bearings actually make possible the highest efficiency of the modern motor car.

This sweeping statement is warranted by the fact that Standard bearings are used by 97% of the automobile manufacturers in America.

These bearings, either of the roller or ball type, are of vital importance because of the extent to which they obviate friction at every load-bearing surface.

As compared with plain bearings—the ordinary journal, that is—Standard bearings produce a saving in power running in some instances as high as 75%.

To duplicate with plain bearings at all points the efficiency of a 30 H. P. car fitted with Standard bearings, would require approximately, a 90 H. P. engine.

Your bearings, therefore, play so important a part in power economy, that if you are wise you will scrutinize this feature even more closely than any other, in the car you purpose buying.

Far beyond the question of mere economy in upkeep and maintenance, you will consider the greater factor of safety.

You will see, in the Standard taper roller bearing shown above, the most perfect friction-saving and safety device for the equipment of a motor car's front axle.

Whatever the shock—however sudden the demand made upon these bearings—you will find them absolutely trustworthy.

Careful study of this subject will show you why the great preponderance of American manufacturers specify Standard bearings.

You will find in our little booklet: "The Road-Bed of Power" interesting and timely information on this subject. Ask for it.

Standard Roller Bearing Co.

Philadelphia, Pa.

his gilded shrine, issued order number 36,990, instructing all conductors to tie their pigtails with pink ribbons.

Mr. Moggins departed for his day's work in a depressed state of mind; and Mrs. Moggins, leaning over the iron-pipe railing to watch him descend the stairs, noticed that his shoulders were becoming bent.

v

IT WAS long before his usual hour when the Pink of Politeness returned to the McGonigal Flats, and there was nothing depressed in his air. His shoulders were thrown well back and his broad chest and square jaw were both thrust well forward; his feet came down solidly and with decision, and his little eyes rolled from side to side in the old manner until they lit on the janitor.

"Hello, Bill!" said the autocrat of the flats. "What's bringing ye home so early?"

Moggins glared at him.

"Is it any of your dog-rotted, blistered business?" he asked.

The janitor quailed before the baleful eye that challenged him.

"I didn't mean to butt into your affairs," he said. "I was just askin'."

"So was I!" said Bill. "You got your answer, didn't you?"

"Sure!" assented the janitor, moving away.

Mr. Moggins proceeded to the entrance of the building and there he was accosted by Mr. Clancy, his neighbor from across the hall.

"It's a cilibrity you're a-gittin' to be, they do be tellin' me," said Mr. Clancy. "The 'crocus of courtesy,' I hear!"

"Sure!" agreed Moggins grimly. "Smell muh perfume!" And he advanced his clenched fist beneath the other's nose and shook it. "If you give me any of your guff, you flannel-mouthed harp, I'll make you think you're the night-bloomin' cereus of the casualty ward!"

Mr. Clancy began to remove his coat in a businesslike manner.

"Will we shtep up the alley or am I to spiflicate you right here?" he asked.

"Mike!" called a shrill voice from the upper landing. Mr. Clancy hesitated and resumed his coat.

"Yis," he responded. "I'm coming. I'll see you later, Mr. Moggins."

Moggins ascended the steps, and the Mold and Form of Affability followed him *au troisième*, stopping at his own door and kicking its panels so that the sleeping echoes were awakened to reverberating clamor.

"For Heaven's sake!" exclaimed Mrs. Moggins.

"Don't for-Heaven's-sake me! Get out of my way and leave me in!" growled her husband, pushing by her.

"Well, you are perlite, I must say!" declared the lady, overtaking him in the kitchen.

"Perliteness be blasticated and skewidgered!" said Bill Moggins. "I don't have to be perlite. I've quit the company and got a job on construction, bossing a gang of Dagos; and I'm just aching to get at the macaroni-guzzling Guineas an' tell 'em what I think of 'em! Get supper on, you!"

But he grinned in the old way.

"And I don't know but what it's all for the best, after all," sighed Mrs. Moggins later. "It was all right for a change and in some respects I liked it; but if he'd kept on another month I know that Bill would have bust!"

Not So Helpless

F. S. HIGHT, the manager of the Willard Hotel in Washington, had a plumber at his house for several days plumbing around.

Hight noticed that the plumber had no helper with him. He talked to the plumber about this lapse, and called the attention of his own family to a situation that he had never observed before—a plumber plumbing without a helper. Also he spoke about it to various persons round the hotel.

Presently the bill came in. In it were charged, with great care and particularity, a large amount of materials, and then occurred this line: "For plumber and helper, $96.00."

Hight sent the bill back and suggested that as there had been no helper with this expensive plumber, it was his opinion that the bill was subject to revision in that item.

He received this reply: "*Dear Sir:* It is quite true the plumber's helper was not at your house, but he helped round the shop getting the tools ready, and so forth."



WHEN the car builder says to the tire maker "Don't talk quality to me, it's prices I want"—*you lose.*

The car builder who *buys* his tires on a price basis is *selling you* a *tire* that is *built to meet his prices.*

Remember—the car builder does not guarantee the tire on the car he sells you; his responsibility ends there—but yours begins.

We could build them cheaper
But we won't
We would build them better
But we can't

Insist upon Diamond Tires on your new car before buying and you will get them. Diamond Tires are built and sold on a *Quality* basis only. Their first cost to the car builder is a little more than on other tires, because of the additional mileage and wear that we build into them. Start your new car out on Diamond Tires, and you'll stick to Diamonds ever after. That's the only way to cut ultimate tire expense to the lowest.

In addition to dependable Diamond dealers everywhere, there are FIFTY-FOUR Diamond Service Stations. Diamond Service means more than merely selling tires—it means taking care of Diamond tire users.

The Diamond Rubber Company

AKRON, OHIO

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Bachelors' Friend HOSIERY

TRADE MARK

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



This new summer weight sock weighs less than ¾ of an ounce to the pair. But this is not the only reason why it is the leader among men's light weight hosiery. There is 100 years' experience in stocking making behind this hosiery. It is the very acme of men's footwear, because combined in it are the highest experience and the finest obtainable materials.

The high splicing of the heel and the strong reinforcement of the foot are obtained by cotton that costs $1.40 per pound. This means that, although it is doubly strong, it does not show above the shoe as in the ordinary stocking. Placing an electric light inside the stocking brings out the reinforcement that resists all wear. Yet there is none of the patched appearance that makes you avoid so many cheap stockings.

It is the gauziest, silkiest and most elastic stocking of its class, and by reason of its excellence of manufacture *we guarantee six pairs to wear six months.*

Latest improved features. Combed Sea Island cotton only used in its making. French welt—the best top ever put on a cotton sock. Toe looped on two-thread looping machines, which gives double wear.

You should know how much greater comfort there is in this sock. One trial will show you why it is demanded by discriminating buyers everywhere.

Electric light is necessary to bring out the reinforcement

We do not sell direct. But if no dealer in your town has them, we will see that you have an introductory lot if you will send us money order covering the amount. Charges prepaid.

JOSEPH BLACK & SONS CO.
York, Pa.

Four Grades:
6 pairs, $1.50
6 pairs, $2.00
6 pairs, $2.50
6 pairs, gauze weight, $2.00
Six pairs guaranteed to wear 6 months.



No need of this since he wears Bachelors' Friend.

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ve Stationery of
lniform Quality
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HOW WE GROW DEAF

(Continued from Page 19)

absolutely untouched and as perfect as ever. So that, if we can only get sound waves to reach the internal ear by some hook or crook, it can still hear them. The easiest and, so to speak, the most open route for sound waves to reach the nerve of hearing is, of course, through the ear canal, the drum and its bones; but luckily this is not the only channel.

Just as soon as sound waves are loud enough to jar through the bones of the head, they can reach the nerve of hearing and be heard, though the ear be completely blocked. Upon this fact depends the usefulness—unfortunately not very great—of the various trumpets, tubes and fanshaped hearing instruments. Some of these are pressed into the ear; some rest upon the upper front teeth if these be still our own; but all such appliances help chiefly by virtue of the fact that they collect sound waves and communicate them directly to the bones of the head and through them to the nerve of hearing.

The eartrumpet assists the hearing partly by the size of its mouthpiece or bell, which collects the sound waves and somewhat magnifies them, and partly by its pressure on the ear which brings the instrument into direct contact with the bones of the head. The speaking tube is more effective yet, because the lips of the speaker are held so close to its mouthpiece that the vibrations of his voice are communicated directly to the walls of the tube and carried by them to the bones of the deaf person's head and thus to his nerve keyboard.

It is impossible to say even approximately how frequent deafness is in the community—partly for the reason we have just been considering, that so few cases ever reach the extreme or disabling stage, and partly from the fact that Nature with her wise and kindly foresight has provided us in advance with nearly three times as much hearing as we actually need for ordinary purposes. It is a matter of common observation in the consulting room, or in the clinic at the ear hospital, when patients come in complaining that they think they are "beginnin' to get hard of hearin'," that they have usually lost from one-half to two-thirds of their normal hearing. They can barely count the ticking of a watch at eight or ten inches, for instance, which they should hear at forty inches.

Mistaken Ideas of Cleanliness

There is this consolation, however, that, if we can succeed in improving the condition of their drums up to where they can hear the watch at fifteen inches, they have regained all the hearing they need for practical purposes and will consider themselves cured. This margin gives us a valuable means of warning in advance; and if any one over forty has the slightest doubt or suspicion about his hearing it is not a bad idea for him to test it occasionally by the simple process of trying how far away he can hear his own watch tick, which usually should be about thirty inches, the distance varying with the loudness of the ticking.

If a systematic test were to be made of, say, a thousand persons of fifty years of age and upward, it would probably be found that most of them had lost some of the surplus or keener edge of their hearing; but very few of them would probably ever have recognized the fact. Those who had lost enough of their margin of hearing to make it obvious, either to themselves or to their families, that they were becoming deaf would only be a moderate-sized group; and, even of these, probably not more than one in ten would have lost enough hearing to make it a matter of grave inconvenience or even serious annoyance to them, while not more than one or two in the thousand would have become "stone" deaf. So, though the outlook for complete cure of one who has begun to grow noticeably deaf is not encouraging, the prospects of his being spared the graver and more disabling degrees of loss of hearing are very good.

Though little need be said about the forms of deafness due to disease of the two extremes of the hearing apparatus—the external and the internal ear—yet there are a few facts of practical importance about both. First and briefest, the almost sole condition of the outer ear which seriously interferes with hearing is wax. This curious,



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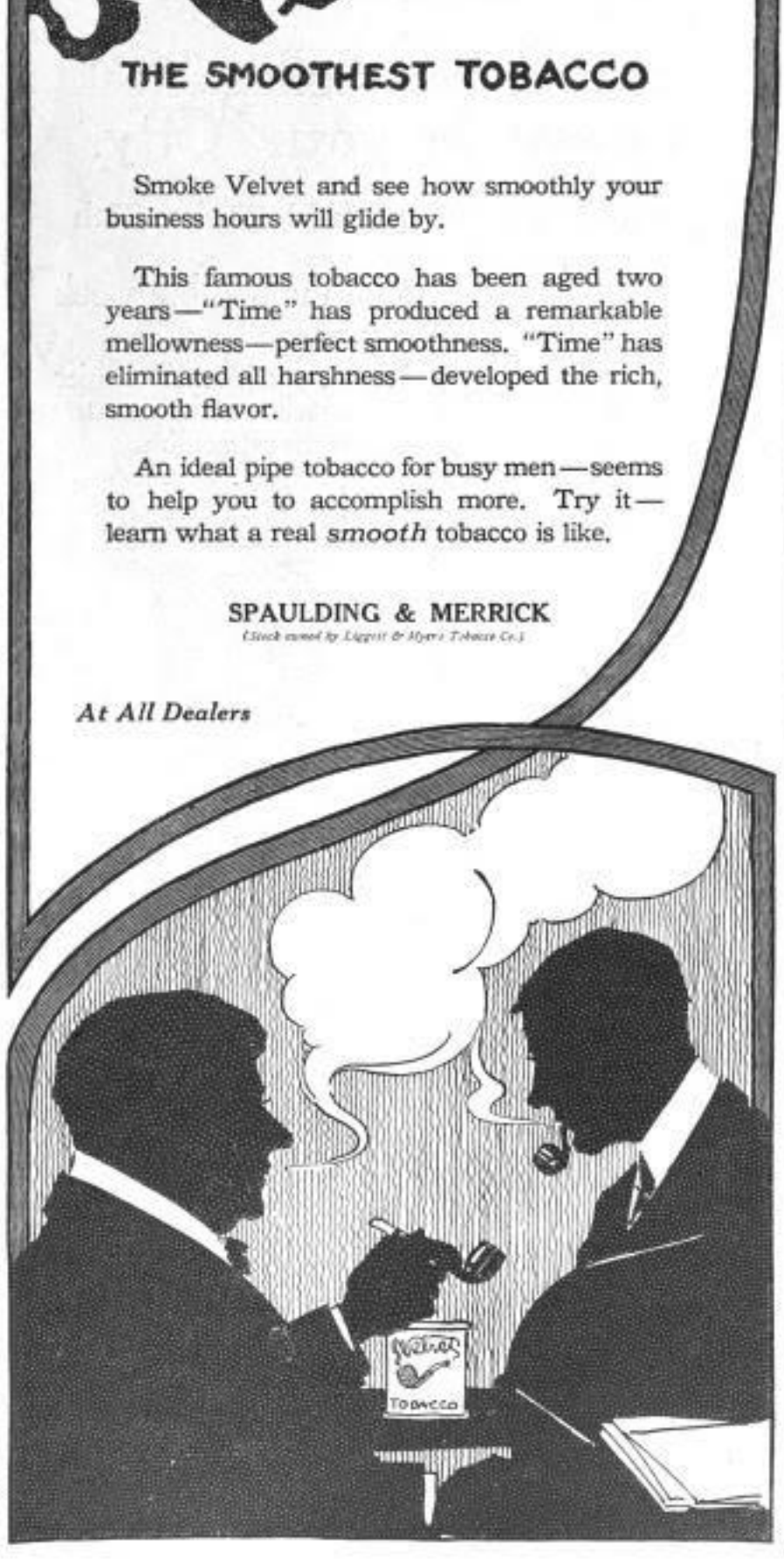
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half-oily, half-gummy substance is the natural secretion poured out by glands in the skin of the outer ear, which resemble the sweat-glands over the remainder of the body. The secretion's utility is, first, to keep the skin properly lubricated, supple and waterproof; and, second, by its gradual outward flow to carry out of the ear canal and deposit in the bell of the outer ear such dust, lint, bacteria, and even tiny insects, as may have been blown into the canal. A considerable amount of wax in the canal of the ear is absolutely necessary for its health and safety, and the main thing to remember is that the wax is to be strictly and absolutely let alone until it has flowed out into the hollow of the outer ear, where it can be wiped away with a cloth over the tip of the finger in the ordinary toilet of the face and neck.

It is not until the flow of the wax becomes checked in some way and begins to dry and pile up in large masses in the ear canal that it causes any trouble whatever with the hearing.

The two most common causes of this damming up of the wax are: first, middle-ear disease, which in some curious way appears to alter the chemical character of the secretion of wax in the outer ear; second, meddlesome interference with the normal and necessary amount of wax in the ear under mistaken notions of cleanliness, such as endeavoring to scoop it out with the twisted-up corner of a towel, or even with one of those inventions of the Evil One, the earspoon or earpick. The homely advice of the old German proverb is thoroughly sound and reliable: "Never clean your ear with anything smaller than your elbow."

A Tough Member

The proper method of removing wax is simplicity itself—gentle syringing with plenty of warm water through a syringe with a long and properly curved nozzle; but this should never be undertaken by any one but a physician, as the damage that may easily be done to the delicate tissues of the drum is far greater than any that will result from leaving even the largest plug of wax in place. The actual plugging effect of wax in producing deafness is very much less than was formerly supposed as, unfortunately, when the physician has syringed out every particle of wax from the ear he often finds a thickened and distorted drum behind it, which was causing two-thirds of the hardness of hearing.

We may relieve our minds of one dread of the future. Not only is the nerve of hearing exceedingly well protected against disease or injury but it is astonishingly enduring and tough and fatigue-proof in its own proper business, so to speak—that of receiving and responding to the sound waves. Not even the horrible racket and cacophonous noises of modern civilization can injure it in the slightest degree; and there is no danger of our being deafened, except momentarily and metaphorically, by the whole Wagnerian overture of city life, with all its accompanying clanging and shrieking, rattling and roaring, hammerings and explosions.

Legend and fiction to the contrary notwithstanding, there is no authentic instance on record of deafness produced by noise, no matter how loud or how maddeningly incessant. The only apparent exception is that the discharge of a cannon or an explosion of dynamite may rupture an eardrum; but this is simply due to the direct violence of the explosion and has nothing directly to do with the noise of it. Like other ruptures of the drum, recovery is usual; and such impairment of hearing as may result is due to the damaged condition of the drum.

The most citified civilized man, provided he has escaped middle-ear inflammation, has just as keen a sense of hearing as the freest and wildest savage, the only difference being that the civilized man does not know how to interpret every faintest whisper and sound as does the Indian hunter, for instance. Even an engineer could beat an Indian in delicacy of hearing, when listening to discover whether his engine was running properly at every point.



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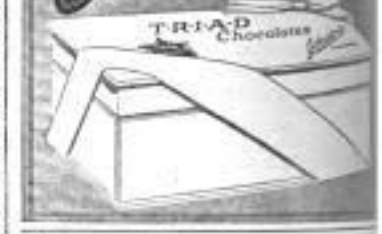
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THE APPLE OF DISCORD

(Continued from Page 14)

the case and the doddering and finger-mumbled protests of Mr. Wilmerding was so violent as to seriously interfere with her heart's action.

Lanier's incisive manner changed with startling abruptness. He leaned forward still farther and his intent gaze fairly swam in her ultramarine eyes.

"And in spite of all that," said he, "I know perfectly well that you acted from the very best of motives and never dreamed of being unjust and unkind. I didn't know it at the time, but I know it now—since I have had the honor of meeting you. It is all clear enough, and the only wonder of it is that I didn't see it in that light before. And yet I doubt if you could ever guess why it was that you did what any reasonable person would call a dishonorable thing, and never yourself saw it in that light." His sudden smile flashed out at her.

"Why——" she began rather dry-lipped, when he interrupted.

"I don't intend to tell you; I don't know you well enough. But I do know, even in this short time, that it would be quite impossible for you to do anything that wasn't based on a good, sound, conscientious motive. Since I walked through that door I've come to realize that I made a very unfortunate mistake in trying to revenge myself on the Chimney Corner. Oh"— he made an impatient gesture—"why couldn't you have set your dignity aside for a few minutes and sent for me in the first place? You'd have found me sympathetic, just as I find you, underneath your oversense of obligation to effect the impossible, and a few minutes' talk with you would have been enough to have cleared me out of the place. And I'm so glad you didn't."

Mrs. Wilmerding roused herself with some obvious effort. Her face was flushed and her general expression slightly dazed. But a certain insistent idea had fastened itself in her head, and she obstinately refused to go on with the argument until this had been made clear.

"Before we say any more," said she with an attempt at her habitual self-possession, "will you please be so kind as to tell me why—how—that is, what you said a few minutes ago"— the poise crumbled a bit round the edges— "about knowing me well enough to be sure that my act was not—was—justified?" She paused helplessly.

"No," said Lanier curtly, "I won't. I'd have to have your friendship and your confidence to tell you that. Let me say this, however—I believe you to have acted from the very best of motives, and I am sincerely sorry for the annoyance I caused you in anchoring off the reading room."

Mrs. Wilmerding passed her hand across her forehead.

"Are—are you going to stay where you are now?" she asked.

"Yes."

"What if—if I asked you now to go away? You say that you would have done so at first; why not now?"

Lanier made a gesture of impatience.

"It's different now. I can't see how I'm bothering anybody where I am. At first, two weeks ago, I could have gone without interfering with my work. Just at present I'm in the thick of it—right at the most crucial stage. To change my location would mean a serious break; getting a tug and hunting a good surrounding, and all that. It might be fatal to the piece."

Mrs. Wilmerding drew a deep breath.

"You have been very generous," said she. "Don't think me unappreciative. But I have the interests of the Chimney Corner very deeply at heart, and I can't help but feel that you are a—a very disturbing factor——"

"But how?" he demanded. "I'll not come ashore here—unless you ask me to. What harm can I do? Why drive me away? You are a literary woman; why not be friends and sympathetic? You might come aboard some day and see my stage set and hear the music and the libretto and give me a bit of criticism. It's all for art and beauty—and the things that make life worth while. Must I go?" He rose from his chair and took a few short, impatient steps. "Because I will if you absolutely request it." And he turned on his heel and looked at her keenly.

Mrs. Wilmerding turned to him a very troubled face. It had occurred to her



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within the last few minutes that through her particular efforts the colony was driving away, or was trying to drive away, the most interesting personality that it might hope to have. In fact, it flashed across Mrs. Wilmerding's mind that perhaps she was in a position to drive away the only interesting personality that the colony might ever hope to have. And the worst of it was that this personality had suddenly become extremely interesting to Mrs. Wilmerding herself.

"There is no doubt that we owe you something," she said. "Stay by all means, if you like. And—and perhaps you will come and dine with us," she added.

Lanier smiled. "Thank you," said he; "but I shouldn't think of abusing my privileges. Besides, just now my work is absorbing all of my time. As soon as it is finished I'll clear out. Meanwhile, I mean to confine my shore exercise to the other side of the inlet. And if you or any others of my late enemies can find time to come out aboard my old hulk I shall take great delight in showing you how comic opera is made and I shall hope to get a valuable criticism. You see I'm not doing these things for money. I've always had enough of that for my modest needs. I'm trying to contribute to the joyousness of life—and its beauty. And now, if you will excuse me, I'll go. Thank you so much for your kindness and your tolerance." And he looked at her with his wonderful smile.

Mrs. Wilmerding rose and stood for a moment facing him. Her soft cheeks had a high flush just beneath the eyes: one of those flushes that go with a certain mistiness of the eyes themselves and are sometimes to be seen on the faces of young girls at the opera. Lanier's last words had stirred Mrs. Wilmerding's protective instinct, one might almost say her maternal instinct. After all, it occurred to her, he was still very young—a vast six years her junior—and she felt that he must lead a very lonely and friendless life. It is doubtful if there was a person within a radius of a thousand miles who was less lonely and friendless than Lanier. But the idea pleased Mrs. Wilmerding and seemed to present the situation from an entirely different point of view.

Stepping toward him, she impulsively held out both hands, looking at him with her pretty head tilted slightly backward.

"Through my fault the colony has made a great mistake," said she. "I am sincerely sorry. Will you forgive me?"

Lanier was touched and surprised. Without answering he took the two proffered hands in his, bowed over them and then, meeting impulse with impulse, brought them together and touched the back of the uppermost with his lips. An early European education had given a semi-Continental flavor to Lanier's manners, and there was probably but a single person in the colony who would have criticised the graceful act. Unfortunately, however, this one person was at that very moment passing the open French windows that gave on the veranda. The next instant his shadow fell across the tableau. Mrs. Wilmerding snatched away her hands and Lanier looked up to see a tall young man, with very black hair and an angry face, standing on the threshold.

"I beg your pardon," said the newcomer, and glared at Lanier.

The color flooded Mrs. Wilmerding's face. "I must say, Ravenel, you are rather inconsiderate to startle one so."

"Sorry," he answered. "I was on my way to the reading room and I stopped to see if you were coming down for tea."

"Very well," said Mrs. Wilmerding impatiently. "Go on slowly and I will overtake you."

Ravenel hesitated for a second, then with a rather sulky, "Sorry to have interrupted you. Thought you were alone——" ducked his glossy head and withdrew. Mrs. Wilmerding turned to Lanier. Her face was flushed with annoyance.

"That is Ravenel O'Sullivan," said she. "I did not present him because I was displeased with his behavior. I'm afraid he didn't learn very good manners at college. Informality is sometimes carried a little too far in the Chimney Corner."

"That is apt to happen where everybody is so well acquainted," said Lanier casually. "Goodby, Mrs. Wilmerding."

He left the house and started to walk slowly back to where he had left his boat.

"H'm——" he said to himself as he strolled along. "Jealous cub, young Ravenel—h'm!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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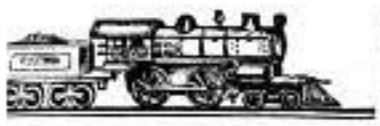
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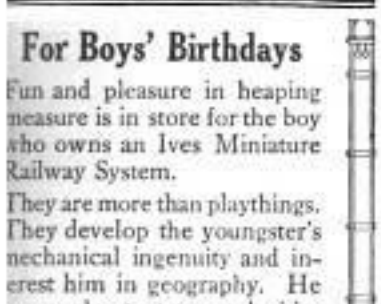
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A REBUILT LIFE

(Continued from Page 6)

"So, for the last three weeks of that vacation, I worked like a horse myself and had those two boys working with me the same way. I found I was making more money than ever, though you might not think it much after all. When school took up the boys had to go; but I made an arrangement with them to keep on working for me Friday afternoons and Saturdays.

"I just had to have regular help and kept on trying until I found it. This time I got hold of two middle-aged colored men who had been housemen for a while when they were younger. One was laid up with rheumatism too much to hold a steady job as houseman; the other was such a hard drinker that he always stopped working for two days after pay day.

"Both men were fine workers, did what I told them and did it well when they did work. My rheumatism man worked whenever he could; sometimes for two weeks he wouldn't miss a day, then he might drop out for three or four days at a time or average two or three days a week for a while. The other man I could count on usually from Tuesday morning until Saturday night.

"I got to depending on them more and more actually to do the work, spent more time getting orders and showing my men what I wanted done; for on Friday afternoons and Saturdays, with the two boys, I had four hands, you see. Saturday is the housekeeper's day—nearly everybody wants things to look clean on Sunday; so on Saturdays I usually had work enough for them all.

"Whenever one of my men was off and I needed an extra man, or more work came in all at once than they could do, I always turned in and worked with them just as hard as ever. I tried to bunch the work as much as possible, to get all the work I could in a certain good residence part of the town, where it would be fairly near together—especially when I had the four hands working—so as not to lose much time in getting round.

"It was a good residence section—not the richest or most fashionable, but a moderate-priced residence section where the people kept only one servant, who was not expected to do outside work. There are thousands of homes like that in any town."

New Fields for New Hands

"I usually worked them in pairs—the two men as a pair and the boys as another, but I never worked the white boys and negroes on the same job. When two worked together they got to working against each other almost before they knew it, to see which could do the best or most work, which was the better man or classiest cleaner.

"I noticed that pretty soon, and took to offering a prize of a half dollar extra to the one of each pair who did the best and quickest work. That half-dollar prize was worth at least two dollars a pair to me every week. If you have ever worked men you know how that is.

"I couldn't keep all the work absolutely bunched, and before the winter was over I bought a second-hand bicycle for a few dollars. Bicycle riding may not be stylish, but I wasn't out after style and it is certainly useful. That wheel helped me get a lot more work and oversee a lot more than I could possibly have done walking.

"Early in the winter I had gone to board with an old couple who owned their little home but lived mostly off his pension. It wasn't much of a place; in fact they lived in a narrow little street, with a two-foot sidewalk that is almost an alley—and they lived plain. They did not charge me much board. It was near that part of the town where my work mostly was, and they were honest and kind.

"Say, do you know that being kind is a whole lot? It means everything to a man when he is sorter broken down and alone and without folks. The table fare was plain but it was well cooked, and the little cottage was always clean—and, best of all, they always seemed glad to see me come in and were interested in me and my affairs without being meddlesome or nosey. Then, too, there was never any quarreling; it was peaceful and restful to get in at night, like a sure-enough home."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Two Points to Remember about Ireland's Gloves

1st. They have a written guaranty of quality and wear.
2nd. They are better than the guaranty.



Two Points to Remember

In other words our bond which insures the gloves against *any* defect states the very minimum of service that the glove will give. We do not know how to guarantee the beauty, the distinctiveness or the style of these gloves—but you can see that when you buy them, because all these features are embodied in them.

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AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO.
Herald Square, New York



With 12 Blades

WHY WE NEED A MERCHANT MARINE

(Concluded from Page 7)

these results—they were simply the course of a new development; and, instead of following the sea for adventure and wealth, the East began to go in for culture and art, and that sort of thing; and the first thing the nation knew it wakened up without any merchant marine at all. It was simply a phase of development; and now we are entering on another phase."

"Discriminatory duties!" said Secretary Sharwood, of the Maritime Exchange, Philadelphia. "Ah, there is dynamite in that suggestion—dynamite that might hit us harder than any of our rivals. The Maritime Exchange here put itself on record on that subject twelve years ago; and we have never had any reason to modify the conclusions reached at that time. We said then that this would be disastrous to American shipping and would encourage importations into the United States by rail and thus build up foreign steamships and drive traffic from American roads to Canadian ones. It would mean the abrogation of thirty-seven treaties with foreign nations and upset trade with every great nation in the world. Should foreigners retaliate by taxing goods sent to their countries in American vessels, that would more than offset all gain—for our heavy sea cargoes are eastbound, not westbound."

"Such duties are so dangerous as to be out of the question," said a leading official of the New York Board of Trade. "They would simply force an international trade war and destroy our foreign markets."

Discriminatory Duties

"Suicide—sheer suicide!" said the American agent of several foreign liners. "We can't do it without cutting our own throats! This whole merchant-marine question is simply part of the larger question—America at the parting of the ways! What is she going to do about it? We slapped Canada's overtures in the face for twenty years; then when we were ready for broader trade relations with Canada you know what happened. Suppose we put on discriminatory taxes against British vessels to our ports, how long do you suppose it would be before a preferential tariff scheme would bind colonies and mother country together with a stone wall round them against all our imports?

"Do I believe in the United States going on contributing billions to the marine supremacy of other nations? No—never! And that is just the point. We have been trying to fence the ocean with protection for fifty years. What is the result? We have almost driven the American flag from the sea. Give us free ships—the right to buy ships in the cheapest market; give us free tolls, international and domestic—the railroads were given land, why should we not be given free tolls?—give us a free sea; and this country would not stand second in maritime supremacy to any nation in the world! We pay higher wages, but we save in efficiency and machinery. Untie our hands; throw aside these hampering laws—and we'll build up our marine as we did a century ago. When we have a merchant marine of our own we, and not foreign nations, will reap the benefit of Panama. We will profit from the enormous outlay on harbors. We will save for this nation the millions now going to foreign carriers."

"What has caused the decline? Why has not Philadelphia the sea commerce of the Clyde? It is too complex for me," said an officer of the Philadelphia city docks and ferries. "But this I know: Though we think we have spent so much on our harbors, our spendings are small compared to the outlay of other nations for maritime trade."

Later, a secretary of the department sent me this compiled statement of the cost of harbor improvements here and abroad:

New York—population four millions—to date	$100,000,000
Liverpool—population half a million—to date	200,000,000
San Francisco—population half a million	50,000,000
Hamburg—population half a million	125,000,000
Boston—unfair to give population, as suburbs are not included	15,000,000
London—population seven millions	100,000,000
Baltimore	12,000,000
Antwerp	95,000,000

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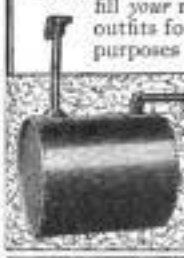


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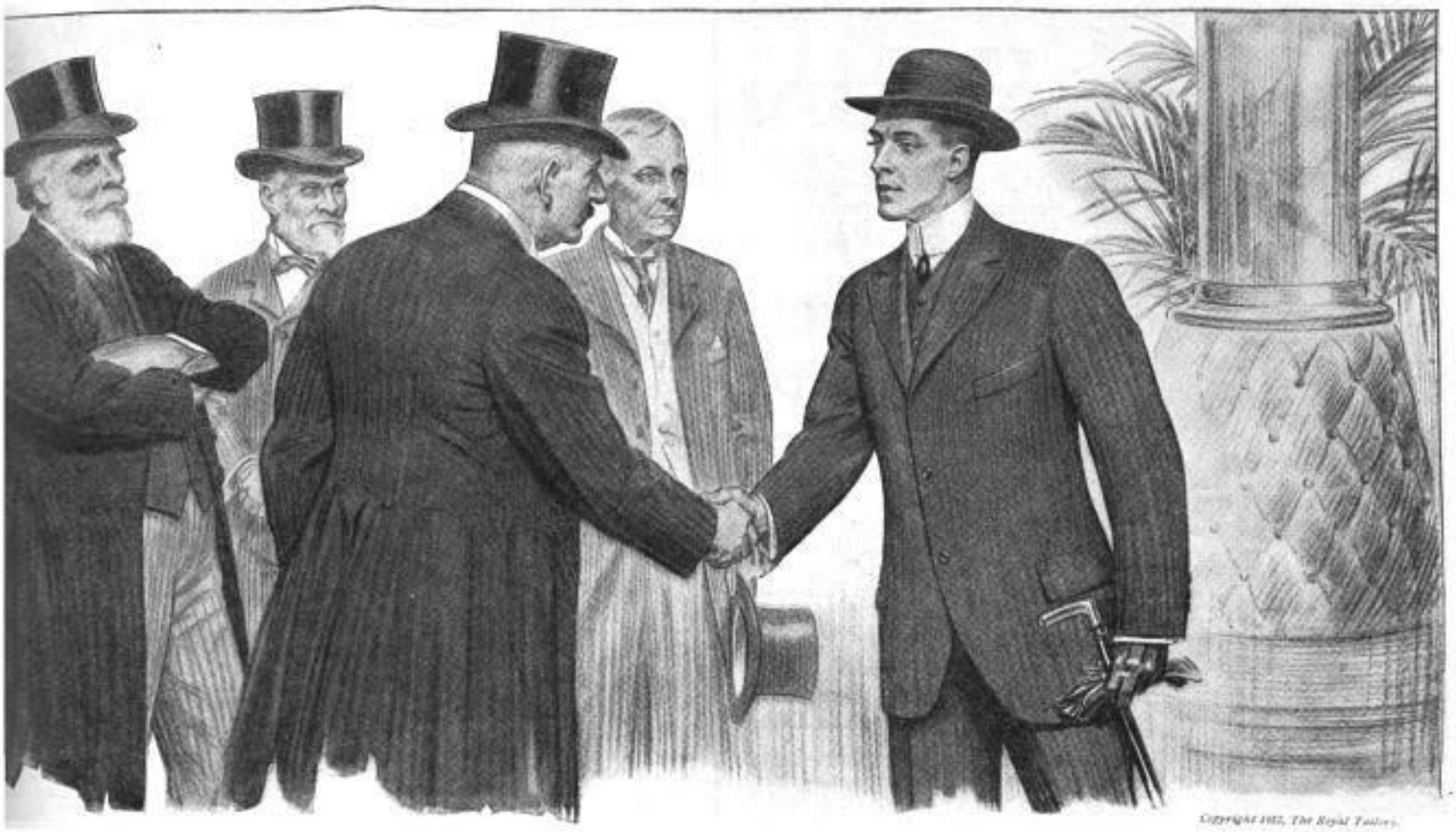
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Good appearance" alone may not win you the respect of big en; but it will surely make you feel more "at home" among

m. ¶ No actor, however great, can play Macbeth his best in his street clothes. And few men can ole-heartedly act and FEEL the rôle of success ore strangers if dressed in the costume of failure. Good clothes kindle self-confidence. Nothing helps more surely to give that "just right" feeling than a "just right" suit of clothes. A "well-groomed-front" is worth more than all the liquid-bracers in the world to make a man feel worthy of the best and on equal terms with the biggest.



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THE RECORDING ANGEL

(Continued from Page 21)

two planets cannot revolve in the same orbit. Two lions at meat in the same cage have been known to create a scene by tearing each other's manes in an argument. A lion may eat with his knife and still be welcomed in the circle—not because he is of it, you understand, but because he is "so interesting," don't you know? He is the freak that they examine between courses.

Mrs. Fanning-Rucker's festival would have no place here but for the fact that Jim Bone had progressed so far in the scale of things that he became the lion of it. And he sustained the rôle with a ripping sincerity that thrilled and delighted his hostess, and that bade fair to win him a place at her very dinner table. You may permit the celebrity within your gates to insult you upon the same amiable principle that the king's fool enjoyed the impotent privilege of speaking the most offensive truth to his royal master.

Young Fanning-Rucker had strenuously opposed his mother's determination to include Jim Bone on her guest list for this occasion. Young Fanning-Rucker was not in a position to go into the particulars of his objections, not the least of which was a large boot-sole-shaped bruise in the small of his back. He refused to admit, even to himself, the annoyance he had experienced frequently of late at seeing Jim accompanying Sylvia to and from Amy White's house and escorting her to church.

"I tell you, Mother, he is a brute," he exclaimed with some heat, when he discovered her intention.

"We are all brutes, Fanning, at bottom," said the old horse-faced cynic, flattening her wide nostrils with an ugly smile as she poured her son's breakfast coffee.

"I have sometimes suspected that I smell a little weasel smell about you. You make money so easily, my dear Fanning. It is another way of being a brute."

Her son blushed. There was no love lost between them.

"And he is really an outlaw," Fanning went on, after a self-subjugating pause.

"I can imagine nothing more delightful than a real live outlaw at a lawn party," she retorted. "Besides," she went on seriously, "he is today the most prominent man in this town and county. And to leave him out would be like leaving out the central figure of a picture."

"Don't expect me to be civil to him," exclaimed Fanning, in a perspiration of mortified pride.

"He'll never miss it, your civility, Fanning; it is too silky for a man anyhow. Bone will get most of his courtesies from the women. He's the kind of man women grow crazy about."

"I can't see why," said Fanning contemptuously.

"That is because you have the limiting sex of a man. But, somehow, you have missed the masculine keyboard in the development of your character."

A party on Mrs. Fanning-Rucker's lawn was like an expurgated picnic. The trees and grass attended. There were the same little summer clouds overhead that always threaten showers upon such occasions; but the people were not all there, and they were different—too old, too sedate. As Jim Bone advanced up the avenue toward the open gateway of the lawn he pushed his hat far back upon his head and looked over at the groups seated here and there in the shade. He thought they had the appearance of a Sabbath-school class that had grown stout and aged without ever getting out of the primer catechism. They sat so primly, as if they were still expecting the question:

"Who made you?"

And were prepared to answer as usual:

"God!"

"Who was the first man?"

"Adam!"

"Who was the first woman?"

"Eve!"—A chorus of children whose voices had changed into the guttural tones of age.

The women predominated. Only a few men stood herded in a little group near the gate, each with one leg set forward, each chewing a quid of tobacco and occasionally sneaking his head as far over his shoulder as possible in order to spit behind him, the ladies being in front. Colonel Lark, who wore a red tie and held his hat in his hand, appeared to be monopolizing the conversation. He was really prancing a little like a fat old dock-tailed cob, thus indicating that he was conscious of the distant female grandstand. The other men stood skulking hip-shod, so as to speak with that deceptive listlessness that the married male so often shows in mixed company if his wife is present, and to which no married female would give in, no matter if it were possible to have half a dozen husbands present.

Aside from the row of elderly women already referred to, who held the entire stare as they sat side by side in the shade of the veranda, Bone observed that most of the women present were gathered about a thin feminine wraith, who reclined in a wicker chair that was tilted far back upon the very heels of its rockers. This was Agnes Yancey. From being the least renowned member of Ruckersville society she had suddenly become the most conspicuous woman in it. It was known far and wide that she was about to have an operation. This was positively her last appearance before that event. Her head rested upon a pillow on the back of the chair with that wilted insecurity sometimes observed in a fowl afflicted with the disease known as the limber-neck. The folds of her white skirt hung to her benefactress. It is queer, when you think about it, how the mind of a woman controls the set of her clothes. Many of the sex are destined to join that company of redeemed spirits whose feathers forever trail in the dust. Agnes, who had never enjoyed any particular distinction in the style of her person till this summer, during which she had at last yielded to the call of invalidism, now wore gowns that were as symbolic of backache and hysteria as Sylvia Story's were of health and passion and beauty. They laved her limbs like tears.

Jim, who feared a sick woman as he could not have feared a raging lioness, paused in the gateway. He was dressed "within an inch of his life," as the saying went in Ruckersville, which means that he had got the tops of his boots inside his trousers and that the latter swelled out accordingly. Their color was a light greenish gray, and the effect produced by his legs, therefore, was of two huge stalks of celery that had wilted halfway up to where the skirt of his black Prince Albert reached and concealed them. As a matter of fact he wore no vest, the weather being, in his opinion, too warm to wear this extra garment. He wore a silk shirt and a green puffed tie around a standing collar, the points of which met his chin on either side. He was shaved until his cheeks gave the impression of having received a red hardwood finish. Although a haberdasher might have questioned his style, no one could have questioned his effect. It was that of a moose, disguised in green breeches and frock-coat, looking for a mate. And if he had used the retina of a woman's eye for a mirror he could not in his artlessness have produced a more thrilling effect upon the heart. The truth was that he had learned from Sylvia that she was herself to take some mysterious part at this festival and he had togged himself accordingly. She did not tell him that never before had the social sheriff of Ruckersville honored him with an invitation, and she was very far from understanding that she owed its attentions. Mrs. Fanning-Rucker had no objection to the girl, provided she did not rebut and marry her son. And since the rumor of Bone's attentions had reached her, she took this method of helping on their convenient courtship.

Still Jim hesitated in the gateway. The sight of Agnes with the women gathered about her disconcerted him. He saw Mildred Percey seated beneath a tent behind a highly decorated table, at which she was selling refreshments. Not near by was the tent itself with the flaps of it discreetly buttoned together; but he could catch no glimpse of Sylvia. He was about to walk back as far as Amy's house and return with her, when Mrs. Fanning-Rucker detached herself from the group around Agnes' chair, waved her hand invitingly and advanced to meet him.

"Oh, Mr. Bone, at last we have got you!" she said by way of greeting.

Jim said nothing. He was not a ladies' man, merely always the lover of one woman.

He literally shook hands, which was his hostess. She thought it was so

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As a matter of fact, it was an involuntary expression of ferocious impatience. His one thought was "Where is Sylvia?" and it was with difficulty that he restrained himself from demanding his information.

"Here you have been in the town for nearly four months, turning it upside down; and this is the first time the ladies have had the chance to meet you," she went on, smiling at him.

"You forget Sylvia," he thought, but held his tongue. The fact is, he had his forelegs planted, and was sitting back upon his hindlegs—by the expression of his countenance—like a balking mule. He refused to understand that she was trying to lead him forward.

"Of course not everybody is here. I always reserve the right to be exclusive."

She designed this for a compliment. She dashed it into his face as if she were administering a restorative to a fainting person. It did attract his attention. He looked at her vaguely and wondered what she said.

"One has to be, don't you think?" she added with the air of rubbing his back and patting his flanks.

"Be?" he murmured in his deep raucous voice.

"Yes; I say one has to be exclusive."

Jim looked at her. He had not forgotten Sylvia. He resolved, so help him Heaven, never to forgive it if he had been deceived into coming there except to see Sylvia. But, throwing one arm around that thought to preserve it, with the other he shot a blow into the face of Mrs. Fanning-Rucker—figuratively speaking, of course—which gave her that impression of his ripping sincerity already referred to.

"It's owing entirely to who you are and how steady you can stand on your own pegs," he answered, looking at her with cool precision.

"Delicious!" she gasped, while she managed her smile with the dexterity of an old duelist who receives his opponent's blade upon his own with a clash.

At this moment the flaps of the tent were folded back and the figure of a girl dressed as a gipsy appeared in the opening.

The effect upon Bone was instantaneous and miraculous. If he had fallen upon his knees and kissed her hand Mrs. Fanning-Rucker could not have been more surprised than she was at the sudden metamorphosis of a boor into a barbarian gallant. He fairly cuddled under her wings as they now moved together across the grass. And nothing could have surpassed the wit and good humor with which Mr. Bone conducted himself for the next hour, during which time he met and squeezed the hand of every woman, old and young, upon the lawn. He showed a tender consideration for Agnes by fanning her with his hat brim, after she had endured the shock of being introduced to him. She parted her lips, drew her lids down till they showed only a three-cornered angle of each sad pupil, and could not resist confiding her ailment to him.

"It's my spine. The doctor says it isn't, but I know it is!" she murmured faintly.

He redoubled his efforts with the hat brim and looked distractedly for Tony, as a desperate man looks for some one to rescue him from a frightful danger or a hideous embarrassment. Mr. Adams was nowhere in sight.

"Did you ever have any trouble with your spine, Mr. Bone?" inquired the invalid. She had reached that stage of neurasthenia when a woman centers her whole mind upon her innocent vertebræ.

"Never!" he answered, turning furiously red, as if her question had stripped him stark naked in the presence of the company.

A look of deep disappointment passed over her face, as much as to say that again she had asked for sympathy and received a stone. She closed her eyes. He withdrew gently at this dismissal.

For some minutes he had seen Mildred Percey signaling to him from behind the refreshment table by waving a sheet of notepaper. He understood. It was her triumphant way of letting him know that she had finished another epitaph for the tombstones of the Confederate heroes. Nearly every day now she appeared in his office with two or three of these thin bugling verses. And even more than he feared Agnes' invalidism did he fear Mildred's poetic inspirations. He was beginning to understand them with all the horror a man has when, in love with one woman, he



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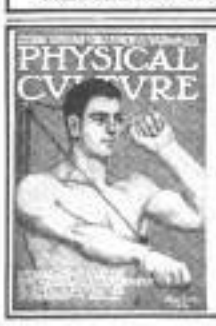
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feels the sentimental tentacles of another closing about him. He thought rapidly, with that double action of the mind that is peculiar to any person in a difficulty. He was resolved upon two things: first, not to approach in the company of any one else the tent where Sylvia was obviously engaged in telling fortunes; second, not to come near the refreshment tent over which Mildred presided, without an adequate guard.

This was more difficult to achieve than it seemed, for the tent was the center of much pleasant excitement. From the tail of his eye he had observed Fanning-Rucker conducting a constant stream of guests in that direction. But Mildred's table was far less popular. He was suddenly blessed with an inspiration, so evasive, so effective, that it would have done credit to a much more socially experienced person.

"Let's all have something!" he exclaimed to his hostess, sweeping out an arm that took in the various groups of guests scattered here and there, and wagging his head significantly at the refreshments.

The saloon vernacular of his invitation did not escape the lady to whom it was addressed. She was amused and delighted at the opportunity to swell the receipts for the U. D. C. fund.

She arose, conducting him here and there from one patch of guests to another, even as far as the row of old peony saints seated in the shade of the veranda.

"Come on, everybody! Mr. Bone is going to treat."

A few minutes later they moved across the lawn in the direction of Mildred's table, Bone stepping along a trifle in advance. He was like the nucleus of a comet, dragging its tail of fluttering, chattering femininity upon the ground. His voice arose, he guffawed, he whipped out compliments right and left so grossly masculine that they surpassed mere flattery. By the time they reached the table with its punch bowl of lemonade, its platters of cakes and decorations of candy boxes, he had "arrived" in Ruckersville, femininely speaking.

It was his purpose to drain the bowl and clear the table of everything except the epitaph. This was the first time the ladies of Ruckersville had ever experienced the thrill of being treated to more than one plate of ice cream by any man. They were not hungry, but they enjoyed the excitement of being the beneficiaries of masculine extravagance, which women are always glad to interpret as complimentary to themselves. The contagion of the gluttonous merriment they created was irresistible, and they were presently joined by the group of men who had till now held economically aloof. Colonel Lark engaged in a mild competition with Mr. Bone by presenting the ladies with the remaining box of candy. No one noticed that every time he took another glass of lemonade Jim invariably and instinctively felt with his booted toes for the foot rail that is fastened along the bottom of every bar, although he caught Mrs. Martin's eye fixed upon him severely and intelligently once when he held his glass up to the light and looked through it, from force of habit, before drinking.

Only a detective, or one of our new practicing psychologists, could have told that he had been making desperate but futile efforts to escape for some time when Tony Adams appeared in the gateway. These efforts became almost frantic when he discovered that he could not outwit the tender thanking intimacy of Mildred's blue eyes.

She had accepted the whole incident as his personal attention to herself. As Tony sauntered leisurely across the lawn, his eye fixed with amused astonishment upon Bone cavorting so noisily in the midst of so many women, he stopped, his face suddenly sobered. Then he started forward again with hasty strides, like a man who has received an inspiration order to hurry. The fact is that over the bobbing, beflowered garden hats of his captors Mr. Bone had sent his friend the "high sign" of distress.

"Tony," he whispered hoarsely as he met that worthy in front of the hedge behind Mildred's table, "corral these old heifers and hold 'em—if you have to lasso every one of 'em—till I get away!"

He disappeared instantly and completely from view. The hedge extended as far as the tent and completely concealed his flight.

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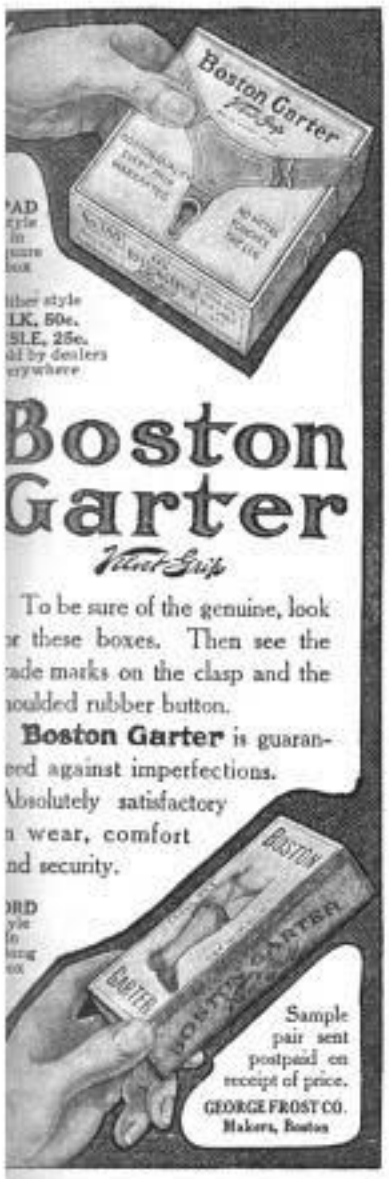
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THE LAST STAND OF THE BUFFALO

(Continued from Page 18)

There is also in Yellowstone Park a band of wild buffaloes estimated at twenty-five head. They are seen only at intervals in the most inaccessible places. Now and then a calf is roped and added to the captive herd. An effort has been made to entice the wild animals into the corrals, but without success. The only other herd of wild buffaloes on the continent ranges the uninhabited region west of Smith's Landing, on the Athabasca River, in Canada. Any estimate of the herd is the purest conjecture, as it has been preyed upon by wolves and Indians. The American Bison Society places its number at four hundred and fifty. Many believe this estimate to be too large by half.

If the future of the buffalo in the United States is now secure it has been rendered doubly so on broader foundation lines across the Canadian border. Canada made history in the preservation of the buffalo when it purchased the Pablo herd in February, 1907. The price paid was two hundred thousand dollars. The number of buffaloes purchased was six hundred and fourteen. They ranged over fifty square miles in the Flathead reservation in Montana. It took three years to round them all up and deliver them, and the cost to Michel Pablo was forty thousand dollars. The Dominion Government established the great park at Wainwright for their reception. The park is of irregular shape, about twenty miles long by eighteen at its widest point, and contains about one hundred and seven thousand acres. The fence of woven wire surrounding it is nine feet high, seventy-two miles round and cost one thousand dollars a mile. It is paralleled inside and out by plowed fireguards twenty feet broad.

The Last Round-Up

At the time of its purchase the Pablo herd was by far the largest herd of buffaloes ever in captivity. Its rate of growth gives an idea of what may be expected in the great parks of the United States and Canada. Indian hunters on the Milk River captured four buffalo calves in 1873. They gave them to the priests of St. Ignatius Mission, in Montana, who kept them as pets. By 1884 they had increased to eighteen head. Ten were purchased that year by C. A. Allard and Michel Pablo, who were wise enough to realize that in a few years specimens of the almost extinct race would become of great value. In 1893 they purchased thirty more from "Buffalo" Jones, of Garden City, Kansas. When it was sold in 1907, thirty-four years after the capture of the four calves, the herd, which had passed into the sole possession of Pablo, numbered more than six hundred and fifty head. For ten years preceding the sale Pablo had disposed of fifteen or twenty head annually.

The round-up of the Pablo herd after its purchase by Canada was the last great buffalo hunt of history—a hunt without guns, but as thrilling as any buffalo hunt of early days. Two hundred cowboys and Indians led by Pablo himself and his Indian wife, a daredevil rider, scoured the range constantly. The buffaloes were accustomed to the daily sight of horsemen and at first it was possible to drive them, the cowboys nursing them along gently and being careful not to frighten or stampede them. They were driven a few at a time into a large corral on Pablo's ranch until a sufficient number for shipment had been collected. Then in bunches of seventy-five, hedged in by as many cowboys, they were driven twenty-eight miles to Ravalli, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, where they were crated and shipped to Canada.

Continual hunting, however, made the buffaloes so wild that it became impossible to drive them. Then the indomitable old half-breed decided to construct a big corral in the heart of the range, with fanlike fences spreading out from it. The site selected was a strip of land eight hundred acres in extent inclosed in a sweeping horseshoe curve by the Flathead River. Across the river a long open draw or coulée led away into the hills to one of the favorite feeding grounds of the herd. From the entrance to the corral booms were swung across the river, serving the purpose of waterfences. At the sides of the coulée fences were built, one eight miles long, the



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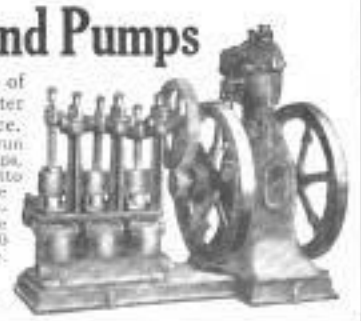
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The Otto Gas Engine Works, 8301 Walnut Street Philadelphia, Pa.

other six. From the point at which the ravine opened out into the buffalo pasture these fences were continued, flaring out into the hills like a gigantic fan. The fences were of the most substantial kind, to withstand a possible stampede of the buffaloes. They were of strong meshwire twelve feet high, and the posts, twelve inches in diameter, were sunk four feet in the earth. Wire and posts had to be hauled thirty miles across the mountains. Work on the corrals and wing fences was begun in August and was not finished until late in October.

Pablo had shown himself a master strategist. The corral on one side of the river and the great wings spreading out from it on the other formed a cunning trap. Pablo knew that when the lines of cowboys began to close in on the buffaloes the animals first would rush pellmell for the mountains, but, finding escape cut off in that direction, would charge for the river in the hope that across its swift current they might find safety.

When all finally was ready for the drive the army of cowboys rode out into the mountains. They beat up every lonely valley, every thicket and timbered gulch, frightening the stragglers toward the main pasture. They came at last to a wide plain. On the other side the fenced coulée opened its wire jaws. Between, a herd of five hundred buffaloes pastured.

One night the cowboys bivouacked, each man sleeping in his blanket just outside the sweep of his pony's picket rope, while sentinels kept watch. With dawn reddening the east they were in the saddle and closing in upon the buffaloes in a far-flung semicircle. The buffaloes scented danger in the wind. Then they caught sight of the long, thin lines of stalkers slowly hemming them in. Panic seized them. They rushed into a compact mass and stood facing the hunters, the bulls lifting their great lionlike heads high in air, while their hollow bellowings, like the deep brool of lions, boomed across the sagebrush. An old cow suddenly turned tail and shouldered her way to the rear. Old cows are the herd leaders among the buffaloes, and the herd, following her as sheep follow a bellwether, dashed away toward the river—toward the yawning mouth of that long avenue between wire fences that led to the trap across the stream; and digging their rowels into their horses' flanks the cowboys on flank and rear charged after the herd.

The Flight of a Big Herd

For miles across the plains the buffaloes fled. The end post of one of the fences rose directly in their path. They swerved in their course to avoid it—swerved toward the outside. The flanking cowboys were ready for such a move. They spurred their horses across the front of the buffaloes to turn them back. They shouted at the top of leather lungs, they waved their sombreros, they fired their six-shooters in the air; but now the buffaloes were crazed with terror and were not to be moved or swerved by such tomfoolery. On the mad brutes plunged, the hind ranks crowding the leaders forward, turning not a hair's breadth for anything, ready to crush horse and rider beneath their sharp hoofs; but the end post and the fence behind it did not give, and that black wave of furious life split upon it like a sea wave on a rock. Two-thirds of the beasts bore to the outside and, rushing through the ranks of the cowboys, escaped to the mountains. The remainder turned glancingly along the inside of the barrier; and the horsemen, hanging hard upon their traces, chased them through the long coulée clear to the Flathead.

Never pausing in their flight the buffaloes plunged into the swift current, swam across and dashed into the corral. Instantly the gates closed upon them and they were prisoners. One hundred and seventeen had been trapped.

Tired cowboys, trooping in from the chase, laughed and slapped each other on the back as they saw their shaggy captives safe behind the tall wire fences. "It was a good day's work," they said. "We'll get the rest tomorrow."

So the night came down and the cowboys rolled themselves in their blankets and went to sleep; but the buffaloes did not sleep. It was far into the night and the moon was up when a cowboy sat up in bed and saw them stirring restlessly about the corral. He blinked at them casually, thought nothing of their actions, snuggled down in his covers and went to sleep again.

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Along one side of the corral a cut clay-bank rose almost perpendicularly to a height of one hundred and seventy-five feet. No fence had been built along it because it was thought impossible for man or beast to scale the precipice; but it was the single defect in an otherwise perfectly good corral—the one loose stone in the prison wall; the one chink in old Pablo's armor—and the buffaloes found it that first night of their captivity.

In that steep bank the animals sensed their one desperate chance. They began to rush up it tentatively, climbing a little way, only to slip or fall back. That many fell was evident next morning in the scores of little trails that ended only a few feet above the corral with the marks of slipping hoofs or small landslides; but the buffaloes persevered. They kept pounding away at the bank through the night watches until they had worn a narrow track that angled steeply up across the face of the cliff. Up this precarious and dizzy trail they single-filed at last, passed over the top and galloped off to freedom.

When morning came the cowboys rose and looked into the corral for the buffaloes and rubbed their eyes and looked again. They were dumfounded to find it empty except for a solitary bull that had broken its leg. Then they swarmed into the inclosure to investigate and found the path by which the buffaloes had achieved their wonderful jail delivery. Only by going on their hands and knees were the men able to climb the trail by which the animals had gained their liberty.

After the escape of the buffaloes another effort was made to corral them; but again they broke through the line of beaters. Then a heavy storm left plains and mountains deep with snow, and the hunt was abandoned until the next spring.

So the discouraging but tireless hunt went on. Danger there was in plenty for the hunters. Once a maddened bull, plunging his horns into a horse's side, lifted horse and rider upon his giant front and bore them a hundred yards before the horse slipped off to the earth dead, pinning the man beneath him. The bull backed off to charge; but, before he could kill the man, other cowboys spurred to the rescue and brought him down with a fusillade from their six-shooters.

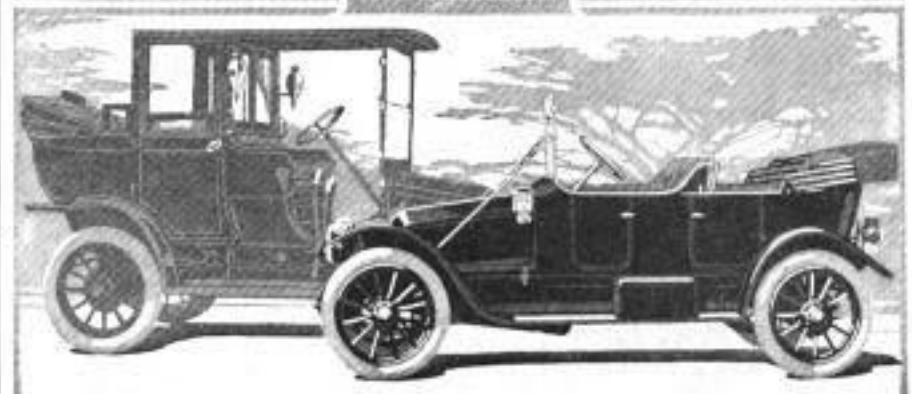
Montana Spoils the Game

By repeated failures Pablo found that his fanlike fences were not long enough. At great expense he extended them twelve and fourteen miles into the hills. At last most of the buffaloes were corralled. No attempt was made now to drive them to Ravalli. Crated at the corral, they were hauled thirty-five miles on wagons to the railroad. Eighty four-horse teams were employed. The first shipment to Canada was made in June, 1908; the last in May, 1911.

Forty or fifty buffaloes, led by determined old bulls, having defied all efforts to capture them, are still left upon the Flathead range. Last spring's calves brought their number up to about eighty. Pablo proposed to organize a big hunt to kill the animals. His plan was to assess each hunter two hundred and fifty dollars, less than Canada had paid him for each buffalo. He was inundated with applications to take part in the hunt from big-game hunters all over the world. When all arrangements were complete the state of Montana stepped in and spoiled the game. If Pablo could not capture them, declared the authorities, the state was warranted in assuming that they were wild buffaloes, and as such entitled to protection under the game laws. So the matter rests. Meantime the buffaloes are enjoying life and liberty on their old range.

Upon their arrival in Canada the Pablo buffaloes were kept temporarily in Elk Island Park until the park at Wainwright was completed. They were transferred to the Wainwright range in June, 1909. Seventy-seven buffaloes from the overstocked park at Banff and thirty purchased from the Conrad herd in Montana also were shipped to Wainwright. This gave Wainwright Park a herd of seven hundred and twenty-one to begin with. In the spring of 1910 there were one hundred and ten calves and in the spring of 1911 there were two hundred. So the herd now totals ten hundred and thirty-one. There are now three hundred breeding cows in the herd. These figures were obtained in October, 1911, from Mr. Edward Ellis, superintendent of Wainwright Park.

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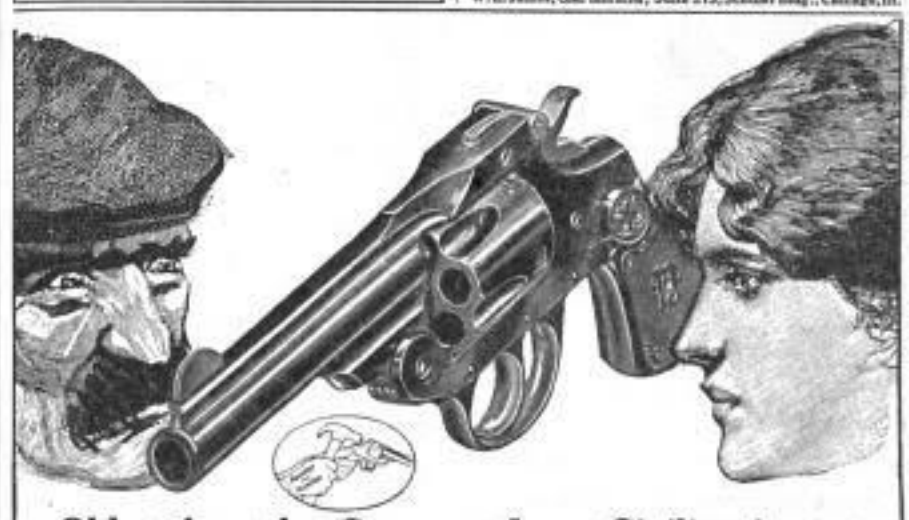
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A DOLLAR DOWN AND A DOLLAR A MINUTE

(Concluded from Page 22)

rge and growing list of regular custom- and hasn't time to fool with anybody ready to do business with reasonable patch. He is quick-spoken, a happy ker, expert in books and literature and ll informed on general topics. He spe- lizes usually in the publications of one possibly two subscription publishers ose kind of books fit his particular trade; t he is ready to supply his customers h everything they may want from any blishing house in creation.

He is, in short, the traveling bookstore. is a modern institution growing out of extremely modern need. His customers chiefly men too immersed in business— d women too occupied in family or social charitable or club affairs—to take the ne necessary for finding the books, which nevertheless necessary to them. Their ok agent studies them and their needs d is able to get at once to the point with m. Each subscription set, as it comes t, he mentally apportions to Mr. Ex and s. Zee, according to their known tastes; d he does not waste their time or his en they meet. He is also up on current oks and is able to inform his customer of ny bookish things of which the customer s heard something and wants to know re. Whether the meeting is of his own king or his customer's, he rarely—if is skillful—leaves the office or the use without a sale; and sometimes he ries with him a bunch of miscellaneous nmissions besides.

As I have said, this most useful book nt, this—*mirabile dictu!*—welcome book ent, is the product of a need. This need in turn, the product of a complex and althy age. And, in turn, the phenom- al growth of our complexity and wealth bearing a steadily increasing harvest for e fast-growing ranks of the agents. A lly good agent, by the way, can make ir or five thousand dollars a year. The jority probably net from two to four ousand, and here and there an excep- nal man nears six thousand. Women e not successful in this field so far, proba- y for the reason that success depends on creating a reputation as an expert, d women, though they may be experts, ll find the reputation difficult to attain. These agents are found, of course, mostly the centers of wealth. New York has any of them, but not many more than icago. Today they are found in every y of the first or second and sometimes en of the third magnitude. From these nters they extend their operations roughout the suburbs and to neighboring wns. Some have developed business in -separated centers and spend much of eir time on trains. Others favor all untry routes. Many do a good deal of siness by mail, only visiting their dis- ntly separated customers once or twice ear to keep in touch with them.

Money in Standard Authors

Thus, in one way or another, the country pretty well taken care of by the inde- ndent book merchants, and it remains th the publisher to establish and main- in relations—not with the public, but th the book agents. This he does by nstant correspondence. It is also to the terest of every book agent who deals with good class of personal customers to keep good standing with the publishers who sue their kind of high-standard sets.

Eventually, by a process of natural selec- on, each agent settles down chiefly to one blisher; but there is no contract or bind- g relation either way. The publisher sumes little risk, dealing in this way rough long-tried agents. And he is under necessity to advertise—though he often es advertise with the hope of provoking e customers of other publishers' agents to k to see his sets. Sales are made from a mple copy or dummy; and the pur- aser's standing, if credit is required, is oked up through the usual commercial gencies before any considerable risk is sumed. Yes; it is a safe and comfortable siness.

And then there is the occasional limited lition. This often helps out well. On tting out a new set to be sold at two dol- rs a volume, for instance, the publisher sometimes will first print from the same plates a special edition of a hundred and fifty or two hundred sets on fine, hand-made paper, and have each volume specially bound and a little more freely illustrated. Perhaps he will insert in the first volume an introduction by some celebrity, or get the author to give up a few days to writing his autograph in all the volumes. This edition, which really will cost less than a dollar more a volume than the regular subscription edition, he will sell for five or six or seven dollars to a discriminating body of collectors; and will make enough, perhaps, to pay for the plates of the whole edition.

This pretty business in copyrighted sets, however, is as an apple in its barrel to the great bulk of what many call the regular subscription business, the adjective in this case indicating merely size. The "main stream" of the business would be more nearly descriptive. One of the publishers in this regular business built up a selling machine of wonderful size and complexity. He divided the United States into departments under able salaried heads, and subdivided these again under commission agents, until there was no village where his sets were not offered. He published sets of all standard authors which no longer required royalty payments; and so effective was his machine that it was said that editions of a hundred thousand sets were not uncommon on his presses.

Where Competition is Still Keen

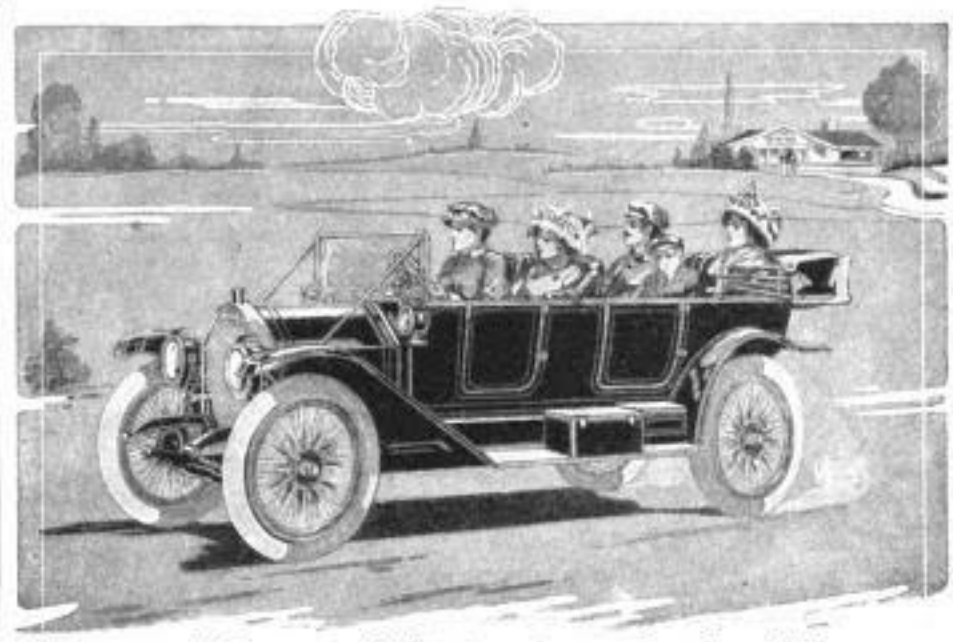
Of course, under the old conditions, operating through general agents, whether commissioned or salaried—and with all the expensive machinery of a great, continent-wide business mechanism—lower costs and higher returns must be the rule. And yet, at that, with the help of long press runs, no royalties and the saving of the printer's profit, good, serviceable library sets can be marketed at fair subscription prices.

There are hundreds of businesses of this kind in the country now, and many of them are highly prosperous. There has developed, out of the vast size of the country, a system of interchanging selling facilities among houses far separated, which has proved exceedingly effective. It is known as the general agency system, and does away with the need of each house covering the same territory with its own expensive business machinery.

There are very many of these businesses which, for all their working together, are nevertheless keenly competitive; and this competition, added to the swift growth of public discrimination, has served to clarify and very considerably purify a vast business which, in earlier years, sadly needed the process that the last decade and a half has applied. In this connection, one publisher of long experience said to me the other day:

"The whole fact of the matter is that, up to ten years ago, they'd buy anything. I'm not exaggerating—anything at all! It was too easy. Now, however, if you want to make money you've got to give bigger value than anybody else—and at skin-tight prices at that. Yes, sir; it's getting to be a harder game every year. At the same time the market is getting bigger."

This class of business necessarily constitutes the bulk of the so-called subscription-book trade. There are hosts of these publishers, big and little. Some of them are in the business for many years; others enter spectacularly, overrun themselves in a few ill-advised seasons and disappear. It is an easy business to get into, for you can hire plates if you want to at no great cost. Many printers own plates of the standard sets, having either taken them over from some meteoric publisher who left them on their hands when his light went out, or made them for themselves in slack times. There really is no business easier to get into—which is one reason why so many rush into it and drop out again. In short, it is the same old story. There is as sound, profitable business in subscription publishing as in trade publishing—for publishers, but not for amateurs, bunglers, experimenters and speculators. The same is true of every other business, from restauranting to bond-selling.



We could cut $500 out of the Haynes and no one but an expert would know it

THAT doesn't mean it couldn't be found out *later on*. For it would be, and "later on" is not a good time to find out things about the car you buy. Find out *before* you buy.

It's a *fact*, we could cut the heart right out of the Haynes and few men could tell it by *looking* at the car. It might still be just as big and handsome. But it wouldn't have the *stuff* in it—the materials and the workmanship. It would not represent what we consider *necessary efficiency* in an automobile.

There is nothing simpler than to *cheapen* a car. Take fifty dollars off here, twenty-five there, forty somewhere else, and so on in a dozen ways and places. Easy enough to buy inferior materials, rush the workmanship, cut out the days and days of testing, and let the body go through with six or seven coats of finishing instead of *eighteen*.

But to build a car that way wouldn't be the Haynes way, and such a car wouldn't be a Haynes car. The Haynes 5-passenger touring car Model 21, fully equipped, sells for $2100, and it's worth every dollar of the price.

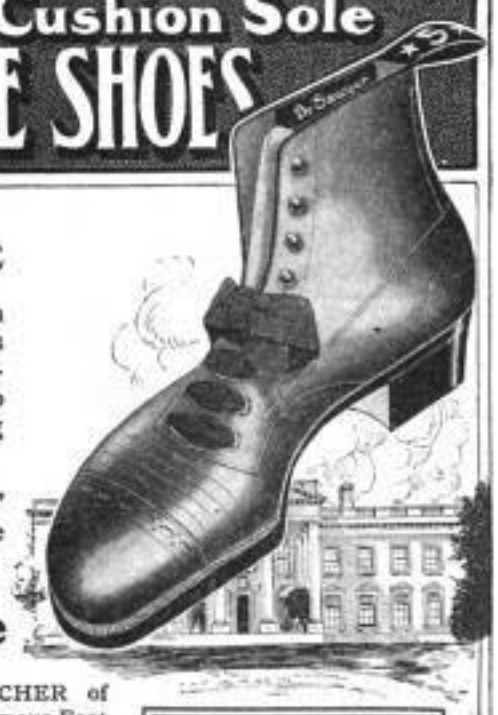
The Haynes 1912 Line is worth seeing, worth studying. A wide choice of bodies on our two standard 1912 chasses, Model 21, 40 horse power, 4½ x 5½ inch motor, 120 inch wheel base, 36 x 4 inch tires, and Model Y, 50-60 horse power, 5 x 5½ inch motor, 127½ inch wheel base, 37 x 5 inch tires.

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QUIET ELEGANCE

Our Bench Workers fashion these shoes by hand, over lasts that promote comfort and provide those genteel lines so desired by the discriminating American.

The "JOY OF WEARING" Justifies You in Buying the

DR. SAWYER CUSHION SOLE

White House Shoe

WE ILLUSTRATE A MEN'S BLUCHER of glazed kangaroo leather, made over our famous Foot Form Last, with the Dr. Sawyer Piano-Hammer Felt Cushion Sole, patented under registry number 858,368. This Cushion Sole assures warm, dry feet and unusual comfort.

SEE THE ★5★ MARK ON THE SHANK OF THE SHOE. IT GUARANTEES THE GENUINE.

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Booklet Showing Other Styles On Request.
All Sizes. Price $5.00

IF local dealers cannot supply you with this shoe send us $5.00, with size and width, and we will ship, express prepaid.
Address DEPT. G.

P. S.—**Buster Brown Shoes** for boys and girls. "There's Extra Wear in Every Pair."

The Brown Shoe Co.
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.



A—Is the Dr. Sawyer Piano-Hammer Felt Cushion Sole that means so much to the foot-weary. Note that it extends from heel to toe and cannot crawl nor bunch. B—Is the cork filling between the Felt Cushion Sole, and C—the extra thick sole of selected Oak Leather.

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They Won't Slip

CAT'S PAW

CUSHION

RUBBER HEELS

50¢ Attached All Dealers

After All Is Said and Done,
The Question Is—TO SLIP OR NOT TO SLIP.

Over 65% of Rubber Heels sold in 18 of the largest cities of the United States are Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels.

You will prefer them, too, because of the Friction Plug—a patented feature—which positively prevents slipping, and makes them wear longer. Hence, the most economical heel to buy.

Then again, the extra quality rubber affords greater resiliency—and there are no holes in the heels to track mud into the house.

To the Retail Trade

It pays to give the public what they want.

The majority want Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels.

Order from your jobber today.

Insist upon Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels of your dealer. **The name is easy to remember,** and they cost no more than the ordinary kind.

If you will send us the name of your shoe dealer we will mail you a Cat's Paw Bangle Pin free.

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The Most Effective Way to use
Weed Chains

Put them on all four wheels—
An *absolute necessity* on both rear wheels—a *decided advantage* on the front wheels too.

On the front wheels—
they give comfortable, easy steering—no cramped fingers, no cramped arms, no sore muscles. Out of car tracks, ruts, snow-drifts and "heavy going" just like steering on smooth roads.

Try them and be convinced

The Only Perfect ANTI-SKID ANTI-SLIP Device

Cannot Injure Tires
Because "they Creep"
Continually shift their position on the tire.

No trouble to put on—
Applied in a jiffy without the use of a jack or other tools.

Insurance Companies strongly advise their use on every car they insure.

Recommended and Sold by All Reputable Dealers

Weed Chain Tire Grip Co.
28 Moore St. New York City

RETAILING THE WOODEN NUTMEG

(Concluded from Page 15)

ninety-eight cents. The concern offering this attractive bait asserted that it was closing out goods that had been caught in the collapse of a condemned building in New York. Local business men found that no firm of the name given had ever done business in New York. A representative was sent to purchase one of the ninety-eight-cent all-wool suits and got one that was all cotton.

The case was taken into court, but the outcome gave an excellent illustration of the difficulties met in stopping such frauds; for, though the evidence proved there had been cheating, the defendants got clear on a technicality, it being held that, as the charge had been made by a business man who merely sent a representative to purchase, he could not have been cheated by proxy. Publicity drove that dishonest concern out of town, however, and the business men interested in dealing with such cases got some useful experience.

Damaged and rejected merchandise from the clothing, furnishing and cloak trades is sold to these bankrupt-sale stores by auction. Shoddy goods are also manufactured especially for that class of demand. A clothing man went through a sweatshop, where men's suits of the flimsiest cloth were being put together so fast that stitches were half an inch long. He suggested that they would not wear. The proprietor, who has made a fortune out of such junk, was astonished.

"Wear!" he exclaimed. "Heavens! We don't make 'em to wear—we make 'em to sell!"

Little Business is highly adaptable. On one hand there will be the chain of fake fur stores doing business in a dozen cities, all owned and managed by some gentleman who has grown rich and skillful in the traffic. At the other end of the scale comes the imitation farmer, selling potatoes at short measure from a green farm wagon, with mud on his boots and hayseed in his hair, as an after consequence of newspaper discussion of the cost of living. He is merely a huckster dressed in farm garb, and he buys his potatoes from a commission house.

Remedies for Crooked Ways

Little Business follows the demand, invades any trade that will yield dupes and profits, and probably nine times in ten gets away with it. There is always the same highly colored appeal to the imagination—the same story of goods obtained through obscure channels and the same old elimination of mysterious middlemen's profits. If necessary the faker will take his victim aside and tell him that the goods have been smuggled or stolen. Add the cupidity of customers who know little about real values and nothing about trade channels, and the trick is done.

As a parasitic activity, Little Business, taken as a whole, must impose losses on the public second only to those of swindling stock enterprises. The stealings are chiefly from hard-working people buying necessities.

The handiest remedy seems to lie in trade organizations. Laws against fraud and untruthful advertising are already on the statute-books in many states, but little effort has been made to enforce them. It has been nobody's business. In some mercantile lines, indeed, certain frauds have existed so long that the regular trade has almost come to regard them as legitimate—or, at least, as something not to be interfered with so long as people are silly enough to be taken in by such schemes. In other trades, misbranding and misrepresentation have become part of the regular trade itself, so far as giving fair value under a high-sounding tradename is concerned; and the trade hesitates to begin housecleaning, because it knows the work would necessarily start right at home. The extent of crooked Little Business is now so great, however, and the harm done to honest houses is becoming so clear, that the business world is taking a new view of the evil; and its suppression and exposure are coming to be looked upon as part of the general organization of merchants and manufacturers in every line of business for the bringing about of better business conditions.

Keen, Lively Fun and Excitement!

Billiards and Pool are fascinating games! They arouse the greatest friendly rivalry. Their ever-new problems for hand, eye and judgment are intensely interesting, and they are very inexpensive—if you have in your home a

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Billiard and Pool Table

It needs no special room—can be mounted on library or dining-room table, or on its own legs on a compact folding stand. Sizes range up to 4½ x 9 ft. (standard), each size exactly correct in proportion and adapted to the most expert play.

$1.00 DOWN

Prices $6, $15, $25, $35, $45, $60, $75 and up, on easy terms, $1 or more down (depending on size and style) and a small amount each month. Playing equipment free.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE—On receipt of first instalment we will ship Table. Play on it 10 days. If not satisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This insures you a fair trial. Send today for illustrated catalog giving full information as to prices, terms, etc.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO.
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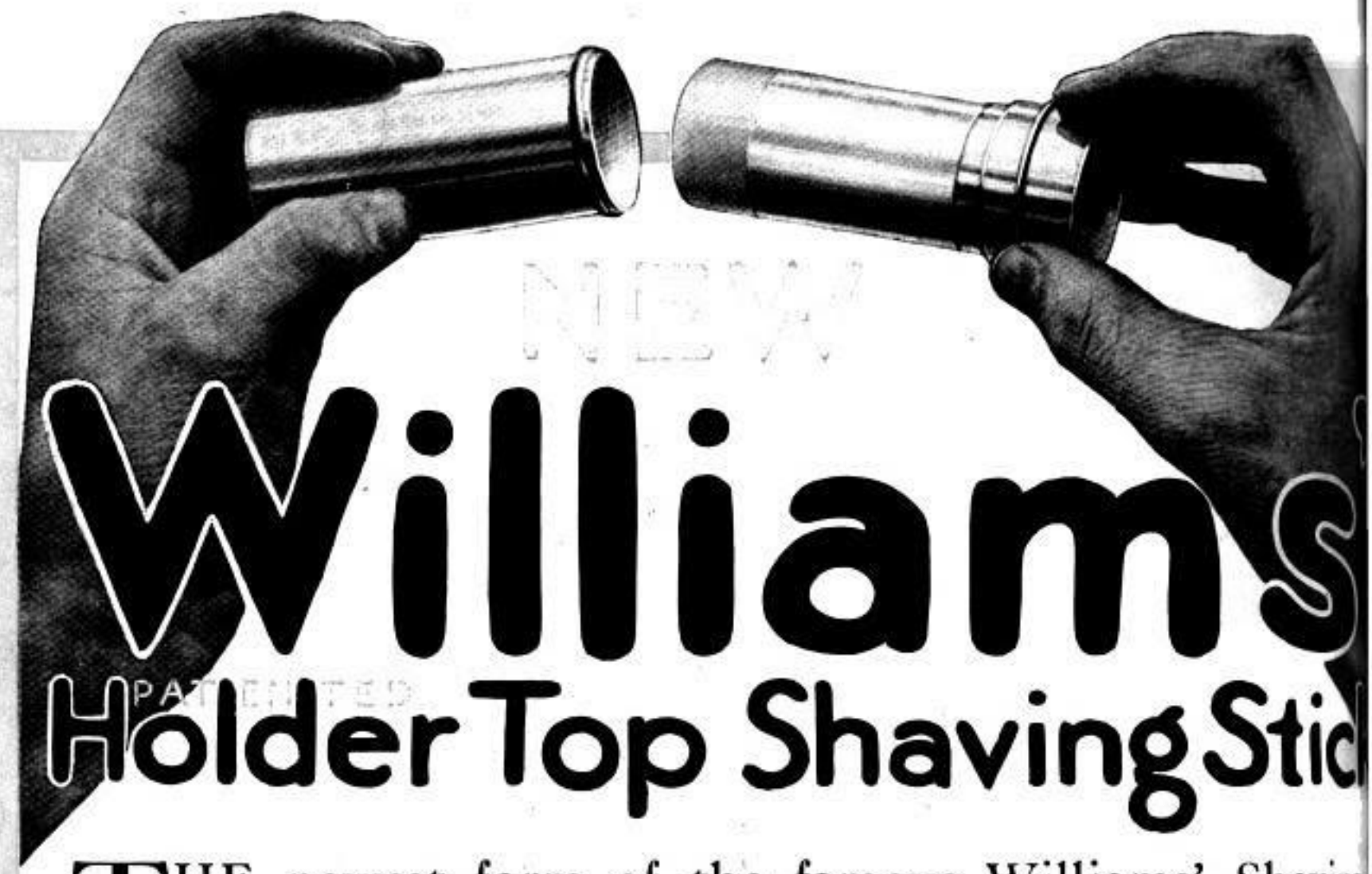
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THE BOOK OF MEN'S FASHIONS pictures every late style tendency. It speaks with positive authority on the subject of dress, and directs you to the nearest merchant who handles Adler-Rochester Clothes. Yours for a postcard request. Write for Edition A to-day.

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L. Adler, Bros. & Co. Rochester, N. Y.

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Williams'

Holder Top Shaving Stick

THE newest form of the famous Williams' Shaving Stick. The stick is fastened firmly in the nickeled cap, which, when not in use, forms the top of the nickeled box in which the stick is carried.

When in use, this "Holder Top" makes it possible to grasp the stick firmly until the last fraction is used. And the fingers need never come in contact with the soap.

The "Holder Top" Stick furnishes the same delightfully soothing and refreshing lather that has given Williams' Shaving Stick, in the familiar Hinged-Cover, Nickeled Box, its world-wide reputation.

The familiar hinged-cover nickeled box



Williams' Shaving Powder

For those who prefer their shaving soap in powdered form it answers every requirement of the most exacting shaver. A little powder shaken on a wet brush produces, with a minimum of time and effort, a rich, thick, creamy lather. In a twinkling your face is ready for the razor. The non-leaking, hinged-cover box, opening with a snap of the thumb, closing with the pressure of a finger, is the acme of convenience.

Note the convenient sanitary hinged-cover nickeled box



The J. B. Williams Company, Glastonbury, Conn.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded … j. Fra…

Mr Wulf T Jenkins
R R # 2
Hayslook Neb

MARCH 30, 1912 5c. THE COPY



MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY

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No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize Touch the Million Mark

This month we celebrate. A million Goodyear Auto Tires have now gone into use.

Over half that million have been sold within the past 12 months. Yet this is our 13th year.

Think what that means. More sold in this last year alone than in 12 years put together.

Just because No-Rim-Cut tires—our patented type—suddenly became the sensation.

A few men proved them out. Then thousands proved them—then tens of thousands more.

Now a million tires. Now a trebled demand over last year. Now a larger sale than any other tire commands.

All this occurs after these tires have been tested on some 200,000 cars.

The Reign of the New-Type Tire

Now comes the reign of a new-type tire—a tire that cuts tire bills in two.

A tire that can't rim-cut—an oversize tire, to save the blowouts due to overloading.

A bookless tire—one that needs no tire bolts, nor hooking to the rim.

And a tire which embodies the final results of our 13 years spent in perfecting tires.

All these features combined in a tire which costs no more than other standard tires.

That will explain this overwhelming demand for Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

Old-Type Tires Must Go

Old-type tires—clincher tires—rim-cut when partly deflated. When they run flat, because of a puncture, a minute's time may wreck them.

Statistics show that 23% of all ruined clincher tires have been rim-cut.

Now comes a type which makes rim-cutting impossible. And all of you motorists are sometime bound to adopt them.

These same tires—No-Rim-Cut tires—are made 10% oversize. The hookless base permits that.

That means 10% more air—10% greater carrying capacity—without any extra cost.

It means support for your extras, and for passengers who overweigh. It reduces the danger of blow-outs.

That 10% oversize, under average conditions, adds 25% to the tire mileage.

All those advantages at the price of tires which lack them. How long will any man cling, in your estimation, to old-type, skimpy tires?

The Secret

The secret of this new-type tire lies in three flat bands of 126 braided wires.

These braided wires are vulcanized into the tire base. Thus the tire base is made unstretchable.

This tire needs no beads to hook into the rim flange, because nothing can force the tire over the flange.

But, unlock the flange and the tire slips off like any quick-detachable tire. It slips off much easier, because no beads can get "frozen" into the rim flange.

With this hookless tire, your removable rim flanges are slipped to the opposite sides. Then they curve outward instead of inward.

Instead of a curved flange digging into the tire there is a rounded edge on which the tire rests if deflated.

There is no changing of rims if your rims are standard. Nearly all rims are now made to fit these tires.

We Control It

This braided wire feature forms the only way to make a practical tire of this type. The reasons are explained in our Tire Book.

Competition, of course, has forced other makers to attempt this hookless tire. But the essential feature is controlled by our patents. And substitute features have proved unsatisfactory. Many have been abandoned.

This new-type tire, if you want it right means the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire. That is why the demand, in a flood-like way, has centered on this tire.

Get the proved-out tire when you get this type. Get the tire which outsells all the rest after a million have gone into use.

Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 13 years spent in tire-making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

GOODYEAR

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

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TRUST FALLACIES DISPELLED

Senator Clapp Discusses Efficiency and Dynamic Power



By Henry Beach Needham

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

A STANDPATTER, so 'tis said, is a man who has stopped and can't get started; an Insurgent, a man who has got started and can't stop! Applying this test to Senator Clapp we move that line two be amended to read: A man who has got started and can't be stopped! Moses E. Clapp is six feet two inches tall and weighs two hundred and fifteen pounds, which are mostly muscle, bone and hard common-sense. It would take a mighty able man to stop the senator from Minnesota. He is the least emotional of the Republican Progressives. He isn't a word-painter; and when he speaks in the Senate, which he does not do too often, he talks to the point—and concludes when he reaches it.

In seeking an estimate of a public man at the Capitol, one turns first to the Congressional Directory, for in the statesman's autobiography there is usually an index to his vanities. We learn from the piece contributed by the Speaker of the House of Representatives, for example, that he loves to dwell on the historical fact that "for twenty-two years [he] held the record for being the youngest college president in the United States." For almost a quarter century, therefore, Champ Clark could lay claim to the novice record in pedagogy.

Nothing so deftly contrived to stir the imagination is to be found in Senator Clapp's autobiography. A common-school education in Indiana and Wisconsin, a graduate of the Wisconsin Law School, attorney-general of Minnesota for six years and three elections to the United States Senate—that's about all. If one tries to fill in the sketch the Senator proves to be the most unsatisfactory subject of inquiry in or near Congress.

No Rest for the Weary When Clapp Goes Ajunketing

HE BECAME the state's official lawyer when Minnesota's first rate law went into effect, and he fought in the courts to uphold that statute. After he retired he was retained by the railroad and warehouse commission as chief counsel. So, for ten years before he came to Washington, he was the people's lawyer. Upon his election to the United States Senate he was named a member of the Interstate Commerce Committee; and in 1906, when the Hepburn Bill was received from the House, with Senator Dolliver he voted to report it, though Aldrich, Elkins and the other Republicans of the committee urged adverse action. The fight for railroad rate legislation on the floor of the Senate was led by Clapp and Dolliver, and to their credit was the victory. Ever since that time Senator Clapp has been a militant Progressive. He voted against the tariff bill of 1909 as a matter of course, and in a public address expressed regret that he could not "fitly characterize" the Payne-Aldrich law—"because there are ladies and gentlemen present." In his private conversation full justice is done.

His attitude toward the public business was shown in an investigation of the Indians of Wisconsin, conducted in the fall of 1909 by the Committee on Indian Affairs, of which he was then chairman—being known to the wards of the nation as Chief White Vest. Such investigations are popularly termed "junkets"; but this particular junket was far from being a lazy, carefree vacation jaunt, with all the comforts of home and many of the luxuries of the idle rich. If there is doubt on this point ask Norris Brown, senator from Nebraska, who escaped being labeled an Insurgent by so narrow a margin that it makes his regular teeth chatter to think of it now. On the trip Senator Brown was continually begging Senator Clapp for a spell of rest. He had a family dependent on him—to say nothing of a dwindling constituency—and he owed it to others, he insisted, to conserve his natural resources. Senator Clapp, however, knew no pity.

The Pros of the Promoter and the Cons of the Consumer

ONE chill autumn night, when the private car was cozily sidetracked in a dead little town, Senator Brown was rudely awakened by the suffocating odor of smoke. For once in his official life he sprang from his berth and discovered that the roller caravansary was afire! In deference to the chairman of the committee he awakened Senator Clapp—and let "Mose" put out the fire. The danger averted, Senator Clapp said to Senator Brown: "Get everybody up! There's no sense going back to bed—it's too near breakfast-time." It was three-thirty A. M.

Two nights later some witnesses, who had been summoned by telegraph from a town twenty miles distant, and who had been detained by bad roads, pounded on the door of the car. The hour was long past midnight. Senator Clapp put on his trousers, an overcoat and a black "campaign" hat, routed a majority of the senators out of bed—there being no fire under his berth, Norris Brown refused to stir—reconvened the committee, and swore the witnesses to "tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!"—which they must have done under circumstances as funereal as a drumhead court-martial.

In the same way Senator Clapp now conducts the business of the Interstate Commerce Committee, of which he became chairman in the present Congress by virtue of seniority. He is not content when members of his important committee have been duly notified of the hour of the trust hearings. He takes a truant member gently but firmly by the arm, leads him out of the Senate chamber, and personally conducts the senator to the room where cures for the trust evils are daily advertised. The only member who is nimble enough to elude the chairman is the junior senator from Massachusetts.

"Put into your report," said Senator Clapp to the official stenographer, "that Senator Crane flitted in and out today." Next morning Murray Crane was in his seat at the hour the committee began its hearings.

Senator Clapp has given ear to about one million words of testimony on the trust question. He has interrogated witness after witness in a desire to get at the truth. He knows by heart the pros of the promoter and the cons of the consumer. And out of the fullness of his knowledge he gave me the following interview:

"Lack of correct information is of two kinds," said Senator Clapp—"negative, or the absence of knowledge; affirmative, or the presence of an erroneous belief. The latter,

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of course, is the more dangerous, because every effort to correct a situation from the standpoint of erroneous belief becomes more deeply involved in error. These reflections are suggested by what has come out before the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate in the pending hearings upon the trust problem. With the notable exception of Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, and perhaps one or two others, almost every discussion of the question has, it seems to me, involved certain fallacies, which fallacies ought to be dispelled before attempting to solve the problem.

"These fallacies are: first, that vast combinations are essential to the development of efficiency; second, that vast combinations are necessary as a medium for the dynamic power, as it is termed, of American activities; and third, that today we face the alternative of a continuation of vast combination or a return to so-called 'ruinous' competition.

"The claim that vast combination is essential to efficiency is based upon the assertion that a great combination can avail itself of economies; that it develops an *esprit de corps* and is able to spend money upon experimental work.

"It would be easy to refute this general claim with the history of the failure of those trusts which were unable to secure a monopoly, and of the partially successful competition of independent concerns against the efforts of other trusts which, though the latter did not have a monopoly as to all lines of their production, were able practically to monopolize as to some important lines of their production, because they were powerful enough to dictate to the consumers of such production as to whom they should purchase from. However, in this interview, for obvious reasons, I shall not deal with individual illustrations, as I prefer to rest the argument upon certain principles that I believe will be universally recognized as discussed.

"Human nature is governed by general laws. It is true there is always an element prone to reverence power; so it may be conceded that a certain element associated with a great combination may feel a certain pride in the bigness of the employer. Yet it is doubtful whether this is real loyalty of interest so much as it is a pride of importance; in fact, it applies to those who place importance first.

"Let us analyze the counterforce. The public does not love the great combination. There must be a cause for this. The cause is found in the fact of a knowledge on the part of the public of the vast power of the combination and a belief, based upon human experience and a knowledge of human nature, that such power is always liable to be used in an unfair way, even though the individual units which compose the public may not be able to trace an application of such misuse of power to themselves.

"How much more certain it is, then, that those associated with a great combination, recognizing this power and this tendency of human nature to misuse power, believe that in some way it is being misused to the detriment of those to whom such misuse can be directly applied and by whom it can be personally recognized.

"The fact that those who are associated with great combinations share in the general public feeling toward such combinations is based upon the same principle in both cases—namely, a knowledge of the existence of a great power and the proneness of those having power to use it for their own gain; and, though some of those thus associated may feel a certain pride akin to a sense of importance in the fact that they are attached to something big, that there should be any real loyalty is foreign to human nature.

"Genuine loyalty depends more upon the personal equation, which, as a universal rule, is lessened in proportion as the size of the corporation is increased. That the efficiency resulting from an *esprit de corps* is increased in proportion to the increased size of the employing corporation runs counter to human nature; that it is lessened in such case is natural, and serves to account in part for the failure of those trusts which were unable to meet the competition of the independents, and could not monopolize all or a part of their products, as has already been stated. Where an employee considers at all the relation between himself and his employer it is not true that he is inspired with a sense of coördinate interest in proportion to the power of the employer; but, recognizing the power and believing it is used against him and in favor of those possessing it, the very reverse is the effect. Those who do not recognize this fact are blind to the operations of a natural law.

"Aside from the counterbalancing of forces, it is said that a great combination can more freely spend money for experimental work. That it can spend more money than a smaller concern is true; but does it do so as a matter of fact? Necessity is said to be the 'mother of invention.' Competition is the motive power of development. Combination lessens competition; and as it lessens competition it lessens the incentive born of competition.

"The testimony of the inventor is that his invention encounters the objection of cost—not only the cost of installation, but the still greater cost incident to a recasting of utilities adjusted to the new invention. Now a cost will never be incurred except with the thought of gain, and the cost of installation and adjustment will not be undertaken except from the same gainful motive; and in proportion as competition has been eliminated the motive of gain in such case is lessened.

"The claim that great combination leads to development runs counter to human nature to the extent that such development is rendered unnecessary by the elimination of competition.

"It is said that the dynamic force, as it has become the fashion to call the energy of America, must have a medium for its outlet. If possible there is involved in this suggestion a fallacy even greater than that involved in the suggestion that vast combination tends to efficiency. It may be a blunt way of putting it, but there is not a suggestion in the Sherman Anti-Trust Law which conflicts with the expansion or outlet of the dynamic force, so far as such force is applied strictly to production to meet the demand of home and foreign markets, independent of the methods and practices employed. If there were a demand for the triplication of the output of any product there is nothing in the law which prohibits such triplication. If capital today desired to construct a new productive agency there is nothing in the law which prohibits the establishment and operation of such agency. If a demand for some new adjunct of civilization should rise there is nothing in the law to interfere with the supplying of such demand to the fullest extent. Independent agencies have been established and developed, and can be established and developed, to meet any requirement of demand without challenge from the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. That law deals with the methods and practices employed in restraint of trade and the creation of monopolies, but leaves the establishment and development of independent agencies to any extent unchallenged. Nor has the Government at any step challenged production. It has only challenged practices and methods calculated to restrain trade or create monopoly. This cannot be overemphasized in view of the claim constantly made that the law and its enforcement tend to place a check upon American industrial activity.

"The Sherman Anti-Trust Law does not seek to limit the productive capacity of America's dynamic force, but it seeks the very reverse—to prevent the placing of a limitation upon its activity." *(Continued on Page 61)*

The Pearls of the Princess Patricia

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

ON THE day before Christmas a man of middle age, middle height and middle weight, smooth-shaven, dressed in black and wearing black gloves, walked into the business office of the New York Herald. He approached the first "Advertisements" window, looked at the clerk a moment, opened his mouth and said several words—at least, so the clerk judged from the motion of the man's lips.

"I didn't hear that, Cap," said the clerk, Ralph Carroll.

The stranger thereupon made another effort.

"You'll have to come again," Carroll told him kindly, at the same time leaning over the counter and presenting his left ear to the voiceless talker. He heard.

"How much to print this ad under Male Help Wanted, in big type, so it will make about two inches?"

He handed a slip to the clerk, which the clerk read, counting the words from sheer force of habit:

> WANTED—A Man With St. Vitus' Dance and an Introspective Turn of Mind. High Wages to Right Party. Apply Saturday Morning, Room 888, St. Iago Building.

"Four sixty-four," said the clerk.

The man raised his eyebrows inquiringly.

"Four dollars and sixty-four cents," repeated Carroll.

The man took out a wallet and tried to pull out a banknote, but could not because of his gloved hands. He took off the right glove, fished out one five-dollar bill and gave it to the clerk, who handed him back thirty-six cents. As the man took the change the clerk distinctly noticed that he had a big ivory-colored scar which ran from the knuckles to the wrist and disappeared under the cuff. He remembered it by reason of the freak ad and the man's voice.

The advertisement appeared in the Herald the next day. Being Christmas, the one day of non-reading in America, few people saw it. Nevertheless, at nine on Saturday morning, ten men with spasmodically twitching necks or limbs waited for the advertiser to open the door of Room 888, on which they saw in gilt letters:

ACME VIBRATOR COMPANY
W. W. LOVELL, Manager

The elevator man was heard to tell an inquirer: "Here's Lovell!" And presently the voiceless man, dressed as usual in black, with black gloves, stepped from the elevator, nodded to the waiting men in the hall and opened the door of 888. At first they thought he was a mute, but realized later that he was merely saving his bronchial tubes, just as asking men to come Saturday forenoon—payday and payhours—would save effort by bringing only men without employment.



"It is Eleven-Eleven, Today the Eleventh. Give Me the Eleven Letters for W. W. Lowry"

Lovell and the afflicted entered. The outer office had half a dozen chairs and a table on which were some medical magazines. Lovell scrutinized the ten applicants keenly and finally beckoned to a tall, well-built chap with a blond mustache, whose unfortunate ailment was not so extreme as the others, to follow him into the inner office. The man did so. There were a desk, three chairs, a table and a dozen polished oak boxes that looked as though they might contain vibrators. Lovell closed the door, sat down at the desk, motioned to the blond man to approach and whispered:

"What's your name?"

"Lewis J. Wright."

"Age?"

"Thirty-six."

"Working?"

"Not steadily."

"Profession?"

"Cabinetmaker."

"Family?"

"No."

"Do you object to traveling?"

"No; like it."

"We pay sixty dollars a week, all traveling and living expenses. Will you go to London, England?"

"To do what?"

"Nothing!"

"What?"

"Nothing!" again whispered the manager very earnestly. He seemed anxious to convince Mr. Wright of his good intentions. "Nothing at all! Sixty a week and expenses!"

"I don't understand," said Mr. Lewis J. Wright with an uneasy smile. His excitement aggravated the malady and his neck jerked and twitched almost constantly.

"I want a man with St. Vitus' Dance."

"That's me," said L. J. Wright, and proved it.

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"And with an introspective turn of mind. Understand?"

"Not quite," confessed the cabinetmaker.

"A man who likes to think about himself."

"I guess I can fill the bill all right," asserted L. J. Wright confidently. Sixty a week, all expenses and a trip to London began to look very attractive.

"Then you're engaged." The manager nodded.

"I don't know yet what I'm to do," ventured Wright.

"Nothing, I tell you."

"Well, I'll do it, then!" And L. J. Wright smiled tentatively; but the manager of the Acme Vibrator Company looked at him seriously—almost reprovingly—and whispered so hoarsely that Wright felt like going after cough lozenges for him:

"Listen, Wright. You will go to London with a letter to Dr. Cephas W. Atterbury, 23, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, N. W. Every day you will sit down in a comfortable chair in the doctor's anteroom, where the patients wait, from nine to eleven A. M. and five to seven P. M. You will think of your St. Vitus' Dance.

"You will get sixty dollars a week from us and your hotel bill will be paid by the doctor. You may not have to sail for a month, but your salary begins on Monday. Come here every Saturday and get twenty-five dollars on account. When you sail you will get all that's owing to you besides four weeks' salary in advance and a round-trip ticket, first class."

"But if I get stranded in London ——"

"How can you, with three or four hundred dollars in your pocket, a return-trip ticket and no need to spend except for clothes, which are very cheap there? Come next Saturday, but leave your name and address in case we need you. Can we depend on you?" He looked searchingly into the grayish-blue eyes of Lewis J. Wright, and seemed comforted when Lewis J. Wright answered:

"Yes. I'll go on a minute's notice." He wrote his name and address on a slip, gave it to the manager and went out. Lovell followed him to the outer office and, beckoning to the afflicted nine to draw near, whispered:

"I've hired a man, but I shall need more soon. Write your names and addresses and leave them here. Don't come unless I send for you," and he distributed printed blanks on which each applicant wrote out his name, address and answers to the questions:

1—Do you object to traveling alone?
2—Do you object to sitting in comfortable chairs?
3—Do you object to people making remarks about you?
4—Do you object to minding your own business or earning your wages?

One of the applicants spoke:

"Mr. Lovell, I'd like to know ——" Lovell, however, cut him short with a hoarse but peremptory "Don't talk! Can't answer!" pointed to his throat and disappeared in the inner office, the door of which he closed.

Whereupon the disappointed applicants, expressing their feelings in a series of heartrending jerks, twitches, tremors and grimaces, trooped out into the hall. There they cross-examined the lucky Wright and arrived at the conclusion that they were to be used as living advertisements for the Acme Vibrator. Doctors were employed to boom it and the company supplied dummies or "property" patients.

II

TO THE same clerk in the Herald office, a fortnight later, came the same man in black and whispered something. The clerk recognized him, leaned over and asked pleasantly:

"What is it this time?" He had a good memory. He afterward remembered thinking that the hoarseness was chronic.

"How much for one inch in Help Wanted, Male?"

"Pica caps?"

The man nodded eagerly half a dozen times.

"Two dollars and thirty-two cents."

The stranger, in trying to take the exact amount from his pocket, dropped a dime on the floor and had much difficulty in picking it up by reason of his black gloves. This naturally made the clerk remember about the scar, which the man evidently desired to conceal. Carroll, the clerk, alert-minded and imaginative—as are all American Celts—caught a glimpse of the scar between the end of the glove and the beginning of the cuff.

On the next day the unemployed males of New York read this in the Herald:

> WANTED—A Brave Man. Wages One Hundred Dollars a Day. No Questions Answered. Apply Room 888, St. Iago Building.

There are many brave men in New York. When W. W. Lovell stepped from the elevator at the eighth floor he had almost to force his way through a crowd of men of all kinds—brutes and dreamers; sturdy animals and boys with romance in their eyes; fierce-visaged, roughly dressed men and fashionably attired chaps with high-bred, impassive faces; young men seeking adventure and old men seeking bread. Lovell was darting keen glances at the men. He let his gaze linger on a man neither short nor tall, of about forty, who suggested determination rather than reckless courage. He was shabby with the shabbiness of a man who not only has worn the clothes a long time, but has slept in them. Lovell approached him and whispered:



Lovell Scrutinized the Ten Applicants Keenly

"Come about Herald ad?"

"Yes." Others drew near and listened.

"Are you really brave?" He looked anxiously into the man's face. The man, at the question and at the grins of his fellow applicants, turned a brick-red.

"Try me!" he answered defiantly.

"Before all these men?" There was a challenge in the hoarse whisper.

"If you want to," answered the man with quick anger. He clenched his fists and braced his body as for a shock.

"Come in!" and W. W. Lovell opened the door of 888.

"I'm braver than that guy!" interjected a youth, extremely broad-shouldered and thick-necked.

Mr. Lovell looked at him coldly, steadily, inquisitively, as though he would read the man's soul. He stared fully a minute and a half before the thick-set youngster dropped his gaze, whereupon Mr. Lovell pushed in the man he had picked out, followed him and slammed the door in the faces of the others. They tried the doorknob in vain. It was a spring lock.

Mr. Lovell sat down at his desk, motioned to the man to draw near and said sternly:

"No questions answered!"

"I'll ask none."

Lovell gazed at him intently. He nodded to himself with satisfaction and proceeded in a painful whisper:

"Your name is W. W. Lowry."

The man hesitated. Lovell frowned and, leaning forward, said:

"One hundred dollars a day!"

"My name," said the man determinedly, "is now W. W. Lowry."

"Do you know anything about travelers' checks used by the American Express Company?"

"Yes."

"Ever used any yourself?"

"No."

"Ever in Paris?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"When I was—er—years ago."

"How many years?"

"Ten; no—eleven!" The man's face twitched. Remembrance was evidently not pleasant.

"I'll pay you one thousand dollars for eight days' work in Paris."

"I'll take it."

"Listen carefully."

"Go ahead." The man looked alert.

"You will get a first-class ticket from New York to Paris and return, and hotel coupons for ten days in the Hotel Beraud, in Paris. You will leave in all probability on February first, arrive on the eighth. On the ninth you will go to the American Express office and cash some of your checks. They will serve to identify you. Do it again on February tenth. At exactly eleven minutes past eleven on the eleventh you will whisper to the mail clerk: 'It is eleven-eleven, today the eleventh. Give me the eleven letters for W. W. Lowry.' If you do not receive eleven letters don't take any, but return the next day at precisely the same hour and say exactly the same words. What was it I said you should say to the correspondence clerk?"

"It is eleven-eleven, today the eleventh. Give me the eleven letters for W. W. Lowry," repeated the man.

"Right! When you get the eleven letters you will bring them unopened to me—here. Now go to Mrs. Brady's boarding-house, 299 East Seventy-third Street; tell her you are Mr. Lowry. Your room and board are paid for. Make it a point to be at the house every day at eleven in the morning until after luncheon and at six P. M. You must not go out evenings under any circumstances. I'll allow you eleven dollars a week for tobacco and will bring you some clothes. Come back Wednesday at eleven-thirty. Here's this week's eleven dollars. That will be all."

"That's all right, my friend; but ——" began the man.

Lovell frowned and interrupted sharply:

"No questions answered!"

"I wasn't going to ask; I was going to remark that you would have to show me that one thousand dollars for the week's work."

"Next Wednesday I'll take you to the American Express Company. I'll give you one thousand dollars and you will buy the checks yourself and sign them. I'll keep them until sailing day and I'll give them to you on the steamer. Forging," he went on with a sneer, "is signing another man's name with intent to defraud. You will sign your own name—your own signature!—on travelers' checks that you yourself have paid for. See? A thousand dollars for asking for eleven letters and bringing them to me, unopened, is good graft, friend. If you make good I'll keep you busy!"

"You are on!" said W. W. Lowry.

"No drinking. Above all things, no talking! I may be crazy, my friend; but what would you be if you gave up a job worth a thousand dollars a week and all expenses paid? Remember our motto: No questions answered!"

"Damned good rule!" agreed W. W. Lowry with conviction.

"Look out for reporters and for men who say they are reporters!" warned W. W. Lovell. "When you go out close the door quickly behind you and hang this sign on the doorknob. I don't want to see anybody."

W. W. Lowry obeyed. The sign said:

POSITION FILLED

III

A PARTICULARLY beautiful limousine stopped before the door of Welch, Boon & Shaw, the renowned jewelers, on Fifth Avenue. There alighted from it on this cold but bright January day a tall, well-built man, erect, square-shouldered, head held high. He wore a fur-lined overcoat with a beautiful mink collar, and a mink cap. He was one of those blond-mustached, ruddy-complexioned, daily-cold-plunge British officers you sometimes see in Ottawa. He walked quickly into the shop and spoke to the first clerk he saw.

"Where's the proprietor?"

"Who?"

"The proprietor of the shop!" He spoke with a pronounced English accent. His eyes were gray and cold. They looked a trifle close together, but that may have been

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from the frown—said frown impressing even a casual observer as a chronic affair. His appearance, even without the frown, was aristocratic.

"Do you wish," said the clerk politely, "to see Mr. Boon or Mr. Shaw?"

"I wish to see the man who owns this shop; the—ah!—boss, I think you call it here."

"Well, Mr. Boon ——" began the clerk, about to explain.

"I don't care if it's Mr. Loon or Mr. Coon. Be quick, please!" he said peremptorily.

The clerk, now resenting the stranger's words, tone, manner, attitude, nationality and ancestry, turned to a floorwalker person and called:

"Mr. Smith, this—ahem!—gentleman wishes to see one of the firm."

Mr. Smith came forward, smiling suavely.

"You wish to see one of the firm, sir?" He bowed in advance.

"Yes. That's the third time I've said what I wish. I have no time to lose and not much patience either!" He twitched his neck and twisted his head as though his collar were too tight. It was a habit, and it became more pronounced with his annoyance. All the clerks noticed it.

Mr. Smith bit his lip and said very politely:

"Yes, sir. It happens that none of them is in at present. If you will tell me what you wish to see them about I may suggest ——"

The fur-coated man turned on his heel, his face dark red with annoyance, and started to leave the shop.

"Goodby, old Jerk-Neck!" muttered the offended clerk.

Mr. Boon entered at that very moment.

"Here's Mr. Boon, our senior partner," said Mr. Smith with an irritation in his voice that he could not conceal and which gave Mr. Boon his cue.

"You wish to see me?" Mr. Boon asked it very coldly, ready to say no.

"You have an annoying set of clerks here," said the fur-coated stranger. "I wished to see one of the firm and ——"

"You see him now," interrupted Mr. Boon, letting the words drop out with an effect of broken icicles. "I am Mr. Boon."

"My good man, I came after some pearl necklaces and a few rings and trinkets. Do make haste! I am Colonel Lowther."

"Indeed! Well, what if you are Colonel Lowther?"

In Mr. Boon's eyes was a look that made all the clerks in the store busy themselves with their own affairs. Explosions scatter dangerous fragments that may injure lookers-on. The fur-coated Englishman stared at the sizzling jeweler in amazement.

"Damme!" he sputtered. "Do you mean to say —— Oh!—I see! Yes! I am the secretary of the Duke of Connaught. The jewels are for His Royal Highness."

The change was instantaneous and magical. They all understood now and forgave. There wasn't a clerk in the store who did not stare with unchecked interest at the fur-coated member of the royal party, concerning which the newspapers were printing columns and columns.



"May This Gentleman Telephone for Me? My Throat is in Pretty Bad Shape"

The man opened his coat, took a card from a Russia-leather case, which he gave to Mr. Boon:

"Colonel the Honorable H. C. Lowther, K. C. B." it read, "Private Secretary to H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught."

"Colonel Lowther," said Mr. Boon in a voice from which all the icicles had melted and turned into warm honey, "I regret exceedingly that you have had to wait. Had I known you were here, or if you had only mentioned who you were ——"

"Exactly so. Yes! And now I'll have a few words with you in private, Boon."

The colonel could not know that Mr. Boon was not a misterless Bond Street tradesman, but a millionaire expert in gems and human vanity. So Boon forgave the omission of "Mr." and magnanimously said: "This way, Colonel Lowther, please!"

In the office Mr. Boon opened a box of his good cigars—and they were very good indeed—and held it toward the colonel, who took one with his gloved hands, lit it at the flame of the match which Mr. Boon himself held for him, and puffed away, with never a "Thank you."

Again Mr. Boon was magnanimous.

Colonel Lowther wiggled his neck as if his collar were uncomfortably tight, and then shot his head forward with a motion that made the chin go up six inches—a nervous affliction that Mr. Boon politely ignored by looking exaggeratedly attentive.

"His Royal Highness wishes to leave some remembrances to gentlemen he has met, you know—chairmen of committees and presidents of clubs, and others who have been very nice to him. At home he would have given them snuffboxes or cigarette cases, with his arms on them; but there won't be time to engrave them, so he will give scarf-pins." He paused, puffed at his cigar, and cleared his neck of the constricting collar.

"I understand," Mr. Boon assured him deferentially.

"And the duchess will give rings and—ah!—lorgnette chains—trinkets—ah!—you know. Everybody in New York has been so kind to the party. 'Pon my honor, Boon, I really think Americans are keener for royalty than the British. I do! What?"

"Blood," observed Mr. Boon with the impressive sententiousness of a man inventing a proverb, "is thicker than water!"

"Eh? What? Oh! I see! Yes! Quite so!"

"Our people," pursued the encouraged Mr. Boon, "have always thought a great deal of the English—er—British royal family."

"Oh, indeed! Now, Boon, I didn't think you showed great affection for George III! What?"

Mr. Boon blushed to think of Bunker Hill. His daughter was a D. A. R. too! He hastened to change the subject.

"You mentioned," he said as though he were reading aloud from one of the Sacred Books, "some pearl necklaces. At least I think you did." He put on the tradesman's listening look in advance. It is the look that courtiers assume when they listen to His Majesty excitedly telling how once on a hunting trip he almost dressed himself.

"Oh, yes! The pearls are for the Princess Patricia. A necklace to cost not over ten thousand. You see, the duke is not one of your Pittsburgh millionaires. He's not what you'd call rich, in America!" He smiled democratically, as a man always does when he is pleased with his own wit. Mr. Boon smiled uncertainly.

"You can't, of course," he said regretfully, "do much with ten thousand dollars."

"Not dollars—pounds! Perhaps we may go up to fifteen thousand; but His Highness would prefer to keep at about ten thousand pounds. That's fifty thousand dollars."

"I am sure we can please His Highness," said Mr. Boon with impressive confidence. There fleeted across his mind the vision of the tremendous value of the advertisement which the royal patronage would give him. The papers were full of the doings of the distinguished visitors. He himself on his way to the office had been guilty of the pardonable curiosity which the lower classes call rubber-necking; and he had even discussed—in common with 89,999,999 fellow Americans—the personal pulchritude of the royal ladies. Usually democracy is enabled to apologize to itself for its undemocratic



"Now, Boon, Think Carefully—the Very Lowest Price," He Said Sternly

interest in feminine royalty by saying: "She isn't at all good-looking." That excuse, however, did not serve in this instance. The Princess Patricia was the most popular girl in New York—with the classes because she was the princess, and with the masses because she was so pretty! And to think of selling pearls to her!

He closed his eyes and ecstatically read what the papers would print about the sale! He heard himself saying to Mrs. Carmpick, of Pittsburgh: "This necklace is handsomer than the one we sold to Princess Patricia!" He heard the rattle in the throats of Johnson & Pierce, of J. Storrs' Sons, of the sixteen partners of Goffony's, dying from apoplexy superinduced by envy, or from starvation following the loss of all the swell customers!

"Ah, you realize, of course, Boon, that His Royal Highness' patronage is worth many thousands to your firm. What?"

The colonel's eyes, Mr. Boon thought, were cold and greedy, as befitted a common grafter. Mr. Boon resented this, having himself been caught red-handed getting something for nothing. If he had to pay a commission ——

"We appreciate the honor, of course, Colonel Lowther," he said deferentially—and non-committally.

"Quite so! You ought to, considering how the newspapers will mention your shop."

"I may suggest, Colonel Lowther, that our firm's reputation ——"

"I know its reputation. That's why I am here"—the colonel's voice seemed colder than a Canadian cold spell—"but it is no better than your competitors'—Goffony, Johnson & Pierce, or J. Storrs' Sons. I figured that the duke's patronage should be worth thousands to Welch, Boon & Shaw; so you must make me a special price."

"We have but one ——"

"I've heard all that, Boon," the colonel interrupted angrily. "If you are going to talk like a bally ass I'll waste no more time here. Bring in the pearls. I can't take over a half-hour to this."

Mr. Boon's hard sense and knowledge of advertising values triumphed over his injured dignity. He excused himself and presently returned with a tray full of pearl necklaces.

"I say, Boon, on second thought, you must not reduce your prices. It's a bad principle."

"Yes, it is," agreed Boon cordially.

"Therefore, my good fellow, name me one price—the lowest possible after considering how much the duke's patronage is worth to your house. The very lowest! Put it in plain figures on new price tags. The duke is accustomed to the prices across the pond, you know; so don't frighten him. Now that one?"

He picked up at once the most beautiful necklace—and also the most valuable, though by no means the most showy. Mr. Boon's respect jumped. He looked at the colonel, whose neck and head were twitching and twisting violently.

"This one ——" he began. The colonel interrupted him:

"Now, Boon, think carefully—the very lowest price," he said sternly. "If you name a really reasonable figure I'll pledge you my word to recommend its purchase and not visit the other shops. Take your time!"

Thus placed on the rack, Mr. Boon figured and cut and restored and reduced again until he was angry at the torturer and at the opportunity for a glorious advertisement. Finally he said vindictively:

"This I'll sell for sixty-five thousand dollars!" Immediately he regretted it. Perhaps he was overestimating the advertising value of the Princess Patricia's beautiful neck to exhibit his pearls on. The price was exactly thirty-five thousand dollars less than he had expected to get for it during the next steel boom.

"Oh, come now, I say," remonstrated Colonel Lowther impatiently. "That's thirteen thousand pounds. It's too much, you know."

"Colonel Lowther," said Boon, pale but determined, "I am losing considerable money on this, which I am charging to advertising account and may never get back.

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If the price is not satisfactory I am sorry; and I can only suggest that you'd better go to the other firms you've mentioned. They are all," he finished quietly, "very good firms!"

Colonel Lowther, who had not taken his keen eyes off the jeweler's face during the speech, appeared impressed by Mr. Boon's earnestness. His neck jerked spasmodically half a dozen times before he said:

"I believe you. I'll take it. But first mark it—in pounds; thirteen thousand pounds." And he looked on, eagle-eyed, while Mr. Boon himself wrote out a new price tag. Evidently he would take no chances with sleight-of-hand substitutions. "Put it here," he said, "beside me."

It made Mr. Boon say, half angry, half amused:

"We won't change it for an imitation string. We are really a reputable firm, Colonel Lowther."

"Oh! Ah! Really, I—ah!" stammered the colonel, "I wasn't thinking of such a thing!" He looked so absurdly guilty, however, that Mr. Boon forgave him. "I think you'd better show me others—ah!—cheaper, you know, in case the duke should not wish to go above ten thousand pounds. Say, that one—and this!—and this!"

He had selected the three next best; but Boon figured very closely and in all instances named a price below cost: fifty-seven thousand five hundred dollars, fifty thousand dollars and forty-five thousand dollars.

"Put them here also with the first one," said Colonel Lowther.

"Don't you wish us to put them in boxes?" asked Mr. Boon.

"Ah!—ah!—I say, bring the boxes in and I'll put them in. We'll do it more quickly," he finished lamely.

There flashed across Mr. Boon's mind the possibility of crookedness. Colonel Lowther did not trust them—perhaps because he hoped to avert suspicions by that same attitude of distrust! Mr. Boon determined to watch closely. He asked a clerk to bring some cases for the necklaces.

"You fix them, Boon," said Colonel Lowther, who was watching the jeweler's hands as children watch the hands of a prestidigitator. It actually eased Boon's mind to be taken for a crook. He arranged the necklaces, each in its own Russia-leather case, and then gratefully helped Colonel Lowther to select two dozen scarfpins, amounting in value to eighteen thousand dollars; a score of rings worth in all a little over twenty-five thousand dollars, and a few lorgnette chains and other trinkets. Once all these were duly price-tagged, packed and placed beside the necklaces, Colonel Lowther, after a series of mild cervical convulsions, said calmly:

"Now, Boon, you and I must settle a personal matter. You know, of course, the royal party never pays cash."

"Then," said the impetuous Mr. Boon, "the deal is off!"

"Silly ass! The royal family of England always pays. You know very well that the jewels bought by King George for gifts for his coronation guests have not been paid for yet. It's all a matter of red tape. The money is as safe as the Bank of England! Any banker here would be glad to guarantee the account—only that would never do, of course. Now you know I can't take any commission. I've made you give me the lowest prices for the duke, haven't I? What?"

"Yes, you have; and therefore I can't ——"

"If I were a bally Russian I'd have made you name a price twice the usual figure and I'd have taken the difference as a commission. It's what you Americans call graft, I believe. What?"

"Of course," said Boon coldly, disgusted with the venal aristocracy, "we'd never have done such a ——"

"Tut, tut! It's done everywhere; but not to me!" Colonel Lowther said so sternly that Mr. Boon considered himself accused of unnamed crimes. He resented this, but, being unable to fix the exact accusation, contented himself with remarking diplomatically:

"Of course not! But at the same time ——"

"Yes, yes," rudely broke in the colonel with a silencing wave of his gloved hand. "Now I can myself pay you in cash for whatever the duke buys—say, up to twenty thousand or twenty-five thousand pounds. For advancing this money, which will not be paid to me for months, I ask you to allow me a half-year's interest. That," finished Colonel Lowther impressively, "is banking. What?"

"At what rate?"

"Oh, eight or ten per cent."

"Impossible!"

"Then, Mr. Welch, Boon, or whatever your name is, I wish you a very good morning!"

"But we'll allow you interest at the rate of six per cent a year."

"But I myself have to pay five for the use—ah!—that is—er ——" floundered the Englishman. Mr. Boon perceived instantly that the colonel borrowed the money from Canadian bankers at five per cent and got ten per cent. It was not a bad scheme for high-class aristocratic graft! Even a jeweler could philosophize about willful self-delusion, the point of view, custom, and so on. "Make it seven per cent. What?"

Mr. Boon could not help admiring the persistency of the Englishman in coating his graft-pills with the sugar of legitimacy. Doubtless the colonel had really convinced himself this was not graft!

"Very well," said Mr. Boon with a smile. "I'll take three and a half per cent off for cash."

"But we agreed on seven!" remonstrated the Englishman.

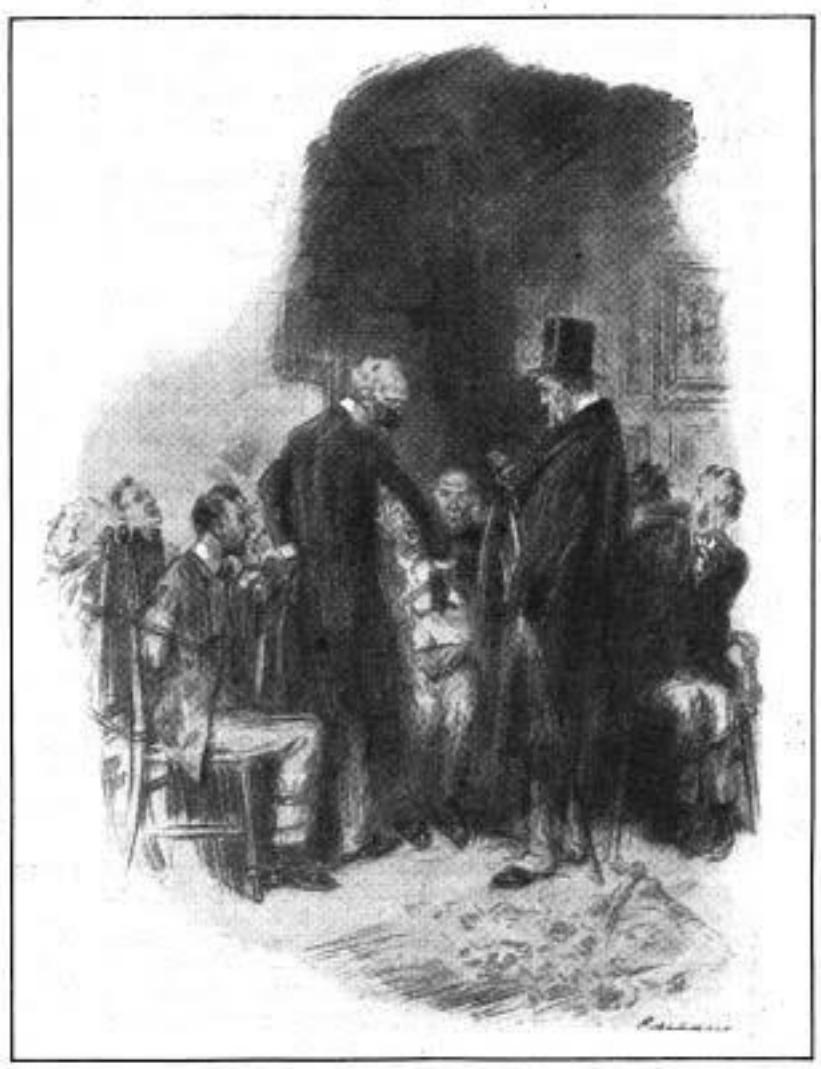
"Well, three and a half per cent of the whole is the same as six months at seven per cent."

"Oh!" The colonel began to figure in his mind. His cervical contortions, twitchings and jerkings were painful to behold. Mr. Boon thought it was a mild form of St. Vitus' Dance. It would enable him to recognize the colonel in a crowd of ten thousand.

"Quite so! Yes—three and a half per cent of the total bill. It will be at least twenty thousand pounds—that's one hundred thousand dollars. Not half bad! What?"

"Do you mean your commission will be one hundred thousand dollars? I'm delighted to hear it!" Mr. Boon was so pleased that he jested. He would play up the royal patronage to the limit.

"Oh, no! I meant the total amount, you know," corrected the colonel earnestly. He saw that Boon was smiling, and gradually it dawned on him that the jeweler was an American humorist. "Oh! Ah! Yes! Very funny! Quite so! I wish it were! How many millions would the bill have to be for the cash discount to be twenty thousand pounds? What? Right-O! Well, now bring the pearls and the other things to the motor. I shall show them to His Royal Highness at once. I can let you know in a half hour which he will keep." And he rose.



"I Can't Let You Kill the Beggars in Cold Blood"

"Ah!—er—colonel, you know we don't like to—ah!—there's over two hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewels, worth four hundred thousand dollars in any other place in New York; and if anything happened ——"

"Nothing will happen," said the colonel, with assurance.

"And then, it will take a long time to prepare the memorandum of ——"

"Why do you need a memorandum?" inquired the colonel coldly. He looked as if he began to suspect that Mr. Boon distrusted a member of the suite of His Royal Highness, Prince Arthur William Patrick Albert, K. G., K. T., K. P., P. C., G. M. B., G. C. S. I., G. C. M. G., G. C. I. E., G. C. V. O., Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, Earl of Sussex, Prince of Coburg and Gotha, Governor-General of Canada and potential customer of the world-renowned firm of Welch, Boon & Shaw.

Reading the emotions on the colonel's face and not desiring to offend, but at the same time determined not to deliver two hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods to a stranger, who might be the duke's secretary but might not be a reliable man financially for all that, Mr. Boon groped for an excuse.

"Why should you need a memorandum if you yourself will bring the jewels? Did you think I was a bally clerk to sell your jewels for you? You do the talking—and don't change the prices!"

So profoundly relieved as not to resent the last insult, Mr. Boon smiled pleasantly and said:

"I must take a man to carry them."

"Take a regiment if you wish; but there's room for only three in the motor," said the Englishman, his neck twitching and twisting and jerking quite violently. Anger seemed to aggravate his nervous malady. Wherefore Mr. Boon hastily gathered up the packages, put them into a jeweler's strong valise and followed the colonel, accompanied by Terry Donnelly, the store's private policeman, who carried the precious satchel in one hand, and in the other—in his overcoat pocket—an automatic pistol of the 1912 model.

One of the clerks must have told of the affair, for there was an eager crowd on the sidewalk. They had heard that the Duke of Connaught's secretary was in the store, buying diamonds. By the time it had passed seven mouths it was the duke himself. Mr. Boon heard: "There he comes!" and "Is the princess with him?" and "Which is the duke?" And he had pleasant visions of free reading-notices and renewed popularity among the ultra-fashionable.

One of the traffic squad was trying to make the crowd move on—in vain.

The colonel good-naturedly forced his way through the mob to the motor, followed by the jeweler and the store policeman, who saw on the door of the limousine the letters:

W. R.

And both of them concluded that this stood for the well-known initials of the duke's host.

A short woman, with red hair and a self-assertive bust, stared boldly at the colonel and said: "He don't look like his pictures."

"Say, are you the duke?" asked a messenger boy. However, the colonel merely said "Home!" and entered the motor, followed by Mr. Boon and T. Donnelly. The store footman closed the door as if it were made of priceless cut glass. The traffic policeman touched his cap and the motor went up the avenue.

The colonel picked up a newspaper from the seat and turned to Mr. Boon.

"See!" he said, "our pictures. Your reporters are—ah!—very enterprising and clever. But the photographers are worse!" He laughed and went on: "The pictures don't look like me, d'ye think?"

"I recognize the coat and the fur cap," laughed Mr. Boon.

"Oh, do you?" said the colonel seriously. He looked at it and said: "But it might be my other fur cap, you know. What?" He looked challengingly at the jeweler.

"It might be," admitted Mr. Boon, diplomatically confessing his error.

"Quite so!" said the owner of the fur cap triumphantly.

Mr. Boon, finding himself nearer the house of the duke's host, began to feel more confident of putting through the epoch-making deal. It is not often that a New York jeweler sells pearls to an uncle of the King of England, to be used by the king's most beautiful cousin! He would have the princess' photograph in his window. It should show the famous necklace!

The motor took its place last in the long string of automobiles and carriages that were creeping toward the door of the house which His Royal Highness was honoring.

"Democracy meekly leaving its card at the house of royalty," laughed the colonel, pointing to the twoscore vehicles ahead of theirs.

"Americans paying their respects to an Englishman who is honored even in his own country," said Mr. Boon.

"Oh, now, I say, Boon, that's uncommonly neat, you know. What? But perhaps we'd better get out and walk; otherwise it may be a half-hour before ——"

A footman in livery came up to their motor, touched his hat with a respect that entitled him to a bank president's wages, and said to the colonel:

"I beg pardon, sir, but 'is Royal 'ighness 'as gone to Mr. Walton's, sir, at Number 899 Fifth Avenue. I was hinstructed to tell you to go there, sir."

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How to Start a Coöperative Store



The Woman Who Has Received a Quarterly Dividend Should Urge Her Friends to Do Likewise

By WALTER E. WEYL

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

IN GREAT BRITAIN and Ireland there are some fifteen hundred coöperative stores in which two and one-third million consumers buy from themselves and sell to themselves. The consumer is on both sides of the counter. When an English coöperator buys a shilling's worth of tea the profit is his. The man who gets the tea gets also the profit on the tea. The two and one-third million coöperators, representing eight millions of people, buy annually three hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of goods from themselves. Out of this transaction they save for themselves fifty-five million dollars. This is a considerable saving for poor people.

When we recross the Atlantic we find the coöperative store practically undeveloped. We have a few hundred such stores doing a business of ten or twenty millions; but if you were told by your wife to bring home a bag of salt from the nearest "coöp" you might find the task puzzling. The coöperative store is not an American institution. It may, however, become one; and the purpose of this article is to show how.

For a coöperative store to succeed two things are necessary—enthusiasm and knowledge. Without proper enthusiasm you cannot get the coöperative store going; without knowledge you cannot keep it going.

The reason why enthusiasm is so necessary is because a coöperative store is based on the common good rather than on private advantage. You cannot make your fortune in a coöperative store, for the profits go to all the consumers. There are stores called coöperative which are not coöperative in fact. To be truly coöperative a store must be owned, managed and controlled by the consumers alone, and all profits, or as much as the consumers want, must go to the consumers. A coöperative store is a consumers' store, owned and operated by and for the consumers.

The enthusiasm which is necessary is not a sudden flame, but a steady, quiet, long-continued loyalty. It is an enthusiasm that must survive mistakes, losses and the disaffection of other members. It is an enthusiasm that must attach itself not only to a particular coöperative store but to the coöperative principle in general.

We have had many coöperatives in America that were born of enthusiasm and died of disillusionment. From 1847 to 1859 hundreds of little "coöps" were started, but few of them lived through the Civil War. Again and again, during the seventies, eighties and nineties, coöperatives sprang up and disappeared. There was no lack of enthusiasm. All these ventures needed was a fuller knowledge of the difficult conditions requisite to success.

Shop and Savings Bank Combined

WHAT American coöperators for the most part have not realized is that our conditions in America are different from the conditions that existed in England when the great coöperative movement took its rise. Coöperation is a pennywise, poundwise policy. It is a combination of store and savings bank. For better or worse, however, we are not so pennywise as the English. We have always had a contempt for small coin and small savings. Again we have not been a stationary people. We have not stayed put. When in 1844 an English coöperative store was started by weavers in the town of Rochdale the members were fairly sure that they and most of their neighbors would remain in Rochdale for ten or twenty years; but where today are the people who lived a generation ago in Fall River or Shenandoah? The English are also more homogeneous. They speak the same language, believe approximately in the same religion, are bound by the same traditions. The very qualities that have made Americans what they are—initiative, elasticity, readiness to move and change—are facts which must be known and weighed if we are to transplant the coöperative store from England to America.

We must know other facts. We must study the causes of coöperative successes and failures in other countries. We must learn the lines of least resistance. For example, coöperation has not succeeded in the giant cities—London, Paris or Berlin—though successful in other places in England, France and Germany. There is a better chance in smaller places. There is a better chance where people know each other, where they are of the same race, in the same economic position and with the same traditions. The coöperative is built on neighborliness and mutual understanding.

Many of our coöperators did not know the rules of the game. They had enthusiasm but no special knowledge. They were as helpless as a lamb in Wall Street. They saw the goal, but not the road that led to it.

If you lived in England and wished to start a coöperative store all you would need to do would be to send a postal card to the Coöperative Union. The officers of that organization would tell you what to do and what to avoid. They would send you more Don'ts than you could find in a book on etiquette.

They would do more. They would give your new coöperative store a model constitution and bylaws. They would send you an experienced coöperator, who would start the ball rolling. They would advise you what business to engage in, what capital to collect, what stocks to buy. They would give you sixty years of coöperative experience in sixty hours.

We are not in England and we must stumble along as best we can. Certain information and advice can be obtained from such American coöperative societies as have succeeded, and more general information may perhaps be obtained from the Coöperative Union in England.

Before you ask advice, however, be absolutely sure you want to start a coöperative store. Be sure your neighbors want to. Remember that to be successful the store needs allegiance, attention, patience. You will not like all the people in your coöperative. You will not always have everything your own way. A coöperative store is not a thing which, once started, runs by itself. Coöperation is an ideal, but it is also steady, patient, humdrum work. Be sure you are in earnest before you seek to start a coöperative store and before you seek to interest your neighbors.

Begin with your neighbors. However vast the movement may eventually become remember that you are starting only one store. Your wife is not willing to walk ten blocks to buy soap or sugar and your neighbors' wives are no less unwilling. Your coöperators must live fairly near together and the store you establish should be "just round the corner."

After you have made up your own mind, test your neighbors. Get them together. A dozen will do. Have more than one meeting. The people who are not interested will drop out. You will be stronger without them. Then let each man and each woman who is interested draw up a list of people willing to subscribe a few dollars to the capital and willing to purchase at the coöperative store. See these people. Get their assurances in as positive a form as practicable. Then call a meeting, form a tentative organization and elect temporary officers.

At about this time it will be advisable to see a lawyer. In England it is easy to form a new coöperative society because the law is uniform for the whole country and is exceedingly wise and practical. In the United States each state has a different legal system, and on the whole the law is not nearly so favorable to the coöperative. It is discouraging to have to pay a lawyer twenty-five or fifty dollars before beginning operations. It is better, however, to do this than to organize on an insecure basis and become entangled in lawsuits.

When should the coöperative store actually begin business? How many members are necessary—and how much capital? It depends. It is impossible to make any general rule that will cover the whole country. If you are starting in the Kensington district of Philadelphia you will meet problems entirely different from those of a small village in Indiana or Tennessee. In the larger cities rents and wages are higher. The amount of your capital depends also on how small a store you intend to start and whether the store is to be open all day long or only in the evenings. If the store is to be open all day it would not be wise in large places to begin with less than about one hundred members or with less capital than about one thousand dollars. There should be in sight a probable business of about four hundred dollars a week. However, all these things depend upon location and the character of the enterprise. In some places and for some stores half or even a third of this capital and membership will suffice.

How to Accumulate Capital

THE capital should be raised by the members. It should not be borrowed. The coöperators must remember that stability is absolutely necessary, and if the members have a stake in the business they are more likely to be loyal to the store. Shares of stock should be five dollars each. Every member should be obliged to acquire one share. No member should be allowed to acquire more than two hundred shares. These shares should be transferable from member to member, but at the beginning it is perhaps wiser not to give the member the right to draw out his capital except by the special consent of the society. The shares should pay six per cent a year—or thirty cents a share—and this sum should be added to the dividend which the consumer receives on his purchases. Thus, if during the year you have purchased a hundred dollars' worth of goods and the profits are eight per cent, then your dividend on purchases is eight dollars. If you own two shares of stock—worth ten dollars—then your dividend on capital is sixty cents, making a total dividend of eight dollars and sixty cents.

It is not necessary to raise all the capital at once. It is not necessary to begin business at once. If the members cannot pay five dollars immediately let them pay fifty cents a month for ten months, and postpone beginning operations until the required capital is fully paid up. After you have begun business encourage the members to reinvest their dividends in the store. In the case mentioned the member may draw out his whole eight dollars and sixty cents, or he may draw out three dollars and sixty cents and take out a new share of stock. If he is very loyal he may add one dollar and forty cents to his eight dollars and sixty cents and take out two new shares. It is in this way that the capital of the British retail stores, aggregating about one hundred and fifty million dollars, has been accumulated. The British stores accumulate so much capital they hardly know what to do with it.

Your coöperative store must be open at the bottom. It must be free to all. It is not a social club in which men may be blackballed because some one does not like some one's religion or complexion. A man should not be admitted to the coöperative if he is known to be dishonorable or if he cannot get along with people; but apart from

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this, membership should be as free as in a church. Foreigners who do not speak the language used in the coöperative should be advised to form coöperatives of their own. Especially must the coöperative be open to women. It is the women who do the marketing and the saving, and in England, Germany and elsewhere women have been the backbone of the coöperative movement. They should have all the rights, privileges and immunities of the men and should be eligible to all offices—even the highest.

Not only must the coöperative store welcome new members but it must welcome them on exactly the same terms as the old. If you buy your coöperative stock in 1912 and your neighbor buys his in 1920, he must get his at exactly the same price as you got yours—in other words at par. Whensoever the member joins—soon or late—he must get exactly the same rate of dividend as any other member. Equality of treatment is the first principle of the coöperative. It is because of this equality that the British coöperative movement has grown so rapidly and has been so transcendently successful.

When you have accumulated your thousand dollars—or whatever sum may be necessary to start—you may begin actual business. Here is the crux of the difficulty: Are you to sell pianos and Irish laces and jewelry and Paris models? Are you to try to compete with the great department stores? If you do—or if you do anything like this—you are inevitably foredoomed to failure. You must begin on the smallest possible scale.

The Men Behind the Counter

THE men who founded the gigantic coöperative structure of Great Britain began modestly. On a rainy night in November, 1843, a dozen poor weavers met in a back room of a mean little English inn and constituted themselves the Rochdale Society of Equitable Pioneers. They agreed to collect four cents a week per member, though several of the men present had not a farthing in their pockets. They bought a little tea and sugar at wholesale and sold it again to themselves, putting the profits into a joint fund. Their progress was at a snail's pace, but within a year they had grown to twenty-eight members and their capital had increased to one hundred and forty dollars. They were in no hurry. They made no splurge. They did not advertise. Out of this mustardseed beginning, however, sprang a stupendous coöperative movement that has powerfully influenced the conditions and thought of many nations.

The easiest beginning for an American coöperative store is like that of the Rochdale pioneers—the business of selling groceries and provisions. Even here it is wiser to start with staple articles—those for which there is a steady and predictable demand. Afterward you can increase the variety of your stock by adding hardware, tinware, crockery, and so on; but do not try too much at once. Seek to meet the normal demands of your present coöperators rather than to begin by attracting new trade. Above all do not embark upon businesses that require special knowledge, that are affected by the fluctuations of fashion or are in any way hazardous. In the beginning there are fewer difficulties with a small grocery than with a bakery, a butcher shop, a drygoods store, a shoe store, a millinery shop or a tailoring establishment. The other departments—some at least—may follow. At first, however—though conditions differ in different places—a small grocery located near the center of population of your coöperators and dealing conservatively in really staple goods is usually the best investment.

Select your grocery. Buy or rent it. If you rent it try to secure an option on a long-term lease. Remember always that you are dependent on locality. You must be near your coöperators. If you are able to buy out an existing grocery it may perhaps be better to do so, since there is small wisdom in duplicating plants. You cannot afford, however, to pay much for good-will, since you will primarily depend for your trade not on his patrons but on your own members.

At the beginning the store should be used as the place for the quarterly meetings of the members. At these meetings every member—man or woman—should have but one vote, whether he holds one share of stock or one hundred. In an ordinary corporation voting is by stock, in the coöperative it is by stockholders. One man may hold more shares than do fifty of his fellow-members, but he has only one vote.

The coöperators should select an executive committee of from seven to twelve members. Some of the members of this committee—perhaps one-fourth—should retire every quarter or year, and new elections should be held to reëlect them or to elect others in their stead. The executive committee should control the purchase of stock, should overlook the finances and other affairs of the society, and should select a storekeeper and his assistants. The storekeeper should be experienced and of unquestioned integrity, and should be a firm believer in the coöperative principle. He, like other employees, should be a member, buying at the store and thus receiving dividends on purchases and on capital as well as drawing weekly wages. The storekeeper should be responsible to the executive committee and the executive committee should be responsible to the coöperators.



It is the Women Who Do the Marketing and the Saving

With a store purchased or rented and a storekeeper appointed the coöperative is ready for active business. Care should be exercised in the selection of store fittings. The store should begin modestly. The fittings should not be more elaborate or expensive than those of competing shops. The successful coöperative store has the advantage of a membership attracted more by loyalty than by competitive display. The stock should be simple and easily vendible. The store should not be overstocked. The turnover should be rapid. Here, too, a well-organized coöperative has the advantage, since with a permanent patronage it should be able to forecast closely the probable sales of each week or month.

The question of the prices to be charged is all-important. In the history of the coöperative store two alternative price policies have presented themselves. A store may either sell at cost plus a reasonable charge for expenses or it may sell at current prices and divide the profits among consumers in proportion to their respective purchases.

At first glance the policy of cost prices seems the more logical. If the consumer is to get the profit why not give it to him at once—at the time of making his purchase? This plan, however, involves difficulties and has worked badly. It is almost impossible to fix prices on this basis. How much of the rent and of the salary of the storekeeper should be charged to a lemon or a ball of twine? If there are occasional losses from unwise purchases, and so on—and there will always be such losses—how are they to be met if all sales are at cost? Moreover, though the saving of a cent on a package of oatmeal or on half a pound of butter may not always appeal to the housewife, a dividend of eight or ten dollars a quarter is a factor of greater moment. The saving bulks larger when it is accumulated. The money is also more likely to be wisely invested or wisely expended if it comes to the consumer in a quarterly lump sum than if it comes three or four cents every day. The British coöperative stores, by adopting the policy of current prices and quarterly dividends, have enormously stimulated saving and investment.

Though its prices should, on the whole, be those current in the neighborhood, the coöperative should not try to meet every little cut made by competitors. A neighboring grocer may make a "drive" on sugar or butter, selling these articles at cost in order to attract customers. The coöperative store cannot afford to follow. It should not lose money on some articles to make on others. It should cultivate the loyalty of its members and should rely upon that loyalty. If the loyalty does not exist—if the coöperators do not patronize the store both from self-interest and from a feeling of pride in the store—the society will dwindle and soon disappear. The coöperative store is based not upon a willingness to meet every cut in price but upon the mutual confidence of the coöperators.



Out of This Mustardseed Beginning Sprang a Stupendous Coöperative Movement

The Policy of Paying in Cash

THAT mutual confidence need not take the form of buying or selling on credit. The British coöperatives began on the basis of purely cash sales. They lost nothing through bad debts. They escaped the ill will and friction resulting from the necessity of dunning slow-paying members. They allowed a member to buy at a rival store rather than extend credit to him. Latterly the stores, being well established, have relaxed this rule, and today many extend credit more or less regularly to a number of their members. Such a policy, however, would probably be fatal in the beginning of the movement. If a coöperative cannot be built up on a purely cash basis it is not likely to be built up at all.

The mutual confidence that must be the basis of the coöperative shows itself in many ways. The storekeeper, acting as the agent of the coöperators, must sell good articles, must abjure adulteration and false measures and must refrain from all manner of misrepresentation. In the coöperative it is the consumer who is selling to himself, and for the consumer to defraud himself is as senseless as to cheat at solitaire. On the other hand the coöperators have their duties. They should buy their provisions, whenever possible, at their own store. They should attend meetings. They should, if elected, serve on the executive committee. They should make a propaganda among neighbors. The woman who has received a quarterly dividend should urge her friends to do likewise. The more members there are to divide the earnings the larger is the share of each, for the cost of doing business diminishes, at least to a certain point, with every increase in the total sales.

How are the dividends to be determined? How is a man to know on New Year's Day what he and his wife and children have bought since October the first?

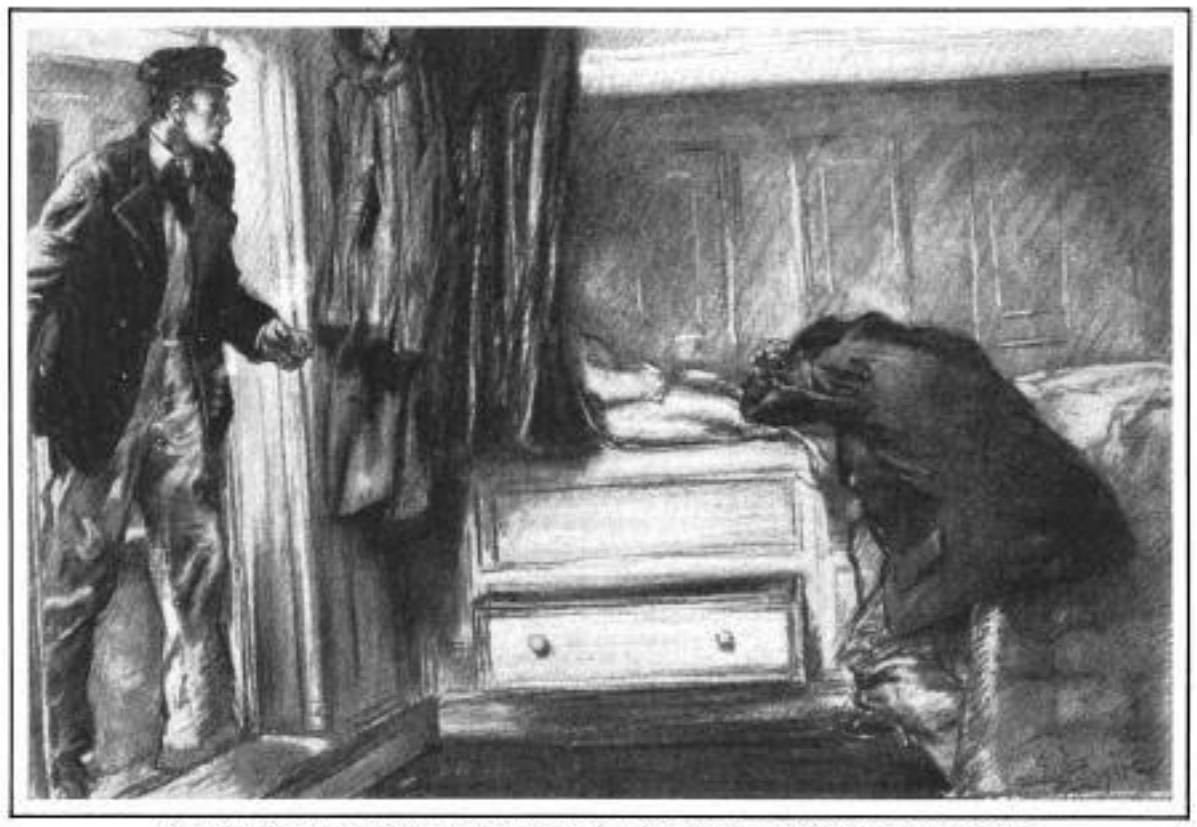
There is a very simple way. Each coöperator should be given a certain number. Let us suppose that yours is 161. You go to the store today and buy forty-seven cents' worth of goods. You pay your money and the storekeeper hands you as a receipt a little pink slip with 161 written in one corner and forty-seven cents in another. Your wife and children, when they buy, also receive a slip with 161 on it and the amount of their purchases. At the end of the quarter you can add these slips together and find out

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BLUE BLOOD AND PIRATES

Three-Fingered Jack Spins a Yarn of the China Sea



"Oh, Tom! Tom, My Boy! Why Couldn't That Job Have Been Left to Somebody Else!"

By PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

THERE had been a deal of discussion that night in Three-Fingered Jack's place in Steuart Street, and the talk was of buried treasure. It appeared that the Schooner Carrier Dove had towed out with the tide that morning, bound for Cocos Island, with a party of adventurers who purposed unearthing the treasure which the Peruvian government had intrusted to an American shipmaster whose crew murdered him and ran away with the treasure to Cocos Island, where tradition says they buried it. Hence the talk in Three-Fingered Jack's. Finally, from buried treasure, the conversation drifted to pirates; and Three-Fingered Jack unbosomed himself of the following tale.

. . . . .

You'll read a lot in books about old Captain Kidd, and I suppose that some of it's true. And you'll hear a lot of talk from old mossbacks about the doings of Bully Hayes, who flourished in the South Seas thirty-five or forty years ago; but when I tell you that Tom Devine was the peer of the pirates I'm stating gospel—and I ought to know. I sailed mate with the man that hanged Tom Devine to his own stuns'l boom and I was present at the hanging.

I was master of my own ship at twenty-one and stayed master until I was rising twenty-five; then I had a little trouble with my crew, the beggars mutinied on me, and—well, I lost my ticket and went mate with a fine State-of-Maine man by the name of Tod Beasley, in the Brig Star of Chile. Our first voyage was from San Francisco over to Singapore; thence to Callao. In Callao we got a charter to Amoy and for upward of three years we ran regular between the West Coast and China.

I'd sailed under a good many skippers in my day, but Tod Beasley was the fairest and squarest and the easiest to get along with that I ever met. He was a nice man—a long, big-boned, black-haired, black-eyed Puritan—and as proud as Lucifer of the blood in the tribe of Beasley. He was old Mayflower stock, or something just as far back; and really he was too kindly a man to be master of a ship. Yet he wasn't a bit narrow-minded. He'd take his grog like any sailor and he'd fight with a drop of the hat; but for all that he was a good, honest man, with a strict sense of justice. If a man did his work and did it fairly well he could get along with Tod Beasley; but let him shirk and grumble, and them kindly black eyes of Tod Beasley would light up and you could see the devil in the man coming to the surface. He had a lot of old pictures of his ancestors in his cabin, with the coat-of-arms of the Beasley family engraved on an old set of silver, which he was very fond of getting out when he invited other shipmasters to dinner aboard the Star of Chile. He was a bit religious, too, and always said grace before meals; that was the only grudge I had against Tod Beasley. A seafaring man can get along without that. But he was a good man and stood for a square deal; and when I tell you he kept the same crew by him three and four voyages handrunning—and the China coast in them days wasn't no German beer garden—you can see he was a good man and a sailor, every inch of him.

Them were the lively days on the China coast! There was pirates there aplenty. Around the southern end of Formosa and off the mouth of the Canton River they were as thick as fleas on a chow-dog, and every sailing vessel went armed. The Star of Chile was no exception to the rule. We carried a long six forward, two six-pound howitzers amidships, and two quarter Gatlings. We had a mixed crew, but strapping fine lads, all of them; and we had a Yankee gunner and bo's'n that we'd picked up on the beach at Wang-Foo-Chow on our second voyage out. He was a deserter from the United States navy, and when he told Tod Beasley that he was a first-class gunner the old man signed him on. We tried him out first on the long six and he was a ripping good shot. Tod made him bo's'n and chief gunner.

I could tell you stories of pirate fights and pursuits from now until closing-up time; but I started out to tell you about Tom Devine and I'll keep right on my course. Homeward-bound from China, we used to cruise around the southern end of Formosa and right straight across the Pacific before the sou'west monsoon; and, by the time we were halfway across and out of the track of the monsoon, we'd most generally strike fair winds the rest of the voyage. When the monsoon wasn't blowing Tod Beasley was fond of running down through the Malay Archipelago and then swinging for the West Coast, with a piping west wind on our tail all the way across. Nine times out of ten you can make the run quicker that way; and, in spite of the Malay pirates, Tod Beasley did it more than once in the three years I sailed with him. Fact of the matter was, we'd just as soon run into a Malay proa filled with heathen murderers as wash down decks. It kept our chief gunner in practice and afforded us all a little gentle relaxation and something to talk about besides the weather. When I say "us" I mean me and the second mate and the gunner, for the old man wouldn't no more mention the word pirate than he'd steal a watch. He had a hatred for the breed that amounted to a religion, and though he never ran from a pirate he thought he could sink—and, in fact, would go out of his way to tackle one—his puritanical conscience wouldn't let him talk about it afterward.

Yes, Tod Beasley was a peculiar man. I think it hurt him to kill a man, even when that man was a howling, bloodthirsty Malay or Chinaman; but it was just nuts to the rest of us, because we were all young and liked the excitement. Tom Devine had come up out of the South Seas about this time, also, and was cruising in Chinese and Malay waters, and we were forever hoping to bump into him.

Who was Tom Devine? Well, nobody appeared to know anything very definite about him. He'd run away to sea, I guess, when he was about fifteen, and that was the last heard of him until he turned up in the Fijis about five years later. He was mate of the Schooner Barbara Mack and Jock Wilson was the skipper. Wilson was a blackbirder, running from the Fijis and the Gilberts to Queensland. He was a hard red devil of a man; and what Tom Devine didn't know about villainy Jock Wilson taught him. They traded and blackbirded around together for several years, and [illegible] Devine developed [illegible] the brawniest, [illegible] big brute of [illegible] be found anywhere. Finally Jock Wilson [illegible] a white man and [illegible] Devine blackmailed [illegible] into a half interest [illegible] Barbara Mack [illegible] of it. Laber [illegible] the way from [illegible] to five hundred [illegible] sterling each [illegible] nies in them days [illegible] young Tom was [illegible] fixed.

Of course [illegible] expect two men [illegible] along for a [illegible] under such [illegible] each suspicious [illegible] other. Finally they [illegible] to close quarters [illegible] and Tom Devine [illegible] Jock Wilson and [illegible] Maori wife [illegible] told it was Jock. [illegible] was in Auckland; [illegible] course, Tom Devine [illegible] to skip out, which [illegible] did—and the next [illegible] of him was six months [illegible]

That was in the early seventies. A former trader named [illegible] Schooner Hebe; and on a night when she was [illegible] at anchor in a cove off one of the Gilberts [illegible] Devine and half a dozen renegades like himself [illegible] off to her in a canoe, climbed aboard, killed all hands up with the hook and sailed away.

That was the real beginning of Tom Devine's piratical career. For upward of ten years he cruised around in the South Seas, raiding trading stations, stealing schooners and transferring their cargoes to the Hebe—he'd changed her name and rigging a dozen times—poaching on pearl fisheries and all the time killing a few people—just to keep his hand in. There wasn't much law in them days and British gunboats was scarcer than they are now. It'd make the gooseflesh come out on you just to hear a quarter of all the outrageous things Tom Devine did. He was a monster of a man—and yet I've heard it said that it would have been hard to find a pleasanter or more affable man out of business hours. He was a tall scoundrel, with black hair and black eyes, and a very winning way about him when he chose to appear respectable. He was the last man you'd take for a bloody-handed pirate that he was.

Finally things got too hot for Tom Devine in the Islands so he sold the Hebe and cleared out for Valparaiso. What with the money he'd made and stolen he was worth upward of a hundred thousand dollars, and could have retired and lived a gentleman's life, but he was still on the sunny side of the forties and he liked the game; so he outfitted a fine brig, armed her like a frigate, gathered a crew of thugs and blackguards and sailed away for the Malay Archipelago and the China Sea, where he did a nice business among the vessels running contraband to the West Coast.

That brings us up to June of '87; but before that Tod Beasley had tired of making all his money by selling the Star of Chile. One bright day he put his pursuing conscience in his pocket, and when he took it out again it looked like two thousand dollars gold. I had an eye open for the main chance in them days and I had a thousand saved up myself; so the upshot of it was that Tod Beasley and me invested our savings in opium and silks and smuggled it through the customs on the West Coast. I knew how sensitive the old man was on the subject of other men's souls, so I fixed the customs officers without consulting him—and he was grateful and paid his half. It was all it was business and the hounds expected us to run across. They wasn't getting any salary to speak of, and such as it was, they got it in Chile dollars—and we greased their palms with the real thing.

We loaded cargo in Amoy five trips in succession, and the old man did all our business with a slant-eyed son of sin by the name of Wong Chu. Wong Chu talked better English than me and you, and was a mighty pleasant man to do business with—for cash. He kept a big store on An-Cho-Hoy Street and many a profitable [illegible]

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Beasley and I had with him. He always set out a bottle of good wine when we paid over the cash; and, for a Chinaman, he was better than fair in all his dealings with us.

Well, this time in Amoy we'd laid in about twelve thousand dollars' worth of opium and silks. Wong Chu felt so good over the business we'd done with him that he had a coolie lug in half a dozen of champagne, and we were all three gathered around a teakwood table in Wong Chu's back room when there was a knock at the door; and a second later a fine, pleasant, big man, with a black beard and mustache, was looking in at us.

Wong Chu was mighty glad to see the big man and introduced him as his particular friend, Captain Foster. It appeared that Captain Foster had just lost the Barkantine Aurora in a typhoon off the Island of Mindoro and was on his way back to the West Coast to bring out a new vessel that was waiting for him at Callao. He sat down to the wine with us at Wong Chu's invitation; and in the course of the conversation he asked the old man if it would be possible for him to secure passage on the Star of Chile.

Every vessel running to the Islands or the Orient in them days had accommodations for four or five passengers, and the Star of Chile was no exception to the general rule; but it's a mighty mean skipper that won't offer the courtesy of a free passage to another skipper that's down on his luck and lost his ship—and there wasn't a mean bone in Tod Beasley's body. He promptly invited Captain Foster to be his guest on the trip home; and Captain Foster accepted, very much pleased, on condition that our old man would permit him to send a few cases of wine aboard to drink to our mutual health on the voyage to Callao.

It was just growing dusk when Captain Foster came out to the ship in a sampan. Our old man met him at the companion-ladder and received him very heartily. Tod Beasley had quite a grand way with him when he was playing the host—sort of made a man feel that the ship was his and that he was honoring Tod Beasley by just coming aboard. The steward had the old family silver on the cabin table and a fancy dinner all ready to serve; and I never saw a man more disappointed than Tod Beasley when Captain Foster excused himself from appearing at dinner—said he had a violent headache and he guessed he'd retire to his berth.

As we had our clearance papers aboard and the tide serving, we pulled out of Amoy that night; and, with a nice wind two points aft the beam, we romped down Formosa Channel at a good twelve knots.

We had a nice run that night and everything went well until about four bells in the morning watch next day, when the lookout reported two junks five miles ahead. They were about a quarter of a mile apart; and, as the old man saw that we could pass between them very handily, he told me to keep the vessel right on her course.

"They look innocent enough," says the old man, sizing up the junks through his long glass, "and it may be they're only fishermen, though you don't often see two eighty-ton fishermen in the same day. Tell the gunner to load the long six and the howitzers, and if they're looking for trouble we'll bid them the time of day as we breeze by."

We bore down on the junks in smashing style and in five minutes more we would have ramped by. Suddenly the gunner came running aft, holding a twelve-penny nail up under my nose.

"Somebody spiked the long gun, sir," says he very quietly. "That nail was drove down through the touchhole, but I discovered it first thing when I went to load the gun and managed to pull it out with a pair of pincers. The Gatlings are all right, but the two howitzers are spiked hard and fast."

"Don't mention a word of this to any man aboard," says I, "but keep your eyes open and if you see anything suspicious report to me at once. Meantime clear for action and pass out the cutlasses and small arms. Some of those junks can show a pretty turn of speed and if they're pirates we'll soon know it."

We did. We were just abreast the junk on the port bow when suddenly the Star of Chile slackened speed, drove her nose under rather deep and luffed up into the wind, swinging broadside on, with her long gun pointed straight at the starboard junk. A wild screech went up from both junks and the cat was out of the bag. They were pirates; so that Yankee gunner of ours just cut loose with the long gun and chucked a solid shot through the mast of the starboard junk. The mast broke off four feet above the bulwarks and went by the board.

The Star of Chile hung in the wind shivering, and I felt sick at the stomach when I saw the reason. A three-inch manila line lay across our bows and slanting up out of the water, each end fast to one of the junks. They had simply stretched that hawser across our right of way and rounded us up the prettiest in the world. The line was well submerged and gripping the brig under her forefoot, and I saw that it would be necessary to lower a boat and cut it.

However, we didn't have a chance in the world to lower a boat, cut the hawser, get the boat back aboard again and straightened out on our course before one or both of those junks would be alongside or across our bows. The old man saw how things shaped up and knew it was a case of fight; and if ever I felt down it was when I had to go up on the monkey-poop and tell him the howitzers were crippled.

The look of hell came into his face for just as long as you might be saying Jack Robinson, but not a word did he say. When I told him what the gunner had told me he just smiled—a nice, cold, blue-blooded smile—and went below for his pistols.

Meantime the gunner had reloaded the long gun, but the junks had drifted astern and he was unable to train the gun on them again. So he dropped the match he was holding and ran aft to the Gatlings.

It would have done your heart good to see the way those two peaceful junks came to life! The minute they knew they had us snagged hard and fast a hundred coolies swarmed up from below, yelling and chattering like so many monkeys. They were fairly bristling with old horse-pistols, blunderbusses, knives and long, two-handed swords; and the way they shook them at us gave me a cramp in the stomach. I was never in quite such an ugly fix before or since. Anyhow, I was young and I hated to die. Half a dozen of the pirates jumped for their windlasses and began hauling in the slack on that blasted hawser that had snubbed us; and both junks commenced crawling up on us.

Luckily the strain on the hawser swung the brig round long enough for the bo's'n to run back to the long gun and put a shot through the port junk below the waterline. They belayed hauling for a few minutes, but the starboard junk pulled away and the Star of Chile swung round again, the wind helping her, and lay as she was pointed when they snagged her.

The instant after the gunner fired the second shot I heard a curse at my elbow—and there stood Captain Foster with the most surprised look on his face. He paid no attention to me, but faced the starboard junk, removed his hat and wiped his bald head three times with his red-silk handkerchief. Then he turned very carelessly to port and wiped his head three times more—and when he got through I wiped him over the head with the butt of my pistol. He lurched against the rail, hung there a minute and rolled over into the scuppers unconscious.

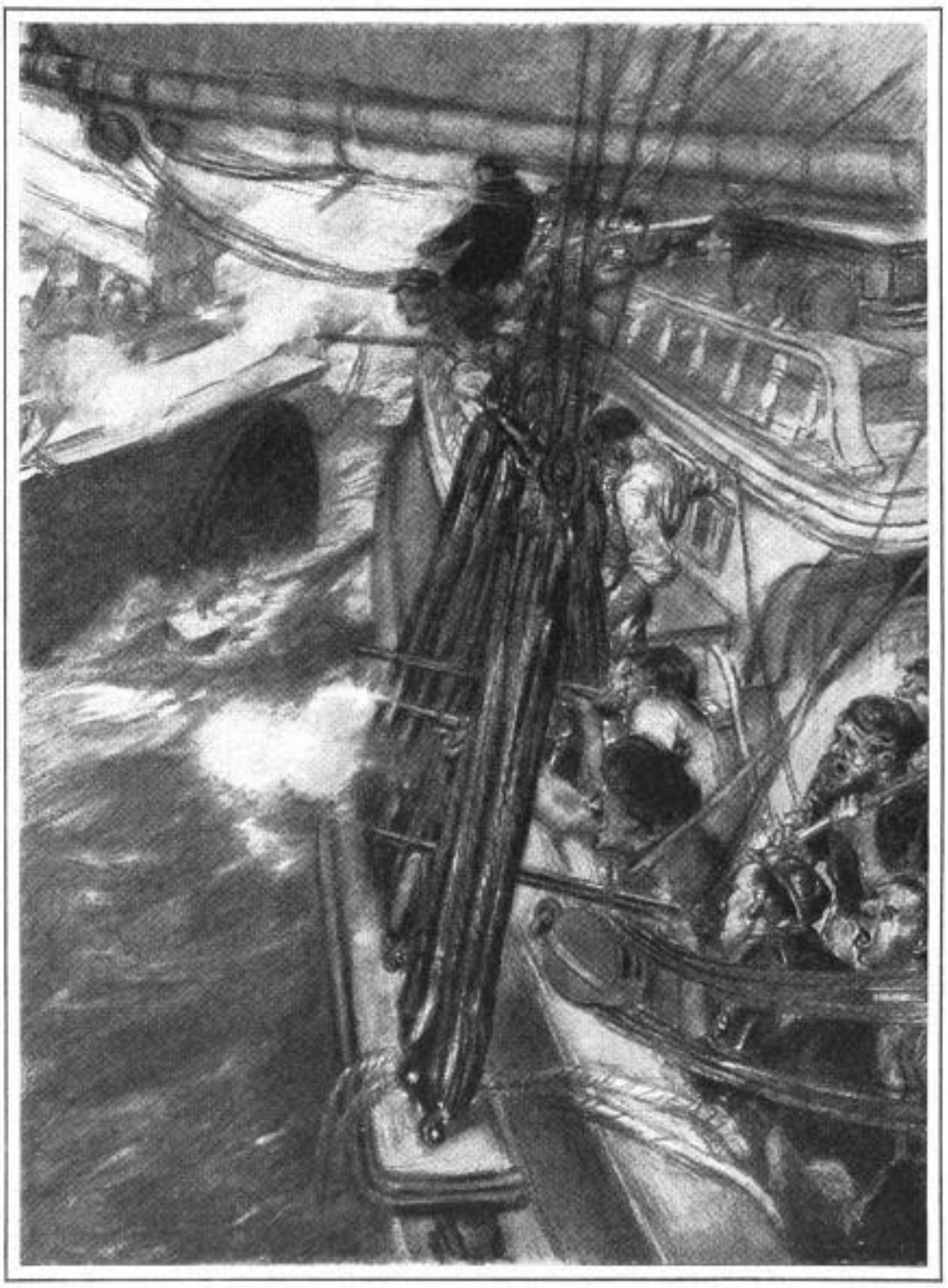
I wasn't thinking of anything particularly when I hit Captain Foster. I don't think I had any real suspicion against him at the time. I just hit him—a rattling good rap it was—and then stood over him wondering why I'd done it. It was almost a minute before I understood why. It was that surprised look on his face when the long gun went off. Perhaps he thought the pirates fired the first shot; and when he saw the gun go off, when by all the rules of common-sense it shouldn't, he was surprised—and disgusted.

It didn't take me long to find out that I hadn't made a mistake, for a devilish yell went up from both junks and a shower of pistol bullets plunked into the deck all around me. Tod Beasley was standing up on top of the house, and he smiled down at me very kindly.

"That's the good lad, Jack," says he. "Well done! Very well done; but don't stand there looking at him. Scatter aft and turn the Gatlings on the hounds."

That was a fight! It warms me now to think of it. The old man was very cool and walked his monkey-poop as stiff as a ramrod. He always said it was vulgar to get excited when fighting with an inferior race. He was just that way. He loathed Chinamen and pirates, and he wouldn't let on that he was bothering about the outcome. That's what it is to have ancestors! As for me and the second mate and the crew, if we'd ever had any ancestors we'd forgotten about them when we went to sea; so we

(Continued on Page 57)



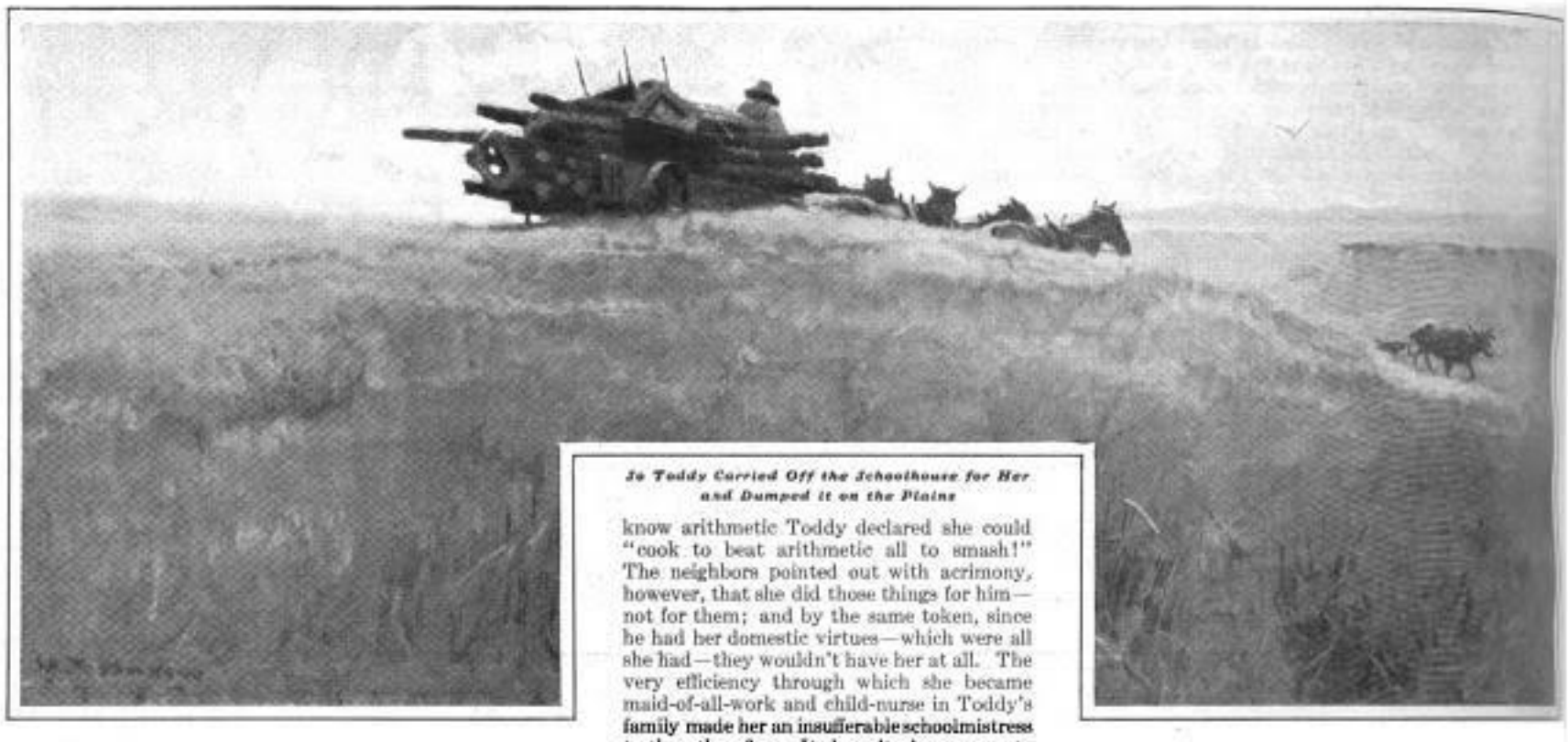
How the Yellow Dogs Did Howl When the First Blast of the Guns Came Over Their Rail!

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"'TATERS"

By Marion Hamilton Carter

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DU



So Toddy Carried Off the Schoolhouse for Her and Dumped it on the Plains

GERALDINE GILBERT has got the place to teach Toddy McQueed's school!"

This news ran about the country like blazes. It came to the ranch on horseback—it came in a buckboard—it came in a carriage—it came in a lumber wagon—and it came afoot—which is a rare way for news to reach you in Wyoming. But then it was rare news, and every time it was presented to us we repaid it with the exclamation, "She has!" and got back "She has!" from which you perceive that the appointment was considered extraordinary; any appointment is that can be expatiated upon in two words like that.

It was more than extraordinary—it was momentous. It marked the ending of a community strife that had lasted for two long years. It said that the school committee had come out on top and likewise that Toddy McQueed was downed—"down and out," a few of the less discerning and more optimistic declared. However, those of us who knew old Toddy, sire of Roddy the Irresponsible, doubted the down-and-out part very much and pitied Miss Geraldine Gilbert in advance, prognosticating a hard time for her. The district had been ripped asunder over this appointment and the community at large had been torn up in consequence. People who had been friends for years and years—since before the state became a state—and were at one in everything, from pumpkin pie to politics, found themselves suddenly parted and at enmity over who should teach school that winter at Toddy McQueed's. It wasn't his school or his schoolhouse either; but that was the way Toddy ran things in his part of the county, so that people not in his part of the county found themselves taking sides just for the fun of the thing.

To be sure, the families immediately concerned in the appointment numbered only six; but, in Wyoming, six families can do more next-to-Nature, nose-to-the-wind living than all of Harlem put together. Numbers don't count out there—it's what you are! And Toddy was our bad man—hence the peculiar tang of the news. The important thing was what old Toddy was against the rest of us, and what poor little Miss Gilbert would be against him and his, the wild-eyed Roddy heading the procession—we called her "poor little" Miss Gilbert in those days; and, above all, what Miss Gilbert would be as a successor to Miss Etta Sodergreens, the previous incumbent, who had been ousted in spite of Toddy—also, to spite Toddy.

The former teacher was Toddy's wife's cousin; and naturally she boarded at the McQueeds'. Thus she added the ten dollars a month allowed for the purpose by the district to the McQueed exchequer, thereby keeping any one of the other five families from getting it; and she "worked out" in the house the other ten required. So, when, out of revenge, the other families said she couldn't spell, Toddy got back at them by saying she "could spell as good as anybody wanted who wasn't a darn fool er an effete Easterner tenderfoot." And when they said you couldn't read her writing Toddy retorted that she could sew. And when they said she didn't know arithmetic Toddy declared she could "cook to beat arithmetic all to smash!" The neighbors pointed out with acrimony, however, that she did those things for him—not for them; and by the same token, since he had her domestic virtues—which were all she had—they wouldn't have her at all. The very efficiency through which she became maid-of-all-work and child-nurse in Toddy's family made her an insufferable schoolmistress to the other five. It doesn't always pay to be too feminine. Miss Sodergreens lost a good place as a teacher and Toddy's wife a good servant in the house. But the main thing to all of us was that Toddy had been downed at last! Toddy had never been downed by man or angels, and the event illustrated the triumph of the righteous over the wicked, as you may judge from the name Toddy—changed from Roddy Senior—which was baptismal in that it referred to the contents of the bottle.

And now the district, having triumphed over Toddy in removing his Miss Sodergreens—they spoke of it as "getting rid of her"—was not content to let it go at that and allow him the selection of his wife's second cousin, who was looking for a job—and he was willing to accept her as a peace offering. No—it salted his wounds by a teacher of its own selection, Miss Geraldine Gilbert, who was small, who was thin—Miss Sodergreens had been opulent of flesh—who was from Cambridge, Massachusetts, and had fed on lecture courses and symphony concerts; and who was "too much of a lady" to do housework for her board, and therefore paid full board and lived at Newells', where Mrs. Newell actually made seventeen dollars a month out of her—enough to keep the rest of the family. What a revenge!

Toddy swallowed it with outward meekness—after Miss Sodergreens had ceased prodding him to do his duty by her and had gone away—that gave glee to [illegible] looked merely at surfaces; others of us prepared [illegible] poor little Miss Geraldine with our guns if necessary. [illegible] knew her to be a thoughtless young person, because [illegible] such would have undertaken that job at all.



"Potatoes. Spell it, Jim"

The hall of learning was a log cabin with a dirt roof, had four windows and a front door; and a stovepipe [illegible] to stand attention on the roof, but failed because of a forty-miles-an-hour wind that prevented anything [illegible] rooted in the rocks from keeping the perpendicular in the vicinity. Fortunately the logs were chinked with [illegible] instead of mud. No less a person than Toddy himself [illegible] vetoed mud and voted for plaster—regardless of expense—when the schoolhouse was built, because mud chinking is apt to return precipitately to the earth whence it came, and a peek-a-boo construction calls for more chinking [illegible] the inhabitants. With seven children mud chinking makes quite a difference in the number of red sweaters needed to go through the winter.

Inside, the school showed a desk for the teacher [illegible] plank seats and desks for the pupils, a blackboard, a [illegible] map and some books; but outside—the real thing, after all, lay outside—millions of miles of it—the glory of the teaching job was the situation of the schoolhouse!

As an imminent background, lofty pines splotched [illegible] behind it, trying to see which should first tap the heavens rocks and prick the sky. The schoolyard was precisely where you chose to set your bounds—there was no fence in sight—and the glorious plains rose away and away in a foreground that grew bluer and mistier until it turned to purple velvet in soldiers' mountains forty miles off. You could end your schoolyard there if you had a mind to, for there wasn't a [illegible] raised barrier in sight to say you nay. Thousands of wild horses cavorted on the plains; tens of thousands of cattle grazed there and came to the school in bunches of hundreds to moo at the teacher if they didn't [illegible] her; the white chrysanthemum rumps of antelope could be seen from the school door distantly gleaming in the cool sun of the ranges; wildcats prowled in the [illegible] yard woods—there were no rear windows, so you could see them prowling while you taught; and at night the coyotes barked and the wolves howled. I could help thinking how picturesque Miss Geraldine would find it—after Cambridge, Massachusetts.

If Miss Geraldine, on first beholding her schoolhouse, had any queer feelings she did not tell them: she said the place was "simply lovely and too sweet for anything!" and that all her dear pupils were "simply lovely and too sweet for anything!" Miss Geraldine [illegible] made her start that way because Mrs. Newell had to the moment she got off the buckboard that brought her across the plains, regaled her with the Sodergreens [illegible] and how she—Geraldine—was the last bitter drop in Toddy McQueed's overflowing cup. And, as the [illegible] fided to me later, "mere wisdom prompted" her to smooth things over and "make them simply lovely and too sweet for anything, no matter what they [illegible]

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So, with the exercise of "mere wisdom," Miss Geraldine entered upon her duties Monday morning, under a Wyoming-blue sky that seemed as much inside as outside; met the twelve offspring of the vanquishers as though they were "simply lovely and too sweet for anything"; met the six pertaining to Toddy as though they were "simply lovely and too sweet for anything"—in fact, met the whole world that way. And the only alarming thing that happened—in spite of our prognostications—was that all twelve thought her "simply lovely and too sweet for anything," though Toddy's six tried their very best and hardest not to think it for their father's sake; and none of them succeeded more than just tolerably so-so, except Jim—in which you glimpse the real tragedy for Toddy in Miss Geraldine's appointment.

Jim stood firm against the female wiles of a person who was young and pretty; who thought everybody so very lovely, regardless, and who wore the best dress he'd ever seen in his life. As a dresser Miss Geraldine, at common every-day, had Miss Sodergreens beaten at her party best, and Jim was forced to acknowledge it; but then—dress isn't everything. And Jim was a man. He was as tall as she was—he was "as good as she was any day, and then some"; next to Roddy he could "bust a bronco better'n anybody in the whole county—she couldn't bust a ole cow, she couldn't—not her!" He could shoot a wolf on the fly—"she couldn't shoot a barn door from a dead rest, not ef y' loaded her gun fer her an' helped her fire it off—she couldn't!" And he "didn't care a flip of a twenty-two caliber cartridge fer all the wildcats in the woods back of the school—he'd as lief as not slap one in the jaw if he happened to feel like it an' saw that ole growly one a-hidin' in that there big crack between them there two big rocks"—she "wouldn't dare to slap a loose wildcat—ner one in a cage—slap it in the jaw, ner anywheres else. Catch her doin' it!"

Yes, Jim was a brave man and all of fourteen; and he was bound to remember that, next to Roddy, he was his father's hope and pride. Roddy had graduated from the Third Reader years and years ago—four at least—and he was now attending the School of the Ranges, where not printed words but letters count—and go about on the hoof.

Yet, in spite of Jim, and with the continued exercise of "mere wisdom" in the temple of learning for two sky-blue weeks, things grew more sweet and lovely until they bid fair to go straight to Heaven and take Miss Geraldine and all her school along—even Jim; and then they all came back to earth in a single word. The word was potatoes.

To be exact, the sky-blue weeks wanted fifteen minutes of completion by the clock. The Third Reader Spelling Class was reciting—beautifully, almost tumultuously, because the spelling class was happy—spelling simple bread-and-butter words, of course, but with such a wrestling-Jacob spirit that Miss Geraldine saw in the present blessing of double l's in "jelly" and single t in "water" a near-future blessing of words like peregrination, conscientious, mignonette, communicate, hypothecate and Kamchatka—the words that earnest little children really love to deal in. Responding to their enthusiasm she enunciated "po-ta-toes" very distinctly, so every child in the room could hear, and called on Jim McQueed to spell it.

Jim rose.

"T-a-t-e-r-s," he recited with distinct enunciation.

Miss Geraldine smiled indulgently and told him he hadn't got it quite right that time, and encouraged him:

"Now—po-tatoes. Try it again."

Jim, who had sat down, got up. "T-a, ta—t-e-r-s, ters—'taters," he recited with calm assurance, and sat down again.

Miss Geraldine was seen to close her eyes for two whole seconds. It felt like two whole hours and the room went still as death. When Miss Geraldine opened her eyes they were on Jim. He hadn't expected to have them that way—he thought they'd come out somewhere else—and the "funny feelings" ran down his spine. Still, he returned the eyes with his own and tiddled a tune with his fingers on his share of the plank that desked four joyful wretches with raised hands, anxious to prove to the world that the great Jim was wrong. And his fingers said to the world that he didn't care a tiddle-de-dee what anybody thought about his being right or wrong—that's all!

"Not quite right—yet," she said smoothly. "Now, dear, we'll try that word again and get it right." Think of calling a boy "dear," who's just as tall as you are and just as good as you are and saying "we" besides! "Please listen carefully!" And she emitted a series of little puffs from between her lips—"P-p-p-p-p"—only they weren't quite the letter P in its nakedness, but a sort of dimity-clad P, suggesting a real live letter underneath. Then, very distinctly, she said the whole word: "Po-ta-toes. Spell it now. I'm sure we'll get it right this time."

The immensely strained attention in the room went off with a crack, and then back to attention-hear-a-pin-drop again. All the little girls thought she was the very sweetest teacher in the whole world; all the boys thought "She ought to lick him!" What Jim thought may be inferred from the fact that she had to repeat her invitation to the treat of spelling potatoes after it had been puffed into his ears like a little automobile.

"T-a-t-e-r-s, 'taters!" Jim shot off, and sat down.

"Po—po-ta-toes, potatoes," corrected Miss Geraldine.

"T-a-t-e-r-s, 'taters!" retorted Jim. This time he didn't trouble himself to rise—just slung it at her head.

The room gasped aloud over the indignity thus put upon dear teacher. Most of the little girls, among them two of Jim's sisters, were ready to shed tears; all the boys were ready to "lick him for her" had she given them so much as the tail-of-an-eye encouragement; but she didn't—her eyes were all for Jim. She was about to pronounce her word again when suddenly "mere wisdom" prompted her to ask him:

"Why do you spell potatoes with a t instead of a p?"

Heavy silence, amid which Jim rose without being asked.

"Because—my father says—that t is right!" And Jim sat down, plop, with the holy look that comes on a boy's face when he has "done" the teacher whom he should revere, and knows his father backs him in the derision of her.

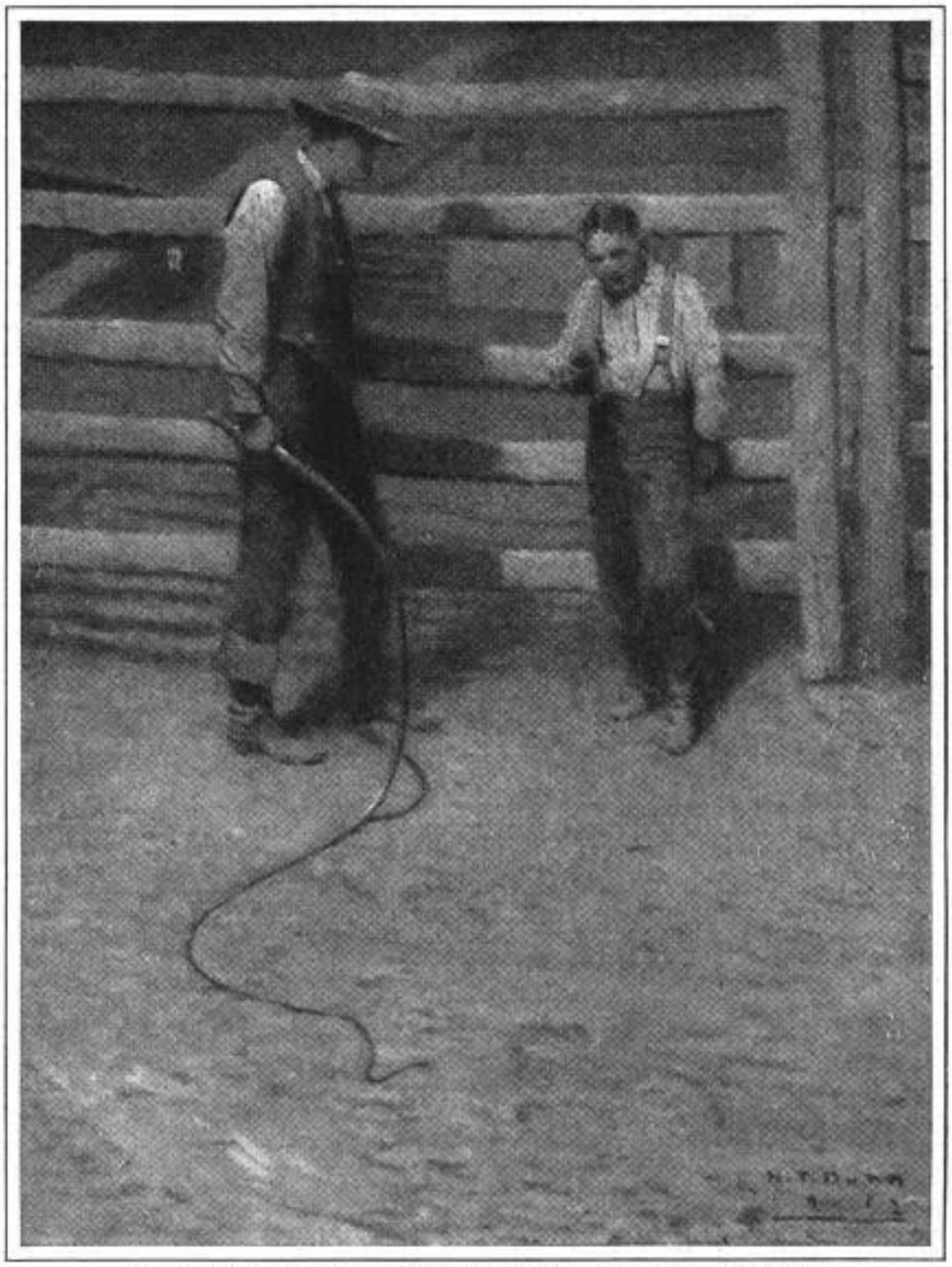
"Oh—very well!" said Miss Geraldine with an offhand grace that belittled the victory of t over p. "I see—now." And there was that in her words and her tone and her look that nobody there present could explain. What did she see now?

What she did see on the instant was that she'd better dismiss school immediately and go home and think things over before committing any follies in the management of Jim that should turn the sky-blue weeks to come into Wyoming cyclones. For it is a serious thing to tell a trusting child that his father is wrong, even in so small a matter as spelling potatoes with a t; and "mere wisdom"—or possibly it was mere feminine intuition and the challenge in Jim's eyes—told Miss Geraldine that she had a situation on her hands; in short, that the rivalry between t and p in the spelling of potatoes might not only disorganize her school, but disrupt the community, already stirred to the roots by her appointment. Men have come to blows on less important things than t's and p's.

On Monday, five minutes before closing, then, this colloquy took place: "Potatoes. Spell it, Jim." "T-a-t-e-r-s." "Why do you spell it with a t?" "Because my father says t is right." "Oh—very well!" Jim sits down and school is dismissed. And on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, at just five minutes before closing, the same colloquy took place and school was dismissed. And each time precisely those same words and those same tones were used and no others—both sides seemed to feel it a point of honor that there should be no others.

However, in justice to the acumen of the contending parties—and to the whole school—it must be said that neither party viewed this brief and repeated colloquy as the sign of weakness and indecision in the other. All felt it as a challenge; it concealed dark meanings and a sudden surprise—for somebody. The inner atmosphere became electric—it seemed as if school only kept and waded through the hours to reach those few charged words passing between a beloved teacher and a boy as tall as she was and very, very wicked. And what actually happened was this—by Friday, Jim, the hardy, had begun to shake in his boots. For to command your son to flout the dictionary is something worse than telling him to fly in the face of Providence. Providence may be won over by faith and prayer; but with the dictionary you must take it as it is or have the world against you.

And this was the astonishing fact of things-as-they-are that Miss Geraldine had artfully forced Jim to discover for himself. She hadn't told him he couldn't stand out against society and its idols of the page—and stand alone; she



"Jim, I'm A-goin' fer t' L'arn Y', Oncet for All, That Y' Spell 'Taters With a T!"

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hadn't even hinted he was flouting the hallowed work of centuries—or flouting anything, for the matter of that; she'd just asked "Why?" gravely, and followed his answer with "Oh—very well!" in a tone that said nothing and let you suspect everything. And by Tuesday every one of the twelve and two of Toddy's children had told Jim he was wrong; by Wednesday they had severally and collectively showed him with dirty, accusing fingers that he was wrong and proved it by the book; by Thursday he stood abashed before his mates in the magnitude of his wrongness; and by Friday he discovered that Miss Geraldine was secretly deriding him, holding him up to ridicule and snapping her fingers in his father's face.

Which she was.

And by Saturday the news of this subtle warfare went about the country like blazes; and on Monday night, when the mail stage had distributed it at "the store," "'taters" was the joke of three hundred square miles of mostly sage-brush territory; but Miss Geraldine went right on—"po-ta-toes. Spell it, Jim"—as unconcernedly as though she were not making history in Wyoming.

Quite suddenly the joke assumed a social significance; instead of asking "How are you?" it was: "How do you spell potatoes?" And according as you said p or t you showed where you stood. If you said t you sided with Toddy and all the McQueeds, which meant, among other things, eleven cowpunchers and four grub-line-riders; besides all the rest of the friends of the McQueeds and the friends of their friends—and the number was large.

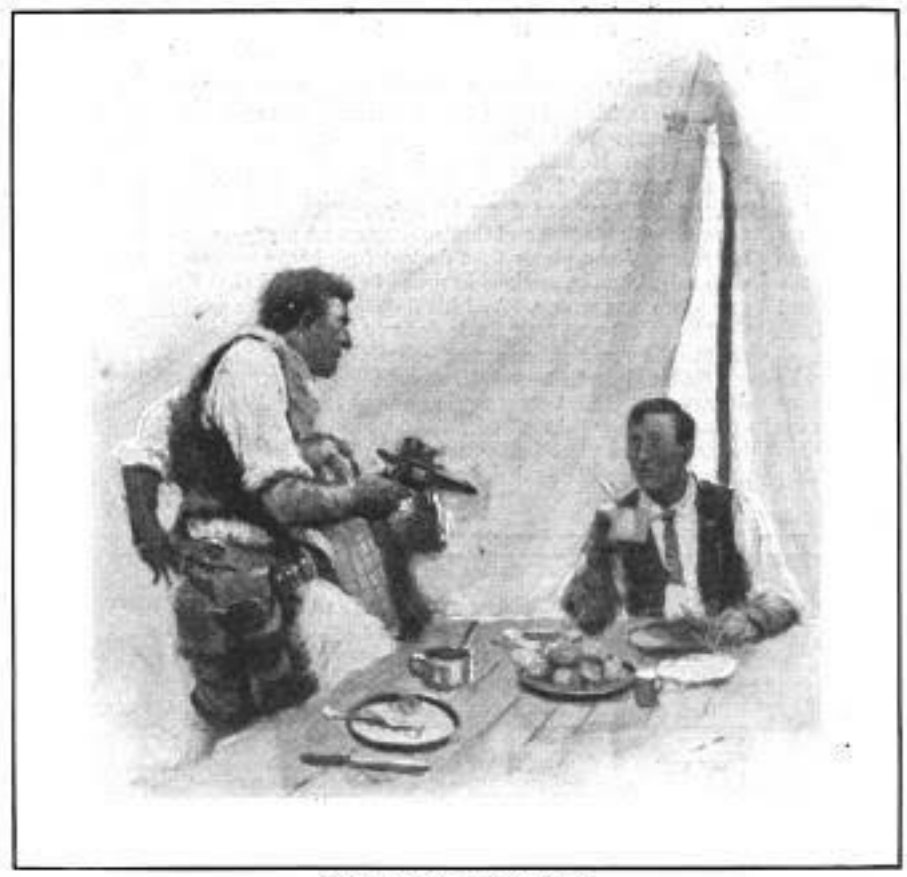
Don't imagine because Toddy was a bad man he didn't have friends in this community. Every man has friends but the truly good man, and he friends it with the angels and doesn't care. The only difference between the bad man's friends and the common wicked one's friends is that the bad man's friends don't always think it best to say so openly. But potatoes with a t changed all that in our part of the state—Toddy's friends could no longer stand before us, hidden under pretended ignorance of Toddy's doings, and smoothly parry: "Well, reelly now, I warn't down to Rock River when Toddy shipped them horses to Omaha; but I don't guess they was any of your horses in the bunch—I don't guess Toddy would make a mistake like that." No. Toddy's friends had to come out boldly in defense of the honor of the house of McQueed and say: "I spell 'taters with a t."

If you spelled potatoes with a p, however, then you went with "the conservative element"—you "stood in with the money power"—you were "in league with Standard Oil to crush the workingman!" It came to that almost before we knew it—crushing the workingman. The line between t and p on potatoes sorted the sheep from the goats in a plain, old-fashioned, with-or-against, hell-or-Heaven manner that made you show your colors and take things by hunks.

Miss Geraldine and her followers, armed with the dictionary, stood firm for p on potatoes, regardless of aspersions and dark hints that Standard Oil was using this means to downtread the noble workingman, who was "just as good as they were." Toddy, armed with his spite against Miss Geraldine, which was impressive in its magnitude, and his wife's desire for a good servant in the house, who paid ten dollars a month board to boot, stood firm also.

Not counting noses, but summing up by what you are, the relative strengths of the contending sides appeared precisely equal, and the deadlock might have continued to this day had not Jim begun to weaken. Was his father sure that 'taters was always spelled with a t? Yes—his father was absolutely sure; and just let him catch one of his children even thinking that it wasn't—that's all!

Yet, in spite of Toddy's being the Big Say-So for the end of the county, he saw things going against him—the joke was getting to be a little too much for even the big man to handle. Toddy was a person who expected the world to take him seriously. All bad men are that way in next-to-Nature communities—it's part of how they make a living; and now the 'taters joke was running away like a colt that is a little too much horse. It had been running away in his own family for some time with the girls, though girls don't count in the matter of moral support and Toddy was thus able to ignore them; but when Jim began to question the advisability of using t at all times with potatoes Toddy saw he must do something more than swear around the house at little Annie—he must end the controversy at a single blow, and once for all have potatoes with a t. So he bearded the lion in her den—that is, he went in person to Miss Geraldine's school. He thought himself a lion also.



"No—I Don't Eat 'Taters"

"Teacher!" he roared, stalking in unexpectedly upon her.

She jumped. She thought it was one of the longhorn bulls from the range—bulls are like that often in Wyoming if you leave the school door open.

"Teacher!" he roared again, gratified with his first success and not troubling himself about "Good morning" or polite greetings that might make her think he had some respect for her when he'd come to show her that he hadn't. Instead he shook his bony finger in her face. "I understand you air l'arnin' my children—my children—mine"—he stopped to let her take the pronoun in, as if the rest of the children were only fit to be swept out with a broom; and when he thought she had he resumed—"that you air l'arnin' my children to spell the good, old-fashioned word 'taters with a p!"

He brought the letter out with a tremendous snort and waited, glaring, to see what she had to say to that!

Well, she hadn't much. She could have said "Shoo!" to a bull—she'd done it often and often; but this bony, big, bad man had scared her out of her wits. Still, she managed to stammer at him somehow:

"It's th-that way in the d-dictionary."

"The dictionary be hanged!" is what he said.

For answer she took her dictionary from her desk. It opened naturally at the page by this time; below the word was the black residue of many accusing fingers. She mutely showed it to him.

He looked and snorted; looked again and snorted louder; cleared his throat and then fumed at her:

"It warn't thataway when I went to school—no, sirree, it warn't! That good, old-fashioned word—word that wuz good enough fer my father—an' fer my father's father afore him—'taters—hez been changed sence I wuz a boy an' went to school!"

She managed to suggest "Perhaps ——" in the hope of mollifying him; but he wasn't there to take any perhapses from her, and before she could get out what she had to say he thundered in her face:

"As you got it in that there book the word is wrong!"

His fist came down on her desk and he took another glare about the room for the benefit of his son and in order to repeat to him, in the presence of witnesses, "The word—in this here book—is wrong!" A bang on the desk to prove it. And with that he snatched up her pen and thrust it between her fingers.

"Change it!" he laconically commanded.

"Change what?" she gasped, turning pale.

"Change that there p into a t in that there book!" And he pointed to the pen and then to the inkwell.

Now it's a funny thing about your really timid girls—a violent situation either paralyzes all their functions or it frightens fright clear out of them. It was that way with Miss Geraldine—she was so frightened that all at once she stopped being frightened. Then the blood of three tame generations rose in her against the desecration of a cherished institution and the slaughter of a Perfectly Innocent Word that she was called on, by this brutal man, to make; and—she got mad! Then she became as cool as a cucumber—didn't care what anybody told her to do—tossed up her head and her nose along with it. The children said she "turned up her nose at old Toddy McQueed!" And they were perfectly delighted, for they'd been cowering in their places, not daring to call their souls their own; but their knowledge of anatomy and physiology was imperfect. And he was still pointing at the ink-well, thinking she was going to do as he told her to, when she flung this at him:

"You"—and, mind you, she emphasized the "You" with her tongue in her eyes as well as her nose in the air—"You—may be able—to change a t into a T—on the side of a steer; but you can't do it in the dictionary!"

She said it just like that; and every word went through his skin! She hadn't lived at the Newells' all that time for nothing; and in the defense of p against t's she metaphorically dug him in the teeth and stood ready for another whack if he so much as winked at her. And right before his sister, too! What a position for a parent, to say nothing of an autocrat of letters!

Toddy McQueed later admitted that if he hadn't been living in a civilized community he'd have "knocked her down before the whole school, just to show her her place"—she'd upset him so much as that. When he found his wind he asked, in a voice meant to be fierce, but that only succeeded in being husky:

"I wanta know—what you mean"

"You know—what I mean!" persisted the undaunted one, with the subtle significance of tone that made her "Oh—very well!" appalling to Jim. And, before Toddy could think of anything for his side she gave him the slap she'd been waiting her chance for—"Allow me to wish you good afternoon!"—turned her back on him and called out: "Third Reader Spelling Class—attention!"

Attention! Well, rather! The Third Reader was nothing but attention, bung-eyed and gaping, without her having them to it, as was likewise every other class. Such how stimulating to the acquisition of knowledge to be called to attention and recitations by a teacher who turn up her nose at Toddy McQueed and "tell him where to his face!" The children were out of their seats before the words were out of her mouth: "Rise! Forward into

Two seconds later Toddy saw Jim heading the procession of spelling enthusiasts bearing down on the region of the desk. Father and son exchanged a look and Jim's eye answered—by dropping. Toddy did not wait to witness the desertion of his offspring; and the school door slammed just as Miss Geraldine enunciated: "Po-tatoes. Spell it, Jim!" And Jim spelled it with a p.

A victory or not, as you may take it; for that night an irate parent informed a backslidden son:

"Jim, I'm a-goin' fer t' l'arn y', once fer all, that y' say 'taters with a t!"

"I—alwuz knowed that—ever sence the first time y' tole me," stammered Jim, watching the blacksnake lying at his father's bootleg.

"Jest so—y' alwuz knowed it—'cept fer a little while today when y' thought m' back wuz turned an' I couldn't hear what y' said when she ast y' t' spell 'taters!"

Jim mumbled:

"I didn't know—what else ter do—when she asked me—like that—after that ——"

"All the more reason y' should hev stood up for yer father when she ast y' like that—after that: showed y' had some backbone of y' didn't hev no other feelin's." Toddy couldn't have brought himself to say "love for your father," but that was what he meant. "Yes—y' orter stood up fer yer father agin a minx like her an' showed her y' could spell 'taters the way yer father an' wuz right, an' she could go to blazes!—that's what Wall ——" He saw Jim had no answer ready to the impeachment of his loyalty and daring—no excuse for a coward's loss of a unique opportunity.

The fact was, Jim hadn't seen the opportunity knocking at his manhood's doors until his father led him to the door and got the blacksnake. That was the bewildering thing about teacher—she said: "Po-tatoes. Spell it, Jim." And he had spelled "po-tatoes" before he even realized it himself. No real man could tell his father that and no father could possibly understand. So Jim furrowed a right angle with the toe of his boot in the dirt of the corral, marking the sides "her, him an' me," and making his side very long and very deep, to show how both the others depended on him anyway; for while he refused to spell potatoes with a p—or just supposing he should refuse to spell with a t ——! His father seemed to read his very thoughts.

"Wall, Jim, I calculate t' l'arn y' in one lick that y' say 'taters with a t; an' at the same time I calculate t' l'arn

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what t' do next time she asts y'—er anybody asts y'. Y' spell 'taters—'t-a-t-e-r-s, 'taters. What's good enough fer me is good enough fer my son, I guess—I'll make it so anyhow. Now, Jim, lemme hear y' spell 'taters—an' spell her right!"

It is possible that Toddy's old-fashioned, simplified spelling lesson would have remained in the private archives of the McQueed family had he not, in the endeavor to impress Jim's mind, rather more forcibly impressed Jim's legs and the seat of his overalls; Jim was out of school next day—which hurt him worse than the licking—and when he went back he wasn't able to sit down in comfort. Miss Geraldine called him a "Poor dear!" and let him wash the blackboard for her and praised him for the splendid way he dried it, and then went home and cried over him; thus the story leaked out, with all its brutality, and everybody asked everybody: "What ought to be done to Toddy?" Nobody seemed to know, however; there was a complete lack of precedent in dealing with the situation. Some of the more tender-hearted thought he ought to be shot and settled once for all; yet none of them seemed to feel just like doing it, because—well, for one thing, the justice of the peace in that precinct is a woman and she didn't favor shooting Toddy. So they decided to wait and see what he did next.

. . . . . .

The news of Miss Geraldine's exploit with Toddy came to the ranch on horseback—racing in from the plains—three horses, all on a dead run to see which should get there first! Kinky Larkin and Hank Homans brought it; I forget who the other one was—he was only a boy, who said "Oh, my gosh!" every fifteen seconds while Hank and Kinky breathlessly related how little Gilbert had dared old Toddy to his face and told him, "You may be able to change a P into a T on the side of a steer!"—"she said that, she did; and right before the whole school too! An' old Toddy, he was so flabbergasted at her he fainted dead away—er pret' near fainted—would of fainted, only he got holt on her desk to keep hisself from fallin' on the floor. An' then he went home an' licked it outa Jim—worst one Jim ever did git off th' old man—bet he'll remember it long as he lives, an' then some. Yes, sir—that little bunch o' calico told old Toddy he was a brand-doctor to his face!"

Now the fact is every one of us knew old Toddy could do just that on the side of a steer—he and Roddy were the most notorious "hair artists" in the county—but none of us had cared to mention the accomplishment to Toddy. One doesn't, you know, out there. Many things are better left unsaid unless you perpetually carry a gun, and even then it depends. Yet here little Gilbert, with no gun at all and only the tongue in her head, had tossed this off at the villain of the piece! Of course she instantly became a heroine—she could have married half the range if she'd only tossed her handkerchief in the right direction; but, instead of taking advantage of her popularity to do it and get herself well settled in woman's only business, she kept right on at her desk and her "po-tatoes. Spell it, Jim!" without seeming to suspect she was a heroine at all!

. . . . . .

In its youthful period the joke had merely accentuated social barriers—dumped you in with grub-line-riders or made you club together with monopolists; but, after Miss Geraldine's famous mot about P and T and the side of a steer, the word 'taters began to accumulate dark meanings and sinister suggestions—to look a man in the eye and say 'taters to him was tantamount to calling him a rustler; and to mention potatoes in general company was as likely to lead to consequences as the subject of religion at a New York reception. And then, all in a swoop, you couldn't say 'taters at all!

The event that brought about this surprising *dénouement* occurred at the fall round-up on the plains, down at Seven-Mile Springs. One of the young cowpunchers merely remarked in an offhand way at feedtime: "No—I don't eat 'taters," and Roddy McQueed drew on him and told him he'd "l'arn him not to call names an' not set himself up!"

"An' ef it hadn't been fer me," Kinky Larkin boasted afterward, "I bet that young chap wouldn't have et anything else—I yanked Rod's gun 'fore he could shoot, an' I give the boy a chanceet t' explain."

The boy was from up Medicine Bow way and 'taters were still 'taters there. He explained—he declared he hadn't meant a blessed, "goldarned" thing but that he didn't—eat—'taters! "What in thunderation else could a man mean?"

Roddy snorted an acceptance of the apology; but, as he had interpreted that humble attempt at pleasing dinner-table conversation, the boy said, plain as anything: "I ain't got no use fer brand-doctors!" with a self-righteous accent on the I, maddening to a proud soul like Roddy's. And who the blankety-blank was this Medicine Bow kid anyway? A nobody. So Roddy showed him where he belonged in the scale of things in general by shouting instead of shooting at him:

"All right—if y' didn't mean anything; but don't you say 'taters again—that's all."

Even Roddy's friends among the boys were aghast. Not say 'taters? What was the world coming to anyway?

Kinky put it to him straight: "Gee-whiz, Rod—whatcher givin' us! We dassen't even say 'taters?"

"Ner per-taters?" chipped in Beany Johnson.

"Ner po-ta-toes?" minced Hank Homans, in imitation of a manner already famous, insultingly famous to Roddy. "Not p-p-p-po—t-t-t-ta—t-t-t-toes—po-ta-toes?"

Hank came from the McQueed district—his little brother was one of the "twelve"; and Hank had the story at his tongue's end, with embellishments of his own.

Roddy scowled—and if scowls could kill, Hank would have lain there dead; but, with Kinky in possession of Roddy's "arguer"—Roddy was in the habit of yelling at folks, "Here is my NO!" and firing it out of his gun—the bird of American freedom flew without fear. A dozen of the boys chorused at once: "My gosh!"—and some other words. "This here's a free country—ain't it? Well, I guess! A man can say what he pleases—can't he? Can't he? Can't he?"

Those barbed questions were shot at Roddy's face; and, to show you what real courage the fellow had under all his brag, though he sat there gunless among them he flung back in their teeth: "No—he can't—not while I'm round!"

(Continued on Page 69)

THE APPLE OF DISCORD

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

V

AFTER Lanier had left her, Clare O'Sullivan slowly gathered together her painting things and dropped them listlessly into the box. Then, stepping back, she stood for a full two minutes staring at the sketch on the easel. It seemed to the girl as if the artist had painted a portrait of himself. In the sweet, strong harmony, the perfect values, the minor tones, and a certain hint of melancholy that was soothing rather than depressing, she seemed to see Lanier's calm, thoughtful expression, the clear, direct gaze of the elusively colored eyes between their sweeping black lashes, while the accent of the waves splashing against the curved beach of the little cove below suggested his vibrant, soothing voice. A band of sunlight struggling through the low, pigeon-gray clouds to strike the sea near the horizon suggested the smile that so lightened his face. But above all it was the atmosphere of absolute sureness which characterized the whole sketch that vaguely impressed Clare as most suggestive of the artist. She wondered if he were ever in doubt. Could she have seen his face when at the piano, working out some elusive scheme; seen the expressions of uncertainty, pleasure, impatience and disgust that were constantly sweeping over it, she would have realized that her sketch represented but one of many facets, and that Lanier would have been more truthfully depicted by what the painters call chiarescuro.

Clare, having finished her contemplation of the sketch, placed it carefully in a holder, and loading herself with her equipment started slowly for the house. The O'Sullivans' summer place consisted of an attractive-looking bungalow, modest in size, with a stable in the rear and a boathouse at the foot of the cliffs in one of the numerous little coves that eroded the seafront. In the loft of the stable Clare had fitted up a small but practical studio, where she was wont to work on rainy days or when at odds with a monotonous world. Lanier had been a little severe in his criticism of the girl's sketch. Her work was really full of promise, for she scorned all tricks of technic, had an excellent sense of color and composition, and drew far better than many of those who had already "arrived."



"I'm Sorry," He Said Evenly, "But We Really Have Nothing More to Say to Each Other. Besides, You Are Still Married"

On the way to the studio she came upon her brother, who was sitting bareheaded in the sun stitching a split sail.

"Let's see your sketch," said he, laying down palm and needle and scrambling to his feet. Ravenel painted rather better than Clare, but confined himself to figures and portraits—principally Mrs. Wilmerding's.

Clare threw him a malicious look. "Come on up," said she.

Ravenel followed her to the studio. Clare took out Lanier's sketch and placed it on the easel. Lanier's inscription was scarcely more than visible, but to hide it altogether Clare placed in front of the panel a frame a size too small.

"Oh, I say!" cried Ravenel. "That is good! Why, Sis, it's a corker! How did you do it? By George, if you can get that on a big canvas you'll make the Academy sit up!"

He took his pipe out of his mouth, stared at his sister, then stepped closer. Clare laughed.

"See how you like it without the frame," said she, and removed the frame, which she had been steadying with her hand.

"Even better. Hello, what's this—what—is—this?" He leaned over and read slowly—"Painted for Clare by Calvert Lanier."

Ravenel stepped back and stared at his sister with his mouth open. He was a lithe, handsome fellow, purely Celtic of type, and might have posed for a young blade in one of Charles Lever's romances.

"What's the meaning of this?" he asked curtly. "Do you know Lanier?"

"He came along the cliffs when I was making a mud pie and finished the sketch for me. I asked him to sign it."

"Along the cliffs? Our cliffs? Well, of all the cheek! What was he doing up there?"

"He was going to see Loretta Wilmerding."

"Going to see Loretta? Why, confound him, what business has he going to see Loretta?" Ravenel's handsome face darkened.

"Why shouldn't he?" demanded Clare impatiently. "This place isn't entirely a penal colony. A man doesn't have to get permission from the warden to call on an inmate."

"Humph!" Ravenel shoved his pipe back into his mouth and drew at it violently, regarding his sister with

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suspicion. Clare's cheeks were red and her telltale eyes beginning to darken, as they always did when she was under excitement. "Well, then, supposing that he did have the nerve to call on Mrs. Wilmerding, what license had he to stop and give you a paint lesson?"

"I asked him to."

"Did you know who he was?"

"Of course not. If I had, I shouldn't have been so cheeky as to ask him to sign the sketch. I'm not in the habit of accepting handsome presents from strange young men. You know we saw in the paper the other day that some of his sketches went for five hundred apiece in a public sale."

Ravenel pulled at his pipe and scowled.

"You mustn't take it," said he.

"Indeed I will."

"No, you won't. I'm not going to have my sister under obligation to a nervy playwright—especially after the way he's made bums of our crowd here. You send it back."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," cried Clare defiantly.

"Then paint out his beastly name."

"That would be a nice, honorable thing to do after asking him to sign it!"

"Just the same, you paint it out," said Ravenel stubbornly. "I'm not going to have my sister—and look here, 'Painted for Clare!' Why, hang his impudence, what business has he got to call you Clare?"

"Oh, shut up, Ravenel," said Clare disgustedly. "A stray artist you meet on the cliffs doesn't have to observe Chesterfieldian etiquette. I told him my name was Clare."

"The deuce you did!" snapped Ravenel. "My word, but you seem to have been going some, Sis. I don't like it. I've got no use for it! I hate it!"

"Of course you do," said Clare coolly. "And if I hadn't told you that he was bound for Loretta's you'd never have said a word. You're the one that had better keep an eye out for squalls, Ravel, my boy ——"

"Nonsense!" Ravenel's dark face darkened even more. "Don't start on that."

"Then leave me and my picture alone. I'm sorry I showed it to you."

"Paint out the name and I'll say nothing more," said Ravenel doggedly.

"Ravel, don't be silly!" cried Clare, and added most injudiciously—"or if you must be silly, save your silliness for Loretta."

Ravenel's quick temper flamed up. He stepped forward, picked up a brush and turned to the easel. Clare, seeing his evident intention, flung herself between. Ravenel swept her aside with a backward motion of his long arm.

"Ravel, stop! Stop!" cried Clare furiously. "The picture is mine! Don't you dare touch that dedication. It's mine! I—I paid for it!"

Ravenel turned and stared.

"How did you pay for it?" he demanded sullenly.

Clare, suddenly realizing her mistake, bit her red lip.

"Never mind," she answered in a low voice. "I paid for it—and it's mine." And the crimson color surged into her angry face.

Ravenel's cold gray eyes grew hard as flint. With the brush in his right hand he turned and seized Clare's arm with his left.

"What do you mean?" he demanded so savagely that Clare shrank back. "How did you pay for it?"

Clare's eyes were all black now. But the high color had left her face, and all that remained of it were a pair of very red lips and a crimson spot in either cheek.

"Let go my arm," she said in a very low voice. "You hurt me. If you must know, you brute, I gave him a kiss."

Ravenel loosed his grip.

"Ho!" said he scornfully, "you gave him a kiss, did you? So that was what paid for the picture. You're a lot too free with your kisses, Clare. Now let this be a lesson to you. I was only going to paint out the name, but now ——"

Holding the struggling girl parried with one strong arm, he deliberately began to daub out, first the name, then the whole charming sketch. A single stroke made the damage irreparable, and after this Clare drew back and watched him, dark-eyed and silent. When the whole thing was a mass of pigeon gray she said quietly:

"You had no right to do that, Ravel. If I choose to give a kiss for a picture it's my own affair, and if Mr. Calvert Lanier sees fit to let his pictures go so cheap it's his affair and no harm done to anybody. I'm not a married woman. Now, please go out of my studio—and please go at once!" Clare's low-pitched voice began to come a little breathlessly. She had been holding her wild temper with a tremendous effort, and she could feel it squirming in her grip. Things were getting red, and as she looked at her ruined sketch the blood began to burn the backs of her eyes. Ravenel was watching her with a sort of sulky nervousness. It was a long time since he had seen his sister in one of her tempests, but he remembered the premonitory symptoms and moved toward the door. On the threshold, the knob in his hand, he turned.

"If you'd heard some of the things about this Lanier person — —" he began, when Clare whirled furiously about.

"Be still!" she cried. "Get out of my studio, you domineering brute!"

Her flaming eyes fell on her painting stool. She whipped it up by one leg and hurled it at her brother. Ravenel shut the door barely in time and ran down the stairs. At the foot he paused and listened, and could hear his sister's low, passionate sobbing. The coachman, an old family servant, heard it too. He looked at Ravenel and shook his grizzled head.

"There, Masther Ravel," said he, "yez are at it agen. Will ye nivir grow to be a man and lave poor Miss Clare alone?"

"Oh, dry up!" growled Ravenel, and lounged off.

His conscience troubled him as he strolled along, and the more he thought of it the less pleased he became with his performance. He had only succeeded in making his sister desperately angry and unhappy, and he had destroyed a very charming work of art. Even the consolation of throwing the blame of the whole business on Lanier was denied him. Ravenel reflected that he himself had kissed more than one pretty girl on a very brief acquaintance, and not given a five-hundred-dollar painting for the favor. From all that he had ever heard of Lanier the playwright was a gentleman, and not the person to kiss and tell. Of course it was very wrong of Clare, but——" and Ravenel began to wonder what he could do to make his peace. He loved his sister very dearly, and when they had occasionally quarreled he had usually spent all the money he had for some peace offering.

So it was in rather a humble and contrite mood that he arrived at the Wilmerdings', where with the familiarity of a privileged character he strode across the lawn and up on the veranda, meaning to rap on the window and ask Mrs. Wilmerding to go with him to the reading room for tea. It never occurred to him that Lanier might still be there. His rubber-soled shoes made no noise nor did he hear the murmur of voices from within the house, and the first knowledge that he had of his intrusion was when there presented to his astonished eyes the tableau of the colony's ivory-towered Minerva having her hands kissed by the very individual who had been making such a lot of trouble for everybody in general and himself in particular.

Amazed and furious, Ravenel might have forgotten himself and made a scene, had not Mrs. Wilmerding sent him about his business as though he had been a meddlesome child. As it was, he strode off muttering strong words under his breath, presently to halt on the path, where he waited, hot of heart but mystified. There had been a certain expression to the pose of Mrs. Wilmerding's head as she had stood facing Lanier that disquieted Ravenel, who fancied himself in love with her. To be sure, he had never received any more encouragement than a sort of maternal indulgence admixed with playful banter; but he was a sanguine young man, and his success with the ladies had been considerable.

Ravenel had not long to wait, for presently Mrs. Wilmerding turned a bend in the path and came upon him sitting sulkily on a large stone. Her blue eyes were very bright and there was a red spot in either cheek. Ravenel got up with a frown on his dark, handsome face. His greeting was neither agreeable nor elegant.

"Why was that pup lickin' your hand?" he growled. "Thought you disliked the breed."

"Don't be coarse, Ravel," said she sharply, "or you can go on alone."

"Lanier, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Cheeky brute. I've just had an awful row with Clare over him."

Mrs. Wilmerding raised her eyebrows. "About what?"

"This is in confidence." And Ravenel told of his scene with his sister. Mrs. Wilmerding listened with a frown.

"You acted very badly," said she. "So Clare thinks that you are seeing too much of me? I agree with her."

"Oh, come, Loretta!"

"Mrs. Wilmerding," she corrected austerely.

"Loretta," said Ravenel stubbornly, and added with a savage cut to his voice—"See here, why do you persist in treating me as if I were ten years old? I'm a man and you're a woman."

"A married woman. And you are a gentleman, Ravel; although I must say that there are times when one would not think it. Now stop this nonsense immediately!"

Her voice was positive. Ravenel looked at her gloomily.

"Would you let me kiss your hands?" he began.

"No. I wouldn't. So you destroyed Clare's picture? A brotherly act! I suppose she was terribly broken up?"

"She broke up a painting stool against the door of the studio," said Ravenel sullenly.

"Oh, you children! And you complain that I treat you like a boy of ten! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Ravel."

"I am. So ought you—letting this play person——"

"That will do!" Mrs. Wilmerding's color heightened. She stopped short. "See here, Ravel, you are in no mood to go to the reading room, nor do I feel much like it myself. Let's walk down to the end of the point, and on the way back I'll stop and speak to Clare."

Ravenel's face brightened. "Good!" said he. "I am rather fed up on the reading room."

They turned and began to retrace their steps. Presently Mrs. Wilmerding said:

"My interview with Calvert Lanier rather upset me."

"Should think it might!"

"Oh, hush! Lanier is a fine fellow and has been very badly treated. I want you to help me induce the committee to admit him to the colony."

"What?" Ravenel stared at her, and his lean jaw dropped.

"Precisely. We were really not justified in barring him out. He is not at all the sort of person that I had expected to find him."

"But, good heavens, Loretta, after he's made fools of us with his old barge, and got fresh with Clare, and even had the nerve to make goo-goo eyes at the Pallas Athene of this sterilized Olympus ——"

"Don't be a goose! He's harmless enough, if a little Continental in his manners."

"Decidedly Parisian, I should say," Ravenel answered with a grin. He was beginning to recover his usual good humor. "Did he kiss both paddies?"

"Oh, drop it, child! You are getting positively wearisome! After all, genius is entitled to certain mannerisms, and there is no denying Lanier's genius. It does seem rather dull to banish the brightest mind that we have ever had here, and now that he has apologized for making us a laughing-stock and has offered to go away ——"

"I hope you called his bluff."

"Don't be common, Ravel. I told him to stay on if he wished. My plan now is to offer him the privileges of the colony for this season and let him have his building site for next year. There will not be much opposition, I fancy."

"He will have an enthusiastic sponsor in Dad," said Ravenel. "Since the King's Peg episode, followed by the Champagne Chorus, the governor has been cocking his eye at the hulk and showing strong inclinations to swim out aboard. Then Papa Phelps goes about clucking like a hen with a brood of young ducks, and Professor Pringle asked me if, in sailing aimlessly about, I might not run alongside and exchange his copy of Hippolytus for the Kafusalum of Bezeenorious. This Lanier person has certainly got a strong draft in the Chimney Corner—tanks the first-row constituents and makes 'em sing; then comes weaving ashore and catches and kisses the pretty ones. Oh, what's the use! Let's make him an honorary member and get a few dead-head boxes for the colony!" He looked at his pretty companion and grinned.

"Sometimes, Ravel," said Mrs. Wilmerding pensively, "you make me think that the O'Sullivans came to America in the steerage. But I suppose that it is no more than the cream of Ireland curdled by a course at college. Your father is not like that."

"Father drinks," said Ravenel, "and that always makes an Irishman polite, even to the corpse. Clare, it appears, likes to kiss ——"

"Shame! What do you like to do?"

"I'm ashamed to tell you," said Ravenel, and gave her a laughing look from his bold eyes. Mrs. Wilmerding bit her lip, trying not to smile. Her feeling toward Ravenel was that which one might have to a naughty but rather lovable little boy. Perhaps it was the consciousness of his utter inability ever to move her that had led to an intimacy which would have provoked criticism in any colonist other than Mrs. Wilmerding. There were times when she wanted to spank Ravenel and shut him up in a dark closet.

"Then you'll help me to make Lanier a member?" she asked presently.

"Oh, yes," he answered indifferently. "I'd help you to make Lucifer a member if you really wanted it—and it wouldn't surprise me if you did."

"What do you mean, Impudence?"

"I mean," said Ravenel recklessly, "that nothing you might ever do would surprise me in the least. You understand other people pretty well, but you don't know any more about yourself than does a new aeroplane. You might soar to Heaven—or you might kill the aviator. You've never found yourself, and ——"

"Thank you, that will do. Was there ever any insanity in your family, Ravel?"

"Yes, monomania!" He turned and looked at her, but Mrs. Wilmerding did not catch the look. Her eyes were fastened on a strip of beach at the foot of the cliffs. Ravenel's eyes followed hers.

There, in the shelter of a heap of boulders, was an interesting tableau that might have been entitled Orpheus and Eurydice. The rôle of Orpheus was being admirably rendered by Calvert Lanier, his arms full to overflowing with Eurydice; the latter was charmingly posed by that beautiful young woman, Mrs. Ada Stackpole.

VI

ON LEAVING Mrs. Wilmerding's, Lanier had set out briskly to return to the cove where he had left his boat. He walked rapidly, and just before arriving at the path that led down the side of the cliff, caught sight of

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several people approaching from the other direction. There was no sense of intrusion on Lanier's part, but he wanted to get back to his work with all due haste, and fearing that one of the party might be of the quartet that had visited him, he turned off to the cliffs and started to pick his way down. The descent was not difficult until he had almost reached the beach, when there was a six-foot jump down into the deep sand. Lanier was as light on his feet as a cat and sprang down without bothering himself so much as to lay his hand on the rim of the ledge, with the result that he barely missed landing in the lap of Mrs. Stackpole, who was tucked under the shelter of the rock with a magazine in her hand and a box of chocolates against her knee.

Mrs. Stackpole did not scream. Her nerves were not of the hair-trigger sort, and consequently she was considered phlegmatic by her women friends. Men saw her differently, not only on account of her splendid beauty, which was of the heroic, Northern type, but also because of a certain strong, sweet, reposeful quality she seemed to diffuse, which was very far from being apathy. Neither was there any hint of coldness, and one felt instinctively that her fires once lighted would not prove any brushwood blaze.

As Lanier dropped lightly into the sand, almost brushing her skirt, Mrs. Stackpole drew back instinctively, less startled than surprised, for she had chosen a secluded nook of the beach to avoid being disturbed, and it was annoying to have a man bounce down from above. But as Lanier, recovering his balance, turned quickly with an apology, she gave a gasp that was almost a scream.

"Calvert!" said she breathlessly.

Lanier had frozen into a light, well-balanced poise that lasted for a second, when he drew back, his eyes narrowed and his face rather pale.

"How do you do, Ada?" said he quietly. "I'm sorry to have disturbed you. I didn't know that you were within a thousand miles of this place."

"And didn't care," she answered as one stating an accepted fact.

"No," he answered gently, "I really didn't care. My disease has been quite cured by Father Time and Mr. Stackpole. I understand that my frantic prophecies of some years ago have at last come to be fulfilled."

He eyed her keenly. "Permit me to congratulate you. I knew that old rip, your husband—you did well to separate."

Mrs. Stackpole looked at him steadily. Her breath was coming in long, deep inspirations, her pretty mouth looked like that of a child who is just about to cry.

"Yes, Calvert, you were right," she answered. "I brought it all on myself."

"And on me," he answered dryly.

"And you were so bitter! Oh, Calvert, how could you have said such things to me in that letter?" Her voice choked and she stopped abruptly, while her blue eyes filled with tears.

"It was rough, I'll admit. But you see, Ada, I was rather young and full of ideals—or, let us say, illusions."

"You are bitter still." She looked at him with a sort of eagerness, and a sudden rush of color came into her face.

"No, I'm no longer bitter. Perhaps it is all for the best. A writer shouldn't marry. If you hadn't jilted me for that old brute I might have made us both more unhappy than we are now. My character is full of kinks."

"We should have been happy, I think," she answered, and looked dreamily out at the sea. "But—oh, well, I was pretty young too, and you were too long away and I got unhappy and resentful, and thought that you must have stopped caring or you wouldn't have stayed on in Paris."

"I was learning my trade."

"I didn't appreciate that. Then Howard Stackpole came along and dazzled me, and—and I married him. That's about all."

"Yes," Lanier agreed, and gave her a keen look—"I fancy that was about all."

Mrs. Stackpole's color deepened. "He made me very unhappy," said she. "I wanted to divorce him, but the family wouldn't hear of it, so we merely separated."

"And now," said Lanier, "your life is over and you have died and gone to Heaven in this colony."

"Yes. You've given us a lot of trouble, Calvert. Perhaps it might interest you to know that I was the one most responsible for having you barred out. It was I who induced Mrs. Wilmerding to repudiate her husband's agreement, and she induced the others."

"Indeed. And why did you do that?"

Mrs. Stackpole had risen to her feet and was facing him. They were about of a height, and her blue eyes looked straight into his dark ones as she answered:

"I thought it wiser, Calvert. I couldn't realize that you might have ceased utterly to care for me."

Lanier looked at her thoughtfully; then a bleak, cheerless smile played round the corners of his fine mouth.

"I should have thought my letter might have made that point clear," he answered. Suddenly the smile, such as it was, faded and his face darkened. "You need not have been afraid, my dear Ada. Your jilting me as you did not only cured my love for you, but also inoculated me very effectively against love as a disease. If it has been a little rough on my heart it's been at least profitable to my head. There is no such thing as love to hamper a career, and I feel that I owe you a lot. I'm sorry for the trouble I made you here. Of course if I'd known that you were behind it all I'd never have come. As it is, I will clear out just as soon as I've finished my work, and in the meantime I'll fight shy of these exclusive precincts. Goodby, Ada."

He raised his hat, holding out one hand. Mrs. Stackpole's hand met the outstretched one and she stood for an instant, looking into his eyes with an intentness that gave her face a strained, almost suffering look. The color had all gone now except for a little spot in either cheek.

"Calvert," she said, "you mustn't leave me like this." The words came thinly, fading entirely away as her eyes searched his face for some sign of softening. Lanier's clear, cleanly cut features were as hard as though chiseled from onyx.

"I'm sorry," he said evenly, "but we really have nothing more to say to each other. Besides, you are still married." He smiled slightly. "Goodby, Ada."

The hint of gentleness in the last few words proved fatal. The tears gushed into the blue eyes and she stepped closer.

"You are right, Calvert. Goodby, goodby. Kiss me goodby, my dear, and tell me again that you forgive me. Then go—and go quickly, Calvert."

She held up her lovely tear-stained face. Touched and half contrite, Lanier drew her to him and kissed her on either cheek. He had but just completed this chivalrous act and was about to turn away when there came a rustle from the top of the cliff. Lanier, glancing up quickly, looked straight into the horrified eyes of Mrs. Wilmerding, while staring over her shoulder was the dark, handsome face of Ravenel O'Sullivan.

The tableau lasted only for a second, the two at the top of the low cliff withdrawing immediately from the brink. Lanier glanced at Mrs. Stackpole, who had stepped back and was staring somberly out across the water. She had not observed Lanier's upward glance and the expression that must have followed it.

"Goodby," he said again. "Goodby, Ada."

"Goodby, Calvert," she answered lifelessly.

Lanier raised his hat and turned away. The tide was out and he was able to pick his way along the beach to where he had left his boat. A few minutes later he was pulling off to the hulk, while Mrs. Wilmerding and Ravenel watched his progress from a little farther along the cliffs than where he had embarked. Mrs. Wilmerding's forehead was gathered in a frown and her combative chin was firmly set. Ravenel watched her with a faintly sardonic smile.

"Now if only he'd fallen in with Willa Davenporte," said he, "this Lothario would have kissed and comforted the four beauties of the colony in less than two hours. Not a bad record that, considering how popular he was."

"He only kissed my hands," snapped Mrs. Wilmerding.

"One hand is all right, but two are equal to one cheek. You got off the easiest; but then, you see, I butted in."

"Ravenel!" *(Continued on Page 48)*



"If You Must Know, You Brute, I Gave Him a Kiss"

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THE BUSINESS SIDE OF OPERA

By Pierre V. R. Key



PHOTO. BY WISHIN, NEW YORK

John Brown, Business Controller of the Metropolitan Opera Company

CUTTING a good American dollar into twenty-one parts is no easy financial task. Though it may sound like a prefatory announcement to some feat of legerdemain, the management of the New York Metropolitan Opera House performs it after each of the two hundred and ten-odd performances in a twenty-four weeks' season, with a deftness born of practice.

The business executives of the Philadelphia-Chicago and the Boston Opera Companies, likewise, are dividing the elusive greenback. Less extensive schedules prepared by these organizations minimize the frequency of the monetary division, but every such effort entails the approximate labor that prevails in the office of the New York institution.

Every one of the six dollars paid by the opera habitué for an orchestra seat in the Metropolitan Opera House undergoes a splitting-up process. This is also true of the sixty one-dollar bills that have secured Madam Socially Ambitious her box, and the lone simoleon parted with by the long-huired individual for a square foot of room.

The music-mad enthusiast who imagines he has paid the price of a ticket solely to listen to Caruso's matchless tones is mistaken. Only a mite finds its way into the pay envelope of the great Italian tenor. The rest trickles in a score of other directions; for there are numerous items of expense in opera-giving besides the salaries of famous singers. The holes in the sieve at the bottom of the Metropolitan's cash drawer lead to some seven hundred and fifty persons, native and foreign-born, whose names appear on the payrolls in rigidly classified departments, to say nothing of the corporations and business firms who serve this distinguished opera company. If one were to follow in the wake of money exchanged for a choice seat after it had reached the box-office treasurer its stopping-points and the respective sums lopped off by Business Controller John Brown would tabulate about as follows:

Disbursed		Received	
Artists	$3.10	For one seat	$6.00
Conductors	.22		
Orchestra	.59		
Chorus	.27		
Ballet	.07		
Technical and Scenic	.12		
Wardrobe	.08		
Property	.02		
Carpenters	.08		
Stagehands	.11		
Electricians	.09		
Baggage	.04		
Office Force	.23		
Treasurer	.02		
Superintendent's Department	.09		
Storehouse Rent	.09		
Storehouse Labor	.04		
Productions	.17		
Performing Rights	.09		
Advertising	.09		
Transportation	.20		
Miscellaneous	.19		
	$6.00		$6.00

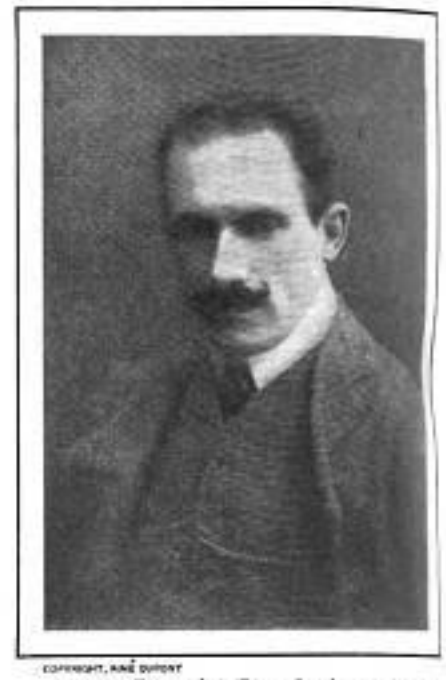
The total outlay which the Metropolitan will have made when the [season] ends—the middle of next April—will [be] times the price of an orchestra chair, as the gross figures $1,700,000 show. However, this expenditure includes the expenses of the trip during the last two weeks in that month when other cities are to be visited, besides Brooklyn and Philadelphia, where occasional performances are given during the season. The Metropolitan, though seemingly in a position to yield large annual profits from its vast undertaking, really has little beyond glory to compensate for the effort. Last season the surplus was in the neighborhood of $100,000, and this year will show still better earnings; but two seasons back the loss reached nearly half a million, due to a policy of expansion found to be impracticable. It is therefore apparent that the business hazard is sufficient to justify the belief that a one-or-two-hundred-thousand-dollar yearly profit is not unreasonable because the very next season double that amount may be lost.

When it is borne in mind that the stockholders of the Metropolitan, and not the general public, must meet any yearly deficit one appreciates that opera is something of a game—at least so far as stakes are concerned. This becomes still more apparent in view of the fact that many departments must be maintained fifty-two weeks every year in order properly to conduct a season only five months long. That is why the management must know how much it costs to raise the curtain on any given opera and what the average sum is for any one such operation. At present the Metropolitan estimates that the average cost of a presentation of opera is $8000. This estimate is figured on the one hundred and seventy-odd opera and concert performances given in New York and in all outside cities, including the sixteen provided for Brooklyn music lovers, nine for Philadelphia and fourteen for other cities. The following table of yearly disbursements for all purposes, including the two weeks' road-tour, reveals the directions taken by the $1,700,000 which is the annual outgo from the coffers of the opera-house treasury:

	Number of People	Total for Week	Number of Weeks	Total for Season
Principal Artists	61	$36,700	24	$880,800
1 First Conductor—$30,000 1 First Conductor—$12,000 1 First Conductor—$5,000 6 Assistant Conductors, at $75 a week each	9	2,500	24	60,000
Regular Orchestra	87			
Extra Orchestra	13	7,000	24	168,000
Stage Band	3 to 35			
Chorus	118	3,000	24	72,000
Ballet	36	900	24	21,600
Technical and Scenic	8	700	52	36,400
Wardrobe Department	50	750	30	22,500
Property Department	20	250	30	7,500
Carpenter Department	15	400	52	20,800
Stagehands	50	1,000	30	30,000
Electricians	27	600	40	24,000
Baggage Department	14	200	52	10,400
Office Staff	25	1,300	52	67,600
Treasurer's Department	4	100	52	5,200
Superintendent's and Engineer's Departments, including Watchmen, Ushers, Doorkeepers, Carriagemen and Cleaners	95	15 at 250 80 at 680	52 22	13,000 14,960
Storehouse Employees	12	200	52	10,400
Storehouses — 6 — Annual Rent				25,000
Productions and Materials				50,000
Performing Rights				25,000
Transportation				55,640
Advertising—Newspaper and Billboard				25,000
Miscellaneous—Heat, Light, Insurance, Upkeep, Entertainment, and so on				54,200
Total				$1,700,000

The item of rent for the use of the Metropolitan Opera House, strange though it may seem, is not a debit. The $250,000 which the company receiving a contract to give opera in this edifice would ordinarily be compelled to pay is offset by a delightful arrangement with the Metropolitan Opera and Real-Estate Company—a totally different concern from the Metropolitan Opera Company—which owns the land upon which the structure stands as well as the building itself. The assessed valuation of the whole is a trifle over $2,500,000.

Every one of the forty-five stockholders in the real-estate company owns a box or part of one of the thirty-five boxes in the parterre tier of the opera house, known to residents in the smallest hamlet as the Diamond Horseshoe; but to retain ownership each stockholder merely pays a yearly assessment on the stock held in the realty company, which carries with it the right to occupy the box for all operatic subscription and extra operatic performances given by the Metropolitan organization, excepting the twenty-two Sunday night concerts. As may be seen, the arrangement calls only for the giving of opera in the house, which is thus placed at the disposal of the operatic institution, rent free.



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Arturo Toscanini, First Conductor of the Metropolitan Opera Company

However, even with this financial plum to start with, the gentlemen owning the $150,000 of stock representing the capitalization have their monetary worries. Unless the management kept hard at work every day in the year it would be out of the question to give so long and so artistically complete a schedule as is regularly undertaken. It is this *modus operandi* that has helped to win for the Metropolitan the reputation of being the foremost opera company in the world.

Though giving a season of opera in New York covers only twenty-two weeks, it requires the thirty remaining at the end of one season to prepare for the next. During the time that those who represent the socially elect in the parterre tier on brilliant nights are relaxing at many watering-places in America and Europe, the business and artistic heads of the Metropolitan are hustling with plans for the opening, several months away.

There are contracts to be renewed with singers, conductors, stage managers, executive heads, scenic designers and builders, music-publishing houses and other individuals and firms; new principals to be sought for and secured; unheard-of or successfully produced operas to be obtained for American first-time presentation, and productions to be constructed. Costumes must be made before the curtain can go up on the initial night of the season that is to come.

The subscription books for the far-off twenty-two weeks also require attention, as do a hundred other important matters touching vital portions of the Metropolitan's broad scheme. From the moment the opera house closes until it reopens there is no time for anything save the formulation and execution of plans for the immediate future.

Within a week after the two weeks' tour following the New York performance, on April thirteenth next, General Manager Giulio Gatti-Casazza and his staff will rush off to Europe—but not to rest. Through the heat of the summer the man whose shoulders carry the burden of executing the projects of the Metropolitan Opera Company will be laboring without thought of more than a brief vacation. From one foreign city to another he will travel, hearing new singers and new and old operas, and continually examining music scores and books of prospective operatic novelties.

Mr. Gatti, as he is called, cannot escape essential details that figure in the progress of the company whose fortunes he directs. Some of the unimportant ones he naturally does—delegate to able men among his corps of lieutenants, but the majority must pass under his personal scrutiny even after they have had preliminary attention from his subordinates. The only exception pertains to the judging of the musical worth of a new opera submitted. [To] [be] [con]tinued

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Arturo Toscanini, first conductor, performs valuable service, as does Alfred Hertz, the principal musical director of the German operas.

Listening to singing artists is one of the duties that consumes hours of Mr. Gatti's time almost every day for weeks after he sets foot on foreign soil. "Auditions" they are called by opera experts. These auditions are held in theaters engaged for the purpose in Paris and other cities of Europe, and in them American as well as other singers assemble to lift their voices in song, all eager for the coveted Metropolitan contract.

Many of these candidates are detained after their trials to answer pertinent questions and they must be ready with full explanations as to the rôles they are "up in," the nature and extent of their experience, and anything else that has to do with a possible engagement. Scores of applicants are thrust into the musical discard as "not ready," or for one or more reasons that Mr. Gatti does not always make known. This summer clearing house for singers is a big and busy institution, and it has no heart. In some centers the coming of Mr. Gatti is heralded with a swiftness that makes life miserable for this busy man. In Milan he is beset by hordes of incompetents who trail him through the streets, camp on the threshold of his hotel quarters and pester him when he endeavors to eat.

It is not often, however, that any principals seeking posts at the Metropolitan get the chance to warble for the head of the company unless they have previously been passed upon as "promising" or have secured an open-sesame from some soft-hearted or misguided Metropolitan director in the form of a personal letter of introduction. A large number are vocally and otherwise examined by Gabriel Astruc, official Paris representative of New York's opera company, or by one of the general manager's lieutenants. Other agents in Milan, Berlin and elsewhere are sometimes commissioned to perform a similar weeding-out function. Occasionally a singer who has acquired a reputation is added to the Metropolitan's list of principals on the strength of public achievements. These artists naturally are not asked to undergo private auditions, but Mr. Gatti always hears them sing before ordering a contract drawn up for their services.

Metropolitan Songbirds Fed on Money

ALL the time the Metropolitan executives are in Europe an expense is being created. Besides the general manager and his secretary, F. C. Coppicus, who is manager of the concert department of the opera house, Otto Weil, business representative, William J. Guard, press representative, and one or two clerks pass their summers abroad, working unceasingly for the cause of New York's opera. Though only a part of their living expenses, in addition to transportation, is paid, the Metropolitan sees to it that its general manager's twenty-dollars-a-day expenditure for five months is made up to him.

Fifty of the sixty-one principals, nine conductors, four stage managers and business executives, and one hundred members of the chorus and ballet, which total one hundred and fifty-six persons, are transported across the Atlantic twice every season. Though special rates are secured with the various steamship lines because of the wholesale passages bought, this item alone foots up to thousands of dollars a year. The average one-way cost for a principal is one hundred and ten dollars, and some get cabins de luxe; while the chorus and ballet folks get along on forty-five dollars less.

Why is it done? For the excellent reason that nearly all these opera workers are engaged abroad and they will not come to America without receiving traveling expenses. Nowadays even the American principals of the Metropolitan insist upon a European trip twice a year at the expense of New York's big opera company. Among them are Olive Fremstad, Geraldine Farrar, Louise Homer, Riccardo Martin and Putnam Griswold. Often, in addition to the steamship passage, money has to be expended to carry the artist or high-salaried employee in some other department from an inland city to the port from which the steamer sails. Conversely, at the end of the year these travelers return to their respective starting-points, and the railway fares come out of the Metropolitan's treasury.

Steamship and railway expenses, however, are small items compared with the salaries the principals draw. The basis of payment is arranged in two ways. Some stars are paid a certain sum for each appearance, with a minimum number of season appearances guaranteed; others—and all the secondary principals—are engaged at monthly salaries and must sing oftener than the more distinguished songbirds.

Caruso, highest paid of any of the leading Metropolitan singers—or any other in the world—gets $2,200 every time he is heard. Geraldine Farrar and Emmy Destinn receive $1200 apiece. Olive Fremstad and Johanna Gadski are made momentarily content with $1000 each, which is the figure paid Berta Morena, a German dramatic soprano. Leo Slezak, the gigantic Czech tenor, called by many Tamagno's successor, finds $1200 to his credit after appearing in a heroic rôle; and Luisa Tetrazzini receives an even $1800 for her single efforts of an afternoon or evening.

Dimitri Smirnoff, a Russian lyric tenor, should be more than satisfied with the $1000 set aside for him for an appearance, which is $250 more than the amount accorded Carl Burrian, the heavy Wagnerian tenor, and Carl Jorn, another German tenor who is heard in rôles less robust. For each of his few endeavors at the Metropolitan, Maurice Renaud, the French barytone, is paid $1000. Louise Homer and Margarete Matzenauer, first contraltos, draw $500 a performance; and Herman Jadlowker, tenor, $600. Antonio Scotti, for years the most popular barytone singing in the United States, is a $400-a-night man. The rest of the stars are contracted with for a given sum for the season on a monthly scale, but payable semi-monthly, and they are required to sing a certain number of times or forfeit a proportionate percentage of their salaries. In case circumstances demand an increased amount of work they receive what is known as a "cachet," which is paid on the basis of so much an appearance, the sum being reached by dividing the season's salary by the minimum number of performances for which the artist is secured.

Pasquale Amato receives $30,000 a season for seventy appearances, which is slightly in excess of $425 an appearance. He is said by critics to be worth double that amount, as he is increasing in his drawing power. Riccardo Martin, one of the foremost of American tenors now in grand opera, and the singer who is invariably called upon to take Caruso's place when the latter has an extended illness or vocal indisposition, is reputed to be the best bargain in the Metropolitan list of principals. Though on two occasions he has been largely instrumental in saving the day when Caruso was forced to cease singing before the season was more than half through, his salary is only $20,000 a year. His contract stipulates that he shall appear fifty times to earn this money, which places him in the $400-a-night class.

Putnam Griswold, an American basso now singing at the Metropolitan in his first year, receives $15,000 for the season, which is the figure set aside for Adamo Didur, the French basso. Alma Gluck and Bella Alten, sopranos; Jeanne Maubourg and Florence Wickham, contraltos; Otto Goritz, Herman Weil and Dinh Gilly, barytones; Antonio Pini-Corsi and Leon Rothier, bassos, and the numerous other principals completing the sixty-one on the Metropolitan books, receive from $20,000 to $2500 a year for their efforts.

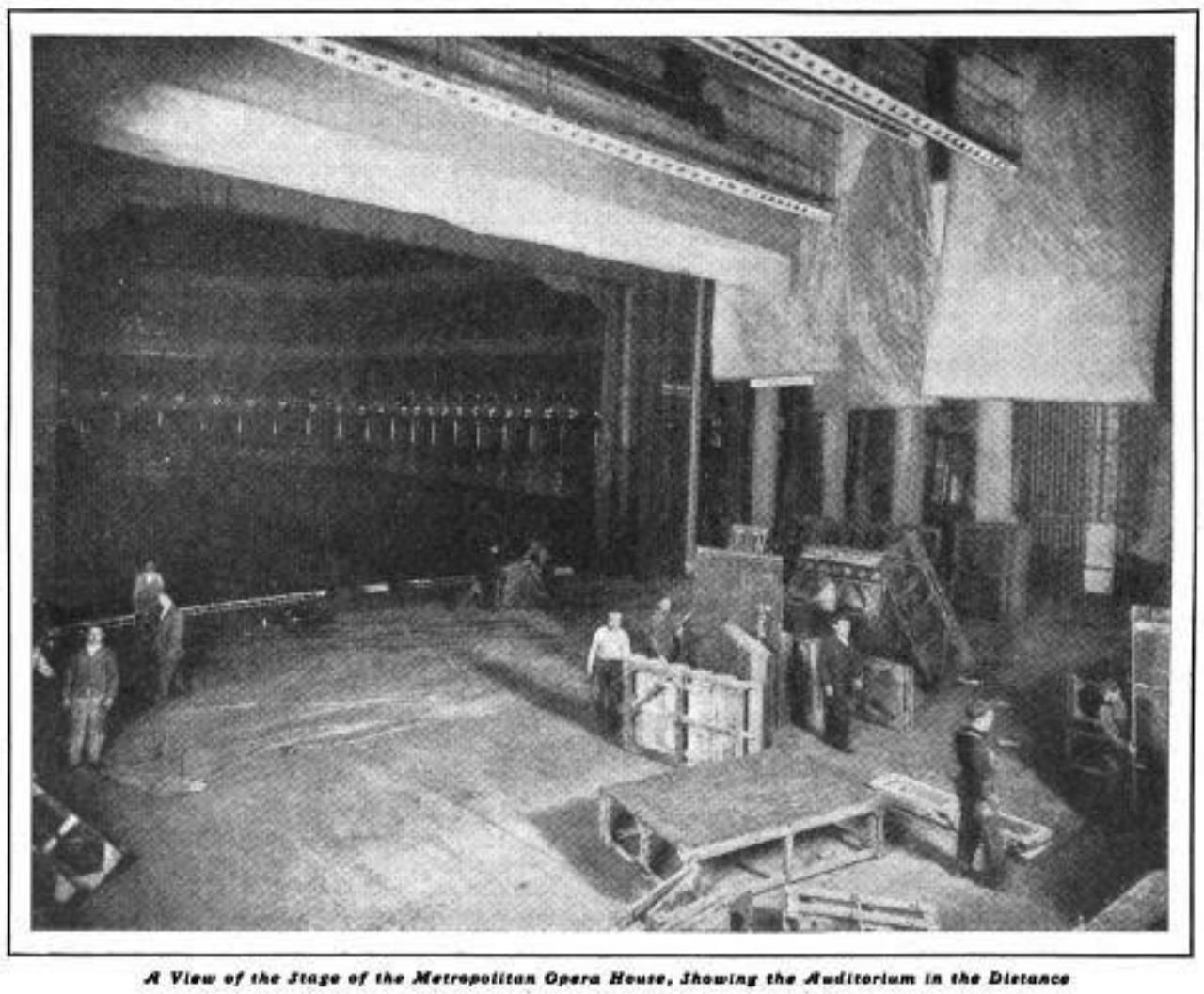
And yet there are many other expenditures. Take that pertaining to the payment to the music-publishing firms for the performing rights of operas. One firm in Milan receives from the Metropolitan $350 every time Puccini's La Bohême is sung. The price originally was $150, but the cost of living is increasing. The same composer's Tosca and Madame Butterfly cost the management of the New York opera house $400 for a single presentation, while The Girl of the Golden West comes even higher. The copyright owners ask $500 for permitting this Puccini work to be given in public. Do not imagine for a moment, however, that Giacomo Puccini receives the major share of these royalties, which make up practically the total outlay in this respect which the Metropolitan makes every season. That goes to the Milan music company, generally credited with being the shrewdest music publishers connected with opera, who, for reasons of their own, are said to allow another manager to give Puccini operas for sums considerably below those which must be paid by the Metropolitan.

An Opera Season Without Puccini

THE attitude of these publishers caused a break in the former arrangements existing between this house and the Philadelphia-Chicago company last fall, when General Manager Andreas Dippel refused to agree to give the number of performances of Puccini works asked by the Italian publishers for the season of 1911-12. Mr. Dippel has gotten along very well without them, for he will break nearly even on the year, thanks to the guaranty against loss provided by public-spirited Philadelphia citizens and the increased patronage in Chicago, where the ten-week season was recently concluded.

Last year the Philadelphia-Chicago organization, just starting out, found the financial situation rather hard. When a final accounting was made it appeared that nearly a quarter of a million dollars had been lost. The twenty weeks was divided between the two cities making up the name of the company of which Mr. Dippel is executive head; and, though Philadelphia responded generously in supporting the cause, Chicagoans followed a partial stay-at-home policy. The Metropolitan Opera House in Philadelphia is one of the most completely equipped edifices ever built, and opera in that city has become almost as much of a social function as it is in New York. The business policy, modeled after that of the New York Metropolitan Company, with which the Philadelphia-Chicago institution is affiliated, is modern to the last detail; and Mr. Edward T. Stotesbury, a business associate of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, is a prime mover in its affairs.

During the two-and-a-half-month season in Philadelphia, soon to end, French opera has predominated. Massenet's Cendrillon is one of the novelties brought to this country for the first time; and Mary Garden,



A View of the Stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, Showing the Auditorium in the Distance

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Luisa Tetrazzini, Charles Dalmores, tenor; Carolina White, soprano; Jeanne Gerville-Réache, contralto; Mario Sammarco, Hector Dufranne and Clarence Whitehill, barytones, and Gustav Huberdeau, basso, are some of the leading artists.

The Boston Opera Company, under General Manager Henry Russell, pays the stipulated price for the performing rights of Puccini operas and a few other bills as well. This year Boston had an eighteen-week schedule that cost the institution, backed chiefly by Mr. Eben Jordan, $700,000. The loss will total over $200,000. Mr. Jordan recently asserted that unless others in Boston assist in carrying the financial burden he will withdraw his support.

As may be seen, there is expense at every turn for the men engaged in giving extended seasons of opera on a high artistic plane. Economize as much as possible, yet there is always some waste. Though a watchful business controller in the person of Mr. John Brown has his hand on the dollars of the Metropolitan Company before they are paid out he cannot always check expenditures regarded by some as extravagant. While his associates are abroad Mr. Brown remains in New York to see that no one runs off with the opera house.

This young man, not yet thirty-five, is a controller who controls—the watchdog of the Metropolitan's fat bank account. If some one mislays a postage stamp or a sheet of music Mr. Brown's effective system can trace it. He has helped introduce economic measures that are saving thousands each year and he is well worth the twelve thousand he receives. Besides, Mr. Brown is the executive officer on the business bridge of the operatic ship; and during the season he works sixteen hours in each twenty-four, Sundays and holidays included. He is one of Mr. Gatti's two hands, the other being Arturo Toscanini.

Every business department head reports to Mr. Brown, particularly when a debt threatens. Sometimes the controller vetoes its creation. Otherwise his O. K., J. B., has to go down in writing. The purchase of supplies of any sort or the addition of another name to a department payroll sheet cannot be done without his sanction. The sole exceptions pertain to the artistic end, which is in Mr. Gatti's hands; but even he is required to make an accounting to the controller. Cab fares used by artists and others when the company goes to Philadelphia or some other city; hauling charges for trunks and settings, and transportation bills, finally pass over the desk of John Brown. The insurance man and the customs broker—for from $7000 to $10,000 a year is paid every season to bring new settings and costumes into the United States from the other side—also visit Mr. Brown with their big and little bills.

Respective heads of departments keep strict account of work done and contracted for, reporting difficulties to Mr. Brown—with the exception of Mr. Toscanini and Edward Siedle, technical director, who also work hand in hand with Mr. Gatti; but within their departments the bosses are supreme so far as carrying out their work is concerned. No better example can be furnished of the details in which a department is immersed than that over which Mr. Siedle has presided during the last twenty years.

Great Expenditures for Scenery and Costumes

THE technical end of opera is scarcely less essential than the musical; for, without scenes and costumes, where would opera be? The visual element in an operatic performance has done much to cause the public's liking for this branch of musical art. Small wonder, then, that expert scenic painters, headed by James Fox, modelers and draftsmen are employed all the year round to plan new productions and occasionally prepare fresh sets for operas in the standard repertoire to replace those that have been worn out or which may be improved by the creation of finer wood-and-canvas pictures.

In the Metropolitan's six storehouses, located in various parts of New York readily accessible to the opera house, are one hundred complete productions, as they are officially known. Each of these productions is composed of from one to eight scenes, made up of what are known as set pieces, drops and backs, and furniture, hangings, pictures and other articles needed to convey to the eye all that it is intended should be shown. The cost of a single production ranges from $10,000 to $50,000, according to the length and character of the opera. One work may require only a comparatively small financial outlay, whereas another needs from two to five times as much to create the series of stage settings. Then there is the cost of the costumes to be computed, which sometimes call for as much as $10,000, exclusive of what several of the foremost principals pay for their own apparel and accouterments. Had it not been possible to buy the costumes of the opera of Boris Godonof in Paris, after their use in that city, their duplication alone would have cost $50,000.

The total investment in the one hundred productions owned by the Metropolitan has already reached nearly $3,000,000; yet this sum is not carried on the books as an asset. Whatever is spent each year for scenery, properties, accessories and costumes goes down as part of the annual operating expense; but the difficulty attached to disposing



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Giulio Gatti-Casazza, General Manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company

of this operatic equipment—should occasion ever arise for such a step—prevents viewing it as something of tangible value available for turnover. When the effects of the former Manhattan Opera Company were purchased from Oscar Hammerstein, two years ago, he received many thousands of dollars less than the prices originally paid.

Mr. Siedle not only must add constantly to his already comprehensive knowledge of history and costume periods, but he frequently consults libraries to gain information in planning for the execution of a proposed new opera. Famous designers on the other side too—among whom is Paquereau—are consulted. In his own workrooms Mr. Siedle has little time for anything other than matters attached to his profession. Scenery that needs rebuilding is reconstructed under his supervision. This always takes place in the summer months on the immense flooring that is laid over the orchestra seats in the auditorium of the opera house. Here the carpenters and painters construct and reconstruct; and when a set is completed a flashlight photograph is taken, to be filed away in the technical records. There, too, are kept books showing the exact location in one of the storehouses of each set piece, drop, back, fly, hanging, property and costume. Each article is given a number, so that it may be located instantly. Already the number of individual pieces belonging to the Metropolitan Company runs into the thousands.

The storehouses are divided into two classes—"live" and "dead." In the two latter are kept the novelties that have failed to win constant public support—productions of operas seldom if ever used in these days, such as Les Huguenots and L'Africaine—and worn-out bits that may come in handy on occasions. Four storehouses contain the scenic paraphernalia in current demand, and in them a dozen men are kept constantly at work. The massive stage of the Metropolitan, a maze of trapdoors, machinery of every modern description for operatic purposes, fly galleries, ropes, counterweights and electrical apparatus, must be gone over and repaired every summer. While the carpenters, painters, electricians and machinists are engaged in strengthening materials that have become overused, replacing strained ropes with new ones, touching up sets and other scenic portions that have become rubbed and worn, and repairing such furniture as needs attention, the costume department plies needle and thread on garments that have become ripped or rent.

When one considers that each operatic novelty represents an outlay of many thousands of dollars and that in a single season its possible presentation to the public is limited to from one to eight performances, the element of hazard is at once apparent. Then there is the deterioration to be figured, due to the wear and tear and to the action of the elements, for scenery frequently stands on trucks outside the opera house for hours before it can be removed to the proper storehouse.

Apart from day-to-day labors of the corps of employees directed by the superintendent of the opera house, no great effort is required on the auditorium. The red-and-gold decorations require no going over, the big and handsome yellow curtains seem to take on added richness of tone as years roll on, and the upholstery and seats are so substantial that only slight repairs are called for. Cleaning alone appears the main requisite, and in this regard the auditorium, foyers and rooms of the Metropolitan have ample attention.

Along in September of this year the early vanguard of scenery and costumes purchased or made to order abroad will begin to arrive in New York. Before it has been inspected, inventoried, photographed and put away for future use, one or more of Mr. Gatti's staff will return. A few weeks later the general manager himself will put in an appearance, and then the great machine of the opera house will tighten up. Next will come a preliminary announcement to the waiting newspapers, hungry for the first scrap of information, and shortly afterward the opening of the season subscription sale of seats and grand-tier boxes—the latter, to the number of thirty-five, being open to the general public. This is the final step of the introductory stage, which needs only the formal issuing of the prospectus, setting forth the season's plans, in which the fresh works to be produced, the proposed operatic revivals and the list of old and new principals, conductors, stage managers, and so on, are announced. Only one added bit of data is required—the opera that is to open the season, the cast that will appear and the *chef-d'orchestre*.

Gradually the eve of the first performance approaches. Daily newspapers carry thousands of dollars in advertising; rehearsals progress in every part of the opera house—the orchestra in the pit of the auditorium, the ballet in the rehearsal room recently built on the roof of the house, sections of the chorus in the foyers and large available rooms; and dozens of the score and more of dressing rooms are alive with artists singing portions of rôles to the piano accompaniment of the assistant conductors, who act as coaches.

When performances actually begin the activities seem to take on renewed energy, because then there are rehearsals of semi-complete and complete character that demand the services of every person connected with the artistic department of the company. Getting ready for a first night is a task that drives nearly every one concerned almost distracted; and when a dress rehearsal of a new opera finally arrives tempers approach the explosion point. During a season, every day at the opera house is a field day. From nine o'clock in the morning until six or seven in the evening no employee, regardless of position, is free from labor. Only those principals who have sung at a performance or rehearsal on the afternoon or night preceding are exempt. The rest, including the working singers who receive large emoluments, toil unceasingly until the task at hand is pronounced ready for the public's consideration. A bulletin board summons stars, conductors, stage manager, ballet directors, chorus masters and others to duties assigned for specific places in the opera house at stated hours. It is pretty close to bedlam in the Metropolitan when the season is on—and there is no rest for the weary.

Big Repertoires for American Audiences

WHILE all this musical rumpus is going on Giulio Gatti-Casazza faces one of his really difficult problems. This problem, which rises early each morning and seemingly never sleeps, is the making of the repertoire. Chess is child's play compared with the task of selecting the operas to be performed, the days of their presentation and the chief singers who can be utilized for the principal rôles. The general manager begins by listing the standard operas in popular demand and the few novelties used from year to year that have proved partial or complete successes. In European opera houses the patrons feel that efficient management is shown when from eight to a dozen operas are assembled to form a repertoire; but nothing like this obtains in New York. There opera-goers insist upon—and get—no less than twenty different works every season; and often the number runs as high as thirty.

Mr. Gatti's chief caution must be exercised in avoiding the performance of a certain opera oftener than twice in the season on any given subscription night or matinée. And, even with such a narrow latitude, he is forced to see to it that such repetition does not take place without a lapse of eight to ten weeks between the original and the second presentations. If unavoidable circumstances leave no other alternative than to disregard this rule there is trouble. A Monday-night subscriber, who is the most fashionable and critical with whom the manager has to deal, wants as many different operas as possible and all the stars obtainable when he occupies his orchestra seat or box. Woe betide Mr. Gatti if he repeats Aïda or Orfeo on a Monday evening within a few weeks after its prior performance, provided it has taken place on that evening of the week. The attitude of the Wednesday-night subscribers, next in importance to the first mentioned, is similar; and so, too, is that of the patrons of Friday evening, Saturday matinée and Thursday night, who are ranged thus in relative social standing.

Sitting at his flat-top desk, with a huge chart before him, the Metropolitan's chief executive arranges and rearranges throughout every day in the twenty-two weeks that fray sensitive nerves. This chart is a printed form, blocked off in small squares to the number of three hundred and thirty-six, thus allowing for afternoons and evenings for twenty-four weeks. Across one line are regular and extra spaces for every day in the week, and running down the sheet are similar blanks, enabling Mr. Gatti to place any notations he sees fit, which act as a guide

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to show what works have been performed or are to be performed on any given night or afternoon during the home and out-of-town seasons. It is an operatic timetable, with which the general manager runs his limited express train, laden with musical wares for a particular people.

The choosing of operas for specified occasions, however, is only one of the factors that cause frequent managerial brain contortions. The casting of the various rôles brings more creases to Mr. Gatti's brow than anything else. It is not alone a question as to the principals available, for there are usually enough to go round. The chief obstacle to surmount is to give every first-rate artist the number of performances his or her contract calls for. Unless this is done the Metropolitan is paying for services not rendered.

It would never do to report that Miss Farrar or Madame Destinn had received several thousands in the coin of the realm which she had not sung for. Hardly! Therefore arrangements are made with the Boston and the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Companies whereby an exchange of artists is effected. Says the Metropolitan to its colleagues: "We'll let you have half a dozen of our stars when they can be spared if you pay us their salaries; and once in a while you may send us a few of your best warblers." The result is that, with its large organization, which has many more principals than either of the two other companies, the Metropolitan sells more musical merchandise than it buys, and is thereby able to take care of the guaranteed performances to its artists. The annual income from this source varies, but in 1911-12 it will reach $75,000.

Another outlet for the excess appearances of some of the Metropolitan singers is the concert field. In the past five years this business has grown to an extent requiring the creation of a special department, which now takes in from $75,000 to $100,000 a season. The beauty of an opera-house contract with a principal is that the singer agrees to appear a given number of times within a prescribed period, and at such places as the management may indicate. Provision for traveling expenses only is specified. These appearances may be in either opera or concert. Until last year, when a new contract was entered into, Caruso agreed to sing for the Metropolitan one hundred times every twelve months for $168,000, and the opera company always secured his European and other engagements. The great tenor was farmed out, so to speak. Now he sings fifty times a season for the New York organization and is paid $2200 for each rôle he undertakes. In case Caruso is asked to exceed his guaranteed performances he is paid at the prevailing rate. On the other hand, he must sing to collect, else his bank account does not grow. Last year he lost $40,000 through illness, and two years before almost that amount.

There was a time when the artistic section of the opera ran the business office, chasing it about unceremoniously, with rude proddings that wore impresarios to the bone. In these days, however, the boot has shifted, and one-thousand-dollar-a-night artists say "Yes, sir!" to the manager's commands and roll over whenever they are told. As may be seen, the business side of an operatic enterprise—efficiently administered—has been the force in its artistic development. The thrill of a distinguished tenor's high tones, the sonorous sweep of a fine orchestra, ballet dancing that charms, and scenic splendor perfect to the last detail, are tangible factors for public discussion; but the one element that creates it all—that welds the component parts into a cohesive whole, keeping them intact when they waver—is commonly overlooked.

To keep society's flock in good humor is the first duty of the Metropolitan management, as well as of those controlling the working policies of the companies operating in Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago. Opera, especially in the cases of America's Big Three, reigns first for those whose plump pocketbooks show elastic willingness to foot huge bills—for the common herd afterward.

With the opera business of the United States virtually vested in these organizations, each confining its efforts to given territorial zones, the public for the first time in musical history beholds an industrious and carefully planned procedure that has displaced former hit-or-miss methods. The march of operatic events in this country has gradually been dominated by the business side, which has been put to use other than raising the funds necessary to obtain wonderful voices and the accessories of operatic pomp.

Few persons bound homeward after three hours of music, dramatic action and pictorial display remotely reflect upon the business problems connected with a single performance. For them the burning issue is what has or has not been done, according to the messages conveyed to their brains through the mediums of ears and eyes. A slight mishap on the stage that may cause the disarrangement of some piece of scenery is the signal for critical comment, no matter how perfect the remainder of the effort may be. The necessary substitution of one singer for another whose popularity is a shade greater brings sharp censure. The enforced change of an opera because of the illness of a principal essential to the cast is more than likely to raise a wail of fault-finding. And the management is receiver-general for any blame forthcoming, though rarely praised by the public for any artistic glory achieved.

In catering to so hypercritical a clientèle as this, it is only natural that every person in such an organization as the Metropolitan should be constantly strung up to a high nervous pitch. The business personnel and the artists are working on a hair-trigger, with the heaviest load centering upon the former. Expensively gowned women and men in immaculate attire may not realize this, yet the fact is patent to those who stop to think. The late Maurice Grau was the first Metropolitan manager to become cognizant of the situation, and he wisely started to build a business department many years ago. By degrees it has grown in size and efficiency through the labors of his successors, until now it is a machine whose wheels mesh with that nicety that makes for maximum power at a minimum of effort.

It is well that this is so, for there are many details other than those pertaining to actual performances.

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THE RECORDING ANGEL

XVII

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT



SYLVIA was seated at a small table in the middle of the tent. Opposite her on the other side of the table was a vacant chair. She wore a flaming red gown, tightened beneath her bust with a broad girdle of gold-colored tinsel. The ends of it hung down heavily and indicated the slenderness of her figure. Her bright hair was concealed beneath a wig of long, raven-black locks. And the queer thing was one perceived at once that this dark crown was the logical setting for her features. It revealed that ancient fierceness of the aboriginal feminine, with which she was so well endowed and which her yellow braids had always concealed. In the beginning all women had black hair. The blond shade so many of them retain now is a sort of disguise they have developed by prayer and by the practice of light-colored innocency. But you can never know the real nature of any woman until you have examined her features in their native shade of dark hair. Blue eyes and the fairest skin will make confession there of traits never suspected so long as they were haloed in corn-tassel curls.

To see Sylvia now was to behold a revelation. Her face was a gem—human, blood illumined, but crystal cold. The heart of such a woman is the crucible of a beautiful baby, but that is its purpose. It sustains her, not you. She can no more open it to the tender fires of love than a ruby can bleed. She is a thing to possess, to keep, to hold, to have and to love, but that is her desire and her limit. She is so made that she cannot love in return. Therefore, she is the remaining, everlasting, untrodden frontier toward which all lovers strive in vain.

But the fact that she could not love did not mean that she could not flame high with an anger that amounted to rage when deprived of her mastering passion to excite love in another. She sat now like a slender, red-lipped, furious-eyed conflagration, her elbows resting upon the table and her chin in her two hands folded under it, with the fingers pressed hard into the glowing cheek on either side. She was thinking of this—that every man and every woman on the lawn had been into the tent to have their fortunes told except Jim Bone. She was making up her mind what this meant. And, as fast as she made it, the fury of her indignation dissolved it and she had it all to do over again. An enraged woman has a power of imagination and of vindictiveness where a man is concerned that the devil might well envy. Slowly the dark pupils of her eyes brightened and glistened in the gathering rain of her tears. This is always an indication of reaction of emotion in a woman, and a sign that she has made up the thing she calls her mind—which is really the passing formula of her feelings—into a pious or a cruel resolution. You may be sure when you see them that she has either yielded to martyrdom or to vengeance. In Sylvia's case it was the latter, of course. Such a woman never chooses the sanctities of grief. She determined that never again would she speak to Jim Bone or even recognize his existence. As the tears flowed down her face in a perfect torrent of relief she was enjoying the most delightful satisfaction of a mortified woman, that of crucifying the man she wanted for a lover. She pictured the times and occasions when she would accomplish his sufferings. She was trampling him in advance beneath her snowy feet as if he had been the grapes in the winepress of her wrath. At this moment, when he had been utterly discomfited and destroyed in her imagination, there fell upon the bright triangle of sunlight admitted by the drawn flaps of the tent the long, exaggerated figure of a man advancing. The next moment Jim Bone stood before her, breathless, excited like a man who has escaped pursuers.

"Sylvia!" he exclaimed, staring at her with startled eyes. "Sylvia, what is it?"

He had seen the tears—or had he seen them? If so, by what miracle had they disappeared?

With a quick motion of her hands, a flurry of her long red sleeves, a stiffening of her figure, she sat before him calmly, coolly brilliant, with no more expression of recognition than a gipsy shows to a customer.

"Tell your fortune, sir?" she murmured in the sing-song, ingratiating voice of her rôle.

He sat down opposite her, silent, with the puzzled expression of a man who is looking for a person he knew and expected to find in this place.

"Past, present and future I can tell," she went on, shuffling a deck of cards and gazing into his face with the expression of a youthful sphinx who was reading his soul.

"Sylvia," he cried, leaning across the table with the passionate protecting tenderness of a hundred knights in his glowing face, "has anybody done anything to you?"

He knew what he meant, but his training did not permit him to put it into words nicely. He was thinking of how many times during the afternoon he had seen Fanning-Rucker coming in and out of the tent, sometimes conducting a party of guests, but more often alone.

With one hand now she held a fan of cards which she studied with well-feigned interest, as if she traced his fate from one to another and discovered marvelous adventures

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revealed by the Fates. The other hand she laid upturned upon the table, so that the pink palm showed and glowed upon the dull brown wood.

"Cross my palm with silver, sir," she said, lifting her mystery-darkened eyes from the cards to his face.

He submitted to the whim of her disguise, looked down at the slender fingers, at the pink palm veined like a pretty flower, leaned back sideways in his chair, poked one leg out the way a man always does when he yields his pocket, thrust his hand deep into it, drew forth a gold-piece and laid it reverently upon the gipsy's life line.

"Such a hand was made for gold, not silver!" he laughed, and was delighted with this new gift he discovered in himself for fine speech.

"I see," said Sylvia in a musing voice, "your past ——"

"No, you don't," exclaimed her victim.

"Clearly," she persisted as if she were far beyond the sound of his protest.

"I see a great grassy prairie, thousands of cattle, men riding around them in a wide circle. I see strange camps—or are they towns?" She paused as if the sight before her eyes was devilishly clear, but not to be mentioned in detail. "I see women—two, three, four, five ——" Her eyes widened, as if even in a trance one may experience scandalized amazement.

"No!" shouted the ex-gallant of mining camp music halls and saloons. "You don't see a single woman! There's never been one in my life till now. Sylvia, don't torment me. I tell you I never saw a woman till I saw you! Let the dead past bury its dead. That's Scripture, and mighty good Scripture too. Tell me the present and future. That's all that counts anyhow."

"Your interruptions have broken the spell!" she said, looking up from her cards and speaking naturally.

"Thank Heaven!" murmured Jim to himself.

"You will have to cross my palm again before I can go on," said the acquisitive fortune teller.

He crossed this time with a larger coin.

"Your hand, please," she demanded. He spread it out before her—each thick finger to itself, the great rough palm deeply seamed.

She bent her head over it. She studied it, holding aloof as if she were looking at an ugly, crawling beetle.

"You have recently come into a large fortune. You are spending it wisely. You are winning friends. I see the Bone building open, people streaming through the doors. I hear music inside—and is this the window of a ticket office in one of the towers, with Tony Adams changing money inside?"

Jim snickered, and wondered how soon others also would guess the perfectly patent explanation of the Bone building.

"I see you lifting tombstones from the quarry and looking up at Mildred Percey, who—I can't make out what Mildred is doing—she is bringing you notes. She ——"

"That's all right!" interrupted Bone. This was the first he knew of how astutely the little epitaph business that Mildred was carrying on had been observed.

The fortune teller drew back apologetically as if she had inadvertently penetrated into the region of a love correspondence.

Mr. Bone saw the implication as plainly. He blushed. He would have liked to strangle the innocent poetess.

He brushed his hands together with a quick smacking sound as if he were dusting off a disagreeable matter for which he was in no way responsible.

"Now the future!" he exclaimed.

"The other hand," she said, dismissing his right as if it were an old book too easily read and of little interest.

He yielded his left, spread it wide as if he prayed her to read it all.

She bent her head over it, her face half veiled with the long black locks that fell on either side. She caught her breath as if she scarcely believed the evidence of her own eyes. She touched his fingers gingerly, drew them back one at a time to make sure there was no mistake.

His blood leaped up at the cool pressure. He was wild with impatience. Far out upon the lawn he could hear the laughter and clatter of women's voices. He was afraid of an interruption.

"Well?" he exclaimed at last, no longer able to bear the suspense.

"I'd rather not tell," she pronounced softly.

With the egotism of his sex he was delighted at this sudden diffidence. He concluded that it was the modesty of a maiden who could not tell that she saw her own fate in the lines of the rough palm, yet who wished to indicate that this was the case. There is no creature living so blindly quick to believe in his own attractions as a man. Nothing—neither experience nor observation—will ever teach them that the only women who love them are their wives, these being in a position where they have no choice. But not one of them could be sure of the most tractable maiden ever enclosed by an engagement ring so long as she has the chance of speculating on the love of another man. When a girl is sweetly yielding to her lover, declaring her devotion, swearing tender fidelity, it only means one of two things: that there is no other possible lover in sight; or, most likely, that she is merely subtracting the full ratio of his affection by offering the imaginary equation of her own. She is speculating in the only thing women know how to speculate in—the love of man. She is cornering her market in him against the possible other woman. She is the great original inventor of romantic watered stock. She is taking all she can get upon highly colored representations. She is devouring him. This is fair, for it is exactly what he does to her after marriage. God is a wonderful God. There is no possible chance of false measure between man and man or between man and woman in the age-long balancing of His scales of justice. The discrepancies we think we observe are only apparent, and are due to the fact that for one mortal reason or another we have not time to linger long enough beside the registering beam of His weights to see Him drop in a few extra providences to balance the other fellow's luck.



He Spent His Evenings Whistling and Snickering Over Them

"Sylvia, tell me the future! Oh, confess it, girl!" whispered Jim, trembling with the ecstasy of having his lover's vanity gratified and striving to get a glimpse of the fortune teller's face.

"You will have great success and great wealth," she went on evenly. "But in this hand your life line is shortened. You will die young!"

"Never mind when I die," he laughed, still crowding her as he imagined. "Only say that I shall marry soon!"

"Oh, marry?" she murmured as if she had not considered that worth foretelling. Then she went back over each line in the great palm, tracing it quizzically with her index finger. She paused at little romantic cross stitches here and there, dwelt upon them as possibilities, then passed on. "I cannot find that you do," she announced.

His hand closed instantly and firmly over her fingers.

"You are not looking in the right place, Sylvia," he whispered. "Look at me. You'll find that prophecy written just in front of you if you'll look up!"

She lifted her head and showed him a face of incomparable loveliness, but without a trace of embarrassment or emotion. She was like a red-winged butterfly wheeling beyond his reach. If you have ever observed how little expression there is in a butterfly's countenance you will be better able to interpret a woman like Sylvia. The thing is only a meaningless pair of gorgeous wings, the symbol of what it is not. Sylvia was merely a false intimation, a charm. She had the body of love, but she was herself nothing but this appearance. In this fleeting moment, when he saw in her all that a man could desire in a woman, she was only the cool mathematician of his passion, the calculating miser of emotions in him that she could not feel herself. It happened in a moment. Still holding her fingers with his left hand he thrust the table aside with the other, stood up, drew her to him fiercely, held her, burned her face with kisses.

She was delighted with the computing pleasure of one who adds a digit to his fortune. Never before had she acquired so much in return for what she was really giving—nothing—and she could give nothing. But the instinct of the mere female was alarmed in her. She struggled to release herself.

"You forget yourself!" she exclaimed.

"I do!—but not you! I think of nothing but you. I have thought of nothing else since the first day I saw you. Everything I do is for you. Everywhere I go, east or west, my steps are taken just toward you. I'm tearing down this old town and building it up again, all for you, Sylvia!"

He gasped, dampened, astonished and frenzied afresh by the coolness with which she stood now regarding him, smoothing her dishevelment as collectedly as a bird sits upon a bough and beaks its feathers into place after a flight through the wind.

"I say it's all for you. I love you. I want you for my wife. I am living and dying for you, darling!"

At this moment there was heard the tapping of a cane upon the gravel of the walk outside. From time immemorial lovers have borne outrageous interruptions, if not with patience, at least without vengeance. Doubtless Cain—that first knight in search of a lady, who found her in that other land—experienced the same difficulty. He had not more than finished explaining his excellent family connections to her and taken her hand, prefatory to a declaration of his passion, when some stranger passed by, paused, and observed with astonishment and vulgar interest that he was dressed as a foreigner. Yet nothing is said in the Scriptures of Cain's indignation. Lovers always bear interruptions with the meekness of thieves.

The tapping drew nearer.

"It's Miss Amy!" whispered Sylvia.

She motioned imperatively to the table that lay upon its side with its legs kicked up at horrified angles. Jim sullenly restored it, right side up, between the two chairs.

"Sylvia!" deeply droned Amy's voice.

"Come in, Miss Amy, and get your fortune told." invited Jim Bone, meeting her and guiding her past the tent pole at the entrance between the flaps.

He leaned over and whispered something to Sylvia as Amy settled herself, smiling, on the other side of the table. The girl started, flushed, then hesitated.

"But it would be cruel," she whispered in return.

"It's a fact. There is a chance of it. I've written to a specialist about it," he persisted. Then aloud:

"Lay your palms upon the table just so, Miss Amy."

"No, no," she laughed.

"Just to please the fortune teller and me," he insisted.

"Oh, well, have your way," she consented with the air of an old angel willing to play dominoes with fate to please the children, not that she cared anything about the issue.

Sylvia uncurled the fingers of the two soft old hands, looked into the dreaming face above them, then at Jim, as if she were doubtful about breaking into so peaceful a slumber. He nodded that she should go on.

"You shall have the desire of your heart!"

"Ah, what is it?" said Amy as if she good-naturedly searched herself to please them.

"You shall have what you lost a very long time ago."

A change swept over the blind face as if suddenly a curtain had been lifted and profane, earthly eyes saw far within an altar standing in darkness. Sylvia felt the two palms tremble as they were withdrawn and folded together like a book that is closed.

"Never offer a candle to the blind, my dear!" she said, rising. "It is dangerous!"

XVIII

THE lawn party at Mrs. Fanning-Rucker's completed Jim Bone's evolution into all the rights and privileges of citizenship in Ruckersville and rendered him the lion of its social circle. He and Bimber could no longer take their walk down Elbert Avenue in the late afternoon without being prettily hailed from at least two or three verandas by the chirruping voice of Mildred Percey or the still more chirruping voice of Mary Yancey. Mrs. Fanning-Rucker herself never failed to wave him a complimentary salutation if she chanced to be walking beneath the autumn trees on the lawn. He was high in the graces of this lady and had even enjoyed the distinction of declining an invitation to dinner. A certain humorous delicacy made it impossible for him to sit at meat with a man he had kicked. And it was a fact that Mrs. Martin had called him in to consult upon ways and means of increasing the Bible Woman's Fund, which was still behind. And if he met Leonora Bell on her way home from school he was always obliged to stand hat in hand in a sidewalk tête-à-tête upon some highly moral subject—the only topics upon which

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Leonora would converse. Indeed, whenever he found himself approaching this lady he experienced the disagreeable sensation of beginning to climb at once, of stepping upon his dead self to some higher thing in her honor. Bimber accepted this change and these interruptions philosophically, passing the time snuffing among the gathering autumn leaves and plumy goldenrod stalks in the trenches that divided the side path from the street, and in talking cheerfully to himself with his tail.

The most intimate Boswell cannot always construe accurately the changes that take place in the habits of his hero, and this author is, therefore, unable to say for certain why Mr. Bone ceased to take his accustomed walk out Elbert Avenue in the late afternoons. Whether it was due to the increasing demands of his business or to the fact that the moment he set foot there he became a mere ladies' man and subject to the whims and caprices of veranda femininity; or whether—and this seems most likely—it was because he could get no glimpse of Sylvia about the old house beyond the cow pasture on the edge of town, it would be hard to say. Upon the one or two occasions when he had made bold enough to call, he was received only by old Clark Story, who invariably explained that his daughter was out, and took a promoter's advantage of the occasion to exploit the mineral possibilities of his grassy cornfields and stump-toed cotton patches. It appeared that Sylvia was hibernating, romantically speaking. He occasionally saw her walking along the streets of the town, red and golden and wind-blown like the autumn leaves that were now falling from the trees and that sometimes accompanied her in little whirls and eddies of motion from the branches above, as if they recognized a relationship.

The one place where he continued to meet Sylvia was in Amy's house. Amy, who was sensitive to the cold, had withdrawn from her window during the first gusty days of October and was now always to be found sitting in a tall, straight chair, with the firelight from her hearth, where fragrant hickory logs blazed, illumining her face and bringing out to a more glorious red the roses in her gown. You could have told the season of the year by the bright calendar of shawls upon Amy's shoulders. At this time she wore a little red crocheted shoulder cape. Later she was to be seen wrapped round and round in a thick, old-fashioned blanket shawl of more colors than any rainbow could ever flame. Still later, when the March winds dropped down and there was no more danger of neuralgia, she was to be seen with a tiny square of blue cashmere pinned over these same shoulders with a double plait in front. It was her sky-sign to the little spring angels that they might now let the dogwood blossoms out, and the red buds and the wild honeysuckle and all that sweet fragrance of April-kissing blossoms, which declare that the Lord is good and the earth is beautiful, and more particularly that the sun is now warm enough for an elderly lady-angel, still in the flesh, to take a few liberties with the weather.

Jim, I say, often found Sylvia meddling with Amy's beads when he came now for his afternoon visit. It appeared that Amy was teaching Sylvia the marvelous art of beading a girdle for her enchanting waist. I say this appeared to be the case. What Sylvia was really doing there only God and the sphinx knew. I draw you merely the picture of the scene they made: Jim sitting cross-legged and sideways on his chair, one arm thrown over the back of it, his hat resting upon his knee as if it were a knob and his face a completely equipped station for the wireless telegraphy of love signaling. Sylvia sat upon the other side of Amy on a low stool, head demurely bowed, drawing great draughts of information from Amy upon the art of sewing beads to a waistband in such a manner that no one afterward could resist the said waist.

But more often than not the entrance of Mr. Bone was a signal for laying aside this work, and the talk was all of Amy's Book of Life, upon which she was very busy these days. The secret had been confided also to Sylvia, who was sometimes called upon to copy strange passages for Amy—the old angel being subject to irrelevant fits of inspiration, when she could not wait for Elbert to come in the evening to write them down for her. Jim was himself the victim of such a mood upon one occasion.

"Jimmy," said Amy, "what is a hero?"

"What is a hero?" stammered Jimmy—"Did you say what is a hero?"

It was as if she had asked him to parse a terrible kind of verb. He looked this way and that with the blank expression of a boy who does not know his lesson. Sylvia added to his confusion by raising her eyes to his face with one of those waiting looks that is not a question but a personal commentary upon the victim.

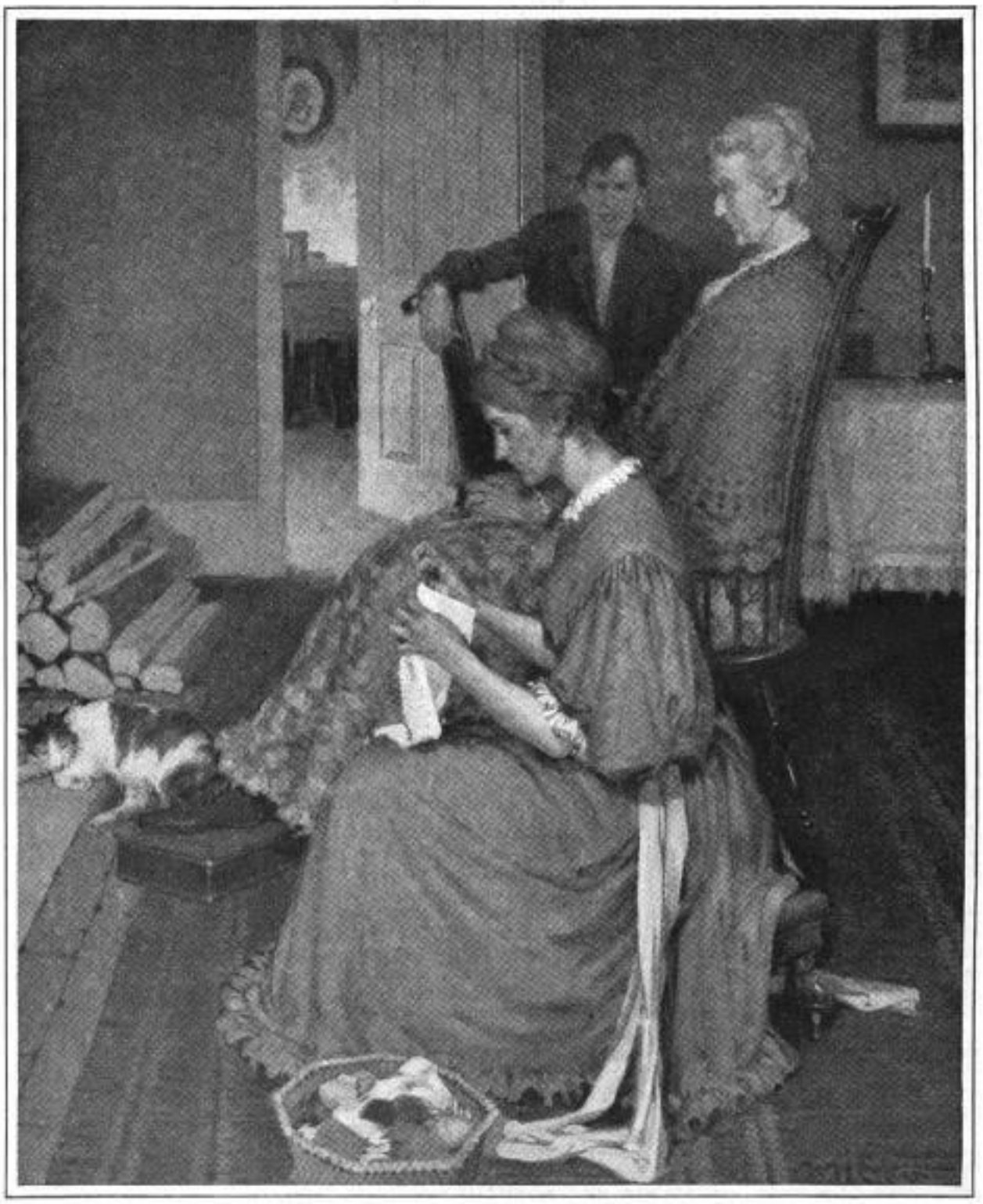
"I don't know," he said at last. "Never saw one."

"I am wondering," Amy went on dreamily, "whether heroism is just an idea we have in our minds, or whether God knows that every man is a hero and we in our blindness have lost that sense of one another. Since I have been writing these scriptures of men and women in Ruckersville, it seems to me I can't make out one man better than another, or so much worse than another, according to all of their deeds. I am needing a hero, Jimmy, or else I've too many heroes. Seems as if my little Book of Life will be spoiled if I can't find a soul to top it off with. I doubt if it's just deeds, anyhow, that make a hero; but it's some quality of the spirit. The Old Testament wouldn't amount to much if it hadn't been for Moses. When it comes to pinning your faith, you'd rather believe in a leader like him than in the finest prophecies Isaiah ever wrote. Wish I could find the Moses for my little apochryphal scriptures—a man that could stir up Nature to furnish him with a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night. I have always thought, Jimmy, that was a great compliment the universe paid Moses; and it shows that the very elements recognize a hero when they see him."

Thus Amy imagined that she held Mr. Bone's attention. As a matter of fact, she only furnished a high altitude from which he signaled across her to Sylvia, with every known art of the masculine eye. And when all is said that can be said of the coquetting of woman's eyes, it amounts to nothing compared with the superior force and boldness of a man's when he is inspired by passion. He will say things with them that few women would endure to hear translated into words. But in this mesmeric language they accept what he means without so much as the reproach of a blush. Sylvia had reduced her love to this kind of long-distance kissing silence. After the lawn party at Mrs. Fanning-Rucker's she had avoided being alone with him. But, safely sheltered beneath Amy's protecting wings, she sat like a little coal of fire who enjoyed having herself blown upon by her lover's passion, merely glowing to herself in return, but not to him. And never on these occasions when he met her there would she permit him to accompany her home. She made a thousand excuses to avoid this. She would be going to see Mrs. Fanning-Rucker, for example—this lady now professing as much interest in her as if she had made her the ward of her favor. Or she would be going for a little shopping—anywhere, any way, except straight home accompanied by Mr. Jim Bone. When a man has held you in his arms and kissed you, you become *particeps criminis* if you give him another opportunity to repeat it, no matter how much you may wish him to do so. Thus do women preserve the faith and admiration of men at the expense of their own desires. It is a curious thing about men that they fear and mistrust the character of any woman who confesses a nature and instincts similar to their own; although it is perfectly certain that the good God who made them both and endowed them very similarly is not of the same mind.

It was about this time that Jim Bone began to take a more than complimentary interest in Amy's Book of Life. Slowly the audacious idea took possession of him to use these scriptures for his own purpose. He had already observed the effect of the Town Testament upon the citizens of Ruckersville, with diabolical enjoyment. As a rule, the public opinion of Heaven is too far removed to affect human conduct to any appreciable degree. But if the Recording Angel himself had contributed this serial to The Monthly Mercury the result could not have been more startling to the victims, or more salutary. There were distinct indications of the reversing of earthly judgments and mortal estimates. The "last" was coming "first." Tony Adams, for example, who had long despised himself through being so thoroughly despised by his fellow townsmen, was

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What Sylvia Was Really Doing There Only God and the Sphinx Knew

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 30, 1912

Penalizing Parenthood

DOES Congress wish to promote race-suicide? Is it its aim to discourage the birth of legitimate children in the United States, and to punish the fathers and mothers of such legitimate children as are now being fed, clothed and educated in hundreds of thousands of homes? That is what its income tax will do if its present form is not so altered as to obviate the injustice it will work. Congress proposes to tax all incomes of more than five thousand dollars.

Any income tax in this country has always been held by those who favor it as something to apply in times of war or other great exceptional drain on the people's purse. Congress, however, in time of peace, with an eye on the gallery, begs the "poor man" to watch it make the "rich man" pay for running the Government. Let every American father who has a taxable income think over this proposal. This is how it will work:

Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown live next door to each other. Mr. Jones' income is ten thousand dollars; so is Mr. Brown's; therefore, since their incomes are equal, they must be equally taxed. That is as far as Congress sees; that is the gauge of its statesmanship. But Mr. Jones is a bachelor, supporting nobody but himself, while Mr. Brown has a wife and five children to feed and clothe and send to school and college. Tax these two men equally? Let every Mr. Brown in the country ask himself if that is a fair way to tax citizens, or if that is the way to encourage a man to marry and have children.

If there is to be an income tax let there be a rebate for every child a father is raising.

Why Be a Pole-Seeker?

WHY should anybody discover the South Pole? Travel in that region is admittedly disagreeable and dangerous in the highest degree. The discoverer will get mainly frostbites and chronic indigestion—a few days of wide notoriety, until some unwritten-law murderer drives him from the front page—a paragraph in the encyclopedia for people to read after he is dead. Why not tarry a while round the seventieth parallel and then claim to have discovered the Pole?

Of course, in that case, many people will say you are a liar; but if you do discover the Pole many people will say you are a liar too.

Why write a masterpiece that only a few persons will recognize as a masterpiece until long after the author's death, while in his lifetime some sloppy historical romance gets all the money and applause? Why spend laborious and poverty-stricken years in pursuit of a great scientific discovery when, by mixing an inexpensive compound of bad whisky, opium and pumpwater, sticking a fancy label on it and selling it as a sure cure for consumption, you can make more money in a short time than Pasteur made in all his life? Also, you may be highly respected as a pillar of society, while Pasteur was derided as a lunatic.

The answer is that men do these toilsome, ill-requited things because they must. Human nature is nearly always honest. A successful faker is really a rare freak. Cagliostro and Dowie were geniuses, almost as exceptional as Mozart and Milton—and both ended in failure. Contrary to a popular belief, we say: Never try to fake! If you are a natural-born faker of course you will fake anyhow—and very likely succeed at it. If you are not the rare natural-born faker you don't stand one chance in a thousand of putting it across.

Looting by Insiders

A BRAND-NEW congressional report shows all over again that H. O. Havemeyer organized the Sugar Trust in 1887 by combining seventeen competing refineries that were capitalized at six million dollars, for which the trust immediately issued fifty million dollars in stock, twenty millions going to Havemeyer and his associates. Five years later, Havemeyer and two other insiders personally bought nearly half the stock of the Spreckels Refining Company at par, soon exchanging it for trust stock at two for one.

"It is hardly possible," says the report, "that the three insiders cleared less than two and three-quarter million dollars on this transaction." The trust next absorbed the Franklin Refinery, its president again personally buying stock beforehand.

"It is probable that Mr. Havemeyer individually cleared more than a million dollars in this transaction"—this, mind you, while ostensibly acting in the interest of the trust's stockholders.

When the National Sugar Company was absorbed by the trust Mr. Havemeyer appears to have profited personally to the extent of seven and a half million dollars in stock. All the while Havemeyer and other insiders were running deals in the trust's stock on the exchange. It used to be said they made two dollars in stock jobbing for every dollar they made in refining sugar. At the time of his death Havemeyer owned less than nine hundred shares of trust stock. He had unloaded.

This outrageous stock watering, stock juggling and skinning of the corporation by insiders is one of the greatest of trust evils. The Sherman Law hasn't a word to say about this sort of thimblerigging, however, and Congress takes no step to prevent it.

Reclaiming the Everglades

THE Everglades of Florida are going the way of that Great American Desert whose waste aridity was described in the school geographies of our fathers; but the transformation is much more rapid. Lake Okechobee—the largest body of fresh water, except Lake Michigan, within the boundaries of the United States—is twenty-one feet above sea-level. It has low, marshy banks on the south, and during the rainy season it overflows, flooding the glades. Florida is digging five main canals, each fifty feet wide, from the lake to tidewater. When completed—a year from next summer—these canals will lower the level of the lake four feet, prevent its overflow, and thus reclaim a large part of the Everglades. When lowered, the lake will still cover half a million acres to a depth of three feet—a great reservoir from which water will be let into the canals and impounded by gates and locks for irrigation purposes as needed during the dry season. The soil of the Everglades is muck, two to fourteen feet in depth. The climate, of course, is subtropical, with frost almost unknown.

It is an admirable scheme, the practical value of which, we believe, is not questioned by any one competent to speak. It should be understood, however, that the Everglades will not be ready for cultivation when the state's job is done. Lateral canals and farm ditches must still be constructed by the landowners. This work is not very expensive, but takes some time. It should also be understood that anybody who buys land in the Everglades with his eyes shut is liable to the same disappointment which awaits a blind investor in the frosty North.

The Money Trust in Alaska

THE Morgan-Guggenheim interests are credited with a thrifty ambition to possess the mineral wealth of Alaska, including the great Bering River and Matanuska coalfields. Everybody knows that transportation is the key to possession of coalfields. The history of the anthracite fields in Pennsylvania and of the most important bituminous deposits shows that plainly enough. Naturally, therefore, the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate, with almost unlimited command of capital, is building railroads in Alaska; and persons of relatively small financial power who desire to build competing railroads find it difficult to raise the necessary money. A road was built about halfway from the fine harbor of Seward to the Matanuska coalfield; then the supply of capital gave out and construction stopped.

What should the Government do in this case—have a Money Trust investigation to see why Morgan and Guggenheim can raise all the capital they want, though would-be competitors cannot? Or pass a law commanding the Money Trust to vanish? We think not. Fortunately, the Administration doesn't think so either. No possible Wall Street cabal can prevent the Government from raising capital, because it can sell bonds by popular subscription. The Government itself, of course, should build the railroad to the coalfield—being the only enterprise in sight, besides the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate, that has the financial power to do so. Secretary Fisher recommends this. To ignore the recommendation and then complain that the Money Trust has Alaska by the throat would put Congress in a foolish position.

Coöperation and Government

SENDING us the annual report of the commission of Grand Junction, Colorado, for the fiscal year ending December 31, 1911, an enthusiastic resident observes: "I really believe we have the best city charter in the world." The concluding paragraph of the commission's report says: "Realizing fully the possibility of advancement when there is coöperative effort, we ask that the people indicate their wishes to us fully and freely."

Why shouldn't they have the best city charter in the world? The leading industry in that locality is conducted coöperatively. Its guiding principle, as we understand it, is not what may be most advantageous to three or four exceptionally able or exceptionally lucky fruit-growers, but what is best for the fruit-growers as a body. A small proprietor has the advantages of skilled selling and marketing organization equally with a large one.

Probably it isn't a system calculated to please the Morgans, Rockefellers or Hills. Nietzsche, with his Overman philosophy of the big fish eating the little ones, wouldn't approve it; but for the average sort of people who make up nearly the whole world, it is more comfortable than the devil-catch-the-hindmost system. We should be surprised if the coöperative spirit did not produce good city government.

Our Disappearing Cavalry

THE House of Representatives tore a great hole in the pomp and panoply of war by reducing the enlisted establishment of the regular army from fifteen regiments to ten. A majority of army men no doubt oppose the reduction; but it was pointed out that, for military purposes, the horse is going the way the elephant went long ago. Machine guns and repeating rifles have almost made cavalry nearly useless in actual combat. Railroads, telegraph and telephone have vastly restricted the cavalry's usefulness for the rapid movement of troops and for carrying information. Now the airship promises to take away the only remaining function—that of scouting. Cavalry played a small part in the war between Russia and Japan, and might almost have been dispensed with if the armies had had the aërial scouts that any army would have today. Germany has only one cavalryman to five and a half infantrymen; while our regular army has nearly half as many mounted as foot soldiers.

There must still be cavalry, of course. Without it there would be hardly any pomp and panoply left us—that is Mars' chief asset. War would not be tolerable if it were waged by farmers, mechanics, clerks and shopkeepers in their everyday civil attire. The tragedy would be too apparent. It's the uniforms, the serried ranks, the waving colors and the prancing steeds that make it tolerable. There must be some cavalry. What could a sculptor do with a man in an airship?

Will the President Dare?

THERE will be at Washington a Children's Bureau, extending the activities of the Federal Government into fields it has never, in such outright fashion, entered before. There will be an Industrial Relations Commission to take up broadly the questions of capital and labor. There will be, sooner or later, a Trust Commission, to act in respect to big interstate manufactures about what the Interstate Commerce Commission does in respect to railroads. There will be a parcels post and a Government-built railroad in Alaska. The Federal Government is the most growing concern in the country today.

Therefore the Federal Government must be essentially non-partisan. Politics in the Post-Office Department is bad enough. We saw not long ago what a political appointee did with the Interior Department. President Taft, with his special interest in the courts, has done well in appointing men to the Federal bench irrespective of party. In the diplomatic service he has done decidedly less well. With the ever-widening sphere of Federal activity, party appointments anywhere below the Cabinet are becoming intolerable. It is already time that the whole senatorial and congressional patronage graft was wiped out. Will the next president, whoever he may be, declare that no man can get any Federal job on a Congressional recommendation? Will he have the sand to fight the Senate—if necessary—on that issue? The thing must be done. Governmental expansion is making it imperative. Why shouldn't the next president do it?

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Cousin Bob

WHAT we like in this country is men who do things in a big way. The piker gets short shrift. The large operator is the person who commands admiration and gets away with the goods. Though it is quite true that small-bore poets and philosophers have been dinging at us for years and years that "little drops of water and little grains of sand make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land," the process is too slow to attract much attention in these United States. We adore the citizen who doesn't waste time collecting drops, but combines half a dozen oceans made up of somebody else's drops and produces The Sea, Unlimited, with each share of the preferred stock carrying a bonus of a share and a half of the common.

This demand is insistent in every walk of life. Scant heed, for example, is paid to the statesman who is a candidate for the vice-presidency; but the patriot who announces himself for the presidency gets his name in the papers—if only to be joshed! And so it goes. We are a wholesale people. We like the inclusive. Anything that is bigger than another thing is necessarily better—and this goes, except as to boils.

Wherefore, we salute Robert F. Broussard, of Louisiana. There is a tribune of the people who has the proper idea. It would have been easy—and perhaps satisfactory—for Broussard to have claimed kinship with a quarter or a half of the people down there; but Robert is not restricted in his views or in his claims. He goes in for broad effects. Consequently he declared himself cousin to every voter in the commonwealth—and he put it over. He is Cousin Bob from the southern muddy end of that state to the northern red end. He hasn't overlooked a bet or a family. He traces his kinship impartially. His genealogical chart looks like a weather map when there is a big storm coming from Medicine Hat; and it ramifies into every cottage, no matter how humble.

Cousin Bob! He has made it stick from Terrebonne to Cherry Ridge; and they like it, too, for Robert has a way with him that makes everybody happy to be included in his list of kin. To be sure, he didn't start as cousin to everybody. When he began he was merely cousin to everybody in Assumption, Iberia, LaFayette, Lafourche, Saint Martin, Saint Mary, Terrebonne and Vermilion; but he soon discovered that these eight parishes gave incomplete scope to his cousinly activities and capabilities, and he began to spread out over the state. Proceeding northward, he annexed parish after parish, bestowing the benediction of cousinship on all with whom he shook hands—and he shook hands with all.

It was not so long before he was the Universal Cousin. There may have been some who refused to be included in the list—but they were grouches, every one of them. Anyhow, it made no difference to Cousin Bob. If any voting citizen refused to be a cousin to Cousin Bob, far be it from Cousin Bob not to be a cousin to him—and the relationship went single, even if not double. Cousin Bob's philosophy is simple and effective. Certain Louisianians may protest they are not his cousins. That is a matter of minor importance. The point is that Cousin Bob is their cousin; and he is satisfied, even if they are not. It is quite impossible to stop Cousin Bob from being everybody's cousin. As I have said, he operates cousinwise on a large and effective scale.

Talking French and Walking Spanish

IT COMES pretty near to being true, at that, down in the Third Louisiana District, where Bob was born and where he has lived all his life. There are not many of the "Cayjins" to whom Bob is not related; and Broussards are as thick as pepperpods. Nine of them ran for various offices in one parish recently, I am told. So it is not to be wondered at that when Cousin Bob decided to come to Congress, some sixteen or seventeen years ago, all the cousins turned in and sent him there—and they have turned in each succeeding two years and sent him back. All Cousin Bob had to do was to make a speech or two in the vernacular—and there are none better in that line—and the cousins marched to the polls in sufficient numbers to overwhelm any upstart Republican who thought the Teche country would ever forget that blood is thicker than water—especially Democratic blood of the well-known and popular Broussard brand.

Cousin Bob knows them all and they all know him. There may be a statesman who can smile more radiantly, shake hands more warmly and remind the voters of that consanguinity more effectively than Cousin Bob; but if there is he has not yet flashed across the purview of my gaze. By referring to the picture that accompanies this gem of English prose you will see what I mean. That picture shows Cousin Bob at his cousinly best.



PHOTO. BY J. HYPOLITE, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Cousin Bob at His Cousinly Best

Far be it from me to say that when Cousin Bob sought to extend his lines of relationship he had an ulterior motive. Far be it from me—but perhaps he did. At any rate, he began cousining up and down and hither and yon and across and back; and presently, when the moment was opportune, Cousin Bob told all his cousins he was firmly of the opinion that the great and constantly growing family of Broussard should have a United States senatorship within its membership. Where, asked Cousin Bob, would a toga drape more effectively than on the shoulders of a representative of us, my cousins? And, by the same token, said Bob, I have the proper shoulders for such an enterprise.

Well, there were others who thought they had the shoulders—which they had; but not the cousins, as will be shown. Governor Jared Young Sanders, who had been elected senator once and had resigned, fancied his own shoulders; and Arsène P. Pujo offered his. So at it they went, in a campaign leading up to the first primary, to decide which two of the three hopefuls should make the final race.

Sanders had his own powerful machine behind him and Pujo pujoed round after the manner of his kind; but everywhere they went they were greeted by the legions—the phalanxes—of Bob's cousins. Not a meeting did they address that had not its quota of cousins. They found them everywhere—and so did Cousin Bob.

The campaign waxed warm, the candidates waxed one another and the cousins never wavered. They were there to pay honor to their kinsman. Time came for the voting. It was a triumph for the cousins. Cousin Bob was first by so great a plurality that Sanders declined to make the second race, and Arsène P. Pujo was a bad third and had nothing to say or do except to come back to Washington and go to pujoing again. Whereupon, in due course, Cousin Bob will be a United States senator, whereat there is great rejoicing among his loyal and numerous relatives in Louisiana.

Broussard is one of the few members of Congress who can make political speeches in French. He is always sent to districts in Rhode Island and Massachusetts and Maine, where there are many French Canadians, during campaigns; and he can hand out a stump speech in the patois that brings those volatile citizens up standing. His popularity in his own district is unbounded—not only because of his kinship, both real and political, but because he has been assiduous in local affairs during his long service in Congress, and has looked out constantly for his own people. His ideas on the tariff on sugar may not accord with the ideas of the big planters, for instance, but they are in full sympathy with the small growers; and Broussard always sees to it that they are kept so. He is well liked in the House, and is a most engaging and companionable man, expert in legislative matters and of a good deal of ability.

As a campaigner he is a wonder! He maintains his grip on his own people and they are for him to a man. And as a cousin he has never been equaled in this or any other country. Being a cousin with Cousin Bob is more than a profession—it is an art!

A Pool in Eggs

A COMPANY of barnstorming actors rushed into a railroad eating house. The tragedian grabbed a dish containing six hard-boiled eggs and swept all the eggs on to a plate in front of him.

"Hey, girl!" shouted the leading man. "Set up them eggs again. This guy's run pool!"

The Forces of Light

THE late Arthur McEwen, a famous journalist of San Francisco and New York, was once engaged in a political fight in the California city in which the better element was arrayed against the bosses and their followers, and the better element was getting decidedly the worst of it.

On election morning McEwen met the bishop of the Episcopal diocese and the Catholic bishop on the street, both of whom had been active in the movement. The Episcopal bishop asked McEwen how things looked.

"Very bad!" said McEwen. "I don't think we have a chance. I understand they are paying four dollars apiece for votes against us down in some of the districts. I guess we're beaten!"

Both bishops were properly aghast at this iniquity and proceeded on their ways. Presently the Catholic bishop met McEwen again.

"Don't be discouraged, Arthur, me boy!" he said. "Though it may be true the forces of darkness are paying four dollars each for votes, I have reliable information the forces of light are paying five!"

A Sacrilegious Sentence

SCHUYLER COLFAX, son of the late Vice-President, and now by way of being something in the camera business, was once in politics in Indiana and achieved the distinction of being elected mayor of South Bend.

As mayor, part of his duty was to act as police judge. A town sot had been brought before him many times. Colfax had been lenient; but finally he sentenced the sot to jail until such time as he should have broken into sizes suitable for use on the road a big stone that was in the jail yard, even if it took thirty days.

The sot got a hammer and went at it. While he was working a jailer dropped round to watch him.

"Say, Jim," said the sot, "what do you think of that squirt of a mayor of ours?"

"Oh, he's all right!"

"I know; but would it get back to him if I spoke me mind?"

"Nope. Go ahead."

"Well, I think he's got a fierce case of swelled head. Here he's sentenced me to break up in a month or so a rock that it took God Almighty three thousand years to make!"

Mexican Manners

FRANCIS I. MADERO, President of Mexico, is a small man and somewhat sensitive on the subject. Not long ago Madero and his cabinet were photographed. Abraham Gonzalez, Secretary of State, is a very tall man and stout, and he was required to stand next to Madero when the picture was taken.

Madero lifted his eyes to the top of the head of the great Gonzalez, observed the difference in stature and coughed slightly.

Then he said: "I feel that my size will not show to advantage unless we are seated."

"Your Excellency," replied Don Abraham, "if you could only stand on your wisdom we should all be dwarfs."

"Well said," Madero returned, "provided you did not stand on your courtesy at the same time."

And the cheers of the onlookers were mingled with the hoarse cries of the revolutionists.

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The Downtrodden Automobile

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

SOME automobilists will tell you that, in driving a car, the chief difficulty is with tires; but they are mistaken. The chief difficulty, as a matter of fact, is with people.

Here is a remarkable psychological fact: The horse admittedly is one of the stupidest of animals. His brain is almost impervious to anything less penetrating than a drill. You can drag him up to an ash-barrel by main force twenty times and demonstrate to him beyond question that it is an inanimate, stationary and absolutely harmless object. Yet the next time he sees it he will again mistake it for the upreared head of a pursuing glyptodon and jump the fence. Living in a literary age, he has not yet learned that a piece of paper fluttering along the road cannot bite him. No matter how thirsty he may be, he never knows whether it is you or himself that is to drink out of the bucket you hold up to him; so he sozzles half of it on you and drinks the rest.



Try to Run in Both Directions at Once

Practically all over the United States in the last five years, however, horses have become used to automobiles; though nowhere in the United States, so far as I am able to learn, have human beings really become accustomed to them.

There may be a few remote and backward localities where the automobile is still an incomprehensible phenomenon to the average horse; and anywhere there may be a very few thoughtless colts, or a very few senile old elder statesmen of horses, with brains long since completely ossified, who don't know what to make of a self-propelling carriage. Broadly speaking, however, horses everywhere now have the automobile firmly settled in their minds as a powerful, heavy, swiftly moving vehicle that is perfectly harmless if given any sort of chance to get by, but highly dangerous to any living obstacle that obstructs its path.

If you happen to drive a horse in the country no doubt you have noticed that usually the horse is aware of an approaching machine before you are. He pricks up his ears, gives his head a slight toss, steps a bit more briskly. He has caught the distant sound of a horn or a muffler cut-out before you heard it, or he has seen a moving veil of dust along the crossroad. He isn't afraid of automobiles, but he keeps a sharp lookout for them.

People Who Play Tag With Motors

HOW different from the horse, in this respect, are many human beings. The difference is painfully impressed upon any one who drives a car anywhere. In every city and village of the land he will encounter, at frequent intervals, members of his own species who cross the road, or stop in the middle of it, with their eyes upon the clouds, their ears out of commission and their thoughts far away, exactly as though no vehicle moving faster than a hearse or more formidable than a toy express wagon had ever been heard of.

There are no accurate statistics on the subject; but I am satisfied that the number of foot-passengers over the United States who wander in front of moving automobiles in the course of a year would compare favorably with the popular vote for Mr. Taft at the last presidential election. As a matter of fact, I myself am that wandering foot-passenger at least twenty times a year.

In this matter of tempting involuntary suicide there seems to be very little difference—relatively to population—between city and country. No hamlet is too small to contain an inhabitant who will lose himself in a pleasant daydream in the middle of the road; or even to contain two women, with a baby in a perambulator, who remain deaf to repeated blasts of the horn until the car has turned to the right in order to pass them—whereupon, with one impulse and with amazing agility, they scream, seize the perambulator and rush to the right also. On the other hand, in the city of New York, except where crossings policemen are stationed, the absent-minded pedestrian brings the driver's heart into his throat and unseemly language to his lips at tolerably regular intervals.

With foot-passengers, probably the horn is a hindrance rather than a help. Absent-minded ones never hear it until the car is close at hand. Its only effect is to make them lose their wits and run in the wrong direction, or else try to run in both directions at once. Foot-passengers have been urged, in tons of literature, first, to keep a reasonable lookout for automobiles; next, upon the approach of one, for Heaven's sake to take up a definite line of action and stick to it. Too often instinctive memories of childhood recur to the pedestrian's mind and he acts as though it were a game of blind man's buff or of pom-pom-pull-away, his rôle consisting in trying to confuse the driver by dodging first one way and then the other.

In the city—for children at least—there are more mechanical helps to getting in the way, such as roller skates, toy automobiles propelled by the foot, and bicycles. The first two especially are extensively used by young children and are seldom under good control. Indeed, elderly gentlemen and ladies are continually getting their shins barked and tempers ruffled in collisions with them. When a child on one of these imperfectly controlled devices gets in the way of an automobile something far more serious than a ruffled temper is likely to result.

Children are even more apt than grown people to lose their presence of mind in an emergency; and when one party to an impending collision has lost his wits the difficulties of the other party are really staggering. For example: a car was traveling along a country road in Illinois at not more than fifteen miles an hour. A boy on a bicycle turned into the road round a clump of bushes a hundred yards or more ahead. There was plenty of room to pass; but after a moment the wheel began wobbling alarmingly toward the wrong side of the road. Evidently the boy was seized with stage fright and had lost control of the wheel. Quick work brought the car to a dead stop just a second before the boy ran plump into it. If the car had been moving at the rate of only five miles an hour he would have been badly hurt.

The duty of avoiding pedestrians rests, of course, upon the driver of the car; but pedestrians should endeavor to make the discharge of this duty as easy as possible, partly because many other duties rest upon the driver.

When you pay your state license fee and get the official number plate, without which you are not permitted to run at all, you usually receive also a neat little pamphlet containing the automobile laws of the state. You find you must have official number plates, one at the front and one at rear of your car—the rear one so placed that the tail-light will shine on it at night. During certain hours you must have a white light at the front of the car and a red light at the rear. The maximum speed at which you may run in the country and within incorporated towns or cities is prescribed. You must have certain brakes and see that they are always in good working order. If you approach a horse-drawn vehicle and the horse seems nervous you must slow down; or—in some states—if the horse is really fractious and a woman is driving, you must, upon a signal from the driver, stop your car, dismount, approach the hysterical beast, soothe him and lead him safely past the object of his suspicions. The law doesn't say what shall happen if the horse declines to be soothed but plants his hoof in your stomach instead. Fortunately you don't need any law to tell you that.

I don't know but there are states where you must also drive the horse home, unharness, feed, water, curry and bed him down for the night, and leave him your calling card; nor do I know why any state should require you to enter into intimate personal relations with a perfectly strange horse simply because he is afraid of automobiles and consequently not fit to be driven by a woman upon any public road.

Such are some of your duties and responsibilities as driver of a car. If you look through the law to see what duties and responsibilities other users of the road owe to you, usually you will find all the law requires of them is to give you a fair share of the highway. Thus the law will say that if an automobile wishes to pass a horse-drawn vehicle going in the same direction the driver of the car shall blow his horn and the driver of the wagon shall then turn out to the right, giving the car room to pass—provided, of course, there is room for two vehicles at that place in the road. This, usually, is all that the law requires of horse-drawn vehicles; and rather extensive inquiry enables me to say with confidence that nearly everywhere drivers of horse-drawn vehicles obey the law in this respect or ignore it according to their personal feelings.

It is well to acknowledge at this point the familiar fact that there are hogs in automobiles—rowdies, drunk or sober—who run [illegible] ing whatever [illegible] people's rights [illegible] venience. The [illegible] of people driving and owning cars who should [illegible] garbage wagons is positively large, yet relatively [illegible] They constitute a troublesome minority, but it is a [illegible] small minority. The great majority of cars are operated carefully and with due regard for other people on the [illegible]

It is true, too, that a majority of horse-drawn [illegible] are driven with decent regard for the rights and [illegible] ience of other people, including people in automobiles. [illegible] there is another class of horse-drivers, and positively [illegible] large one, that really doesn't know that an automobile has any rights whatever upon the road. I have [illegible] than one driver assert, with an air of great virtue [illegible] always refused to give the road to a car. His principal notion was that, as automobiles sometimes frighten horses a good driver should do everything in his power to [illegible] courage their use. Then, of course, there is the [illegible] wagon-driving hog who objects on principle to anything [illegible] enjoying anything that he doesn't enjoy. If he can [illegible] your car trailing his wagon at low speed over [illegible] three miles of narrow road he is as nearly happy as a [illegible] constitution ever permits him to be.

With due regard to the vast number of courteous [illegible] drivers, there is still, I am convinced, much more [illegible] hogging by wagon-drivers than by car-drivers. The [illegible] that will not give half the road is a rare exception. [illegible] afternoon's drive in almost any part of the country [illegible] hardly fail to find you blanketed at least once or [illegible] behind a wagon that could easily let you pass by [illegible] over two or three feet—but will not. The law says [illegible] must; but, in fact, it doesn't.

Careful Driving the Important Thing

YOU have learned from your pamphlet what the [illegible] requires of you; but you have still to learn what [illegible] local authorities require—for unfortunately some [illegible] after having prescribed reasonable speed limitations [illegible] ought to prevail everywhere, permit any city, town, [illegible] or hamlet to set up such speed limits as its rude fancy [illegible] dictate. It seems to be a tolerably general rule that [illegible] more insignificant the town the more unreasonable [illegible] speed ordinance. There are spots on the road that [illegible] would hardly know for towns at all except for [illegible] reading: Speed Limit for Automobiles Eight Miles [illegible] Hour.

Experience has shown that a carelessly driven car [illegible] fifteen miles an hour is much more dangerous to [illegible] occupants of the road than a carefully driven car [illegible] thirty miles; in short, that liability to accident is [illegible] mined by the relative care with which a car is [illegible] rather than by its speed. So, generally speaking, [illegible] munities that [illegible] had the great [illegible] experience with [illegible] mobiles insist [illegible] skillful driving [illegible] allow much [illegible] in the matter of [illegible] For example, the [illegible] of an Eastern [illegible] where there is [illegible] motoring says:



Then, of Course, There Is the Plain Wagon-Driving Hog

"No person shall operate a motor vehicle over any public highway [illegible] or at a greater speed than is reasonable and proper, having regard to the width, traffic and use of the highway, the rate of speed exceeds twelve miles an hour in the [illegible] settled or built parts of any [illegible] town or village; or eighteen miles an hour in the [illegible] or not thickly settled parts of cities, towns or villages; twenty-five miles an hour in the open country, such rate of speed shall be *prima facie* evidence that the person operating such car recklessly—and the burden of proof shall be upon him to show that such rate of speed was not greater than was reasonable and proper."

In contrast with this, Congress some years ago set the country a bad example by prescribing a ridiculous speed code for Washington. It says that no motor vehicle shall be driven upon any street or avenue of the city at a

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The Law Doesn't Say What Shall Happen if the Horse Declines to be Soothed

greater than twelve miles an hour; that it shall not be driven across any intersecting street at a speed greater than eight miles an hour; that it shall not turn the corner into an intersecting street at a speed greater than six miles an hour. Then it describes about a dozen patches in the city within which no motor shall be driven faster than four miles an hour.

A motor driver who attempted to obey these absurd regulations would need to carry a chart of the city on his windshield—keeping one eye on the chart, the other on his speedometer, and trusting to luck to avoid running into anything. As a car is either crossing intersecting streets or turning corners most of the time, its progress under this code would be a series of jerks.

Of course these ridiculous regulations are constantly violated. There is no probability that a solitary automobile was ever operated upon the streets of Washington in compliance with them. The situation is quite tolerable for motorists in the city simply because the police use vastly greater intelligence in enforcing—or not enforcing—the law than its framers displayed in passing it. The law, in short, gives the police a club which they use, in the main, with good sense and discretion. If they catch a man on the wrong side of the street or cutting across a busy corner instead of turning square they arrest him for violating the speed law.

Washington, by-the-way—or rather its environs on the Maryland side of the river—has been a dark and bloody ground for the motorist. As the District of Columbia is only ten miles square, no Washingtonian can do any driving to speak of without running across the line into Maryland; and time was when he could hardly run into Maryland without also running into the belligerent arms of some local official who had nothing much to do except bag Washington automobiles.

A favorite drive for Washingtonians is the Conduit Road, running a dozen miles up the Maryland side of the river to Great Falls. This is a military road, built and maintained by the Federal Government, so it is in excellent condition, and it passes through a lovely country. This road runs for a few yards through a village which consists principally of scenery and contains some two hundred inhabitants.

The Feud Between Maryland and the District

THIS village, however, is a duly incorporated community, armed with power to make local laws and to enforce the same. In time the stream of automobiles passing to and fro—along a Government highway—suggested something in a judicial and executive way to this spot. The mayor appointed a police force which moved joyously into action. To say nothing of the *hoi polloi*, a fair proportion of Washington's most distinguished citizens were arrested for violating the speed laws in this place—until the puissant police force capped the climax by pinching the German ambassador, thereby insulting the Kaiser in the person of his representative and shattering the law of nations at one doughty blow. After that the automobile-trapping industry declined—as the Government owned the road anyway—and the village gradually resumed its normal relative importance in national and international affairs.

There is still a pleasant little automobile feud, however, between Washington and Maryland. It is the custom for one state to permit transient cars, duly licensed in another state, to pass over its highways. Maryland, however, refused to permit cars owned and licensed in the District of Columbia to run upon the roads of the state unless they also took out a Maryland license, paying the full fee and carrying a Maryland number plate. The District retaliated by refusing to permit any Maryland car to enter its borders unless it paid the District license and carried the District number plate.

The sheriff of a county adjoining the District displays patriotic activity in nabbing Washington cars that are without a Maryland number plate or that may be exceeding the speed limit, and for that purpose employs quite a force of deputies. Formerly the nabbed motorist was piloted to the county seat, though a visit to that village may have been quite inconsistent with his plans. Good nature has so far prevailed, however, that at present the motorist is permitted to hand twenty-five dollars in cash to the deputy, taking a receipt and continuing on his way.

On the other hand, the Washington police are often cheered by spying a Maryland car that is without a District number plate or that is traveling a bit too fast. In either case the enemy is promptly captured. This, of course, makes a pleasant game for the sheriff and the police, but it is rather inconvenient for motorists.

The experience of Washington, on the whole, is strictly typical. Probably there isn't a city in the country that hasn't its mean little neighbor, and some unfortunate cities have half a dozen of them—I mean suburban or outlying communities along popular lines of automobile travel that make a regular game of bagging motorists. Sometimes this is done for revenue only; sometimes it is inspired by dog-in-the-manager hostility to automobiles.

It is quite true that automobiles bring a certain inconvenience to people who are not using them—the same sort of inconvenience that a railroad train, a street car or a truck brings. It is certainly not safe now to let children play in the street or road where there is any automobile traffic. It is not safe for a grown person to cross the road without keeping awake and looking about. It is not safe to leave even a well-broken horse unhitched beside the road. It is not safe to drive a horse that is afraid of automobiles—especially if, as happens about eight times out of ten, the driver gets worse frightened and more rattled than the horse. Unless the road is well constructed with a view to withstanding automobile traffic, the heavy, swiftly moving wheels cut it up and raise a dust that blows over the lawn and into the windows.

All these things involve inconvenience as compared with the happy day when babes might toddle in the highway and a nervous horse had nothing more formidable than the grocer's delivery wagon to encounter. A casual glance at automobile statistics, however, will convince any reasonable person that these inconveniences are never going to be overcome by shutting out automobiles. They can be met only by accepting the gasoline carriage as a modern condition and adapting ourselves to it. For example, in the matter of roads, it has been found beyond question that a road scientifically constructed to withstand motor traffic will prove even more durable under such traffic than a horse-vehicle road will under horse-drawn traffic.

An English report to this effect was met with the cry: "But then, we shall have to build our roads especially for the purpose of automobile use!" Exactly! We shall have to build our roads for the purpose of carrying the sort of traffic that modern conditions impose. A highway that answered every purpose very well twenty years ago will not answer every purpose very well now. The steam-railroad bed and tracks that answered every purpose excellently twenty years ago wouldn't carry today's railroad equipment at all. The solution isn't in discarding the modern vehicle, but in building to meet it. So, also, with keeping children off the street.

Ten years ago, to possess or even to be seen in an automobile raised a presumption that one was a plutocrat; and it is notorious that nobody cares what happens to a plutocrat so long as it is something disagreeable. By a logical deduction, nobody cared what happened to automobiles. It was only about a dozen years ago that Chicago park commissioners sought to bar them absolutely from the city's parks and boulevards.



Displays Patriotic Activity in Nabbing Washington Cars That are Without a Maryland Number

In the last two years three hundred and seventy-five thousand cars have been built and sold in the United States, with practical certainty that the output for 1912 will break the record. This means, of course, that there is no more relation between automobiles and plutocrats than there is between top buggies and bank presidents. There can hardly be less than seven hundred thousand cars in use in this country—say fifteen times the number of passenger cars of steam railroads. There is scarcely a village that hasn't anywhere from a dozen cars up. They are found in every farming community. Riding in an automobile is not a more novel or exceptional experience than riding on a railroad. It has undoubtedly become the greatest outdoor recreation, to say nothing of the numberless business and professional uses that it serves.

The facts in the case, however, have scarcely been comprehended or duly digested as yet by the law and the public mind—even though the public mind may just have come in from a pleasant little spin in its neighbor's car. There is still, broadly speaking, some disposition to regard the automobile as an interloper that comes in merely on sufferance and at its own peril. There is still a tolerably general assumption that, in case of an accident, the car was to blame.

"I had four reputable eyewitnesses," said the accident-insurance lawyer, "who swore that the man stopped abruptly while crossing the street, then turned round and walked squarely in front of the car, though the chauffeur had sounded his horn. The bill at the hospital was two hundred and fifty dollars and the jury soaked me for twelve hundred besides." This happens nearly every day.

Automobiles are very properly required to carry headlights to see by and tail-lights to warn anything behind them of their presence; but almost nowhere are other vehicles required to carry any light at night, though they ought to wherever automobiles are on the road—as anybody who has seen a black buggy suddenly resolve itself out of a clump of black foliage can testify. Drivers of other vehicles should be supplied with neat little editions of the road laws and held quite as accountable for obeying them—including the injunction to turn out when a car signals—as automobile drivers are.



And, Except for Downright Scorching, There are Practically No Speed Limits at All

Of course conditions have improved. In a number of states the power to fix absurd speed limits has been taken away from the local authorities, the state itself prescribing the lowest speed rate that any town or village can enforce. No doubt this will become the universal rule and all low-speed ordinances will disappear.

Administering "Justice" by Mail

THE suburban and constabulary pastime of bagging motor tourists will probably disappear also. It is not so popular now as it used to be. In at least one recent case an automobile club succeeded in nabbing the nabber—a village justice of the peace. This magistrate evidently had no constitutional prejudice against modern improvements, for he conducted his court on the celebrated mail-order system. Having jotted down the number of a car that he thought was going too fast, he got the owner's name and address from the records of the state that issued the car license, then sent the owner a letter:

"*Dear Sir:* On July twentieth, between the hours of twelve and two o'clock, your car passed through our town on the main street at a speed of twenty miles an hour. Appear at my office on July twenty-ninth and pay a fine of fifteen dollars and costs, amounting in all to sixteen dollars and thirty-five cents, and avoid further trouble.

Administering justice by mail did not meet the approval of higher judicial authority, however, and the magistrate was bound over to the grand jury.

A justice of the peace on a popular motor road in Pennsylvania has adopted a system of notifying speed ordinance violators, but he doesn't impose a fine at long range. He uses a neatly printed blank, like the following:

Mr. —— ——:

Dear Sir: I have issued a warrant for your arrest, on oath of a Special Officer of this Township, for violating the Act of April 27, 1909, by driving a motor vehicle, License Number ——, on the highways of said township, at a rate of speed of —— miles an hour on the —— day of —— 191—, at ——, going ——. If you will voluntarily appear for hearing I will withhold service of warrant. Kindly answer this notice promptly and I will set time.

It is significant and encouraging that law and custom accord the most liberal treatment to automobiles in those

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communities where they are most used; in short, the more people see of motor cars the better they seem to think of them. Nowhere else in this country, of course, are there so many automobiles as upon the streets of New York. The number of cars in use in the city is about fifty-five thousand; and, except for downright scorching, there are practically no speed limits at all.

The law of the state of New York says: "Every person operating a motor vehicle on the public highways of this state shall drive the same in a careful and prudent manner and at a rate of speed so as not to endanger the property of another or the life or limb of any person; provided that a rate of speed in excess of thirty miles an hour shall be presumptive evidence of driving at a rate which is not careful and prudent."

The state law also prohibits the local authorities, except in cities of the first class, from passing any ordinances, rules or regulations that prescribe a minimum speed below fifteen miles an hour.

New York's Example

This state law became effective in May, 1910. There is some question as to whether an old speed ordinance in the city of New York was repealed by it or is still in effect; but this is merely an academic question, for no attempt is made to enforce it. Thirty miles an hour in the city is a very common rate where there is a clear roadway. Everywhere south of Fifty-ninth Street, of course, speed is necessarily limited by traffic conditions; but all over the city the police pay no attention to any rate of speed which a reasonable and sober motorist would regard as prudent.

Downtown, in fact, the great job of the New York police is to keep traffic moving, and they feel much more kindly toward a vehicle that gets itself out of the way as briskly as possible than they do to a lumbering one.

New York has found by experience that setting a low-speed limit isn't the way to prevent accidents. Virtually all accidents, of course, are the result of carelessness, either on the part of the person driving the car or of somebody outside the car. Always excepting the drunken joy-rider—for whom nothing can be done beyond framing a pious hope that he will kill nobody but himself—there is no tangible relationship between speed and carelessness; in fact, a driver is more apt to slumber at the wheel when his car is going ten miles an hour than when it is going thirty.

I presume there are fewer automobile accidents in New York, relatively to the number of cars and persons on the streets, than in many localities that attempt to enforce unreasonable speed limits. It is a fact that few damage cases arising from such accidents get into court. City car owners, as a rule, carry insurance against liability to damages, and a good many cases, no doubt, are settled privately by the insurance companies; but, on the whole, New York, with its fifty-five thousand cars, gets on very reasonably and pleasantly with the automobile. The vigilant enemies of the machine are usually found in juxtaposition to the tall grass.

Bogus Gems

IT IS always wise, when buying a white topaz, to purchase it from a reliable dealer, inasmuch as rock crystal and even lead glass are often sold under that name.

Colorless beryl yields a very brilliant and diamondlike stone when properly cut. Indeed, many gems, and even phenacite and rock crystal, often passed in former days as diamonds, even under the scrutiny of experts—such exact tests as refraction and specific gravity being unknown until comparatively recent years.

No imitation of the diamond, however, is so brilliant as a skillfully cut piece of the kind of lead glass known in the trade as "paste." The play of color in these counterfeits is often very beautiful; but the glass "diamond" possesses no luster—this term being applied to the light reflected from the top surfaces of a gem. The flashes of light and color that give brilliancy come from the interior, being thrown from the rear surfaces of the stone.

The glass diamond is soft and is attacked chemically by a number of things with which it comes in contact by wear; for both of which reasons it soon becomes dulled.

Morning

Any Time O'Day

Post Toasties

with cream and sugar or bana are wholesome and please the palate.

Crisp bits of Indian Corn cooked and toasted to an appetizing brown.

Ready to serve direct from the package.

Noon

A Minn. woman writes:

"I use Post Toasties because they are liked by all the family, making a convenient food to serve on any occasion.

"I use it for a breakfast food then again with canned fruit or preserves, as a most delicious dessert for dinner or supper—each one desiring more.

"My experience is, all who taste want more."

Post Toasties

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

Night

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The Senator's Secretary

AT THE exact moment an ordinarily astute politician or statesman, or that combination of both known as the friend of the people—indeed, I may say, at the exact moment a super-ordinarily astute person of any of the types above designated—takes over the job of managing the campaign of a candidate for the presidential nomination, he predicates all his public maneuvers and pronouncements on the assumption that the entire population of the United States—voters and non-voters—is aged a shade over seven years, but has not yet reached the full maturity of eight.

It has been so since managing campaigns ceased to be an avocation and became a vocation—a trade; and I suppose it will continue so until that day when the people shall take the task of picking out their president themselves instead of allowing their president to be picked out for them. At the present time the industry of campaign managing is flourishing as it never has flourished before. Campaign managers are so thick in Washington you step on their toes every time you cross a hotel lobby, and bump into them whenever you try to get into a newspaper or correspondent's office. They are to be found in every corner and cranny of the Capitol, lurking in the offices of the White House and hanging on the straps in the street cars. Washington people wondered at the large number of new office buildings recently built in that somnolent city. The reason now appears—they were erected for the purpose of housing presidential headquarters. New York and Chicago have their full share also; but the business has reached the full flower of its perfection in Washington.

The functions of a campaign manager are varied—and important, of course. Principally he is supposed to tell other people to tell other people to tell other people what to do in order that right and justice may prevail, and his candidate for the highest office within the gift of the people—that's the official campaign designation for president—may be selected by the national convention and triumphantly inducted into the White House, there to furnish fat Federal jobs for all those who have sufficient strength to cash in the promises the campaign manager made. In reality, the campaign manager is an advertising agent—no more and no less. He gets information, and disseminates that information after his expert literary aides have put such interpretations and frills and embroideries and cold water on it as the circumstances may require.

Fashions haven't changed in campaign managing in the last forty years, except where the people themselves have changed them. The managers all operate according to a fixed procedure. Watch any half dozen of them at work and you will discover that, no matter whether one is directing the footsteps of a reactionary and another is guiding a radical, they both use the same methods; and, by the same token, both arrive at about the same results.

Charging the First Gun

This is the formula: Necessarily when a man aspires to be president he must let the people in on it—that is, he cannot be a passive candidate; for passive candidates garner few delegates. The call of the people for any man to go to the White House and direct the government is never so loud that its cadences do not have to be accentuated a good deal, so that enough may hear it to make it imperative. The job is not only to supply the call but to supply also the callers—that is, if the people will not rise and demand, they must have tacks placed in their chairs so they will rise and demand. To this end the campaign manager devotes his energy. He may have a few connections here and there that will enable him to do some manipulating; but his principal task is to advertise. That is why the campaign manager's first employee is a press agent. Next he hires a suite of rooms—if there is any money available. If he is cramped for funds he hires one room. If he has no funds he borrows a typewriter.

This is the initial stage—the invariable preparation. Then he announces, through the press agent, that the Honorable William J. Boogin has taken the management of the campaign of the Honorable Charles X. Magoosh, and is quoted as follows:

"I have this day assumed the management of the campaign of the Honorable Charles X. Magoosh for the presidency. My candidate will undoubtedly be selected by the national convention as his party's standard bearer, for there is an insistent call from the people that this gallant leader shall take the helm and relieve them of the burdens that have been heaped upon them by the party in power."

Of course, if the party in power is the party of his candidate he will say his gallant leader is demanded by the people to correct the abuses that have crept into the body politic, to regenerate the party, make it truly representative of the people and carry out the policies of the Fathers and such Sons as may be in his faction. This attended to he lets go a column or so of resounding generalities about the strength of his candidate, the weaknesses of the other candidates; makes sweeping claims of all delegates in sight, and considers he has fired a heavily shotted opening gun.

After that he confers. The very best thing a campaign manager does is to confer. He will confer over the buying of a sheet of postage stamps, or the ditto of a state convention. He confers when he asks a visiting politician to luncheon, and he confers when he expresses an opinion of the weather. If so be you have ever been to one of these conferences, even an important one, you have discovered that nine times out of ten conferring consists of gossiping about chances with visitors, or in discussing ambitious claims made by ambitious politicians who have ambitions of their own.

All for the Peerless Magoosh

Then he "gets in touch." Getting in touch consists in writing large numbers of letters to persons who think exactly as he does, and being gratified in having his own brand of thoughts return to him as sage and non-partisan conclusions as to the outcome and chances. After he is in touch he proceeds to touch and be touched. He conducts a monumental correspondence, sounding public sentiment. The public sentiment he sounds is always the kind of public sentiment he desires to have resound pleasantly. The simple expedient of going elsewhere than to favorable sources to ascertain sentiment has not yet occurred to a campaign manager. Sometime it may, but it hasn't yet. He doesn't want bad news. What he wants is good news; and he fishes for that kind.

If, perchance, he gets no good news—or no news at all—he is forced to make some. Here is where the literary director comes in. It is as necessary to advertise a candidate as it is to advertise a brand of soap. So the literary director hammers out a lot of guff about the particular candidate he is booming; and they get as much of it printed as they can. The literary director shows conclusively there is a great wave of enthusiasm sweeping over the country for the peerless Charles X. Magoosh, who is certain to be nominated. Though it may be that Mr. Magoosh has, as yet, attained no delegates, still there is an overpowering sentiment for him among the people, and the day of his triumph is near at hand; or if he has picked up a delegate or two that cheering fact is kept prominently in the foreground. Also, if there is anything in the careers of the opposing candidates that can be worked over to their disadvantage the working over is done, and all the horrible details are laid bare before the people.

Tabulations are made. The library of a campaign manager consists of a political almanac. With that, and the guesses of the politicians in various localities, he makes table after table showing how it is impossible for his man to lose. It is a simple and satisfying employment. A state leader writes and says—or comes in and says—there is nothing to it. "The Honorable Charles X. Magoosh will have the delegates from our state; but, to be conservative, allow the Honorable Patrick Q. Bolus, the principal opposing candidate, four, say. Of course he won't get them; but, being conservative, it is certain the Honorable Charles X. Magoosh will have all the rest." The campaign manager rubs his hands and puts down all but four—and the literary director writes a piece about it. Next morning the public is informed that such and such a state will undoubtedly give Magoosh all its delegates, or nearly all,



"You'd better not bay less than half-a-dozen!"

BECAUSE your family will enjoy this perfect soup so well, you are likely to find yourself suddenly without it some fine day just at dinner hour with the stores closed and everybody clamoring for

Campbell's
OX TAIL
SOUP

And no wonder they all like it so well.

The rich stock is made from fresh selected ox-tails most daintily prepared. And this nourishing broth—combined with whole-tomato puree—contains, besides the meaty marrowy joints, diced vegetables, barley, celery and herbs, all flavored delicately with dry Spanish sherry of our own importation. There never was a more satisfying soup. And we make 20 others just as good. Try them all.



There was a young lady named Kitty
Who lived in great style in the city
She said "Campbell's taste
Is so tasty and rare
To miss it one day
is a pity!"

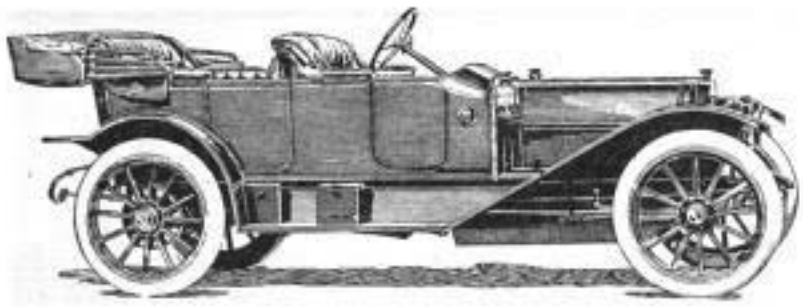
21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
	Tomato-Okra Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato



Look for the red-and-white label

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YOU can buy a powerful six-cylinder Mitchell car for $1750; smooth running, easy riding, simple in construction, little trouble to care for and economical to operate.

High prices for automobiles are relics of the days when the manufacturers were making expensive experiments, and buyers were bidding high for cars that would come back as far as they would go out.

Mitchell cars today will go as fast and as far and ride as comfortably as cars that cost three times as much; they are beautiful in appearance and are built for the man who can't afford to make a mistake.

Make a list of the things you want in a car, and see if you don't find all of them in the Mitchell cars. Two sizes in the flexible six cylinder; two splendid four cylinder models, and a handy and reliable two passenger runabout; each one ideal in its particular field of usefulness.

For 77 years our vehicles have given satisfaction; they'll continue to do so for another 77 years.

Buying a Mitchell means knowing what you are getting.

Seven Passenger Mitchell-Six

Horse Power	60
Cylinders	6
Ignition	Splitdorf dual
Lubrication	self-contained in crank case
Transmission	selective, 3 forward, 1 reverse
Rear Axle	full floating
Rims	demountable
Tires	36 x 4½
Wheel Base	135 inches
Tread	56-inch or 60-inch if desired
Body	7 passenger, fore doors

Price $2250

Five Passenger Mitchell-Six

Horse Power	48
Cylinders	6
Ignition	Splitdorf dual
Lubrication	self-contained in crank case
Transmission	selective, 3 forward, 1 reverse
Rear Axle	full floating
Rims	demountable
Tires	36 x 4
Wheel Base	125 inches
Tread	56-inch or 60-inch if desired
Body	5 passenger, fore doors

Price $1750

The four cylinder, five passenger Mitchell, 30-H. P. $1350
The four cylinder, four passenger Mitchell, 30-H. P. $1150
The four cylinder, two passenger Mitchell Runabout, 30-H. P., no top . $950

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Company
Racine, Wisconsin

Branches: New York, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Dallas, Kansas City, Seattle, London, Paris

and this indicates Magoosh's triumphant nomination; in fact, that nomination is a foregone conclusion.

The campaign manager writes letters and confers; collects money and confers; sends telegrams and confers; makes calculations and confers; receives delegations and confers; gives interviews and confers; is secretive and confers; is talkative and confers; makes claims and confers; sees the handwriting on the wall and confers; and holds conferences and confers. Moreover, he always confers with the conferees who tell him what he wants to know. The idea of conferring with people not in his own circle rarely occurs to him. He might hear something that would annoy him if he did.

Thus it goes until convention time. Then the campaign managers move to the convention city and there is a frenzy of conference. After the convention all but one of them give out interviews saying they bow to the will of the people—that is joyous, that will-of-the-people line in reference to a national convention—and will loyally support the nominee. Then they go home and try to get on the handwagon.

The point of it all is that ordinary campaign managing is so bogus it is silly. The stuff they put out for advertising purposes and to influence the people is, as I have said, predicated on the assumption that the entire voting population is not much over seven years of age. The one great, basic fact in the politics of this country that has not yet percolated into the minds of the tribe of campaign managers is this: You can foster a political sentiment and aid in its growth, but you cannot create a political sentiment. The people of this country are much better judges of men than they are of measures; and, even if their desires are thwarted by a nominating convention, they never fail to show—on election day—just what they think and how they think. For example, there was no popular demand in the Democratic party for the nomination of Judge Alton B. Parker for president in 1904. The demand for Parker was absolutely artificial, created by a little coterie of men who had money.

Trained Troupes of Press Agents

There are, of course, certain details of organization that must be attended to; but at the present time the campaign-managing fever has become hectic. A dozen or so men are sitting at desks in various office suites and managing a dozen or so candidates—acutely mysterious, intensely solemn, supernaturally strategic, bogusly optimistic—with the grave concerns of the salvation of the Republic on their shoulders, borne down by a burden of heavy responsibility.

What they are trying to do is to get some advertising for their men. The real campaign managers, in each instance, are the fellows back in the state who know what is doing and what is to be done, and who can do what is necessary or can try intelligently—and have, or hope to have, the machinery to work with. Still, it appears, we must have them! The people must be told what to think and what to do, however perplexing it may be to the people to have a dozen or so trained troupes of press agents yammering at them each day that the only way to keep the Ship of State off the rocks is to take the candidate of the troupe that has the stuff in the paper they are reading at that particular moment. And there is this to be said about it: It may so happen that the people of this country will allow themselves to be told what to think as to candidates; but it is certain they will do their own thinking on election day, no matter how many campaign managers there are or will be. It may still be true that a campaign manager, or a coterie of them, can nominate a particular candidate—and it probably is true; but it has ceased to be true that a campaign manager, or a coterie of them, can elect a particular candidate on their say-so. Those days are gone; and the quicker the professional politicians and the Wall Street crowd, and all the other influences hitherto so powerful in presidential politics, wake up to that situation the happier they will be.

At that the campaign managers are entitled to some sympathy, for they have their troubles. Indeed, it is gradually dawning on all concerned that the ideal presidential candidate to manage would be a deaf-and-dumb man who never learned to write, and who was reared to innocuous manhood in a hermetically sealed cave.

Ask for the heel with the RED plug



The Big New Idea in Rubber Heels

You know the kind of rubber heels that start *off* all right.

That do good work for a while—a month or so, perhaps—

And then "go dead"—useless weights on the feet.

Spring-Step Rubber Heels

start with more spring and life than any other rubber heel you ever saw.

And they retain every bit of their *lift* and buoyancy right down to the last day you use them.

They *STAY ALIVE*—and outwear leather heels.

That's the big, new idea in rubber heels.

We've inserted in each heel the Patented RED Friction Plug—you can't slip on them if you try.

50 Cents a Pair Put on

Any shoe repair shop

REVERE RUBBER CO.
Chelsea, Mass.

Boston, New York, Pittsburg, Chicago, New Orleans, San Francisco, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Philadelphia

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DEFAULTED BONDS

By Roger W. Babson

IN A PREVIOUS article I remarked that an investor should not expect more than 4½ per cent on an investment unless he renders some distinct service other than simply loaning the money. Since writing the above I have been asked how an investor can render such additional service as would entitle him to a recompense over and above said 4½ per cent. In reply I will state that the simplest way for the investor to attempt to obtain more than this normal rate of interest is by assuming some risk—and, therefore, the greater the risk the greater the reward for the lucky ones. For this reason 6-per-cent bonds and 7-per-cent preferred stocks are offered to investors at about par. In such cases the investor is receiving about 4½ per cent for the legitimate use of his money, just what he would receive on an investment that is absolutely safe, and is given in addition the balance of from 1½ per cent to 2½ per cent for the risk he is taking in buying an inferior grade of securities. I personally, however, do not believe in the investor's attempting to obtain a high rate of interest by assuming any amount of risk; and in my mind it is a great mistake for the investor to attempt to obtain a high rate of interest by buying such unseasoned bonds and preferred stocks.

In fact, in one article I stated that the real legitimate method of obtaining more than 4½ per cent with safety is by studying fundamental business conditions and purchasing only during panics and other periods of business distress, when money is in great demand and securities are being sold at a discount. A man who buys during a panic performs a distinct service and should receive a profit for said service in addition to a normal rate of interest. A man who accumulates money when money is a drug on the market and then lets it out in panicky times, when money is in great demand, performs the same service to the community that the iceman performs who stores up ice during the cold, disagreeable winter, when it is a nuisance, in order to have it for use during the hot summer weather. Therefore, up to the present time, I have mentioned only this method of obtaining more than simple interest on one's investment. In other words, I have stated that a small investor should either be satisfied with about 4½ per cent, or else he should study conditions and confine his investing only to times of panic, which occur about once in two or three years.

The Bondholders in Control

There is, however, an additional method by which an investor may be morally entitled to a higher rate of interest, and that is in connection with the purchase of defaulted bonds. As readers know, about three per cent of the corporation bond issues offered to the public default—that is, the corporations issuing them are unable to pay the interest thereon at some period. Sometimes this default occurs within a year or two from the time they are issued and in other instances not until several years afterward. Usually, however, the default comes within the first five years; and it is owing to this that we refer to seasoned bonds, meaning bonds that have been issued and the interest regularly paid thereon for over five years. Of course when there is a default in the interest on the bonds, the stock theoretically is of no value; and legally the stockholders should lose everything before there is a default in the bond interest. Unfortunately, owing largely to the fact that so many lawyers devote their energies to the miscarriage of justice rather than to the execution of justice, this usually is not the case. Nevertheless, as an illustration, it may be assumed that when bonds have defaulted the stockholders have become tired of paying additional money, and have relinquished control of the property, deciding either to take a total loss or else be satisfied with what the bondholders decide to do after the bondholders have satisfied their own claims. Simultaneously with the stockholders relinquishing their claim in the corporation the bondholders assume control; and when bonds are in default it may be assumed logically that the bondholders are controlling the property.

If all the bonds of a corporation in default should be owned by one man it would be necessary simply for this one man to assume control of the corporation, the same as the mortgagee takes possession of a house upon which he holds a mortgage when the interest is in default. In practice, however, a bond issue of a given corporation is scattered among hundreds and perhaps thousands of individuals, located in different parts of the world. Thus, it is necessary for some of the larger holders to unite and form a committee of about five persons who stand well in the community and are known to be men of ability and integrity.

The Deposit Agreement

In order that their action may be as unanimous as possible, this committee asks for a deposit of all the bonds of the issue; and the small investors with only one bond are therefore urged to deposit with the committee in order that the committee may represent all the bonds of the issue. Such a committee usually assumes no liability, but accepts the deposit of these bonds under a trust agreement, or deposit agreement as it is usually called, which shows just what rights the bondholders still hold, what the committee is to attempt to do and what position the trust company assumes in the matter. I say trust company, because the committee as individuals will not assume the responsibility of holding all these bonds, but insists that some trust company shall be the depositary. Usually the same trust company is selected as depositary that is also trustee for the company; but this is not a necessity and often a different trust company is selected.

It, therefore, will be seen that the four parties to a defaulted bond issue are: first, the corporation, which for practical purposes need not be considered; second, the bondholder, who has money invested; third, the bondholders' committee, which is protecting the bondholders; and fourth, the trust company, which holds the bonds or stands between the bondholders and the bondholders' committee.

Of course, if this trust company is a different one from the trust company that is trustee for the mortgage, there are five parties; for in such a case there would be two trust companies interested in the reorganization.

Naturally, when the bondholder deposits his bonds with the trust company for the benefit of the committee, such a bondholder wishes some receipt; therefore the trust company, on behalf of the committee, issues a receipt, and the following is the reading of a typical receipt:

No. CERTIFICATE OF DEPOSIT OF _____ RAILROAD COMPANY $ FACE VALUE OF BONDS.

First-Mortgage Refunding Four-Per-Cent Gold Bonds

Issued under the Mortgage dated April 1, 1901, to The _____ Trust Company, of the City of New York, as Trustee, with coupon due July 1, 1910, and all subsequent coupons thereto attached, deposited under an Agreement, dated May 4, 1910, between depositors of the above-mentioned Bonds and _____, _____, _____, _____ and _____, the Committee named in said Agreement.

The _____ Trust Company of New York, as Depositary,

Hereby certifies that it has received from _____ First-Mortgage Refunding Four-Per-Cent Gold Bonds of _____ Railroad Company, at the par value of _____ Dollars,

With coupons thereto attached as above stated; said Bonds having been deposited subject to the terms and conditions of the above-mentioned Agreement, dated May 4, 1910. The holder thereof by receiving this Certificate consents to and is bound by the provisions of said Agreement, and is entitled to receive all of the securities, benefits and advantages to which the depositor is or may become entitled pursuant to the conditions of said Agreement; or the said Bonds so deposited, together with the coupons thereto attached, may be returned to or withdrawn by the holder hereof in accordance with the terms and provisions of said Agreement upon presentation and surrender of this certificate, duly indorsed.



Hats that lead —backed by a guarantee

Do you know that when you buy a *von Gal made Hat*, a positive binding guarantee goes to you with it? Do you know that the dealer who sells it does not want you to keep the hat unless the quality is right in every particular? And in that assurance we stand behind the dealer who sells

von Gal made Hats

"Correct Styles for Men"

This means that the hat must be right to the minutest detail before you buy. Careful making, rigid inspection, must make us sure that every hat we send out is worthy of our guarantee.

von Gal Styles are correct always—the highest embodiment of hat design and skill in manufacture. Quality of manufacture means that they *stay right*—that they *continue* to give you satisfaction. Whether your choice is a soft or stiff style, it will repay you to insist on this hat—a hat that is guaranteed, but that is so good that it does not *need* any guarantee.

The new spring styles include the smartest and best rough, scratch and bright finish effects. You can't fail to like them.

Prices $3, $4 and $5. At your dealer's, or if he cannot supply you, write for Spring and Summer Style Book E, and we will fill your order direct from factory if you indicate style wanted and give hat size, your height, weight and waist measure. Add 25c to cover expressage.

We are Makers of the Hawes Celebrated $3 Hat

Factories: Danbury, Conn. Niagara Falls Ontario, Canada
Straw Hat Factory: Baltimore, Md.

Hawes.von Gal INCORPORATED

Offices and Salesrooms: 1178 Broadway New York 48 Summer Street Boston

Panama Factory: New York



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STEIN-BLOCH SMART CLOTHES

And this is what he dictated:

"Friend Jack: I haven't any tailor. What's the use when I can get better fitted right out of the Spring stock of the Stein-Bloch dealer? Look him up and invest the money you save by patronizing him in an early visit to

Yours ever, Peter B.

P. S. That suit you specially like cost me just——but what's the use?—you'd never believe me. Go find out for yourself."

Whoever—wherever you are Stein-Bloch clothes are within *your* reach. *Write us for the nearest dealer's name.....* Our label means 57 years of knowing how. Demand it always.

The Stein-Bloch Co.
Rochester, N.Y.

The Stein-Bloch Company
Rochester, New York
New York Boston Chicago



This certificate is transferable only on the books kept for the purpose at the office of The ____ Trust Company of New York, upon surrender of this certificate, duly indorsed; and thereupon a new certificate will be issued to the transferee in exchange therefor.

THE ____ TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK
Depositary.

New York, August 24, 1911.

By _____
Vice-President.

_____
Secretary.

I mention this receipt because, when purchasing a defaulted bond, the investor really does not purchase a bond, but rather one of these receipts. Therefore theoretically we are considering in this article the receipts for defaulted bonds rather than defaulted bonds proper.

As above suggested, it is often the case that an investor may render a service by purchasing these receipts. This will entitle the investor to a profit in addition to the interest on his money; and if this is the case there must be some reason therefor. Briefly the reason why this is possible is because the ordinary individual does not like to hold these receipts; and consequently an investor is compelled to dispose of them for less than their intrinsic value. There are various reasons why the average investor prefers to take a loss on defaulted securities rather than hold the receipts; and among these reasons I mention the following:

1. No such receipts carry interest in the ordinary sense of the word. Until a bond defaults it is sold with interest—that is to say, if you purchase, on April first, a $1000 4-per-cent bond, with interest payable January first and July first, at 101, you will pay $1010 for the face of the bond and in addition three months' accrued interest at 4 per cent, which will be $10, making $1020 in all. If, however, this bond should default, it would no longer be sold with interest. Thus, so long as one holds such a defaulted bond or the receipt issued therefor, he apparently is losing interest. In other words, assume that the above-mentioned 4-per-cent bond should default and the price drop to 80, and continue at this figure. After this has happened, if one should desire to sell the bond or purchase more, it would make no difference what month he purchased it or sold it—there would be no accrued interest to pay, the total amount being simply $800 "flat."

Interest Lost on Defaulted Bonds

Now as money is worth at least 4 per cent, it is apparent that the investor of $1000 in defaulted bonds is losing at least $40, or 4 per cent every year that he holds them. Whether or not this is true, it is apparent that, if the price of these certificates is to remain fixed at said 80 for two or three years, while the property is being reorganized, it certainly would be advisable for the holder to sell his certificates immediately after default and then buy them in again shortly before the reorganization plans are announced. He then could be having his money on deposit in some bank meantime and drawing his 4-per-cent interest, thus saving 4 per cent a year. Of course, as I shall show later, this does not always work out this way; but in many instances it does thus work out, and in all instances the holder of a receipt is obliged to forego receiving the interest each six months, which may be a hardship for many and makes these receipts somewhat unpopular with all.

2. Another reason why the average investor does not like to hold receipts for defaulted bonds is the fact that in many reorganizations an assessment is called for. This usually is because, when the bondholders are obliged to take over the operation of a corporation, they find the treasury devoid of working capital. As working capital is absolutely necessary, the bondholders, through receivers who represent them, apply to the court for permission to issue receivers' certificates in order to raise money for necessary working capital, repairs, and so on. Though receivers' certificates are classed among the very best of investments, combining as they usually do absolute security, a short-time maturity and a fair rate of interest, yet they are dreaded by bondholders. The reason for this is because receivers' certificates take precedence of bond issues and must be paid before the bondholders receive anything for themselves. Now, in order to pay these certificates, the money is usually be raised only through an assessment. Of course these assessments are usually levied on the stockholders—possible—the bondholders saying to the stockholders: "If you will pay these certificates and furnish additional money to put the company on a sound financial basis, we will continue to hold our bonds and will return to you the control of the company." In such a case, though the old stock is entirely wiped out, new stock is given to the stockholders, who will pay their proportion of the assessment.

Unfortunately there are many instances when the stockholders will not pay the assessment and prefer to take a total loss than to bother with the corporation any further. In such a case the bondholders are obliged to assess themselves. This is usually done by wiping out the old bond issue and giving new bonds to such bondholders as will help on the assessment.

The Market Limited

3. These receipts issued for defaulted bonds are usually not payable to bearer and must be forwarded to the trust company for transfer whenever they are bought or sold. In certain receipts listed on the New York Stock Exchange this is not the case, as such receipts are often payable to bearer; but very few receipts issued for defaulted bonds are listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Though this is really no objection and is no more of an inconvenience than the transferring of stock, yet for some reason or other people do not like to hold these receipts which are not payable to bearer. Possibly they do not care to have it known that they are holders of defaulted bonds; but, whatever the reason, there is a prejudice among investors against these receipts. They also are rather unsatisfactory collateral. Owing to the possibility of assessment and the non-payment of interest, banks prefer not to loan upon them. This tends to prevent speculation in the receipts and limits the market. Unfortunately speculation tends to increase prices rather than to lower them. Consequently a security that is not manipulated for speculative purposes often sells for less than its intrinsic value.

Of course there are also other reasons why these receipts are not popular, some of these reasons being real though psychological. For instance, very few securities are considered at the fair average intrinsic value. It is human nature either to be hopeful or to be fearful. Consequently most securities are purchased with the hope of increased prosperity or else are sold on account of fear of disaster. We are not calmly to consider a proposition on its merits—and either we are enthusiastic or else pessimistic. So long as a bond pays interest regularly we all talk enthusiastically and think well of it; but so soon as it defaults on its interest we all become pessimistic and think evil of it. Consequently, for this and the other above-mentioned reasons, defaulted bonds and the receipts issued therefor usually sell below their intrinsic value.

4. There also is one more reason why this is so—namely, that it is much more difficult to obtain information relative to companies in the hands of receivers than is the case with going concerns. Bondholders' committees usually operate on the "star chamber" principle and often are very loath to give the bondholders the information which is their due. This, to my mind, is absolutely wrong; for certainly the members of a bondholders' committee are purely the servants of the holders of bonds deposited therewith, and it seems absolutely wrong that the committee members should be so secretive.

The very fact that the various disadvantages above mentioned cause the bonds to sell below their intrinsic value often makes such bonds and their receipts attractive to investors who have courage and individuality. Some of the advantages may be briefly summarized as follows:

1. Take the question of interest. In this instance. Though no interest is regularly paid upon such receipts, yet, if the property is good for anything more than the face value of the bonds, the bondholders will collect this interest at the time of the reorganization. For instance, I have in mind an issue upon which no interest has been paid for four years—but the property underlying lien to two junior issues. Now when the reorganization is finally completed either the stockholders or else

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IT MUST BE GOOD VARNISH

WHEN a man's building burns and he goes out of his way to hunt down exactly the same varnish as used on the building ten years before, it's strong evidence that the varnish must be good — unusually good.

That happened at the time of the big fire at Chelsea, Mass.

The varnish was one of Berry Brothers' Architectural Finishes.

Some people have an idea that one varnish is about as good as another. Yet experienced men, who have had the opportunity of studying various makes under all conditions, realize there's a wide difference — and that it pays to get the best, regardless of the gallon-price or the difficulty of getting it used.

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ANY dealer or painter can supply Berry Brothers' Architectural Varnishes and will gladly get them for you if he does not carry them in stock. You can always tell them by the well known label on the can, used by us for so many years that it is virtually our trade-mark — your protection against substitution.

The Berry Brothers' Line includes every varnish, shellac, or kindred product you can possibly require — so you need never accept a substitute

Send for free booklet: "Choosing Your Varnish Maker" — of interest to all users, large or small.

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Established 1858

Factories — Detroit, Michigan and Walkerville, Ontario.



holders of the junior issues will be compelled to raise the money to pay the face value of these first-mortgage bonds in full, plus interest compounded at 6 per cent, though the bonds in question call for interest only at the rate of 5 per cent. Therefore, if one has a well-secured first-mortgage bond, he is ultimately sure of his interest, though he may be obliged to wait two or three years.

2. I stated above that one of the objections to these receipts is that the holders thereof are liable to assessment — and assessments are very unpopular. This fact, however, that assessments are so unpopular, makes it necessary to give an exceedingly liberal inducement to holders in order that the assessment may be paid. The result of this is that the investors who have the courage to pay the assessment are handsomely rewarded therefor. The shrewdest investors are continually seeking opportunities for the payment of assessments, knowing that in no other way is it possible to obtain so much for one's money. Moreover, in the case of underlying bonds and other well-secured bonds, it is usually unnecessary even to pay this assessment. If the committee representing the underlying bonds insists on its rights it usually forces the holders of the junior bonds to pay an assessment; while if the holders of the junior bonds have sufficient "sand," and are not also stockholders, they can usually force the stockholders to pay this assessment.

Therefore, in the minds of the ablest investors, the assessment feature is no disadvantage whatsoever.

Bad Trades Made by Investors

3. I stated above that these receipts are unpopular because they do not bear interest, because they must be returned to the trust company to be transferred, and because for other reasons they are so unlike regular bonds upon which interest is being regularly paid. In this connection, however, I should like to ask one question — namely: Even at its worst, why is the receipt for a defaulted bond any worse than a certificate for a non-dividend-paying stock — either preferred or common? I often see unwise investors selling receipts for defaulted bonds because of prejudice and then investing the same money in non-dividend-paying stocks. Personally I cannot imagine a single advantage which a certificate for non-dividend-paying stock has over a receipt for a defaulted bond; though I know many advantages that the receipt for a defaulted bond has over the certificate for a stock which is not yet paying a dividend.

When an investor is assured of the facts he has an opportunity sometimes of using his money in the performance of a real service. This service consists of purchasing these defaulted bonds when the holders thereof are discouraged, panic-stricken and fearful of assessments, disaster or total loss. This is a time when the able, independent investor can perform a real service by stepping into the breach and checking the "panic" in said securities, and for this real service he will, when the reorganization is completed, be paid a handsome profit in addition to a fair rate of interest on the money he has invested.

. . . . . .

I have had some requests from readers of this weekly for an article on short-time notes, having been asked to explain the difference between short-time notes and bonds.

In reply, let me say that there is no real difference and therefore no explanation is necessary. Any bond issue for a period less than five years is usually called a short-time note. Therefore the only difference is in the length of time the obligation has to run.

I suppose the same line of reasoning could be carried still farther, with a statement that there is no real difference between a debenture bond, an unsecured short-time note and a piece of commercial paper; but I do not make this statement at the present time, as there should be a slight technical difference in this case. Nevertheless, it can be generally accepted that an obligation issued for less than a year, and especially for only six months, is generally known as commercial paper, while an obligation for a period of from one year to five years is usually known as a short-time note; and an obligation issued for more than five years is usually known as a bond.



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was built around the one idea of *Instinctive Self-Expression* — of forming a quick, sure circuit between the player's feelings and the sympathetic strings of the piano.

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offers photographic evidence that should lead you to ask your dealer to show you MICHAELS-STERN Clothes

We employ a Camera Man instead of an artist to illustrate our clothes for you, because there can be no better advertisement of these garments than an actual photographic reproduction of the way they look. Either of the suits illustrated will fit you equally well—either *must* give you long and satisfactory wear—*for we guarantee the fabric and the workmanship.*

A Michaels-Stern dealer in your community will be glad to show you a splendid assortment of Spring and Summer models in a wide range of materials. **Write us to send you our book of photogravure illustrations.**

Michaels, Stern & Company

Largest Manufacturers of Rochester Made Clothing

Rochester, N. Y.



A REBUILT LIFE

II

"RIGHT next door to the house where I had gone to board after I had started my little kindling-wood agency was a vacant lot, fenced in, which the old man had the use of in return for paying the taxes. He worked part of it for a garden in the spring and summer; it gave him something to do, and he raised all the vegetables they could use and some bushels of tomatoes extra. Of course he did not have anything in it in the winter, except a little patch of winter greens, half-covered with brush; and he didn't really need the whole lot anyway.

"One day when the weather was bad, sleety and raw, when I didn't have any coal or ash work and couldn't do any window or walk work, I got to thinking of Welcome Hall again. It seemed to me they would have a hard time supplying that town with kindling wood; I knew they didn't try to supply it all—didn't supply one-fifth of it. They never tried to get extra helpers, but appeared to be satisfied to sell whatever happened to be cut up by the men who blew in there.

"I thought if I only had some lumber and some place for them to work my men might split kindling in bad weather. The more I thought about it the more I saw in it.

"Not long afterward I saw some contractors wrecking two old frame houses—tenements—a few blocks off and almost giving away the old lumber.

"I had some money saved up by this time. Maybe you wouldn't believe it, for maybe you don't realize how I worked and scraped and saved, but I had about three hundred and eighty-five dollars ahead in the bank by that time.

"I made arrangements with the old man with whom I boarded to use the back part of that lot, and bought some of that lumber—had it hauled and dumped over there. Some of it was broken and in pretty bad condition, but the split and broken part was just as good for what I wanted it.

"Then, with a carpenter two days to help us, my men and I put up on the back part of that lot a building that looked like a cross between a stable and a coal-house; but it kept off the water and a good deal of the wind, and made as fine a kindling-splitting place as we needed.

"I even rigged up a sort of fireplace for an open wood fire to burn the scraps of wood, chips, knots and chunks we couldn't use for the kindling—three rows of brick round five feet square of earth in the center of the room, with a big hood made of old tin roofing and tin pipe leading up through the roof of boards to take off the smoke. It was something like a blacksmith's forge or an Indian tent fire, but it was fine for thawing out the hands and taking the hardest cold off the place even in the worst weather."

A Profit in Kindling Wood

"I got about two dozen old barrels for kindling, and in bad weather we all worked, filled those barrels with carefully sawed and split kindling, and stacked the reserve supply. Then I would take orders for it at the places I worked and get a wagon for half a day and deliver it.

"I found in this way my men were better satisfied by having steady work no matter what the weather was, and I made some extra money too. I called this part of the work the Kindling Supply Company—had two cloth signs painted and hooked them on the sides of the wagon whenever I had a kindling-delivery day. They were pretty classy signs for cheap work; and those signs and the wagonful of neat kindling barrels—I gave all the barrels a coat of green paint, with the hoops painted red—usually sold off six or eight extra barrels before we got round with one delivery load. I got quite a trade for the Kindling Supply Company—which was myself, as I said—before the winter was entirely over. When spring opened I had more work than ever; for I decided to do all the whitewashing I could get and handle—and there were two months of that.

"I took on two extra hands—two German boys, about seventeen years old, who had been working in a box factory for small wages. I started them at five dollars a week—the same as they had been getting in the box factory—and told them I would give them, extra, ten per cent of all over five dollars that the work they did amounted to each week.

"It took them a few days to fully understand this, but when they did they worked the best you ever saw. Besides that, I gave the one of them that seemed to have done the best a little money prize each week. Both the quantity and the quality of the work they did counted, and I often left it to the boys themselves to decide which deserved it.

"In the whitewashing business I investigated and experimented until I got about the best receipt ever used for whitewash, I think, and about the best results.

"Then I made a specialty of whitening stone steps and pavements, and stone walls and yard curbing. I invented a mixture of stone dust, water, glue, salt, whiting, lime and one or two other things, which certainly did make things look nice. I used a coarse paintbrush to put it on—could do it quickly and most satisfactorily that way—and it looked whiter and lasted three times longer than ordinary stone-dust wash.

"By keeping an old piece of carpet where I was working and taking some pains, I found I could leave the stone walks as sanded could want it, without spattering up the walks or ground alongside. You don't know how many housekeepers think of that! That neat kind of work and its lasting quality gave me a sort of reputation before the summer had fairly begun, and I charged pretty well for that work. The housekeepers were glad to pay a little extra for work that looked so much finer and lasted so much longer than the old kind. I kept my two German boys at it about half the time that second summer, and they took as much pride and interest in it as they were housepainters."

Saving for the Children

"I worked those two schoolboys again all that summer; and the three pairs of helpers—getting work for them and seeing they did it right—kept me and my boys so busy I didn't have time to do much work myself. However, they all knew I was above doing it, and they saw every day and then—when somebody got sick or extra work piled in that just had to be put through—that I rolled up my sleeves and scrubbed pavements, cut grass and washed windows as quick as I ever did."

"Did you ever hear from your wife during this time?" I asked.

"My wife?" he repeated. "No, I never heard from her; but I heard of her. She got along better and better I got more restless about her and the girls, and I put a lawyer to write and find out from another lawyer where they lived and how they were getting along. I heard they were doing pretty well, considering how little they had to live on; that my wife was working but still kept the two girls in school."

"Didn't you—" I began involuntarily, then realized I was to be a listener and not a questioner, and stopped abruptly.

"Didn't I what?" he asked sharply, pausing for a moment. Then: "Oh, I know what you were going to say," he resumed. "Yes, I did; I sent her two hundred dollars through the lawyers in August; and I tell you I never enjoyed paying out any money more! It was the first time for twelve years I had done anything toward helping support my family, and no one knows how much it made me feel like a self-respecting man again!

"No—I see what you want to ask—she didn't write and thank me. That was Jessie all through; she wasn't going to be bought for two hundred dollars.

"'Tell him I will take it and use it for his children,' was the message she sent back through the lawyers. She wasn't going to let me forget that we were no longer husband and wife; that we were strangers in law; that my crime and the law had freed her independently free from me; and she was not going to let me put her under any obligations to me again. That was her all right; but she hadn't married again—she wasn't that kind.

"I had a telephone put in that summer and paid the old man I lived with a little to take orders over the 'phone. It meant something to him besides the money—the feeling that he had some occupation, was of some importance again; and it meant a lot to me.

"That telephone paid for itself three or four times over the first month. It was

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gotten and time and energy saved. You have to watch those things, I tell you, and save all the time and strength you can. I wasn't much of a business man—you might think my business wasn't any business at all; but I did a lot of thinking about it, day and evenings too. I hadn't much else satisfactory to think about.

"You may wonder why I didn't go into some other business, into some regular business, after I got a start and some money saved. Yes, I could have done so; but why should I?

"I was making money in this, it was honest and all right, even if it was scrubbing windows and walks and all that. And you may think it's funny, but I got to thinking of it as a good business—one that made the town cleaner and homes tidier and persons more self-respecting and happier.

"Oh, I suppose it's all foolishness and you may laugh at me, but that's the way I got to feel about my business; and I got proud of it and glad I could make money and at the same time do something that was really helping the people and the town."

I did not laugh, but said heartily:

"If we all had that feeling and acted on it, the town sections of the world would be different places—better to live in."

The Intermittent Help Agency

"Wouldn't they though?" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "That's the way I feel about it. Well, sir, I was getting along all right that fall until I lost both my colored helpers—one died, and the rheumatic one got so he couldn't work much and went to the country to live with his son.

"The schoolboys had gone back to school, and that left me with only my two box-factory hands and more work than ever. I had to do something—and that quick too—to hold my trade.

"I had been looking out for fellows to work, for good helpers, all along; but they were hard to get. Some felt they were above the work, and others wanted better jobs, where they would have a future—I couldn't blame them for that.

"But I knew there must be some good reliable young fellows who could do the kind of work I wanted and that I could train to be worth good wages to me—boys who had no education or trade and who would make just laborers' wages somewhere. Only those best boys seemed to think my work wasn't good enough for them—was too low down—too—too—what's the word?"

"Menial?" I suggested.

"Menial; yes, that's it—too menial for them. So I studied hard how to make my work less menial and more stylish. Think of making the scrubbing of walks and windows stylish!

"But I did—and how do you think I managed it? Why, by putting uniforms on them and sending them out as representatives of a first-class company—the Intermittent Help Agency. There's my card—what do you think of it?"

He handed me a large business card of good quality, on which was neatly printed:


HOUSEKEEPING MADE EASY — THE SERVANT PROBLEM SOLVED
TELEPHONE, MAIN 870 K

INTERMITTENT HELP AGENCY

WINDOWS WASHED
STEPS AND WALKS SCRUBBED
GRASS CUT
STONE STEPS WHITENED
COAL PUT IN
FURNACES CLEANED
WHITEWASHING DONE, ETC.

COOKS, HOUSEMAIDS, NURSES,
HOUSEMEN AND LABORERS
OF ALL KINDS
FURNISHED BY THE DAY

I looked at it with interest.

"Do you do all that?" I asked.

"I do now," he replied; "I didn't at first. I first called it an agency two years ago, when I had to do something to make scrub and ash work stylish.

"I had those two fine German boys, who were making good wages for themselves and for me, too, and I managed to get a few more like them. I saw I couldn't have white and colored both in my agency, so I took only the white.

"I dressed them in khaki uniforms, with slouch soldier hats; and they had some class to them. In winter I had dark blue uniforms for them, with trousers piped in red, and stiff blue caps. Those uniforms advertised my work a lot and made my helpers feel they were responsible, trusted employees of a responsible agency. They held up their heads about their work; seemed to see all sorts of difference between their scrubbing pavements—in their khaki suits, gum boots and soldier hats—and the old darky scrubbing pavements half a block farther down the street.

"I have several strong intelligent high-school boys, too, between sixteen and eighteen years old, on Friday afternoons and Saturdays. By careful choosing I have been able to select a reliable set who have done good work after I have trained them.

"By picking the most sensible of them, dressing them as soldiers and putting them to work away from their home neighborhoods, I have gotten splendid results—have overcome any fool notions about the work being beneath them. They soon get proud of the work and the organization, with good wages, the per-cent system over wages and the special prizes each week for good, quick work.

"The cooks and maids and nurses? They came later; I've only been furnishing them this past year. You know how helpless some people are and how put out most of them get when the servants get sick and don't come—and cooks will miss a day sometimes, the best of them.

"Well, sir, I got to thinking about it a good deal; you see my work has always taken me round by the kitchen and I could see how each family was getting along. I saw so much inconvenience from servants dropping out that it occurred to me that a lot of people would be willing to pay a little extra if they could telephone and get a supply cook, a first-class one, for a day or two. The same way with maids and nurses and housemen. The more I thought of it the more reasonable it seemed.

"So I looked round to see if there weren't a few good negro cooks willing to go out by the day, two or three days a week—like many washerwomen—who still wanted to keep house for their families and wouldn't live out all the time.

"I found a good many first-class ones, picking them up slowly—cooks and maids and nurses and cleaners—that I could rely upon for occasional work. I did not stop looking until I found enough, so that if one did not want to go out that day I could be sure of another in her place. They, too, felt it meant something a little more than ordinary to belong to the Intermittent Help Agency; they would work for me when they wouldn't work for some other people, and they would get their first-class friends to work for the agency too.

"I found this the easiest and best way to get new helpers, white and colored; to get the good ones I have to recommend other good ones. They know; and in this way I've built up a list of good ones."

Cooks and Maids in Uniform

"I see that they get good wages; and I charge about twenty per cent of their wages extra a day for supplying the help—all paid by the employer. The employer telephones me; I supply the needed servant—capable, neatly dressed in uniform, reliable—delivered at the house within an hour usually.

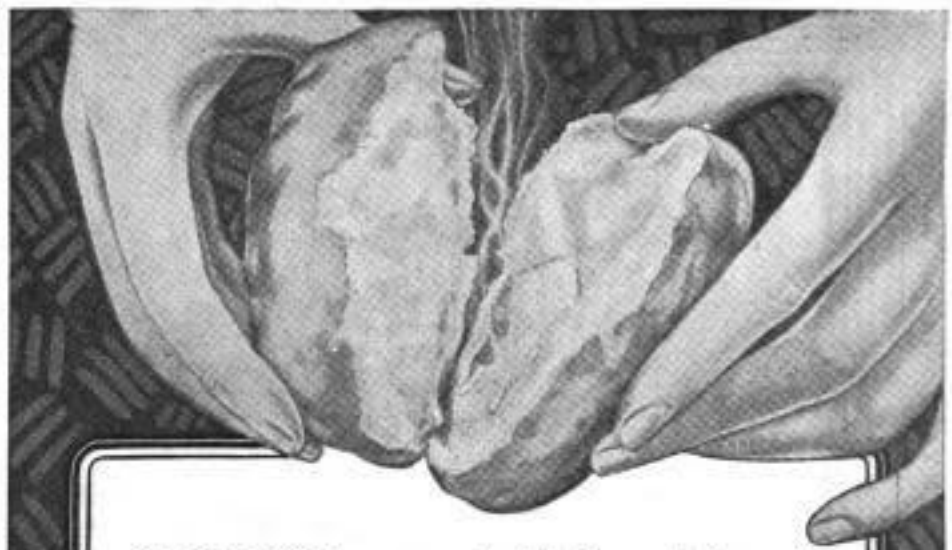
"I have the women dress in uniform too—a neat gray stripe trimmed in solid dark blue for the white cooks and maids; and a brown stripe trimmed in red for the colored. They like it and it takes well with the employers. It's a little unusual, but so are the servants. I keep only the best on my list, and they have gotten to know it—servants and employers both.

"A year ago I bought a small second-hand automobile for three hundred and fifteen dollars, and learned to run it myself. I use it instead of a bicycle; it is a great help, makes an easy way of carrying brooms and pails and mops and helpers from one place to another, and impresses everybody. A cook or nurse or scrubwoman, in her neat uniform, riding to her work in an automobile, with the backing of the Intermittent Help Agency, feels that she has an important position and that her work must come up to it. The same way with my soldier helpers.

"During these last two years I have also trained two or three understudies to help me train new workers, to run the business, and to carry on things if I am sick or away for a day or two; I am not so strong as I used to be fifteen years ago, and this is necessary if a man wants his business to grow—he mustn't make it a one-man thing.

"The last year I have run an employment agency, too, though it cut into my

(Concluded on Page 38)



YOUR most delicious biscuit will be eaten with added zest when spread with Meadow-Gold Butter. You "smack your lips." Sweetness and fine flavor are there. You say at once "Meadow-Gold's the butter for me."

Meadow-Gold Butter

is made from rich, pasteurized cream and churned under the most sanitary conditions known to the buttermaker's art. It comes to you in the patented, sealed package.

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Suit 36

By Poiret of Paris

Poiret is said by many to be the greatest living artist in dress. His evening gowns and carriage wraps are magnificent. His tailored styles are the acme of simplicity. This is an exact copy of the model which Poiret himself sent to the Wooltex factory—exact in style, in lines, in material and in trimming. The original cost $150 in Paris. You can buy this Wooltex reproduction at $38.50—a saving of more than $100.

Stylish, attract
and suits, guar
and satisfy you

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the well dressed woman, the
She looks *always* as though she
Her clothes seem ever to h
You can always have that
Wooltex label in your coats and
For the Wooltex guarantee
It means lasting freshness—

Wooltex is *not* a
It means high gr
and made by The
land—the leading
women's garments.

Wooltex Styles

Wooltex styles are always fresh, always charming; each one passed upon by Mme. Savarie, head of the Wooltex Fashion Bureau, an institution that spends $50,000 a year for style alone. An institution whose members gather the best styles of France and adapt them to the needs of well-dressed American women.

All this that the Wooltex label may always guarantee authoritative style even as it does superior quality.

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to *stay* shapely
full seasons.

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coat, suit

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$45
$55
$20

Where To Get Them

Nearly a thousand merchants sell Wooltex.

Most of them say, "Mine is 'The Store That Sells Wooltex.'"

Theirs may not always be the biggest stores or the best locations—

But they *are* pretty sure to be thoroughly reliable and to give you good value for every dollar you spend.

That is why we ask you to shop at the Wooltex Store.

Coat 227

An original Wooltex coat

The lines of this original Wooltex model are so handsome it might well be one of the highest priced garments. But its price is very moderate. Equally good for travelers or for stay-at-homes. A splendid style for tall women. Made in a number of attractive cloths, among them some of the new reversibles. Price $20 and $25 according to material.

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spring garments in your own city at

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Many a man who would laugh at the idea of putting tin shoes on his horse because they would cost less than iron shoes, thinks nothing of putting poor paint on his buildings. He fools himself into the notion that he's saving money thereby. He isn't. He's losing it. This matter of deciding upon what brand of paint you'll use is too important to be dealt with lightly. You can "bank" on Acme Quality Paints every time. They mean longer life to your property because of their durability. Their use means economy, because of their surface-covering capacity. They are easy to apply, because they flow readily and spread evenly. Dry quickly—look the best.

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Gives a brilliant enamel finish that withstands the ravages of the weather. Works equally well on wood or metal.

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Imparts a handsome, durable surface—Mission, Weathered, Flemish and other artistic stain effects.

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Gives a hard, durable, lustrous surface that is easy to clean. Spreads evenly, dries quickly.

Get Our Free Painting Guide Book

It is full of practical information about painting. Finely illustrated in colors. A copy should be in every home. Send now. Your dealer probably sells Acme Quality Paints. Tell him what kind of surfaces you wish to cover. If he cannot supply you, let us know and we will see that your needs are filled.

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS

Dept. Q Detroit, Mich.

PAINTS ENAMELS THE ACME QUALITY KIND STAINS VARNISHES



(Concluded from Page 35)

plans some. I had to do this in self-defense. There were so many persons out of servants who had one of my helpers—neat, capable, trustworthy—supplied to them for a few days, that naturally enough tried hard to employ them permanently.

"Many of these people offered such good wages that they persuaded my helpers to take permanent positions, though I have some on my books who, on account of health or children or almost sufficient support from their husbands' earnings, cannot be persuaded to go out regularly all the time into service. Still, they are glad to take in a few washings or go out for a couple of days each week.

"The employment part of my business supplies only the best help after it has been tested and approved by the Intermittent Help Agency, and after the employer has had a chance to see how she likes the servant. In this way employers and employees know conditions and each other, there are fewer misfits on either side and homes gotten in this way are generally more permanent. I charge ten dollars for filling each position, the employer paying the entire fee when the servant is engaged.

"Yes, I have made some money, but I haven't saved so much, for I sent my wife, through that lawyer, six hundred dollars within the last year and four hundred dollars the year before that—for the girls. No, she has never written to me or said 'Thank you!' I guess she thinks it's no more than I should do for my children—the lawyer reported that's about what she said. She's right—it's not any more than I should do; but she did say last week, after I sent the last two hundred dollars, that I could come on to see the girls if I wanted to. 'Tell him he can come on to see his children,' the lawyer told me were the words she said.

"I haven't seen them for fourteen years; that's a long time—between three years old and seventeen and one year old and fifteen. I haven't had even a picture of them. Do you suppose they look now anything like they did when they were babies? Of course you can't tell that."

A Cloud With a Silver Lining

"She is willing to let me see the children—I am on my way there now. They live in Johnsonburg—we'll reach the Junction in less than an hour. Am I doing right to break in on their life again? They would not know me if they saw me pass. Have I, an ex-convict, any right to come back into their lives now?"

"You are still their father and you've rebuilt your life—they can't get away from those facts. Would they be doing right not to see you?"

"That's not it; my part, what's that?"

"Your wife said see them. You can trust her judgment, can't you?"

"Yes, I can. Of course I would like in a way to see them; but I'd give anything—anything in the world—to see my wife again! I suppose I oughtn't to call her that now though—we've been legal strangers, as my lawyer calls it, so long; but I'd give anything to see her again!" he ended wistfully.

"Do you still love her?" I asked.

"Love her?" he said with a curious, earnest ring in his voice.

We had risen to go back to the sleeper and he did not say anything further until we were seated in the car. Then:

"Love her!" he repeated, as if there had been no interruption. "I've worked and scrimped and saved, and tried to make a man of myself—and, by jiminy, I have done it, too, though it hurt like the devil—for her, for her! I don't think of any other woman, day or night, and haven't these fourteen years; and I'm always thinking of her and wanting to do for her. I'd do anything for her, anything on earth, even—listen!—even to never seeing her again if I was sure that was best for her. Do you hear me? I mean that; but—oh, you're just a bachelor and don't understand. You don't know what that means—unless, perhaps—do you love some woman that way now?"

"Was that the question you wished to ask me?" I replied, smiling.

"The question? Oh, no; I wanted your advice. I have been alone so much these fourteen years—I mean really alone, you know. When you see people you can't talk to, or can say only the things that have to be said, you are pretty much alone; but I've done a lot of thinking.

"I'm on my way to see the girls now, as I said. That's the reason I'm dressed up so; I never had a suit before in all these years that cost over twenty dollars. I've been riding all this way in the sleeper to get used to things, to feel like folks, to get up my courage a little more. It's worth a lot to a fellow to taste a little high living sometimes; only I don't seem to fit in—I can't get accustomed to it; I feel so shut out and so shut up still. That's the reason I felt I must say something to somebody; that's the reason I'm talking to you. I saw you just reading and writing down things every once in a while; and I saw you noticed me—and didn't seem to look down on me.

"Now it's this. I probably won't see her, but I can look her up; I'd follow her to China if I had my way. You know exactly how things are and how I feel about her. This is the question: Ought I—have I any right to go after her, follow her, find her, tell her how I love her and ask her to marry me again? What do you think? Tell me fairly, no matter how it hurts—I'm used to hurts."

I was silent a moment.

"You have no right to keep it from her," I finally replied with conviction. "You have rebuilt your life. Let her have another chance at hers; let her decide."

His face lightened.

Paid in Full

We rode on for some time in silence. At length I said:

"I hope you will find everything even better than you hope. I appreciate your telling me all this; it's fine to know a man has done what you have these last four years."

He looked gratified.

"It hasn't been easy," was all he answered.

We rode a mile or two more without speaking; then he said, as if he had just reached a determination:

"Say, you don't know me, or even where I live?"

"No," I answered. He had not given me that information.

"Well, you can write down what I've told you. I saw you writing things yesterday on pieces of paper when you were not reading—looked like you were making notes. You write, don't you?"

"Oh, I am no author," I protested.

"Aren't you a writer?"

"A little writing doesn't make a writer—that is merely a by-product," I responded.

"You have heard my experience. Write it down, write it down!" he insisted earnestly. "May be some poor devil who thinks he has no chance may see it some time and make a chance for himself."

I did not answer for we heard the porter calling:

"Johnsonburg Junction! Johnsonburg Junction the next stop. Change cars for ——"

He got his things together—I was going on farther—and we sat together silently looking out at the scattering houses on the outskirts of the poor little junction point.

"They say Johnsonburg is only twenty-eight miles from the Junction," he remarked after a time. "I wonder what the girls will look like."

As the final "Johnsonburg Junction!" came in rolling tones and the train drew into the station, he rose and took up his suitcase, saying:

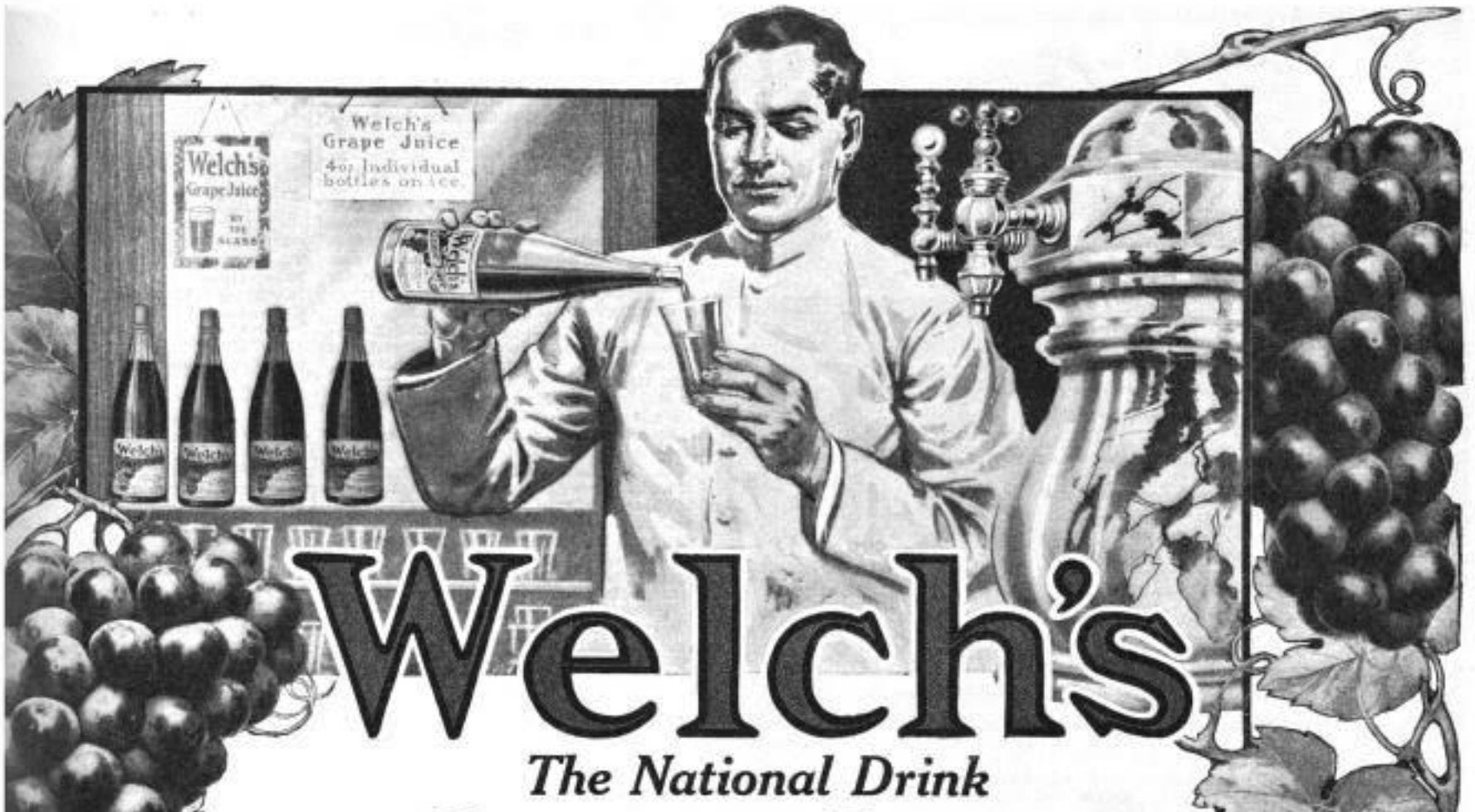
"Here's where I leave you. It doesn't look like much of a place"—we were both looking at the dozen persons loosely grouped on the platform waiting for the train to come to a full stop—"but—Why, there's Jessie!" he exclaimed suddenly, with a new, exultant ring in his voice, and without another word he rushed toward the door of the car.

I looked out and saw among those on the platform a thin, little dark-eyed woman, with irongray hair and a face that singularly impressed me. It seemed a face habitually tired, lined and sunken about the eyes, but now lit up with eager light and hope and loving expectancy.

When my fellow traveler jumped off the car and hastily made his way toward her, she stepped forward with a look meant only for him—a look to cancel much sorrow in the life of any man. Then he dropped his bag and took her in his arms, while—the crowd forgotten—her hands clasped about his neck.

As the train pulled out they moved off together. He did not even look back—he had quite forgotten me. I wondered who he was and how the girls would greet him.

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Welch's

The National Drink

Grape Juice

The store that serves you Welch's at the fountain may be depended upon

Perhaps you have gone to a fountain, thinking of WELCH'S, and asked for a glass of "grape juice." And you have wondered why it did not *taste* like the WELCH'S you have had in your home.

The lure of greater profit induces some dealers to dispense cheap grape juice at the soda fountain, although their trade by the bottle is all WELCH'S.

Do more than ask for "Grape Juice"—ask for Welch's—and get it!

WELCH'S is good for you. It is not a manufactured drink—it is a natural beverage, nothing but the pure juice of choicest selected Concords, without addition and unchanged in any way. Its fruity aroma, delicious tartness and thirst-quenching qualities are tonic and stimulating. It is the drink without a drug or a *drag*.

Get the Welch Habit—It's one that won't get you

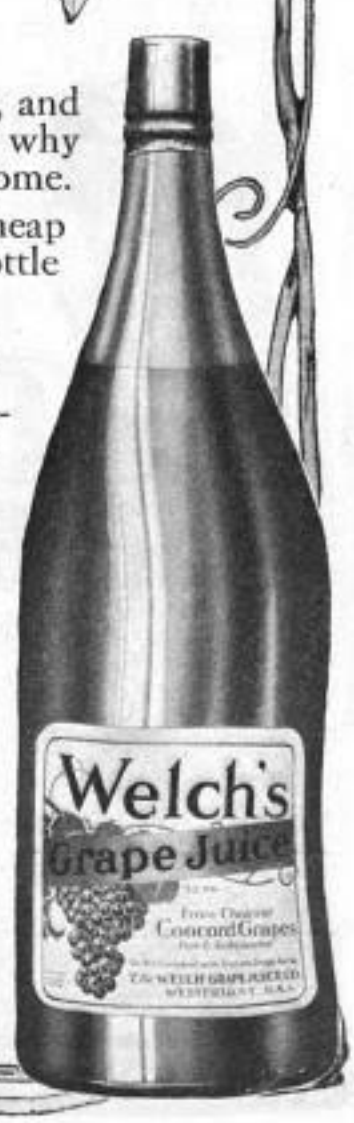
We make but one thing—Welch's Grape Juice. We have but one brand. We know the value of specializing.

The name Welch on grape juice means "best." Grape Juice bearing any but the regular WELCH label is not made by us, therefore order by name for your protection.

Many fountains serve WELCH'S in the individual four-ounce bottle at ten cents. Ask for this today.

Keep a case of WELCH'S at home for your family and friends. You may be surprised at how quickly you will use it up, but you will be pleased with its readiness for any occasion. It helps to make many dainty desserts, and may be quickly made into delicious punches and other beverages.

Always serve it *cold*. Booklet of recipes for social use sent on request.



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First order, April 6, 1909; last order, October 18, 1911.

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"Leading gasoline trucks of the world"

The important questions about motor-trucks are:

1. Will they last long enough to repay the original investment with profit?
2. Is there a sufficient variety of sizes and styles of body for each individual use?

On these points we give you a complete answer:

1. Saurer trucks have made good consistently for 17 years; Mack for 12 years.
2. Capacities of 1, 1½, 2, 3, 4, 4½, 5, 6½, 7½ and 10 tons. Bodies suitable for each owner are built in our own plant.

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How's Business and Wh

MEN honestly differ in their understanding of the general business situation and the opinions one meets are quite at variance—diametrically opposite in instances. The curious feature is that they are able to fortify their contentions with more or less conclusive proof. As to the facts, it will probably not be doubted that in modern times merchants have rarely carried smaller stocks of goods and wares on their shelves. They buy as they must and are not taking large amounts in order to save on the price; in other words, they are not speculating in the commodities they are dealing in. Perhaps this constitutes the main difference between boom times and ordinary times. Furthermore, this attitude on the part of jobbers and retailers suggests absence of expectation of an advance in prices of certain products. The recent active movement in metallic copper may be worth citing in this connection. The price had been dragging along round thirteen cents a pound, without varying much, and men were wondering whether that was to be a stable price indefinitely. Consumption or buying that passed for consumption had gradually reduced the so-called visible supply until it did not look so formidable as it once did.

There is little question that the long duration of comparatively cheap copper had stimulated consumption considerably. Nobody was better informed on that subject than foreign dealers, who are now credited with instituting buying to such an extent that other interests were impressed and did likewise, the effect on consumers being that they were frightened into taking on a larger supply than they had carried in a long while. One selling agency is reported to have sold eighty million pounds that it did not care to hold longer. There were bookings for January, February and March deliveries, most of them being set down in December; and consumers and others appear to have loaded up in a sort of wholesale fashion. A less amount of copper seems to have been wanted since then, and people who bought to sell again and neglected to sell have had to concede somewhat from the fourteen-and-a-half-cent price. Lately copper was offered under fourteen cents by a prominent producer and seller. There was a suspicion that this offer was not wholly disconnected from the idea of annoying another producer and dealer who got the better of the selling on the advance. Be that as it may, the copper industry received quite an impetus through the shifting of stocks from first to second and third hands, and broke up, for the time at least, the habit of buying from hand to mouth.

The Effect of Copper on Production

If all lines of industry had succeeded, as this industry did, in inducing wholesale and speculative purchases, and if the shares of other industrial concerns had been made as active as were the copper shares, the effect on sentiment in general and speculative sentiment in particular most likely would have been pronounced. It is not shown that copper melting has received any particular impetus from the higher prices of the raw material. There is a feeling that, unless spring shall quicken the demand for manufactured copper, the enlarged buying of refined will not continue, but that the higher price will lead the augmented production after, say, two or three months; for there are mining companies which would starve on twelve or thirteen cent copper that would make a little money with copper at fourteen cents.

Whether the larger producers will see that higher copper does not stimulate production to the point of danger to themselves is an interesting question. The larger producers curtailed production somewhat for a year and longer, and might be tempted to enlarge production if sufficient profits are indicated. The feeling at present is that the outlook is uncertain and that it will be worth while to watch affairs at the opening of spring.

Early February advices were that the Western railroads were having the heaviest traffic in months, the result in part of the interruption caused by bad weather, and likewise the result of pressure to get certain products to market—notably corn—before the breaking up of winter should bring impassable roads, with an excess of grain on hand. Country elevators and t primary points were reported so grain that they had to be closed t amounts that would ordinarily be ported. A shortage of coal cars, a box cars for the transportation o was said to exist. A special indu sell corn has been the prevalence cholera in some districts in Iowa where, which reduced the stock o be fattened; and again, the pr price of corn—as much as sixty Illinois—led many farmers to pu their supply. Corn arrivals at for five weeks from January 31,677,000 bushels, an increase of bushels compared with the same previous year, when traffic conditions considered perfect and the crop largest ever raised. The price to nineteen cents higher than however, with the weather favorable handling. Receipts for the last week period were the largest in years, amounting to 9,918,000 The movement of flour for the named was the best in months, and been none too good for a considerable

United States Steel Earnings

Traffic receipts of some of the railroads as lately reported, have not compared favorably with the previous year as be desired by the managers and stockholders, though in other cases they have been quite favorable. The New York Central road, for example, shows, for months ending December thirty-first, gross increase of but $1,589,977 and 217 decrease in operating expenses, of no less than $660,352 was saved in maintenance of equipment, suggesting a questionable policy. Lake Shore, the best of Vanderbilt mileage, found its gross revenue for the same period decreased $8,125; cut operating and maintenance costs $3,642,788 in order to secure $3,560,000 improvement in net revenue. The Louisville & Nashville road showed a gain in revenue of $378,289 and reduced outlay for operating and upkeep by $157,461; that the gain in net for the six months was $512,779, outside of taxes. Other and favorable examples of operations, as Illinois Central, could be cited, to the tending to show that railroad managers have been practicing economies at points where they were perhaps liberal in expenditures previously, but where they will be obliged to spend with a free hand hereafter. It may be that the orders for equipment, rails and other supplies at the close of 1911 and the beginning of the current year are suggestive of a purpose in that direction. These orders, by-and-by, may, if maintained—improvement in the iron and steel industry—improvement that has already been heralded far and wide by stock-market devotees.

Unhappily the latest information is of lack of supplemental equipment orders which, however, ought not to excite surprise. Steel men have certainly been more cheerful than for some time. The report of the United States Steel Corporation for the final quarter of 1911 surprised pessimistic prophets by exceeding twenty-three million dollars and showing the quarterly dividend earned, with a modest sum to spare, with very much less than the usual amount charged off for the quarter. It looked as if the statement was manipulated to make the market price of the common stock, which is among the most important gauges in the price structure of the stock market.

As goes steel, so frequently goes the entire market. Steel is supposed to be the pet of certain prominent capitalists, and some people fancy they can discern the market position of these men by the movements of steel common in Wall Street. The men in question have many followers at times. Speaking of the United States Steel Corporation, current financial literature estimates that the corporation produced fifteen million tons of finished steel, from which was secured $104,000,000 net earnings, or $10.40 a ton. This compares with 10,000,000 tons that netted $13.14 a ton; 9,859,660 tons that netted $13.34 a ton in 1909; 6,206,932 tons that netted $14.51 a ton in 1908; 10,564,539 tons that netted $15.51 a ton in 1907, and 10,575,[illegible] that netted $14.81 a ton in 1906. The difficulty seems to be less with the [illegible]

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than with profits. In other words, there is business in plenty, but it is done on a relatively small margin for profit. This complaint, it is to be said, is almost universal in the business community. Current report is that orders are not quite maintained in the steel industry but are considerable, and uncertain hope is expressed as regards the outlook.

A person connected with the cotton-mill industry of New England lately observed that his mill never sold so many goods in any January as in the first month of 1912. Other testimony is conflicting.

The high cost of living is challenging deep thought, and the disparity between wages and the prices of commodities is being brought home to intelligent men everywhere. Perhaps the greatest good to spring from strikes of laboring men will be from the illumination of the topic of income and necessary expenditure.

In regard to foreign trade, emphasis is being placed on the fact that for 1911 the exports of manufactures from the United States for the first time exceeded a billion dollars for a given twelvemonth. That this is to be more a manufacturing and less an agricultural country is among the indications regretted by not a few citizens. On the one hand, the development of manufactures brings to the country hundreds of thousands of aliens, who are possessed of habits and temperaments not readily dealt with, and who multiply the difficulties of harmonizing classes of citizens beyond the appreciation of people not familiar with the affair. These difficulties have increased tremendously, and the wisest men are in doubt as to what ought to be done.

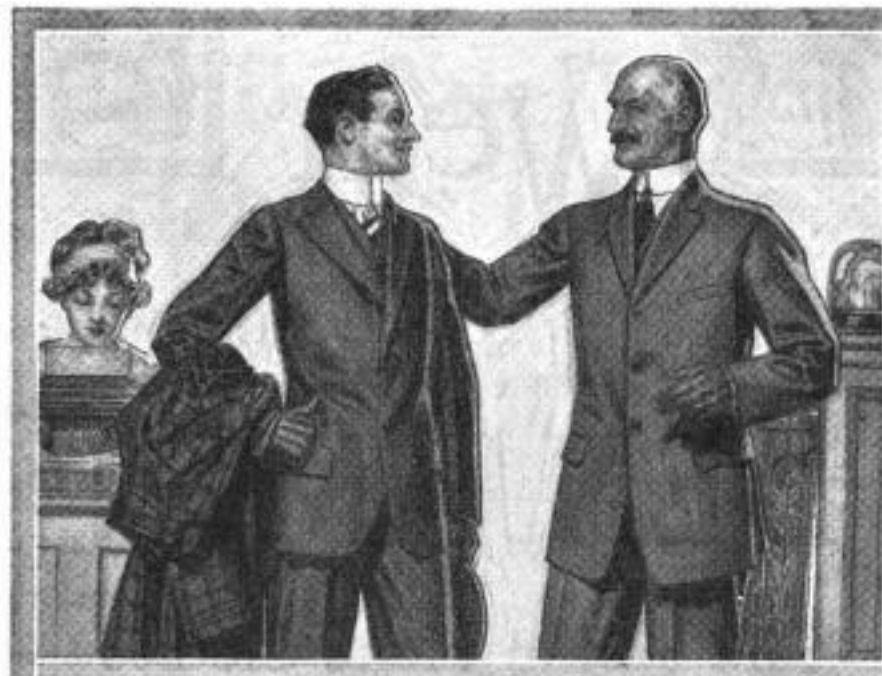
Gold Shipped to Europe

Direct gold exports to Europe set in early in February, and it was calculated they might amount to quite a number of millions before the tide would be reversed. Bankers rather welcome than decry this outward movement. They believe the gold can be spared, as it is not needed either to protect the currency or for the conduct of business. Bankers do not know how to employ in a profitable way the money accumulating in their vaults. They were really glad at the recent reduction of some seven million dollars surplus by the New York banks in a single week. It ought not, perhaps, to be said that there are not openings for the use of money, for these are ever present, albeit the openings may not be such as to appeal to the moneylender.

It seems singular to see a country like this complaining of an excess of cash; but grant that such excess exists—grant, if you please, that the excess may be even larger than at present—it follows that it is a situation that will correct itself by leading eventually to employment, and stimulate a development of confidence to an extent that investments will be freely made and good times be brought round again.

By many, the existing political, social, financial and industrial—including labor—status is painful if not intolerable; and to this condition of mind largely is attributed the hesitation in the commitment of money and effort in a business direction. Yet business is large, indeed, in volume and men are not going to sulk any longer than in their judgment necessity compels. They may well reason that, given a large volume of business, with a chance of the volume being eventually still further enlarged, it can only be a question of time when consumption will gain on production and the opportunity for enlarged profits will surely recur.

There is an unlimited amount of latent energy in the American people and a genius for governing among them that will assure the successful grappling with the perplexing problems now being faced; and when success shall be achieved—not many years hence—one may be certain that out of it will come a happier and more prosperous and progressive people than has heretofore been met in this or perhaps in any land. It will pay, at this juncture, to devote as much time as shall be required to studying the problems confronting the nation and to adjusting conflicting differences upon a just and reasonable basis, for they will never stay adjusted if left upon a different basis. The immediate outlook is, nevertheless, for the observance of conservatism in business circles generally until the political atmosphere shall become clarified by the selection of candidates for the presidency by the leading political parties, and until it shall appear what interests are to select the next occupant of the White House.



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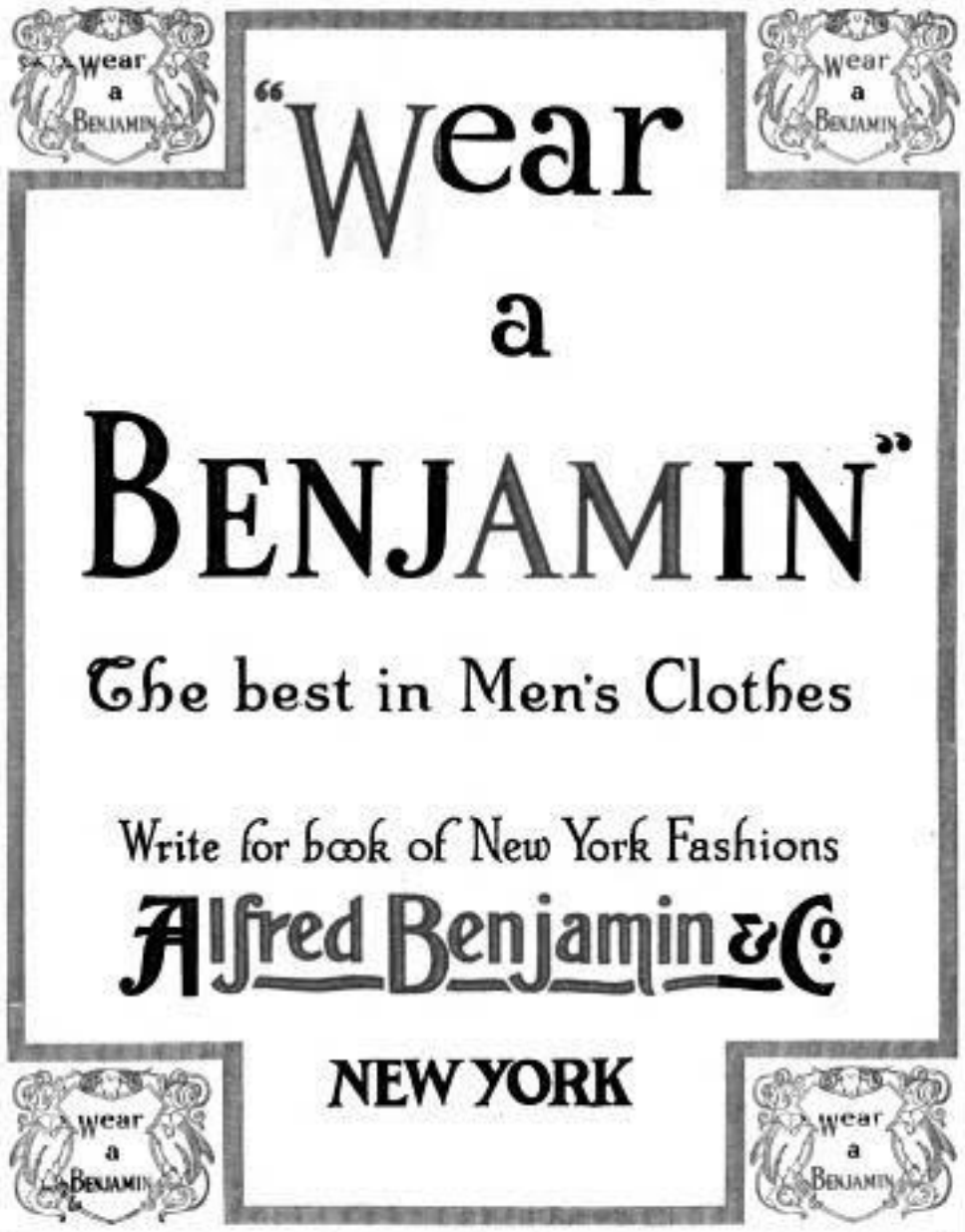
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Our splendid London style is shown on young man in the picture. It's a strictly English style with two button coat, 30 inches long, soft roll lapel. It fits snugly, is narrow-shouldered, makes the figure look long and slim. The older man wears the Universal, a conservative but stylish garment, that is more roomy and loose throughout than the London. Both come in selected fabrics of exclusive pattern and choicest blue serges.

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"PENNSYLVANIAS" are best for every class of work; will last longer and will do more work with less labor than any other mower on the market.

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Out-of-Doors

Your Gun—How and Why it Should Fit You

IN THE colonial days of this country wing shooting was held to be preëminently a gentleman's accomplishment. The hardy rifleman of the backwoods scorned it; but always in this country and in others it has been considered in good classes a desirable accomplishment to be able to shoot fairly well on the wing. There are more Americans who can do this today than there are Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans or men of any other nation.

With professional shooting at the traps we need concern ourselves very little, for that is rather a business than an accomplishment. Neither need we wholly admire the deadly skill of the professional market shooter, for that also is a business and not an accomplishment. All this aside, a great many of us shoot fairly well on the wing and would like to shoot better, even though we have pretty much killed off all our feathered game. We shall improve in this ambition all the faster if we understand some of the fundamental facts governing good shooting. Most of us are astonishingly ignorant of how or why we do things which perhaps we do fairly well. Yet all good art is based on good theory and good fundamental principles.

We are usually disposed to say that we just pull up the gun and swing on or ahead of the flying bird, and so kill it. Most of us learn to shoot by going out with an older shot, and we have few shooting schools in this country as they do abroad. As a result, we Americans begin to shoot usually while young and learn each for himself—hit or miss, bad style or good style, bad habits or good; but most of us are unable to analyze either the reasons why we hit or why we miss.

For instance, you no doubt declare that when you shoot flying you never see the front sight of your gun. You believe this firmly; but it is only approximately the truth. Also, very likely you think that you shoot with both eyes open; but quite probably you do this only part of the time. Very likely you shoot quail and other fast birds with both eyes open and with a quick swing of the gun, not seeing or knowing that you see the front sight at all. Yet, if you should stop to watch yourself shooting ducks coming in to your decoys, you would be surprised to see that you—the same man—were seeing the whole barrel and rib and fore sight of your gun, and sighting with one eye closed. Perhaps you yourself could not tell just how much you shut one eye on even a fast shot. Perhaps you do not shut it at all. Perhaps, also, you do not realize that one eye puts you on your birds and the other eye puts you down the middle of the barrel.

Good Form for Gunners

Almost any one will agree that no man can shoot well unless his gun fits him. To be sure, a really good shot can take almost any gun and, with a little practice, do good work with it; but much of his success will depend upon his personal habit of aiming and aligning. At a time when the writer was good for more than half his quail, and sometimes a dozen or a dozen and a half straight, he went over into Canada; and, using a straight-stocked English gun, he could account for only eight birds out of twenty-eight shots—much to the mirth of his fellow sportsmen. The truth was that the shooter had been in the habit of shooting with a high head, with a stock not quite so straight, and perhaps in reality with an aim rather parallel to the rib than directly along it. The muzzle of the straight-stocked gun stuck directly up in front and the shooter was all at sea. To handle that gun would have necessitated an entire change of his individual style.

Perhaps Englishmen use straighter stocks than we do because much of their shooting is at driven birds, which come in overhead. It is also the case with our professional trap shots that the longer they shoot, the straighter is the stock that they prefer. Trap shooting, however, is more or less a set and mechanical style of shooting. Some of the best English authorities agree that the American style and position in the field, easy and with head rather high, is more graceful and quite as effective as the

What's a "Free Deal" Anyway?

A grocer buys five cases of breakfast food and gets one free. That's a "free deal." It's a common enough term in the grocery business.

The reason the manufacturer gives the case free is not because he loves the grocer, but because he needs the money. If he didn't give the "free deal" he wouldn't sell so many goods.

The fact that the grocer can't sell the packages fast enough to prevent their spoiling on his hands doesn't worry the manufacturer. If it did he would stop offering the "free deal" and sell his goods *on their merits*.

The "free deal" has been denounced by almost every retail grocers' association and by thousands of progressive merchants, but it is still a persistent evil. There is one brand of corn flakes that is never sold on a "Deal"—and that is KELLOGG'S, the *original* Toasted Corn Flakes. Every package is paid for and is worth paying for. No merchant is ever asked to buy more Kellogg's than he actually requires for his trade. This means constant honest profits for the dealer—fresh goods for *you*.

This signature is a guarantee of quality, freshness and fair dealing.

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Makes Tires Look New and Last Longer

Tirenew is a scientific preservative of automobile tires—a liquid unvulcanized rubber coating made of pure para gum—will not flake or rub off and wears like rubber.

Tires are made of layers of canvas, rubber coated to keep out the moisture and resist the direct road wear. The tire, in service, becomes a mass of cuts through which moisture enters and attacks the fabric, causing it to rot. **Tirenew** will flow into these cuts and crevices and waterproof the exposed fabric, adding greatly to the life of the tire.

Tirenew *will also make the tires look bright and new and give the entire car a well-groomed appearance.*

The cost of tires is a large item in the "upkeep" of your car, and a weekly application of Tirenew will be an excellent investment in the added service your tires will give and the improved appearance of your car.

Tirenew can be quickly applied with a brush, and dries in 15 minutes. It does not contain any injurious ingredients and has been endorsed by manufacturers of automobile tires.

Send us $1.00 and your dealer's name and we will send you a trial can of Tirenew, enough for 12 tires, prepaid or through your dealer.

Accept No Substitutes

Our valuable booklet entitled "Tire Care" will be sent free, upon application.

Mr. Dealer:

Are you ready to supply your customers with Tirenew? If you are not stocked up, go to your jobber or write to us for price list of Tirenew. Every automobile owner will eventually become a user of Tirenew.

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cramped and hunched English position, with the head close down on the gunstock and the shoulders pushed forward. The man who wishes good form in the field should consult rather the theory of form than examples of it as seen at the traps.

Some shotguns, more especially those bored for pigeon shooting, are mounted to shoot a foot or so higher at thirty yards than the point at which they are aimed. A high charge is a better fault than a low one, for the force of gravity is always to be overcome and birds are more often rising than dropping when fired at. The consensus of the best authorities on form in shooting, however, is that the gun should shoot but very little high, and that the lead and allowance should be made by the shooter and not by the gun. Pigeon shooting is no longer very fashionable anyhow.

Most men do not stop to think that the eyes have something to do not only with good scores but also with the fit of the gun and its requirements. Normal young men do not know that they have any eyes at all; but as a man grows older he learns that his eyes have very much to do both with rifle shooting and with wing shooting.

In any wing shot you make there are three points of aim—the breech of the barrels, the fore sight, and the bird you want to hit. Now every one of these points is in a different focus. You can't possibly see them all at once in the same focus; and if you do not align with all these three you miss. This is why you think you do not see the fore sight—you do see it, but don't know it. Your gun must help you, with its exact fit, to overcome this inherent optical difficulty, which is present in all wing shooting and always will be.

The question of lead or holding ahead is also closely related to the stocking of a gun. It can easily be figured out that a bird flying sixty to ninety miles an hour requires a lead of from sixteen to twenty-five feet, at a distance called shooting range. All shooters agree that they never hold that far ahead—and, indeed, they probably do not; but did you never have a gun of which you said that you killed all the left-hand shots with it and missed all the right-hand ones? That brings you up to the question of your gunstock and your distance ahead, both at once. You were sighting off of one side of the barrels and not down the middle, and so had more lead than you thought. Your gun was not cast off right for you.

The Importance of Your Cheek

That you get down the center of the rib with your aim is the one important thing in shooting; and, unless you do this—not part of the time, but all the time—you can never shoot regularly, and your kills can only be regular through grace of the spreading shot charge, a very fluctuating refuge. The width of your shoulder, the prominence of your cheekbone, the distance from your cheekbone to your eye, are all things to be considered just as much as the length of your arm and the slope of your shoulder in really scientific gun fitting.

That the question of castoff is a puzzling one—even to gunmakers—is evidenced by freak stocks, comb-pads, Monte Carlo stocks—all sorts of devices that you have seen used. Have you never taken a friend's gun, thrown it up, and felt after a trial or two that it fitted you better than your own? And have you not had your own stock altered to these other lines only to find that it did not come up just right for you—not every time? Have you never taken a try gun and driven yourself and your gunmaker crazy with the variety of places you found yourself aiming at when you suddenly threw up the gun to take sight? The fact is, the first pitch of the gun is the best one. Especially if you are firing, snapshot fashion, at a piece of paper to try a gun for fit, you will unconsciously adjust yourself to the shape of the stock. Pretty soon you will get all at sea and not know what you are doing or why you are doing it. A good thing then is to lay down the gun and cease trying it. Pitch it up once; then lay it down, leave it alone for quite a while and take an average of these first impressions, so that you will not be fooling yourself unconsciously.

Of course regular shooting means a regular position of hands, cheek, eye and both arms. That gunstock is best which gives you this combination with absolute regularity at all times. We rather sneer at the German cheekpiece; but it is a rattling good idea in determining castoff.

How This New Electrical Hearing Device Makes the Deaf Hear Perfectly

A standard of sound is the one unit that Science has not yet furnished. Power, heat, light, electricity, and practically all forces except sound, have had their standard.

One of the latest developments of Science as regards sound will be most interesting to those who are hard of hearing; it will doubtless revolutionize all the instruments now used for this trouble, of which The Acousticon was the original. It is



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The Acousticon was the first instrument devised to successfully enable the deaf to hear; so invariably efficient has it been that there are now many thousands of them in use, not only by individuals, but in churches, theatres, and public buildings.

Heretofore the Acousticon has been fitted to the weakness of the individual ear by a personal application, after the manner that glasses are fitted to suit the requirements of the individual eye.

This most recent contribution of Science, however, will bring great relief and convenience to the hard of hearing, for the problem of fitting the ear has been solved so that it will not be necessary for those desiring an instrument of this character to make long, expensive journeys to secure the most satisfactory results.

The One Difficulty

Conditions of the ears vary with weather, health, voices of speakers, and environments, so that while the fitting was perfect under the old system the strength of the Acousticon could not be altered to meet changing conditions.

If a person with a soft voice spoke to you at an ordinary distance you would hear perfectly, but a harsh, penetrating voice speaking at the same distance would be disagreeably loud and discordant, perhaps unintelligible.

The voices of public speakers, actors, and others vary, while the location in a church or theater makes it desirable to be able to adjust the Acousticon instantly to secure at all times the most satisfactory results.

After seven years of incessant endeavor and experiments we have at last succeeded in developing to the highest degree of efficiency

A Sound Regulator

which gives you the same results that you would obtain if you carried six complete instruments about with you.

By the simple movement of a tiny lever from one button to another the sound is regulated to six different strengths, from the loudest to the softest.

Think what this means!

If you are carrying on a personal conversation the mildest strength will be sufficient—if you are listening to a general conversation in a room-full, however, you can instantly regulate the strength so as to hear distinctly all that is said.

If you go to a Lecture or Theatre, you can quickly adjust the Acousticon to your exact requirements—The voices of actors are never the same; and if one sounds too loud and another too soft, you can instantly change the instrument to suit those voices.

The same way, but perhaps more so, at the Opera; singing voices vary greatly in their power and penetration, and here again you can change to suit your pleasure and comfort.

If you are deaf you know that both ears are never alike in their degree of deafness—you also know how desirable it is to be able to use both ears. With the Sound Regulating Acousticon you can change from one ear to the other at will, regulating the instrument to the requirements of the ear you wish to use.

HOW YOU MAY TEST IT BEFORE PURCHASING

Our confidence in this new Acousticon is supreme. We invite everyone who is interested to make a thorough test of it before purchasing.

We have many offices at convenient points throughout the United States and Europe—If, however, we find that you are not convenient enough to one of these to call in person and test the Acousticon, we will gladly send you particulars how you may test it at your own home before a purchase is concluded.

To Our Customers

You will thoroughly appreciate, we believe, how great an improvement this Sound Regulating Acousticon is over the old instrument.

We therefore invite you to write for the particularly liberal arrangements we have decided to make with our Patrons in the exchanging of our new instrument for the one which you now have.

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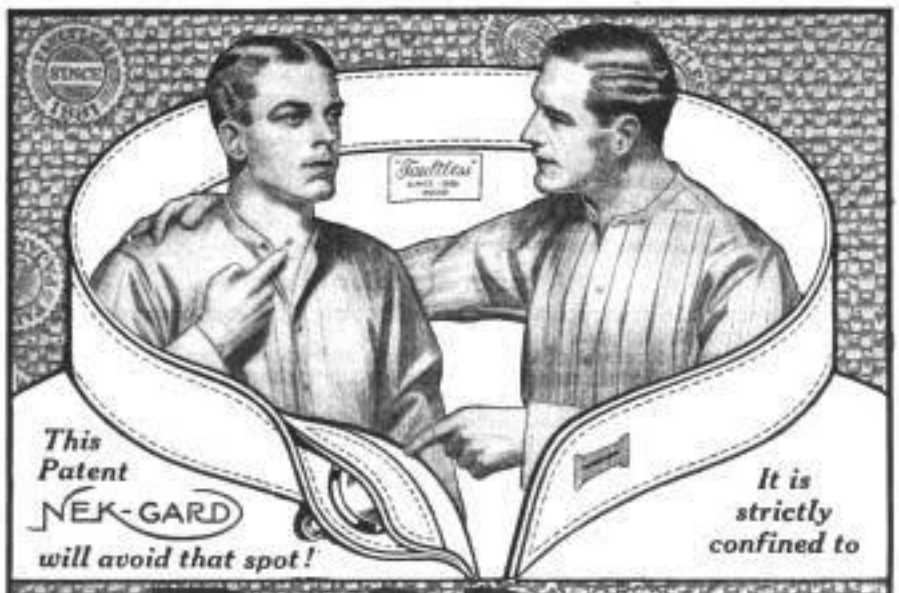
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THE NEK-GARD KIND

It brings the eye to the right place all the time; and it does not pound the face if made properly, for the recoil eases off the contact and does not increase it.

The try gun is no infallible guide to a gunfit, as perhaps you may see. The old-fashioned gunmaker would rather have you throw up the gun—empty, of course—and aim directly at his eye as he stood off a little distance. He could then look down the barrel and see where your eye was hitting it—along the middle or at one side. One thing is certain—if you ever in your practice or in your shooting catch your eye hitting the middle of the inside barrel or the edge of the outside one your castoff is wrong and your shooting is bad. Go, then, to a good gunmaker and let him cure your troubles.

Another thing not always considered by gunmakers, especially of cheap grades, is the form of the hand or grip of the gun. It should be rather small than large, so made that the trigger finger will catch both triggers easily, without changing the aim. Another point is that it should be oval and not round in its vertical cross-section. A round grip slips and turns in the hand. An oval grip is more apt to keep perpendicular. And of course you know that unless your barrels are absolutely horizontal, and not tilted to one side, you are going to have a lot of unaccountable misses. This is one of the worst faults in shooting and one which many shooters never discover in themselves. It is largely corrected by the gunmaker who knows how to make a gunstock.

The castoff of your gun can be at the heel or at the comb. If you have it at the heel to too great an extent you may have a gun the comb of which kicks you. The artist in gunmaking sees to it that the recoil eases cheek contact and does not increase it.

The drop of the stock is what most shooters look at, though it is not of so great importance as the castoff. It is easier to pass from a straight stock to a crooked than from a crooked to a straight one. The correct stock is one which automatically gives you your elevation, just as your castoff automatically gives you your line.

Drops and Castoffs

You are not apt ever to change your castoff, but you may change your shooting style; and that changes the drop of the stock. The surest way of shooting is with the eye low and running the full length of the barrel, but that is not the handsomest and not the most practical way in wing shooting. When you try to watch which way a bird is flying you instinctively raise your head to watch it instead of dropping your head. The prettiest field style is not that of the hunched face and shoulder, but of the erect or half-erect head; and fortunately in that style the left eye, which is the one you unconsciously use in locating the bird, with the head held fairly high is the nearest to the natural style of following a quickly moving object. The combination of this, or the equation of it, with castoff and drop, is what must determine you in your fitting. Don't go to fads or extremes; but take that form of drop which will leave you, in view of your personal habits and style, freest to take an easy, graceful and prompt shooting position. Having determined upon your stock, use it all the time and do not change it. Have two sets of barrels, close and open, but do not change your gunstock.

The length of a gunstock is another factor. Trap shooters need a longish stock to relieve the continuous pounding. The field shot usually prefers rather a shorter stock, as sometimes his clothing interferes in bringing up the gun quickly. The field gun should have a stock rather too short than too long, for the former fault can be remedied by a gunpad. Sometimes, too, a thick leather-covered pad, put on without much plan, has helped the castoff of the gun, much to the shooter's surprise and delight. Many shooters use the permanent rubber pad, shaped and bolted to the bottom of the gunstock.

Having, with prayer and humility, undertaken the subject of the stock of your gun, you should make a study of the other parts—more especially the breech and the rib. Is your favorite gun flat across the breech or hollowed? Is the rib flat throughout or does it hollow and taper and drop in the middle, thinning down and rising toward the muzzle? How much of the rib do you see when you throw up the gun to fire? Is it your habit to hold with the bird



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well above the barrel or dead on? Do you see the false breech at all or only think you see it? Do you think you see the front sight or are you sure you do not?

The maker of your gun had a great deal to do with the answer to each of these questions when he fitted the barrels and the rib. You do the rest with your eyes—and probably you do not understand your eyes. Of course you know you must get a clear focus or a clean miss.

What you see—though you do not know it—when you aim and shoot is a very much blurred impression of the breech of your gun—a sharp definition of the fore sight if you shut one eye—no conscious definition at all if you use both—and the moving object which you want to hit and which you see with the other eye! Now you cover these three points in one swift movement.

It may be seen, therefore, that the breech and the rib of the shotgun also have much to do with your successful work. Moreover the style of your gun and your style of shooting are interrelated. If you drop your head low along a rib which is deeply sunk, and which tapers up at the muzzle, you catch sight only of the front end of the rib. In doing this you do not align the entire piece so well as you would if you were gazing down the entire length of the rib. Most makers build the rib in this way, however, because they know this has a tendency to make the shooter keep the muzzle rather high, which is a better fault than to have it too low. In theory the flat rib is best, but in actual practice it seems to lead to the rather crooked stock. If it means that the breech of the gun is flat all the way across it is still less desirable. Some good makers use this sort of rib—flat throughout its length; but the average in building is with the hollowed and sunken rib. Of course it really makes no difference what the rib is if you do not see it while you are in the act of shooting. In practice, most of us shoot with the hazy idea that we are in the middle of the false breech of a gun, and in the middle, at least, of the front end of the rib.

The Gun That Shoots by Itself

As you drop your head low in practice or shoot high-headed, or perhaps level the gun really below the line of your sight, you will see your bird just clean above the muzzle or not covered by the muzzle. And perhaps sometimes, even if you throw the gun high, you may seem to see the bird directly through the stock and the false breech of the gun—a thing impossible, of course, except for the curious construction of the human eye.

Your habit, your desired or acquired style, and your personal equation will govern you in the selection of the rib and false breech of your gun, which have as much to do with your success as the castoff and drop of your stock. Perhaps it will be safer for you to select a gun which has the barrels so fitted that there is a distinct depression between the breeches of the two barrels. Your eye drops into this naturally, as it does into a rifle sight; but, at the same time, the moving object is not in the least obscured, because that, as we shall show later, is very likely seen by the left eye while you are aligning the gun with the right—or vice versa if you be a left-hand shooter. The writer owns a gun made by a once famous American maker, long since dead; and nearly every one who tries this gun shoots it well in the field. It has this depression at the breech and a fairly clear look along the hollowed rib. With a rational drop and proper castoff, it is quite easy to shoot with such a gun; in fact, the gun will almost go out and shoot by itself. The eye naturally catches it in the middle.

Practice or habit may govern very largely in the selection of your gunstock, rib and barrel fitting. As we have pointed out, the tendency is to adjust oneself and one's style to the gun. That is why every one shoots best with his old gun—the one he has had for years and with which he had shot all kinds of game. He has grown used to it. Toward such a weapon the modern sportsman feels as the old warrior did toward his sword—he has confidence in it and knows what it will do. At the same time, if you have not yet perfected your skill in wing shooting to a point where it suits you, you will do very well to go and have a heart-to-heart talk with a good gunmaker—not a rule-of-thumb man, a smith and not a thinker, but some one who has, like yourself let us hope, studied some of the reasons why a gun should fit and why sometimes it does not.



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THE RECORDING ANGEL

(Continued from Page 22)

beginning to shed the deprecating cowardice of his former despair and was developing a little weedy courage as a man. This may have been due in part to the prominence of his position as Bone's right-hand man; but strangely illuminating interpretations he found in the browbeaten, timid virtues of a certain young publican who figured in The Town Testament undoubtedly contributed to his growing self-confidence—which is often the only virtue a drunkard lacks. Meanwhile the piety of Mrs. Martin had undergone an eclipse of singular modesty. The old lady was confused. For the first time in her life she felt a diffidence in her business of holding up sinners and castigating them for faults.

The significance of these and many other changes in the manners of Ruckersville saints and anti-saints did not escape the all-observant eye of Jim Bone. He was very far from betraying Amy's secret, and he was still farther from betraying to her the deception that he perceived Elbert was practicing upon her. He was, in fact, considering the possibility of emulating that worthy's example.

It had been his intention to declare the real nature of the Bone Building gently, as soon as the interior was finished, by putting on an innocent, highly sentimental melodrama. But the more he considered the somnambulance of the town, the more salutary he thought it might prove to give the people a mirror drama of their own existence. Nothing is so startling to a man or a community as a sudden vision of himself or itself from the outside. This is sure to prove a stage in the development of muckraking, which is now being accomplished more or less lamely at a too great magazine distance from the place where obnoxious conditions exist. When some local playwright learns to dramatize diseased municipal governments and puts the play on at home, where it belongs, we shall have more immediate results, and not so many thieves will be retained in office after the next election. There were no thieves in Ruckersville because there was nothing for the town council to steal, no franchise to grant, no water tax to sequester. But there was a criminal amount of negligence to be portrayed and a strain of misleading, vindictive piety to be exploited. Bone desired, with a wit that was half humorous and half friendly, to deliver this community from the bondage of lock-step hypocrisy beneath which so many respectable communities, especially in the South, suffer and decay.

Through Daddisman he collected those issues of The Monthly Mercury that contained installments of The Town Testament. And he spent his evenings during the early part of November whistling and sniekering over them in his room at the hotel. The artless veracity with which the author had portrayed life as it appeared and disappeared, modified and accommodated to the varying natures, virtues and vices of different persons, but always the same life of the same town, always dammed and obstructed, seemed to him marvelous. It was not a story, but an unconscious indictment, which he concluded might be dramatized more or less advantageously for the victims.

He was destined never to know how incomplete and partial the record was. If, when he was thus engaged in admiring the fullness and accuracy of details it contained he could have known what was going on in some sacred maiden chambers along Elbert Avenue, he would have comprehended how little is known or can ever be known of men and women as the pitying angels see them. For these were days particularly hard upon certain ladies' complexions already past the satin smoothness of youth and increasingly inclined to shrivel and wrinkle in the frosty winds of approaching winter. Every evening Mildred Percey stood before her mirror, hair brushed up and knotted tightly upon the top of her head so that not a strand could escape. There was a row of cold-cream jars before her, and fastened to the pin cushion was a slip of paper to which she constantly referred as she went through frightful contortions, as she rubbed in the cream and stared at her glowing image in the glass. Presently she laid her head back upon her shoulders, dropped her lower jaw,

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then released it with singular contortions and twistings of her neck muscles, all the time counting:

"One, two, three, four; one, two, three, four."

Next she pinched the soft fold of flesh under her chin till it flamed, and finally she wrung a cloth out of a basin of water and swung it rhythmically in the air round her head before applying it to the afflicted part. One might have inferred that she was practicing the cruel rites of a chastening penance. As a matter of fact she was engaged in the effort to rid herself of a double chin according to the directions of a company in New York that was making a fortune by selling these directions to ladies similarly burdened with this evidence of too many years.

Mildred had accepted her double chin without a murmur until the appearance of Jim Bone in Ruckersville. Now she was passionately determined to be rid of it.

At the same hour Mary Yancey stood before her mirror similarly engaged with the identical directions. Mary's trouble was exactly the opposite to that which made Mildred's days a burden to her. She was so thin that the frame of her chin needed padding. And she believed herself to be laying on sweet folds of pink fat as she massaged her face and neck. One thing to note in passing is the credulity of women, upon which a very profitable business was founded. The beauty company sold the same directions to both fat and lean customers, guaranteeing to each the desire of her heart at the very reasonable sum of five dollars.

Comedy is often pathos turned wrong side out. Nothing could have been more diverting to watch than the switchings, pinchings, pattings, cruel applications of hot and cold water with which the mature maidens of Mr. Bone's acquaintance afflicted themselves. But if you understand the reason it was heart-rending, especially as Mildred's chin remained blandly double and Mary's continued to hint at the narrow pointed shape of her skeleton. However, these secrets of the feminine heart are too sacred to be exploited upon any stage. They belong to tragedy, not to comedy.

Bone's correspondence with a certain playwright in New York ended by his tearing out all the installments of The Town Testament from The Monthly Mercury and sending them to this same address. Then followed weeks when that functionary who combined the businesses of being both the station agent and telegraph operator at Ruckersville, was often puzzled by the hurry-up messages that Bone sent to this person or persons in New York. He was astonished by the extravagant number of words that Bone's telegrams contained and especially by their enigmatical character.

Sometimes Magnis & Luster ordered goods by wire, often cotton buyers sent and received information to and from their firms; but the little agent could make nothing of an order for "stars" and "scenery." The thing that distracted him and excited his curiosity beyond bounds was Bone's repeated wires declaring that he must have "an old star of gentle and agreeable appearance."

"What the deuce is this old star brand of goods?" he murmured to himself.

The agent scratched his head and wondered if he ought to speak to somebody about it, when Bone, who had apparently satisfied himself with a star of sufficient age and respectability, sent another enigmatical message. It read:

"Must have twenty girls, good shapes and limber-legged."

A man might be rich and powerful and industrious, and still be crazy, reflected the telegraph operator as he filed this message. There was no doubt about Bone's wealth or his enterprise. Everybody felt it. He had become the village cocktail. He was the very highball of its existence. The town was beginning to boom. There was talk of a cotton factory in the near future. Strangers were frequently seen on the streets or driving out with Mr. Bone to examine the property of the famous Broad River Power Company, which had bankrupted so many of the descendants of General Joe Rucker in their efforts to harness it for gins and mills. What the poor little old operator could not understand was why a man so much engaged in strictly business affairs telegraphed for twenty good-shaped, limber-legged girls.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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He rebuilt his barn as a mushroom house and covered it with about 5,500 feet of Amatite. He also used Amatite on his chicken houses, both as roofing and siding, the walls being nearly but not quite perpendicular. All told, he has used 15,000 feet of Amatite during the past seven years.

None of these roofs have required painting or will require it. They take care of themselves. After the roofing is laid, the owner's troubles are ended.

Here's Mr. Chandler's letter:

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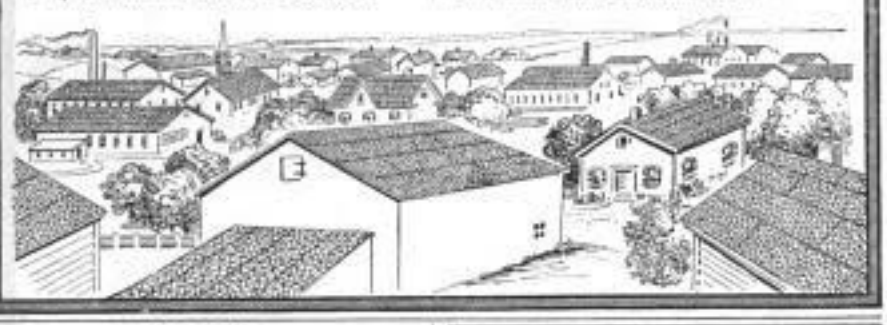
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THE APPLE OF DISCORD

(Continued from Page 17)

"I must say, though, he pays for 'em. Clare got a sketch, you got an apology—and I wonder what Ada got? Too bad I spoiled Clare's sketch; if I'd known he'd come ashore on a kissing expedition I'd have let it alone. But think of Ada! Ada of the serene eyes and steady pulse! I'm beginning to admire this man Lanier. Hanged if he hasn't gone and kissed three pretty women in two hours—and I've lived a kissless life for a month and am nearly starved to death!" He looked at his companion and grinned. It was not often that one got a chance to chaff Mrs. Wilmerding.

Rather to Ravenel's surprise she seemed not to have heard his banter. The little frown still rested on her forehead, but the expression about her eyes was thoughtful rather than annoyed.

"Ravel," she said presently, "we got no more than a glimpse of that tableau down there; but, all joking aside, did anything about it strike you as peculiar?"

"Yes," he answered promptly. "On the breakaway after the clinch it struck me that Ada was forcing the fighting. Didn't stop to make sure, I was that shocked at the spectacle."

Mrs. Wilmerding did not smile. She was staring pensively at the hulk alongside which Lanier's boat was just arriving.

"Those two have met before," said she slowly.

This time it was Ravenel who got the spur.

"What?" he cried sharply. "Met before? Here? You mean that he's been hangin' round Ada? By George, I believe you're right! So that was what made him so sore when the committee turned him down! That's the reason he came here in his old tub and anchored off the reading room! And—" his words came more slowly—"that's the reason that Ada spends so much of her time wandering about alone, down on the end of the point, and taking solitary walks after dinner." He stopped and looked at Mrs. Wilmerding with a scowl. "Look here, Loretta, after all it's none of our business. We stumbled on this affair by accident. Let's stick a knife through what we know and let it expire right here. After all, Ada's had a pretty rough time of it with that old rounder, Stackpole, and if she wants ——"

"Hush, Ravel," Mrs. Wilmerding interrupted; "you are talking like a vicious, modern play! This man Lanier must go! He must go at once! There are plenty of places for such unfortunate affairs, but the Chimney Corner is not one of them! Lanier must go! Of course nobody must ever know what we have witnessed."

"Well, rather not! But don't you think that perhaps you may be jumping to a conclusion?"

"No, Ravel. The whole thing is as clear as the lenses of that lighthouse yonder. It needed only this to explain a deal of what has puzzled me. In the first place, there was Ada's unexpected separation, which she tried so hard to make an absolute divorce. Then her coming here to live with her aunt and uncle all summer, and at the same time Lanier's application for membership. Why should such a person wish to join a quiet, old-fashioned colony like ours? Then his fierce resentment at being refused ——"

"But you told me that it was Ada herself who started that opposition."

"Yes, it was. That is the most suggestive fact of all. At the last moment she saw the folly of it."

"Lost her nerve?"

"Came to her senses," said Mrs. Wilmerding austerely. "Perhaps the kindly and soothing influences about her may have had something to do with it."

Ravenel smothered a grin. Fortunately Mrs. Wilmerding was not looking at him. Her face had assumed the expression of Diana sitting in judgment over the offending nymph.

"I do not wish to make any uncharitable accusations," said she, "but the situation as it now stands is quite impossible. Even in the brief glimpse that I caught of those two on the beach I could see, if only from the expression of the two figures, that it was Ada who was trying to detain Lanier. He is a clever *intrigant* and knows better than to enact a love scene under such

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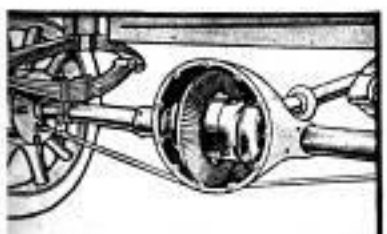


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circumstances, especially now that he feels that he has the situation in hand. The other day he got round the men and today he quite hoodwinked me. I might as well be frank—I was actually very sorry for him, otherwise I should never have permitted his familiarity."

Mrs. Wilmerding's righteous wrath was mounting rapidly. The thought of how she had compassionated Lanier's sad and lonely existence was, under the circumstances, quite maddening. Worse than that was the recollection of his salutation at parting. She bit her red underlip, and her blue eyes flashed.

"Come," said she, "let's go back. I want to stop and speak to Clare."

"You're not going to tell her what you've just seen?" inquired Ravenel.

"Of course not."

"How about Ada?"

"I shall say nothing to Ada. All of my efforts shall be centered in getting rid of Lanier. I shall send him a note tonight that will probably result in his leaving our vicinity without any further delay, if he has any sense of decency whatever."

Ravenel scratched his chin, then turned and gave his companion a rather quizzical look.

"Well?" said Mrs. Wilmerding sharply.

"Strikes me you're forcin' things a bit, Loretta. After all, your evidence is purely circumstantial. You haven't any proof that he and Ada have seen each other here. Besides, it's strictly her affair. Doesn't strike me as quite the thing to act on information that comes from overseein' something by accident. What are you going to say to him?"

"I shall say that his further presence in this neighborhood may result in compromising a woman who has suffered quite enough, and that I have decided to hold him to his statement that he would leave at my request. I shall also apologize for having intruded a second time upon his personal affairs. The main thing is to get rid of the man. We have had quite enough of him!"

"All right," said Ravenel indifferently. "You're the A 1 at Lloyd's—the seagoin' chaperon. Personally I've no reason to love the scoundrel for poachin' on my preserves."

"Don't be vulgar," snapped Mrs. Wilmerding, and turned to retrace her steps, Ravenel lounging at her side. Arrived at the O'Sullivans', Mrs. Wilmerding said:

"I want to see Clare alone. Run along, Ravel."

He grunted and continued on his way down the path. Mrs. Wilmerding went to the stable and up the stairs to the studio, where she rapped on the door.

"Who's there?" came a low-pitched, throaty voice.

"It is I, Loretta. May I come in, my dear?"

"Yes, if you like," was the not too polite reply. Mrs. Wilmerding opened the door and entered. Clare, in her paint blouse, brush and palette in hand, was standing before her easel on which was a half finished sketch. Her face was flushed and slightly puffed about the eyes, and her heavy auburn hair was tumbled about her ears. She glanced half sulkily, half defiantly at Mrs. Wilmerding. "If you've come to scold," said she, "I had better tell you that it's a bad time for it."

"I have not come to scold," said Mrs. Wilmerding gently, "but to apologize. I hope you're not angry with me, Clare, for what I couldn't help."

"Oh, no," Clare answered; "it wasn't your fault. But I've had a fight with Ravel and it's upset me. Did he tell you?"

"Yes. He acted very badly and he's sorry for what he did."

Clare laid down her brush and palette and sank into a big chair. Mrs. Wilmerding had seated herself on the divan. Clare looked at her inquiringly.

"Did you say anything about me to Calvert Lanier?" she asked abruptly.

"Yes. I told him that I was sorry for having unconsciously intruded and went on to say quite frankly that I thought that he had not acted nicely."

"What did he say?"

"He questioned my right to criticise. But that is not what I came to talk about, Clare. I came to apologize to you and to beg of you not to see this man Lanier again."

"Why not? He is a gentleman and a genius, and I like him. What happened this afternoon was entirely my fault."

"It is not on account of what happened this afternoon that I ask you to see no more



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of him," said Mrs. Wilmerding, "but for quite another reason. Calvert Lanier is less the gentleman than you think, my dear. I have good reason to believe that his sense of honor is not of a sort to pass muster with people of our class. Please don't ask me to tell you how I know this, because it would not be right for me to tell you. Will you not be willing to take my word for it and agree to have nothing more to do with him?"

Clare made an impatient gesture. "You needn't be afraid," she answered. "I have no intention of trying to see him. The sanctity of the Chimney Corner is safe enough, so far as I am concerned. And there is no possibility of his trying to see me. Calvert Lanier is too busy with his own affairs to bother about ours anyway. And so far as his moral character is concerned, I'm not really interested, my dear."

Her violet eyes rested a little maliciously on those of her guest. "It's no worse than Ravenel's, I fancy, and Ravenel is a bit of a brute besides." She slipped from her chair, stepped to a corner of the studio, and picked up a panel that was covered with an excellent background of fresh paint. "That's Ravenel's work," said she. "Calvert Lanier's was a lot more attractive." She placed the panel aside and flung herself back into her chair, then stared defiantly at Mrs. Wilmerding.

"Sometimes I positively hate Ravenel," said she.

Mrs. Wilmerding rose. She saw that there was positively nothing to be accomplished with Clare while the girl was in her present mood.

"I'm sorry, Clare," said she. "You must remember that Ravenel is only a boy, and all boys are savages more or less. But you are not angry with me, are you? Because I really love you. I'm not thinking about the Chimney Corner, Clare, but of you, dear, and I couldn't bear to think of you here alone, hurt and unhappy. That was my principal reason for coming over to see you."

Clare's hot, Celtic nature responded to this touch of sympathy as gunpowder to a match. She sprang from her chair.

"And I love you, Loretta," she answered warmly. "I know that you are sweet and dear. And I'll never forget how you stood by Ravel when everybody was giving him the cold shoulder—and I wanted to kill them for it." The tears gushed into her eyes.

Mrs. Wilmerding kissed her and went out. She was a clever woman and warm-hearted, yet as she walked pensively back to her house and happened to glance in the direction of the summer studio of Calvert Lanier the expression that crossed her face belied these softer qualities. The emotions that inspired this expression took concrete form in a note that she dispatched within the half-hour and that read as follows:

My dear Mr. Lanier: Please be good enough to accept, for the second time in the same day, my sincere apology for the same offense—namely, that of intruding quite unintentionally on your own private affairs.

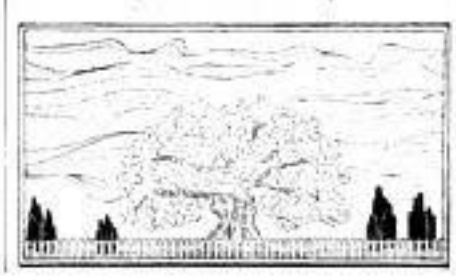
You will remember having told me that you would immediately leave this vicinity at my distinct request. I did not make the request at the time, but on more deliberate thought I have decided to hold you to your agreement, and therefore ask you to leave our vicinity at the earliest opportunity.

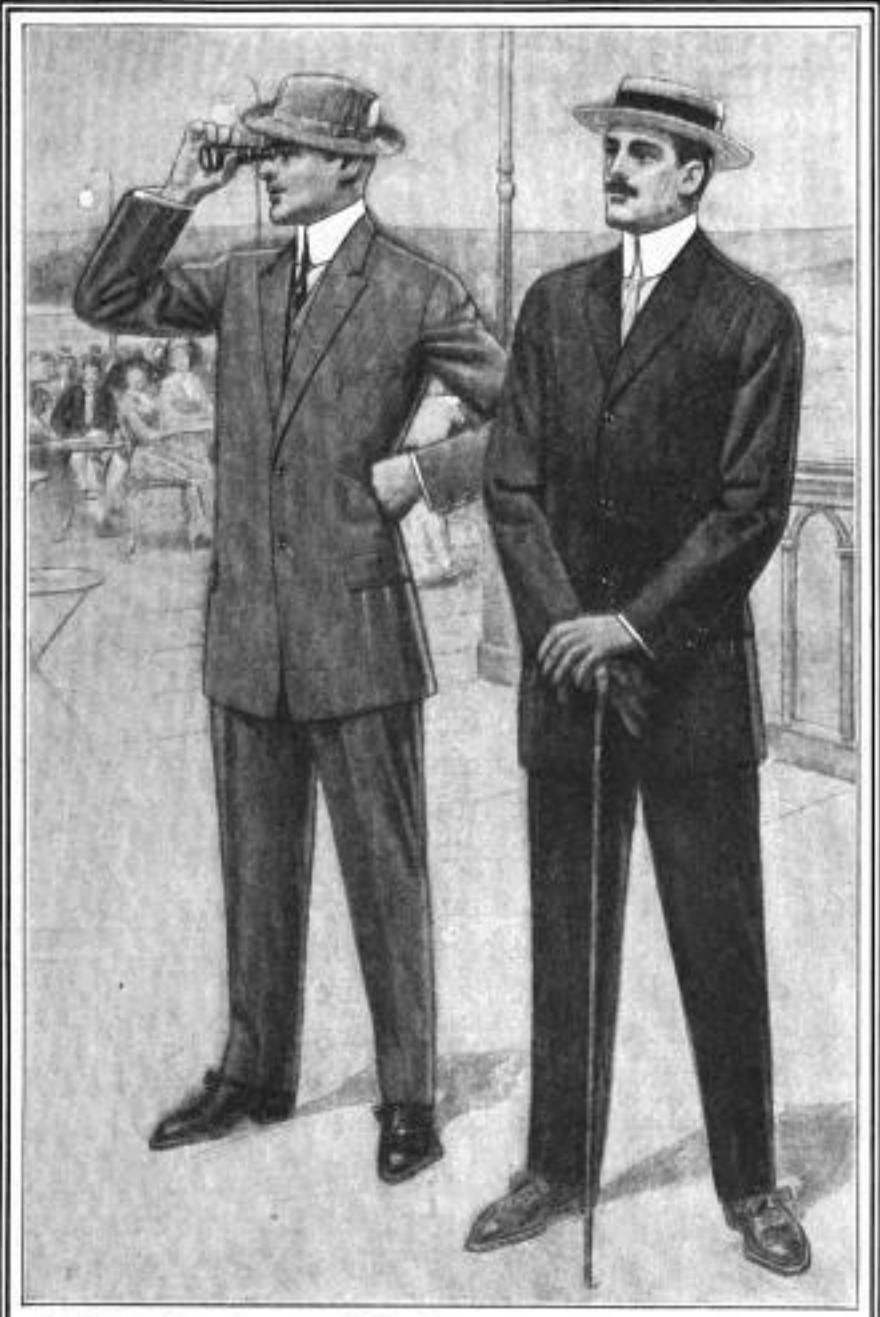
Yours very truly,
LORETTA WILMERDING.

This brief but succinct note she dispatched at once by her boatman, who accomplished his errand in what seemed a remarkably short time, and returned to be met at the boathouse by Mrs. Wilmerding, who wore an air of impatience.

"He says there wan't no answer, ma'am, and that you would understand," was the report of the messenger, who added laconically, "seemed sort of put out when he said it tew."

(TO BE CONTINUED)





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—in a thousand handsome varieties of line, style and fabric, are now awaiting your inspection *at the better Clothiers* everywhere. Smart new models for the *College Boys* and staider patterns for *business men;* alike portraying that refinement of elegance and distinction which marks the well-dressed man.

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K & E Building, Cleveland, Ohio
[N. Y. Salesroom, 220 Fifth Ave., at 26th St.]



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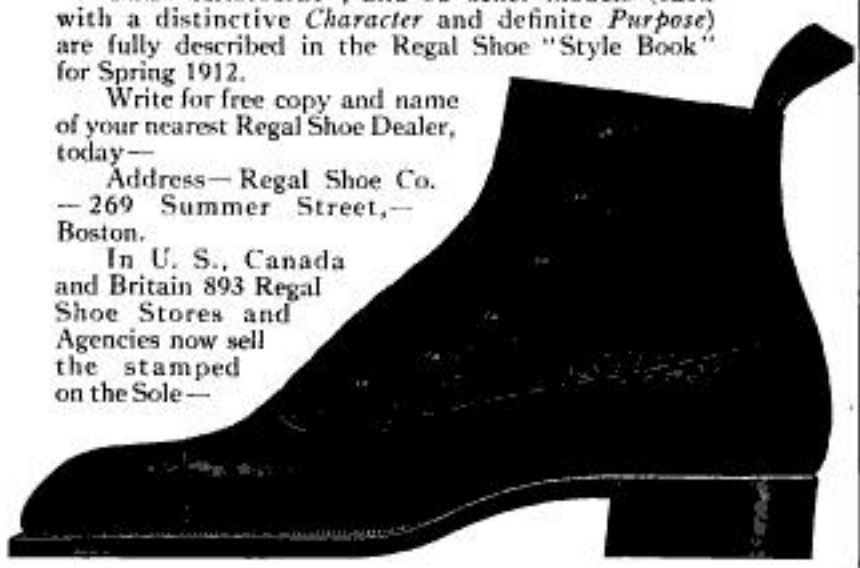
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This "Aristocrat", and 52 other models (each with a distinctive *Character* and definite *Purpose*) are fully described in the Regal Shoe "Style Book" for Spring 1912.

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REAL MONEY SAVERS

Entirely different from the ordinary waterproof collar in style and appearance. You can't tell them from linen. Collars 25c. Cuffs 50c. At dealers or Style Book Free.

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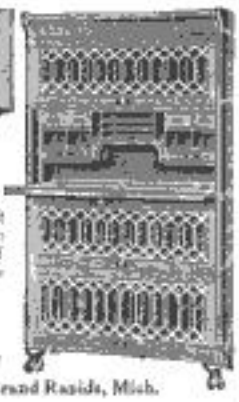


This handsome fish shaped watch charm, made of non-tarnishing gilt metal, dots and wiggles about like a real live fish, will be sent to any address, together with a copy of this month's **National Sportsman** on receipt of 25 cents in stamps or coin.

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The Pearls of the Princess Patricia

(Continued from Page 7)

"Tell the chauffeur where to go," said the colonel briefly.

"Yes, sir—very good, sir." The man touched his hat and told the chauffeur. Their motor pulled out of the line and turned to the west.

"Mr. Walton was at Eton with the duke," explained the colonel to Mr. Boon.

"J. G. Walton?" asked Mr. Boon.

"Yes."

"I didn't know he was educated in England," said Mr. Boon in a tone that implied he knew Mr. Walton well.

"Didn't you?" said the colonel more sharply than the occasion warranted.

"But then we never discussed the subject," apologized the jeweler.

"Do you know the house?"

"Yes. I've been in it several times. I understood Mr. Walton was in Florida and had rented his residence for the winter."

"I don't know a bally thing about his private affairs," said the colonel coldly; "but I do know the duke intended to visit him, and I've been told to go there."

It occurred to the store detective that if the Englishman was rude to Mr. Boon it was altogether likely the duke treated his private secretary as a servant. It gave the detective pleasure to imagine this, for whenever the colonel had looked at Mr. Donnelly it was with the casual indifference with which men look at chairs or cobblestones. This made T. Donnelly feel that he was not alive, and he disliked the aristocratic undertaker.

The motor turned into Fifth Avenue, sped northward and halted before a house. Mr. Boon recognized Mr. Walton's residence.

The colonel alighted quickly and said "Come with me!" in the tone foreigners use to menials, and didn't even turn his head to see if he was followed, but walked up to the door and rang the bell.

A man in livery opened the door.

"I am Colonel Lowther!"

"Yes, sir. His Royal Highness said you were to wait in the drawing room unless there was somebody with you; in which case you were to be taken to him, sir."

"Come on!" said the colonel to Mr. Boon and the private policeman. The footman preceded them to a door at the back of the foyer hall, opened it, drew back heavy portières and announced solemnly:

"Colonel Lowther!"

The colonel entered. So did Mr. Boon and Donnelly. A man stood gazing out of a window. His back was toward them. For the first time Mr. Boon—so he said later—felt that something was wrong. Yet he made no effort to protect himself.

"Your Highness, here are the pearls."

The duke turned round. He had a kindly face, had white hair and mustaches.

"Let me have them!" said His Royal Highness in the husky whisper of a man suffering from acute laryngitis or partial paralysis of the vocal cords.

"I know that voice!" shouted Donnelly, and the jeweler knew he might fear the worst; but, before they could put their hands in their pockets for their revolvers, strong fingers took strangle-holds on their throats, a spray of ammonia had been squirted into their nostrils and eyes, and they were helpless. In a jiffy their wrists were handcuffed behind their backs, their feet were fastened with leg-irons, their mouths pried open with a bowie-knife blade that made them cease struggling. Pear-gags were inserted into their mouths. Donnelly squirmed and carried on like a frightened child—but at the same time kept unfrightened eyes on the duke. Not so Boon, who was as pale as ivory.

The duke turned his back on his captives and put on a black cloth mask, but the watchful Donnelly noticed that he put into his pocket what looked like false mustaches. He also donned a pair of black gloves, but not before the policeman had seen a long white scar, beginning at the knuckles and disappearing up the wrist into the cuff. Donnelly recalled having heard or read a description of a professional crook that tallied with what he had seen. It would make the work of capture easier.

The masked duke picked up the precious valise and said: "Take them to the others."

The four men who had nearly strangled the jeweler and the policeman were dressed in overalls and jumpers, had on black masks and wore gloves. They carried the helpless victims into what seemed to be the servants' dining room.

Propped up in high-backed chairs, Jesse L. Boon, of Welch, Boon & Co., saw Mr. Wilfred Gaylord, president Goffony's, Mr. Percival Pierce, of Jones & Pierce, Mr. J. Sumner Storrs, of Storrs' Sons, and five of their clerks. Beside Mr. Pierce was an empty chair. Mr. Boon was placed on it. The detectives were dumped on one near Goffony's chair.

"Tie 'em in couples," whispered the duke. Each man was tied to the man in his chair—and the chairs themselves were tied back to back.

"That," explained the colonel, "will prevent you from hurting yourselves by toppling over in regrettable efforts to reach the door. We wish no harm to befall you. What?"

The masked men in overalls left the room like perfectly trained servants.

"You are a damned fool!" whispered the duke angrily.

"Why?" amiably asked the Englishman.

"The only people that don't talk are those that can't."

"I know—but murder will out! Never knew it to fail. We have—ah!—practically borrowed a few things from these gentlemen. They may get them back possibly; but you can't ever give back the breath of life if you destroy them. What?"

"I tell you I will not leave them to your blab!" hissed the duke; and Boon could not help thinking of the anger of a cobra-snake with laryngitis. "A slight cut in the jugular and they'll bleed away painlessly. Just before the end they will begin to dream. By ——, I'll do it! Right now!"

The duke pulled out a barber's razor, opened it and approached Boon.

Something about his manner and the jeweler that this creature was about to cut their throats as much for the pleasure of it as because of the supposed safety. It was confirmed when the masked man whispered malignantly:

"It's sterilized!"

Mr. Boon was suddenly conscious of an extreme cold, as if he had been thrust naked into an ice-cave. On Pierce's face grown gray, the sweat stood in minute drops of dew. Gaylord's florid face was livid and tense; J. Sumner Storrs had closed his eyes and seemed asleep, but the breath came unpleasantly through his nostrils.

"Stop!" said the colonel so sharply that the duke turned like a flash—to look into the barrel of a blue-steel automatic.

"Drop the razor, old chap! I can't let you kill the beggars in cold blood. It's—by my soul, I can't, you know." His hand was jerking and twisting at a furious rate, but the revolver was as steady as a rock.

"It's our only chance. It won't hurt them. They won't feel it any more than a feather—it's so sharp," whispered the black-masked devil.

"Drop it, I say!" said the colonel peremptorily. They heard a gritting of teeth from behind the mask as the duke threw the razor and dropped it on the floor. Then, covering his accomplice, the colonel put his foot on the weapon.

"Thanks, old chap!" he said pleasantly. At that very moment he could have crystallized the gratitude of the ten persons at many thousands.

"Fool!" came in a husky whisper.

"Oh, now! I say!"

"What's the difference between two years in the pen and twenty seconds in the electric chair? I myself prefer the chair. But I'd rather cut their throats and be out of danger. I tell you, it's tempting Providence to leave these men——"

"Is it as much as twenty years, old fellow?" queried the colonel, slightly perturbed. The duke nodded.

"I say, gentlemen, I don't want to do twenty years indoors, you know. But—it's not a pleasant thought. What? If I give you your lives you must not take away my liberty. So I will go out now and leave you here with my friend, unless you promise not to tell the police anything that may serve as a clew and yourselves do not try to harm us. If you will act like gentlemen I'll undertake to prevent my friend here from severing your respective jugulars. Nod for 'Yes' and shake your heads for 'No.' Promise not to talk?"

Ten heads nodded vehemently.

"Come, old chap; you must take their words. Gentlemen, you will be re-

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this evening without fail. We must have time to leave New York. Avoid the reporters as you would the plague. It would not be wise to publish the facts! Think of it—the heads of the great firms! In parting from you, gentlemen, I wish to thank you in behalf of the Tainted Wealth Reducing Syndicate, to the success of whose operations you have in this instance so generously contributed. Gratitude surely is not incompatible with business methods. Gentlemen, again I say: Thank you kindly, and—why not?—*au revoir!*"

And that was the last the captives saw of the man who, on behalf of the Tainted Wealth Reducing Syndicate, had reduced the holdings of pearls and trinkets of New York's most famous jewelers by a trifle over one million dollars' worth.

It was nearly closing-time—midnight—that night when two men entered P. T. Ayres' corner drug store. One of them wore a fur overcoat and a silk hat. The other was dressed in black, had a mourning band about his hat and wore black gloves. He carried a bag on which the sleepy lady cashier saw the L and the cabin tags of a transatlantic line. The man in black said to her:

"May this gentleman telephone for me, miss? My throat is in pretty bad shape, and I don't want to use it."

It was in bad shape, indeed. She could hardly hear him.

"But, I say, dear chap ——" remonstrated the fur-coated man, whose collar was so tight that he wiggled his head violently as if in search of comfort.

"This is as good a place as any," whispered the man in black impatiently. "Call 'em up! I say, miss, have you got any slippery elm or some kind of trochees good for laryngitis?"

She remembered afterward that when she said she would call the proprietor he kept her from it by engaging her in conversation, which likewise prevented her from trying to hear what his companion was saying.

The fur-coated man had called up Spring 3100, which is police headquarters.

"Are you there? I say, are you there? Yes, I know this is not London. You know Mr. Pierce and Mr. Storrs and Mr. Boon and Mr. Gaylord? Well, tell your men they are in a residence on Fifth Avenue, in the servants' dining room. It's Colonel Walton's house. Right-O! That's not your business. Go to the devil!"

He came out of the booth with an angry face.

"Confound their impudence! Where is my friend?"

"He's gone," said the cashier. "Here—come back and pay for that call; five cents!"

The telephone clerk at police headquarters promptly told the news of the whereabouts of the missing jewelers—for whom the star men had been searching six hours diligently and secretly—and then tried, through the telephone Central, to get in touch with the pay station from which the "tip" had come, but couldn't, as they would not answer. The reason Ayres' drug store wouldn't answer was that the Englishman in his ignorance had disarranged the connection without betraying that fact, showing a technical knowledge of telephones and their construction.

The news was kept from the newspapers, in the first place, because the jewelers requested it of the Police Department; and, secondly, because it was deemed wise by the sleuths to fight mystery with mystery. As a matter of fact, the detectives were confident of apprehending the miscreants shortly—for had they not left a trail as broad as Fifth Avenue?

The jewelers went back on their words to the colonel, who saved their lives. From their descriptions and the information given by Ayres and the fair cashier, they knew the husky-voiced man with the scar on the back of his hand must be Whispering Willie, a clever all-round crook. The Englishman, they thought, was an amateur. The police communicated with the Ruritania by wireless, and asked the purser if among the passengers were a man of middle height, smooth-shaven, about forty years of age, with paralyzed vocal cords that made him talk as if he had acute laryngitis, and a tall, well-built, blue-eyed, blond Englishman with a nervous affliction of the neck like a mild form of St. Vitus' Dance. Within twenty-four hours the purser had sent the reply: "St. Vitus here, under name of Lewis J. Wright. No trace of Laryngitis."



"Ah, the Girard! That's different."

"JUST *why* is it different? And *how?*" Because it is made in the only sensible and *natural* way. And it combines full flavor with mildness, *in the same cigar.*

You know how hard it is to find a rich and satisfying cigar that does not get "on your nerves"; or a mild cigar that has any real taste and flavor. Every smoker is up against that conundrum. And this is the answer, the

GIRARD Cigar

Here is a real Havana smoke, with all the full-bodied richness you find only in *Cuban-grown* tobacco; yet free from the slightest trace of rankness; and as harmless as it is delightful.

The ***Girard*** cigar is entirely hand-made. The filler is choice Havana leaf imported by us—and nothing else. We season this pure unflavored leaf slowly and completely, without artificial "sweating;" so that we retain all the original tropic quality and fragrance. And we blend this perfectly matured tobacco by a method solely our own; which insures a cigar uniformly mellow and satisfying.

It is sold by dealers at 10 cents straight. Made in all the regular colors and three standard shapes:

"Brokers" 5¼-inch Perfecto.
"Mariners" 5⅝-inch Panatella.
"Founders" 5-inch Blunt.

Buy them of your dealer. *We do not carry on a mail-order business.* You can probably buy the ***Girard*** cigar where you usually trade. But if you have any trouble in getting the shape and color you want, write us your dealer's name; enclose a dollar; and we will send you a box of ten ***Girard*** cigars *on trial*, or you can send $5 for a box of fifty cigars. If you are not entirely satisfied, we return your money.

We send you this sample-box only for your convenience. And we want your dealer's name, so that we can arrange to have him or *some* dealer supply you regularly in future.



If it means anything to you to discover a cigar that you will enjoy thoroughly *every time*, then write us *today*.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Established 1871
Philadelphia

The composition is merely for your convenience. A letter will do as well.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
217 N. Seventh Street
Philadelphia

I enclose one dollar, for which please send me, charges prepaid, one box of 10 Girard cigars.

Shape _____
Color _____
My dealer's name is _____
Address _____
My name is _____
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Why is the soda cracker to-day such a universal food?

People ate soda crackers in the old days, it is true—but they bought them from a barrel or box and took them home in a paper bag, their crispness and flavor all gone.

Uneeda Biscuit—soda crackers better than any ever made before—made in the greatest bakeries in the world—baked to perfection—packed to perfection—kept to perfection until you take them, oven-fresh and crisp, from their protecting package. Five cents.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

So headquarters cabled to Scotland Yard to hold the tall blond afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance, who was thought to have sailed under the name of Lewis J. Wright, until the detective sergeant and one of the jeweler's clerks could arrive with extradition papers. And that's how Mr. L. J. Wright was arrested in Liverpool, less on account of New York's request than by reason of the absurd yarn he told. There was no such Dr. Cephas W. Atterbury as Wright declared he was going to see. The letter of introduction to the doctor, moreover, was a blank sheet of paper. The New York police learned about W. W. Lovell in this way and knew they were on the right trail.

Ten days later there was arrested in Paris, at the office of the American Express Company, a man answering the description of Whispering Willie, who had presented some checks signed by W. W. Lowry. The Paris police reported that W. W. Lowry was probably one of a band, because the scar on his hand vanished when washed with alcohol. And his voice grew normal when questioned by the prefect of police. He told an absurd story of having been hired at the rate of one thousand dollars a week to ask in a whisper for eleven letters at the American Express Company's office on February eleventh, at eleven-eleven A. M., and declared that when his employer bade him goodby on the steamer he painted a scar on the back of his hand and told him always to wear black gloves. The employer answered the description of Whispering Willie and also of W. W. Lovell. The police found that the whisperer's trail led a second time to the Herald office. The clerk, Carroll, remembered the mysterious advertiser very well indeed. Messrs. Reese & Silliman, real-estate agents, told the police they had rented Colonel Walton's house for the winter to a Mr. J. C. Atkinson, an Englishman who had given as references a firm of international bankers on whom his letter of credit for five thousand pounds was drawn. The bankers knew nothing about him personally or socially. Mr. Atkinson had drawn the entire five thousand pounds. He had occupied the house two months, paid his rent promptly and had given a satisfactory deposit against possible damage happening to any of the furniture.

The police had lost four weeks of valuable time in following clews that merely led back to the St. Iago Building and to the man with the paralyzed vocal cords and the scar on the back of his hand, calling himself W. W. Lovell, who was probably William W. Long, alias William W. Longworth, alias W. W. Latshay, alias Whispering Willie. The Englishman was not known to any member of the New York police force, but fortunately he had a nervous affliction which would betray him without recourse to the third degree.

Exactly one month after the departure of the real Duke of Connaught from New York, Messrs. Jesse L. Boon, Percival Pierce, J. Sumner Storrs and Wilfred Gaylord each received a copy of the following letter, typewritten on note paper of the Ritz-Carlton:

Having disposed of the pearls of the Princess Patricia at a price only eight per cent below what you offered them for to H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, we beg to suggest that it is a waste of money for you to encourage the detectives and downright dishonesty for the detectives to encourage you. You have caused to be arrested unfortunate men suffering from chorea in Liverpool, Bremen, Genoa, Buenos Ayres and Panama, as well as Mr. W. W. Lowry in Paris and W. W. Longman in the City of Mexico. For the last eleven months Whispering Willie has been in the Missouri State Penitentiary, where he is Number 317. Our Colonel Louther has not St. Vitus' Dance, is not an Englishman and has not left New York! The Duke of Connaught, otherwise W. W. Lovell, of the Acme Vibrator Company, has no scar on the back of his right hand, is too young to have gray hair, and his nose is not what it was when he was known as Mr. Lovell. We needed time to move unwatched in New York, hence the elaborate false clews. We always plan our deals carefully and we are uniformly successful. We may inform you, in self-defense, that we operate only on the rich enemies of society. Pearls and diamonds have ruined as many women as drink has ruined men or Wall Street has destroyed souls! You may be interested to know that we propose to induce one of our most famous high financiers to contribute a couple of millions to our surplus this month. At the proper time we shall supply the name and the particulars, in order that you may compare notes with the other patrons of

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BLUE BLOOD AND PIRATES

(Continued from Page 11)

…t down behind the taffrail and blazed …way with rifle and Gatling gun. We …mmered away at the decks of both junks …they came crawling up on us at the ends …that hawser. How the yellow dogs did …wl when the first blast of the Gats came …er their rail! They ducked below, wait…ig to get even when the junks should be …d alongside the Star of Chile. The Gats …dn't stop 'em from coming on—not for a …inute, for all that we dropped the men …ke dead flies round the windlasses. There …as always more to take their places. It …asn't a pleasant sight to see them two …nks coming on, steady and easy, with the …irates blazing away at us with their old …orse-pistols and blunderbusses; and we …new that if they ever got alongside, the …tar of Chile was headed for the port of …issing ships, and Three-Fingered Jack—I …ad four fingers in them days—wouldn't be …ere tonight selling liquor and telling you …bout it.

Pretty soon I missed the old man on …eck, but in a minute or two he came up, …rrying a case of dynamite in his arms. …im and the carpenter had bored a hole …rough the top of the case, stuck in a …lminating cap and led a fuse to it through …e hole in the box. Also, they'd jammed four-foot section of half-inch brass cylinder …wn through the hole, and the fuse led up …rough this brass cylinder and burned free …the water, when the old man walked to …e stern railing and threw the box out as …r as he could. There was a hundred sticks …dynamite in the case and it floated …ndily. The strong flood tide swept it …way from us and it bore down on the port …nk, which was less than forty fathoms …way. We watched it bobbing along until …disappeared under the arch of her stern, …hen it exploded.

The force of that explosion lifted us all …ff our feet and I've been a trifle deef ever …nce. The Star of Chile shook like a wet …g and the air was just filled with pieces …f junk and Chinamen. There was a water…pout a hundred feet tall, and half a minute …fter the explosion the tail end of that …aterspout came down on our decks and …early drowned us at the guns. We saw …hat junk rise in the air for a split second …nd when the water settled she wasn't there …ny more!

"Well," says Tod Beasley, spitting the …alt water out of his mouth, "we've freed …ne end of that hawser anyhow. Number …wo junk can't haul herself in on it any …nore; so take the wheel, one of you men, …nd let's move along out of this piratical …oulash."

The minute we were under way the old …nan went down on the main deck forward …with a length of marline, tied Captain …oster hand and foot and left him lying in …he scuppers. Then we wore ship and …ame about until we had the long six pointed …t the disabled junk. We put thirty-two …ound shot through her before she sank; …nd then we sailed away for the West Coast …eaving the pirates to Joss and the sharks. We were glad to get away, for there had …been a fair collection of stinkpots aboard …the junk that was blown up and the fumes …that hung over the ocean in the immediate …neighborhood had made us deathly sick. …Savvy stinkpot—eh? We feared 'em worse …than we did the horse-pistols and blunder…busses, because if a pirate could chuck a …stinkpot aboard a vessel and it broke on …her decks the fumes would suffocate the …crew in that part of the vessel.

The entire row hadn't occupied more …than an hour; and no sooner had number …two junk gone down and the brig was …bowling along on her course again than the …old man went down on the main deck to …see his passenger, who had just come to. …Tod Beasley untied his hands and Captain …Foster wiped the blood out of his eyes and …glared at us all. Without a word Tod …Beasley reached down, grabbed Foster by …the nape of the neck and, big man though …he was, slammed him up against the front …of the house.

"Pipe all hands to muster," he ordered, …"and let them have a look at this man!"

The bo's'n piped all hands to muster ex…cept the helmsman and four men who had …been shot in the fight, and they all stood …round looking at our old man and his …passenger.

"Men," said Tod Beasley, "this man …says his name is Captain Foster and he is …my guest on this ship. He came aboard …at dusk last night and went to his state…room, saying he had a bad headache; and …to my knowledge he hasn't been on deck. …Yet he must have been on deck last night, …for the long gun and the howitzers were …spiked; and, judging by the pretty manner …in which you all behaved during the late …festivities, I will not insult any man of my …crew by suspecting him of this dirty trick. …Moreover, the first mate and I both saw …him signal those junks so they wouldn't …mistake him for one of the crew and take …a shot at him. It isn't so confounded hot …that a man must wipe his head with a red …handkerchief three times to port and three …times to starboard. He was telling them …that the guns were safe and to haul away. …Now then, a month's extra wages to the …man that tells me who this fellow is."

The crew crowded up and took a look …at the prisoner. Suddenly one of them, a …half-breed Maori boy, let out a yell and …made for Captain Foster with his cutlass. …Tod Beasley hit the Maori boy a back…handed slap across the mouth that sent …him spinning six feet.

"I'm in command here," says Tod very …pleasantly, "and I didn't ask you to execute …him. If you know who this scoundrel is say …so, but leave the killing of a white man to …white men."

"Him very bad man," sobbed the Maori …boy, coming back and struggling with the …old man to get at the prisoner. "Him kill …my father! That man name Captain Tom …Devine—and him kill my father."

"And who the devil, may I ask," said …Tod Beasley, "was your father?"

"Jock Wilson," says the Maori boy, …making a jab with his cutlass at our …passenger.

Tod Beasley motioned me to take the …cutlass away from the Maori, and I did it. …The old man was a trifle pale and I thought …his hand shook a little as he walked up to …the prisoner, lifted the black hair from …behind the man's right ear and felt with …his finger.

"Yes," says he very quietly, "it's Tom …Devine." He reached down with his knife …and slashed the rope at Devine's ankles. …"Stand up, Tom, you hound, and look a …man in the eyes!"

Tom Devine dropped his lower lip in a …snarl, but he couldn't meet Tod Beasley's …eyes. He shifted his glance to the half-breed …boy instead and lunged out to hit him. Tod …Beasley struck him a pleasant smack on the …nose with his big fist and the pirate settled …back against the house again.

"Well, Tom," says Tod Beasley, "have …you anything to say?"

"I have not," says Devine, flushing red …in spite of his hard nature; "and if I did …it's too late to say it, Tod. I know the …breed."

"You've changed a lot, Tom," says our …old man. "I hadn't the least suspicion it …was you."

"Parallel case here," says Tom Devine. …"If I'd known I never would have dickered …with Wong Chu for the swag below. He …put me up to it—the cunning beggar! …Those were his junks and their crews drew …pay from Wong Chu."

"They'll draw no more," says Tod Beasley …grimly; "and as for our friend Wong Chu, …I'm coming back to Amoy and I'll settle …with him; but first I must settle with you. …Perhaps it might interest you, Tom, to …know that in five minutes you'll hang from …the stuns'l boom."

Tom Devine threw back his head and …tried to laugh, but he made a horrible …failure of it.

"Hang, and be damned to you, Tod!" …says he.

"Ain't you the cheerful soul!" says Tod …Beasley, very sarcastic, though his voice …was trembling like a girl's. "I like to hear …a man talk like that when he's in your fix. …Nevertheless, I'll bet you're still a coward …at heart. You always were. You'll wilt at …the finish and howl like a whipped dog. …We've all heard of you, Tom, but none of …them know you like I do. You've been …quite a case, you have, Tom. I suppose it …would be cleaner and easier to drop you …over the side, but you were never that kind …to your victims. The law says that a pirate …must hang—and hang you shall! In the …old days a pirate made his prisoners walk a …plank, but you butchered them like you …were a Malay instead of a white man; so …it's hanging for you. Lay aloft, one of you …men, and fasten a double block to the end



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of that stuns'l boom—and lead an inch rope through it."

The order was obeyed; and in five minutes Tom Devine stood under the rope's end; and Jock Wilson's half-breed Maori son made the hangman's knot and drew it taut under the pirate's right ear.

Tod Beasley walked up and stood in front of Tom Devine, looking at him for all the world as if the pirate was an animal in captivity. For quite a while he looked him over; and then, as he started away, Tom Devine fell on his knees, groveling at Tod Beasley's feet.

"I wish you wouldn't beg and plead, Tom," said the old man; "it only makes it harder all round. You've got to swing. There ain't no getting round that point; so remember the blood you sprang from and die game. You're white. Don't whimper like a coolie, you coward! And don't ask mercy of me. Did you have any mercy on the master of the Hebe and were you gentle to that missionary's girl that was aboard the Stormy Petrel? No, you wasn't; so let go my knees and swing off like a gentleman, even if you ain't one."

He shoved the pirate away from him, turned and walked away.

"I'm going below," says he very quietly, "and I won't come on deck again until I shoot the sun at noon. That leaves you half an hour to clean up decks. You will attend to this matter for me and favor me to the extent of not referring to it again."

He went below and we hanged Tom Devine as neat as you please. Twenty minutes later the half-breed Maori cut him down and two of the crew carried him to the rail. With a splash the body dropped into the China Sea and the Star of Chile went rolling home as gay as a girl to a wedding.

I had the decks washed up and everything put shipshape, and when that was over it was long past the noon hour and the old man had clean forgot to shoot the sun. I knew he would; so I shot it myself, worked out our position, told the steward to serve a glass of grog to all hands and went below to report to the old man. As I entered his cabin he was crying—big sobs that would have wrung the heart of a graven image.

"Oh, Tom! Tom, my boy!" he was saying as I came to the door. "Why couldn't that job have been left to somebody else!"

I stood there in the doorway, so surprised that I didn't have manners enough to back away and leave him to his own troubles. He cried a lot and called on God to witness that he had to do it; and then he said something about his mother and that the blood was clean again, and that he would have done the same by any other pirate. I got the whole story squared round in my thick head an hour later, when I knocked at his cabin door and found him looking at an old daguerreotype of two pudgy little boys, with black hair and eyes and wide, old-fashioned, white sailor collars, and tassels on their little boots.

Well, sir, the knowledge took me fair under the fifth rib. I handed him a slip of paper with the ship's position worked out on it and backed out of that man's cabin with a bigger lump in my throat than ever I was born with. Well! That big, long, sad, hard Puritan face—and the suffering of the man! I was for quitting him the minute we dropped anchor in Callao, but he wouldn't listen to it. And, as I said before, he was that fine a man I didn't have the heart to oppose him.

. . . . . .

"But what had he done to make him feel so badly?" I asked.

"Just hanged his twin brother!" said Three-Fingered Jack. "Tom Beasley was that pirate's real name. When the skipper felt back of his ear that time he was feeling for an old scar that he'd given Tom in one of their boyish fights. They hadn't met in twenty-five years or more; but when they did Tod Beasley did his duty as he saw it—and it takes a man to do that. He was a little proud of the Beasley blood and he could never hold up his head after Tom turned bad. It hurt him a lot.

"Yes, sir; this is a mighty small world after all and some queer things do happen in it once in a while. I guess it's my treat, boys. Same thing? . . . No, no, lad; you can't get a cocktail in this house. . . . No mixed drinks after six o'clock. . . . All set? Then I'll propose a little toast:

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(Continued from Page 4)

"More than that, combination has not materially developed the capacity of production in the industrial world any more than it has the extension of transportation facilities in the transportation world, since the era of great combination began. Though, of course, there has been some extension of transportation facilities, yet combination has exerted itself more in the absorption of the agencies already existing than in extending new lines of transportation. The same is true in the industrial world. Since the era of great combination, this so-called dynamic force has spent its energies more in the consolidation and absorption of existing agencies than in the establishment of new. Though there has been some growth, the great fact remains that the instrumentalities of America's vast and almost inconceivable transportation and industrial activities were in the main the products of smaller units.

"The real dynamic force thus sought to be interfered with by the Sherman Anti-Trust Law is that force which finds its outlet in seeking high-finance exploitation and the stifling of competition.

"We are constantly reminded, with a precision of assertion, that we must recognize the great combinations or return to what is termed 'ruinous' or 'disastrous' competition. Every suggestion of competition is coupled with the assertion that competition always was and necessarily must be ruinous; in fact, nearly every time the word 'competition' is used it is prefaced with the word 'ruinous,' making a compound word with a special emphasis on the 'ruinous.' Of course there may be methods or practices employed which are ruinous to those against whom they are employed. Such methods and practices are calculated to suppress—not develop or keep alive—competition. On the other hand, the desire for profit will, as a rule, protect competition from becoming ruinous, as far as mere margin or loss of profit is concerned.

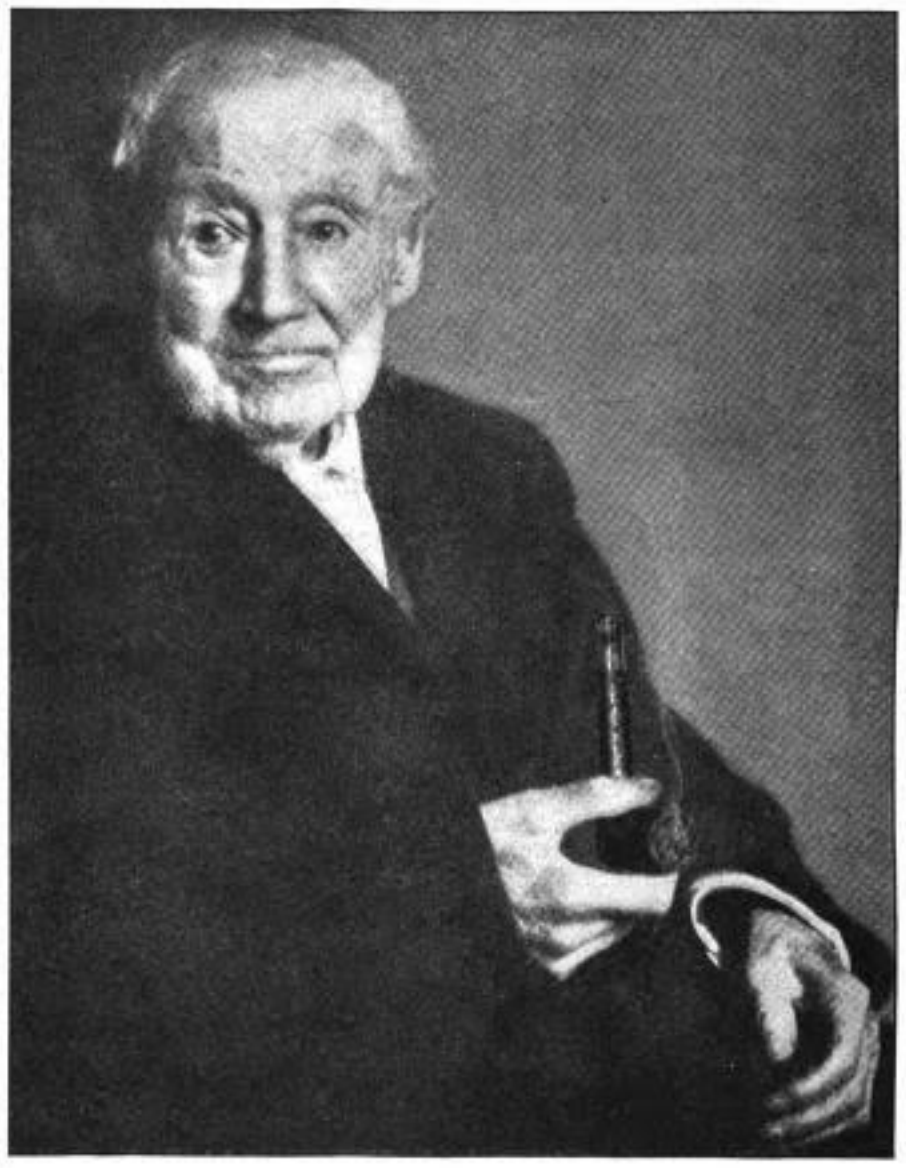
"Again, it is a matter of common knowledge that, in the case of some of the larger combinations, such great aggregations of capital were largely inspired by men who were outside the particular industry until the combination was consummated."

The Results of Competition

"It is manifest that in dealing with this subject it would hardly be proper for me to use any particular combinations as illustrations, especially as some are now the subject of Governmental challenge; but, pursuing the line of my observations in regard to the effect of the elimination of competition as a factor in lessening the dynamic force, we have this state of facts:

"Small units, under the inspiration of competition, developed the separate agencies of production. Now, calling attention to the great combinations which were formed to absorb the agencies already existing, and which had been created by the smaller units of capital, it will occur to the unbiased mind that, in the case of such combinations which have most attracted public attention, great fortunes were already the result of such independent agencies before the present combinations resulted—fortunes that were hardly compatible with the idea of ruinous competition among the smaller units. Of course a certain percentage of failures attach to all forms of activity; but, taken as a whole, the success of those men who had established and were administering the affairs of the smaller units absorbed by the trusts absolutely negatives the suggestion that there was then existing a general and continuous ruinous competition. Even the failures which came to the smaller units were the result of those periods of depression which harass the industrial world at intervals.

"It is within the knowledge of every one who has seen the growth of combinations that, prior to their formation, independent units had established the agencies of production; and that the men administering such units were, in the main, enjoying a fair degree of prosperity. This being true, it is proper to assume that, so far as competition can be maintained, instead of being ruinous *per se* and disastrous in



Anthony Redelberger has smoked a pipe for 86 years

Anthony Redelberger will be 100 years old April 12th next. The photograph published above was taken a few days ago at his Pottsville, Pa., home. Mr. Redelberger enjoys good health, and—he smokes his pipe first thing in the morning and last thing at night.

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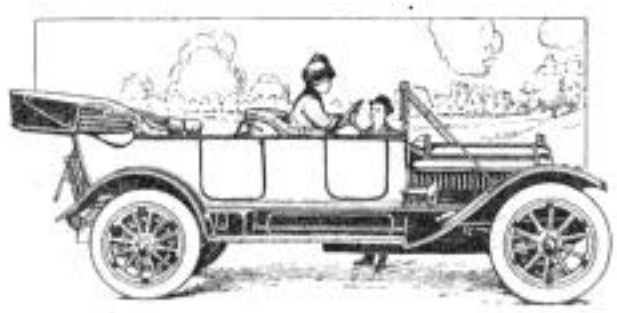


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every case, it would follow the line of former activities. And there seems to be no ground for the oft-reiterated assertion that we are face to face with the alternative either of a continuation of the trust system or of a return to so-called 'ruinous,' 'destructive' competition; in fact, the terms 'trust system' and 'ruinous competition' are not antithetic terms, but rather in a broad sense synonymous; for the trust, so far as it has resulted in an elimination of competition, outside the direct absorption of competitors accomplished that elimination by ruinous or destructive competition.

"The trouble is that a discussion of the whole subject is obscured by a too general belief in the fallacies which I have discussed, and our first endeavor should be to clear them away. How far new legislation may be necessary to cope with the situation and how far competition can be restored are questions which, in view of the Interstate Commerce Committee's inquiry, I could not be expected to debate at this time. But that great combinations are essential to efficiency, or that they are demanded as a medium for the outlet of the dynamic force of the country, or that the only alternative is the trust system or 'ruinous competition'—these are the three major fallacies that ought to be challenged.

"If the trust hearings have the effect of dispelling these fallacies the time expended will be of incalculable value to the public; for no legislation could be economically and socially sound that rests upon a fallacy as the necessity for action by Congress."

. . . . . .

When the session's harvest of laws has been stored away in the statute-books, provided there is no call from Macedonia, Ohio, to come over and help in the speaking, Senator Clapp hies himself to his farm in Pine County, Minnesota, which is across the Snake River and borders on Lake Pokegama. The Senator calls it Wabeek, which is Indian for The Best Place; but his constituents call it The Black Eagle's Roost.

Opinions differ regarding the Senator's genius for farming. Some aver that he couldn't do worse if he had served on the Agricultural Committee. Others say that he occasionally digs up the potatoes to see how fast they are growing; others, that he keeps continually busy from very early morning—but that he appears to be "just puttering round, digging here and there." Senator Clapp smiles whenever he is confronted with these criticisms on his method, and makes reply:

"I devote a good deal of valuable time to uprooting fallacies. Some statesmen who are farmers for political effect believe in cover crops. I don't—never have—never shall! Farming is like lawmaking. If the fundamentals in the congressional field are all right then all you have to do is to plow and harrow, sow good, clean seed, and work early and late to keep out the tares. And if you do all that your crop is pretty certain to be Number One Northern Hard—but you must root up the fallacies!"

A true farmer is one who belongs to the land; an absentee agriculturist, one who imagines that the land and the fullness thereof belong to him. Senator Clapp belongs to the land!

Cornell's Comeback

IN 1897 President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, now of the University of California, was faculty representative of the Cornell navy. Cornell and Yale had had no rowing relations for twenty years, and through the efforts of Professor Wheeler a race was arranged.

When the crews of Harvard, Yale and Cornell met at Poughkeepsie in July of that year there was much rowing excitement, and a great crowd was present.

Wheeler was aboard the Cornell launch at the starting-line. Harvard and Cornell were ready, but Yale had not appeared. The Yale launch shot out and a man in it shouted: "Yale cannot be here for twenty minutes. Will you wait, Cornell?"

"We have waited twenty years to beat Yale," Wheeler replied, "and I guess we can wait twenty minutes longer," which in those days and at every Cornell banquet since has unanimously been considered a glittering example of the ready comeback, the quick-as-a-flash stuff, to say nothing of repartee. It is always produced just after the close-harmony boys at Table G have yanked the excelsior out of the Stein Song.

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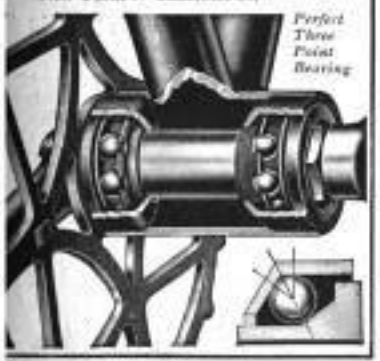
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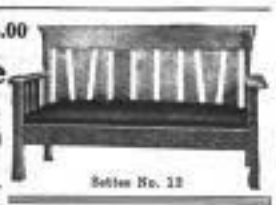
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THE BUSINESS SIDE OF OPERA

(Continued from Page 21)

Tomorrow's opera demands consideration, and so does that for the evening after and the matinée following—to say nothing of the bill for the week to come. Further attention—and close attention too—is required in the preparation of a novelty which keeps every Metropolitan department moving, with senses alert; but that is not all. Usually there are four or five new operas to be produced every season; and while one is in rehearsal the next in order is being tuned up and prepared for public hearing.

Into this maëlstrom of musical endeavor now come the directors, the boxholders in the parterre and grand tiers, the other subscribers, and that part of the public which buys tickets for such performances as appeal to its whims. General Manager Gatti-Casazza has many people to please and considerably more than two varieties of tastes to think about.

If Madam Jewels dotes on Tosca, Miss High-and-Mighty cannot endure any Puccini music. And a soprano who causes one set of opera patrons to rave ecstatically is quite apt to be the innocent cause that sets the sensibilities of another faction aquiver. The manager's daily mail is laden with complaints and an occasional suggestion sometimes as long as a lawyer's brief. All these communications require a courteously worded reply.

Perhaps there has been some difficulty in obtaining desired seats at the box office, or a clash with one of the gentlemanly and patient ushers. And there is the bothersome individual who has a young friend worthy of a place among the principals. Again, some one writes frantically that a set of tickets has been lost or stolen, and begs that if they are presented at the door they shall be "taken up." The written—yes, and the telephoned—"kicks" are innumerable; but once in a while a bit of balm is provided in praise for some work genuinely merited.

Toscanini's Remarkable Memory

Twice a week the executive committee of the directorate—Otto H. Kahn, chairman; Clarence H. Mackay and Henry Rogers Winthrop—is supposed to meet with Mr. Gatti to go over necessary matters. The general manager has a free hand; yet he makes frequent reports despite the authority given him by the millionaires who have just engaged him and Conductor Toscanini for another three years following the season now nearing its end.

Mr. Gatti is a mild-mannered, suave gentleman who believes in harmonizing his subordinates. There is no friction permitted in any Metropolitan department. The chief executive moves deliberately, with light step and a quiet smile. He seldom scolds and rarely praises. His hobby is thoroughness, long working hours and results.

He has an efficient "side partner" in Maestro Toscanini, whose coöperation has done much to bring him the success that carried him up from the ranks to the post of boss of La Scala, in Milan, which place he exchanged for the bigger position in New York. Before turning to opera Manager Gatti was a naval engineer—and a good one.

Together, these men—Mr. Gatti and Mr. Toscanini—form a practically unbeatable combination. Mr. Gatti will accept no impresarioship without a contract engaging Mr. Toscanini as principal conductor; and as the latter is looked upon as the greatest all-round musical director of opera living it can be seen that there is method in such insistence. Each of these Italians receives a salary of $30,000 a year.

Arturo Toscanini is the conductor with the marvelous memory. This musician never leads with the aid of a score. He doesn't have to; for every note, rest and word in the music of the many operas he directs is firmly fixed in his mind. The extent of his memory may be better comprehended when it is understood that the pages of Tristan und Isolde, Die Meistersinger, The Girl of the Golden West, Falstaff, Otello, Tosca and Le Donne Curiose are some of the numerous operas he has learned. It is as surprising to contemplate

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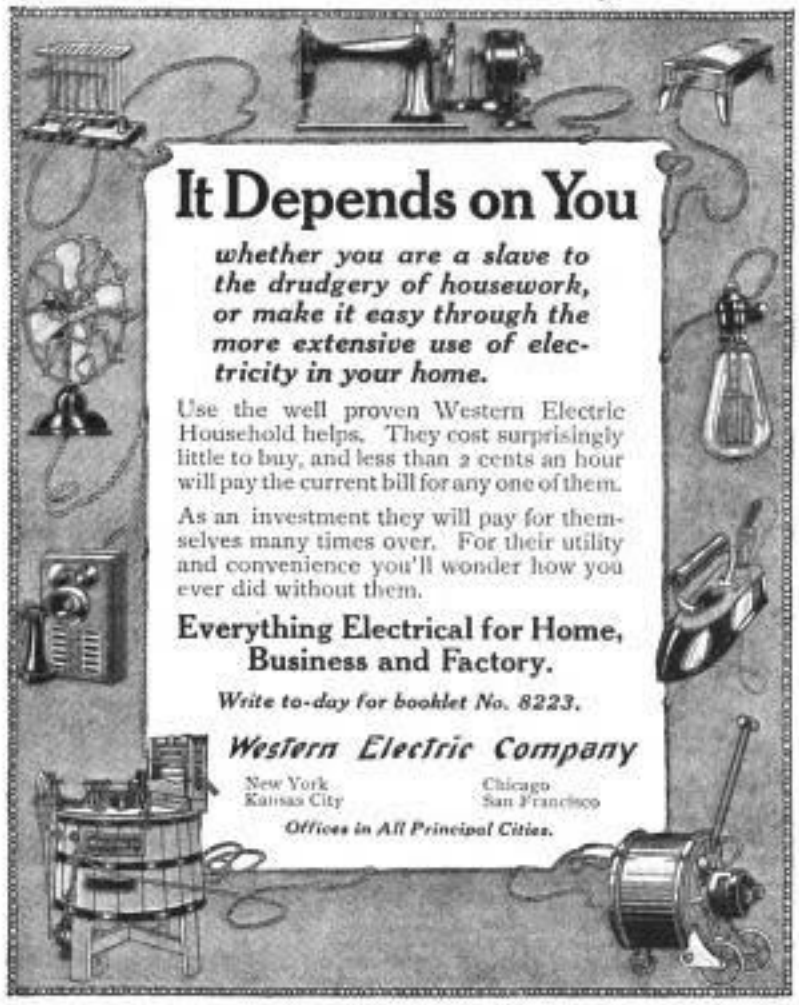
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the ease with which he has memorized these scores as it is to see him actually on the firing line in the orchestra pit.

What Messrs. Gatti and Toscanini don't know about opera isn't worth knowing. They form an operatic team that has not been surpassed and one unlikely to be in this generation. These gentlemen are responsible for bringing to this country for the first time the celebrated dramatic soprano, Emmy Destinn, and that great artist among barytones, Pasquale Amato. They also engaged for next season Frieda Hempel, a distinguished *coloratura* soprano, now singing in the Berlin Royal Opera, and caused to be produced for the first time on any stage Puccini's The Girl of the Golden West.

The American premières of Humperdinck's Koenigskinder, Le Donne Curiose, Lobetanz and Versiegelt must be credited to Mr. Gatti, who also made such important revivals as Falstaff, Otello, Armide, and Orfeo ed Euridice. This enterprising and progressive manager likewise has caused to be designed and built new and improved scenery, wholly or in part, for Aida, Siegfried and other operas in the Metropolitan's répertoire.

The recent competition of American composers and librettists for the Metropolitan Opera Company's ten-thousand-dollar prize for the best opera produced by native talent—won by Dr. Horatio W. Parker and Mr. Brian Hooker with their Mona—was advocated by Mr. Gatti. He has had his failures and temporary setbacks too.

Germania, and some other novelties he was responsible for, did not meet critical or public approbation. One or two singers whom he has engaged have shown nothing beyond mediocre abilities, and now and again he gives a performance that does not hit the high-mark standard established by the Metropolitan.

However, one must make mistakes to succeed; and, as Mr. Gatti is only human, he takes on errors to which flesh is heir; but if he makes mistakes he also scores triumphs.

In the light of the account already given it is not remarkable that business should rule opera. "We are not in business to make money," said Mr. Otto H. Kahn just before his recent departure for Europe. "Our aim is an artistic one!"—which appears to be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

How to Start a Coöperative Store

(Continued from Page 9)

exactly how much you have bought. You do not need to, however; for in giving you the slip the storekeeper writes down in his book "161—forty-seven cents," and makes the total himself. Your pink slip is merely a check—a means of verification.

All this seems easy, but it must not be forgotten meantime that there is plenty of hard work. Coöperation is a job—like other jobs. You may dream of the vast coöperative movement to which your store may give birth. You may picture a network of "coöps" in all the cities and towns and villages of the country. You may visualize these stores developing, expanding, experimenting in one line after another. You may dream of allied coöperative butcher shops, bakeries, millinery shops, clothing stores, coal depots. You may picture great wholesale coöperative stores, linking all these retail coöperatives into one vast, wonderful, ramified coöperative structure sprouting from your single store; but meanwhile you must tie up one-pound packages of coffee and must sweep the floor every morning. You may dream all you wish—and be better for it, but you may not dream during business hours.

Let us assume that your first three months are over and that your policy is to pay quarterly dividends. The first thing to do is to take an account of stock, marking off a reasonable amount for depreciation. Then the executive committee should appoint two of the coöperators to act as auditors, who will go over the books, examine the vouchers and, if necessary, compare the sales with the members' checks.

The net profits should then be calculated and distributed as follows: A certain proportion should be placed in the reserve



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All our Cravats are marked CHENEY SILKS

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fund to provide for future contingencies. In good times the coöperative should prepare for bad. A certain sum should be laid aside to pay off the expenses of floating the society. Then the interest should be paid upon the capital. If two thousand dollars represents the capital and the rate of interest is six per cent a year then the interest charge for the quarter would be one and one-half per cent of two thousand dollars, or thirty dollars. A small sum should be laid aside for propaganda and educational purposes. To do this diminishes, of course, the dividend to members; but it pays in the long run. It increases your own membership and it increases the number of stores.

A coöperative store is more likely to succeed if other coöperatives are formed elsewhere, since the success of a large number of such stores hastens the time when they can unite their forces, give mutual aid and advice and buy jointly in wholesale coöperatives. For somewhat similar reasons, and because the coöperative movement has always had democratic and humanitarian impulses, a certain proportion of the earnings of the British stores has gone, in the shape of bonuses or dividends, to store employees.

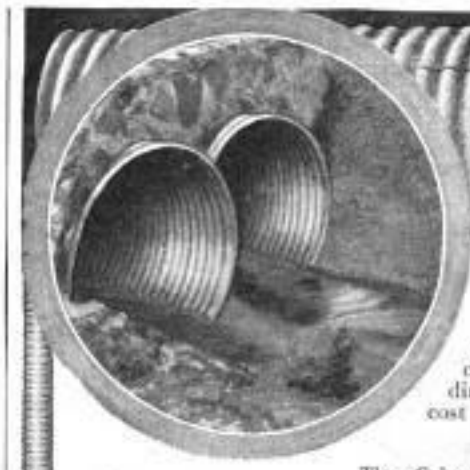
Suppose after all these charges have been paid there remains a profit of three hundred and twenty dollars. The sales during the quarter are added and are found to amount to four thousand dollars. On the principle of dividends according to purchases the rate of dividend is calculated by dividing the total dividend by the total sales, as follows: $\$320 \div \$4000 = \frac{320}{4000} = 8$ per cent. At the quarterly meeting this dividend of eight per cent is announced and each member is credited with eight per cent on his purchases. Smith, who has bought ten dollars' worth, is credited with eighty cents; Brown, who has bought twenty dollars' worth, with one dollar and sixty cents; and Robinson, who has bought one hundred dollars' worth, with eight dollars. The member is permitted either to draw out this money or to add it to his capital account, upon which he draws a regular interest of six per cent.

Mistakes Some Stores Have Made

It is not to be assumed that the store will invariably earn eight per cent upon its business, though that is less than the average of all the British stores during a very long period. It is likely that costly errors will be made, especially in the beginning. It is always possible that the storekeeper may turn out to be inefficient or even dishonest, or he may be given too much leeway or be hampered too continually. Other mistakes may be made. Expenses may be too high for the business done; the purchases by the store may be excessive or unwise; the store policy may be too fluctuating; the members may be quarrelsome or unreasonable or may purchase at rival stores; there may be bad bookkeeping or stocktaking or waste behind the counter through careless weighing. Or there may be inattention or inefficiency on the part of the executive committee or of the members, with resulting losses and deficits.

To avoid such errors the utmost vigilance is necessary. The individual coöperator must be interested in his store. He must thoughtfully decide upon candidates for the executive committee. The store manager and all other employees should be carefully chosen for their honesty and capacity, with a clear understanding on all sides of their duties and rights. Members should work together amicably and the utmost impartiality should be observed toward all members in all the business of the store. There should be careful regulation of stock, and purchases should be made judiciously and for cash. Expenses should be kept down rigorously; surplus capital should be wisely invested, and a full and frank explanation of all important matters should be made by officials and employees at the regular members' meetings. All of these rules are self-evident, but it is the neglect of these very self-evident truths that is responsible for so many coöperative failures in the past.

Today the coöperative store is not an American institution. Tomorrow it may have become one. It can only become one by the union of a tempered enthusiasm and a knowledge of the causes of failure and success. It must be built—if it is to be built at all—upon the ground of mutual confidence, neighborliness, thrift, intelligence and other humble virtues.



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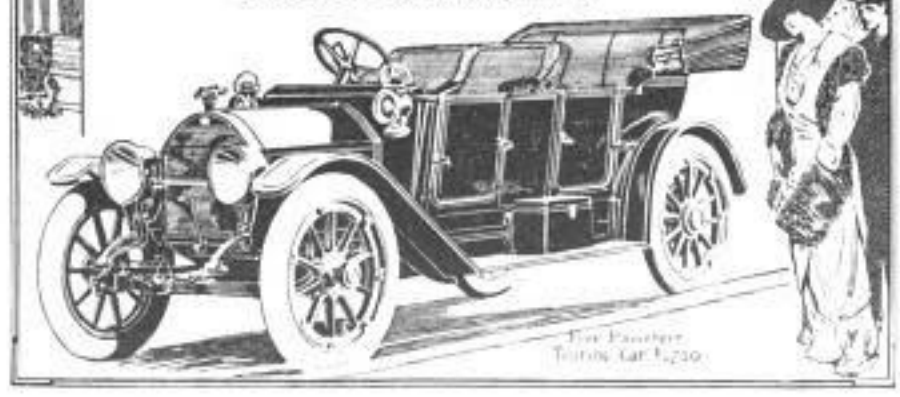
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"'TATERS"

(Continued from Page 15)

was no less than a call to arms in de- of freedom of speech in the land of ee and the home of the brave. The tent became a storm center of exple- and question marks; the air grew thick lying bits of potato, aimed at the top tent mostly, just to show how high m of speech could soar when she and every nice soft piece that stuck canvas brought forth howls of:

'taters—'taters—'taters—who says s?" Plop! "I do—there's my say!"

"Per-taters!" Plop! "Po-taters!"

"Po-ta-toes. Spell it, Roddy!" Plop!

n't say it"—Plop!—"because actions louder than words!" Plop!

th this the hilarity reached the point rmentation where fermenting spirits t to turn sour. All the boys were on feet but Roddy, who had sunk down his gun was snatched away; and he ally didn't get up again to join the cation at his expense. He sat off to ide on a bedroll and gloomed.

ddenly the words hurtled across the "It looks to me like they wuz only erson in this here outfit dassen't say s when Roddy's round!" All eyes ntly turned on Roddy, glooming —he was the one person who hadn't taters!

was a joke to appeal to that audience, eers of derision burst forth:

Why, Roddy! Dassen't you say s?" "Say it, Rod—'taters!" "Das- y', er can't y'?" "Go to it, Roddy— yer medicine like a little man! Say s!"

ddy went on glooming and the fer- ation soured fast.

Where does it hurt you, dearie?" d Hank Homans, taking off Miss Gil- screamingly. "Now, dear, po-tatoes. t."

athless silence. Roddy didn't budge. put his hand behind his ear and d toward Roddy.

little louder, darling," Hank en- ed. "Try again, sweetheart. Listen! o-po—t-t-t-ta—toes! Yer little toot- ootsies—toes, not ters. Don't be d; it's an easy word—po-ta-toes. toes—say it, precious love; just this to please mamma."

ddy never lifted his eyes—but can't just see him sitting there, glooming uming!

Baby can't say it—he's lost his little ue!" announced Hank solemnly.

Open yer mouth, Rod, an' lemme see if v any!" demanded Kinky.

ddy's scowl was greeted with yells of: Open yer mouth!" "Lemme see yer ue—if y' got any!" "Go to it, Roddy; yer tongue like a good boy when ma tells y' to!"

ddy disdained even the reply of a look; all at once the fermentation turned to ar. A man who gives forth a fiat like to a crowd—and they'd taken it per- ly, every one of them—and then re- to take his medicine, needs a doctor; he's bound to find one at a round-up. y told him: "Rod, I guess you need a r now fer what ails you." And his s were hardly out when "Make him!" rified friends and foes alike.

Make him swally a hunk!" hissed the ual victim of the fiat; and he was ed with the snarly "Yes!" of those e exasperation was ready for quick n.

ddy sprang to his feet.

You dare!" he cried furiously. "You ter make me swally a 'tater! You t' put yer hands on me!"

Roddy had had his gun at that mo- , Kinky told me, "there'd have been us fellas livin' with the daisies!" And k it was very likely so, for Roddy was e himself—he'd have aimed for kill- but the boys were pretty thoroughly d too. It wasn't only the outrage he ut upon free speech in a free land—it more than anything, the way he'd d up" afterward. If there's anything boy hates it's a fellow who "acts up" king medicine when he has offended st the prevailing civilization.

Why, he jest natchelly had to be doc- !" explained Kinky to me simply; h meant that the crowd was going to Roddy a target for potatoes—plaster up and force him to swallow a platter- This would be resisted by Roddy and iends, and the affair was bound to end in bloodshed. And they were in the very act of starting the doctoring when the camp cook bounced into the grub-tent with a shout:

"Here, you young rapscallions—quit it! Them's new pertaters, an' pertaters costs money! You throw one more chunk"—he threatened Kinky with his long spoon, just out of the gravy in the stew-kettle—"you jest throw one little scrap anywheres but down yer throat an' I cook no more fer this here ungrateful outfit! I quit cookin' alto- gether fer y' right now—an' y' can git yer own supper!"

Awful threat! In two blinks order was restored. Kinky gracefully swallowed the piece he was aiming at Roddy's head and the example was ostentatiously imitated by friends and foes; for it is a dreadful re- sponsibility—one that no sane man will assume—to deprive an outfit of its cook. But that cook! The man that did it might as well say "Lynch me, please!" and snuff out gallantly.

The victory in saying potatoes was obvi- ously with the cook, which everybody im- mediately granted as the most graceful way out of the affair; and yet it somehow left Roddy in possession of the field, though he hadn't won the day; they hadn't made him "eat his words," and the very amiability of his silence flaunted it at them that they couldn't do it anyway. Perhaps not.

The episode hung in the atmosphere like a charged cloud; and when the cattle came back from the round-up to the home ranches, and the cowboys with them, the slumber- ing belligerency of the whole community awoke—which shows how dangerous it is to play with loaded jokes that are liable to go off any time. 'Taters, a joke, had been a mere challenge to tell where you stood in the scale of cherishings: 'taters as the For- bidden Word became a moral dare to all your courage and defiance.

The funny thing was how everybody exhibited the symptoms the same way: first, the round-up yarn would be recounted in detail; and then: "So you can't say 'taters any more in this state—you can't say it! You can't say it!"—as if you couldn't even mouth it to the naked breezes!

And instantly a very devil possessed everybody to say it! You just had to say it to show you could, any time and any place you darn pleased—so there! The minute anybody said 'taters to you another devil-spirit moved you to retort: "You can't say that word to me!" I did it once myself to a sheepherder—I detested the man anyway—when he yelled: "Well, you betcha I can say 'taters—say it all I wanta; an' they ain't nobody to stop me!" I barked back at him, "You can't say that word to me!" and stared him out of countenance; so he got up and left the room.

* * * * * * *

About a week after the round-up civil war seemed imminent. Old McQueed was re- ported as "wearing his gun to bed," and Roddy as carrying two; and the moment this got about everybody over three hun- dred square miles of sagebrush began dar- ing everybody else to "say 'taters to a McQueed"—that representing the acme of danger in the state at the time, not count- ing the tame Yellowstone Park bears. And if you didn't take up the dare—Pooh-pooh! Just as lief as not!—why, there you were, a 'fraid cat, in glorious, bold Wyoming! Nobody likes to be called a 'fraid cat, even for not walking up to instant death at the movable parts of a grizzly or a gun.

All this while little Geraldine went on with her work as quietly as though she were not the arbiter of our destiny; and Jim went bravely to his desk each morning and watched with anguished eyes until the clock said five minutes of closing-time and Miss Geraldine said: "Po-tatoes. Spell it, Jim!" He gulped the potato that came into his throat at ten minutes of and an- swered, "'T-a-t-e-r-s!" and sat down. Then he gulped two more potatoes unexpectedly in his throat before he could tell her why he spelled it with a t; and afterward he heard her "Oh, very well!" through a mashed-potato fog.

Little Gilbert's voice grew softer and sweeter and her smile softer and sweeter as the days passed; and she meant them to when she spoke to Jim, for she grew sorrier and sorrier for him all the time. She read his young heart to its innermost workings easier than she read her dictionary, and she knew how he hated her and how he—loved

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LA FRANCE SHOE FOR WOMEN



6284
Gun Metal
Russia Calf
Patent Colt

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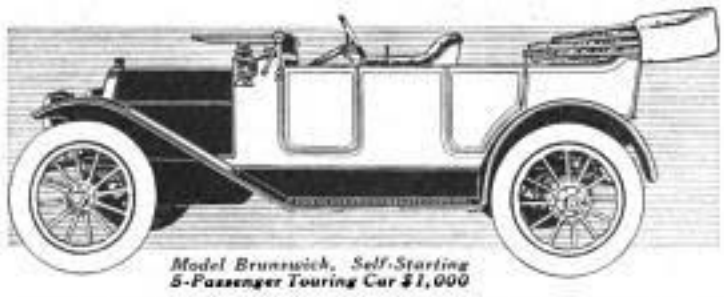
In this season's La France Shoes we offer models which bear the stamp of approval of society leaders at Lakewood, Aiken, Pinehurst and other fashionable resorts. The Shoe here shown, suitable for afternoon "at home," matinees, etc., comes in *white* Nu-Buck, dull gun metal, tan Russia calf, patent colt or the exquisite silk and satin fabrics.

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All are shown in our beautiful Spring catalogue, sent free upon request.

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Model Brunswick, Self-Starting
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Six snappy, stylish body types—all built on the one Paige Chassis and with the one Paige unit power plant. Prices, $975 and $1,000. The beautiful La Marquise Coupé $1,600.

Write today for name of Paige dealer nearest you and our new 1912 Art Catalogue. The catalogue shows various models in beautiful colors and gives full details of Paige construction.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR CO.
265 Twenty-first Street Detroit, Michigan

her! He did. He adored her for the agony she caused—it was his proof that he could stand up to things like a man. It gave him a soul-satisfying, Daniel-in-the-lion's-den feeling to be there every day, waiting for the bite of her words—"Po-tatoes!" and "Oh—very well!"—and know he could meet them without a quivering of the flesh. He'd show her she couldn't hurt him anyway! And she—just a teacher—had turned up her nose at his father—just a dear, sweet little Jenny-Wren teacher! And she'd turned up her little Jenny-Wren nose at his father! Didn't he hate her, though, for that? What sort of a man would he be if he didn't? However, if she would call him dear just once more! And if she did call him dear just once more wouldn't he show her? Yes—he'd show her, all right, what she dassen't say to—a man. Nobody cared how he was suffering! Perhaps he'd better go live with the Indians or join the Mormons—his father hated Mormons; or maybe it would be easiest jest to go up in them rocks behind the schoolhouse an' give that ole growly wildcat one acrost the jaw in earnest. Then she'd feel sorry when they found him there with his insides all tore out an' scattered on the rocks—an' his heart et up, most likely—wildcats alwuz eat that part the fust-off. She'd faint—and she'd know then she'd done it herself, because she'd driven him to it with her everlasting "Po-tatoes!" and "Oh—very well!" She'd be a murderer all right, all right!

And so, while all the rest of us were daring all the rest of us to say the Forbidden Word to a McQueed, little Gilbert was soberly doing it every day of her life—and then going home and washing out her sin in secret tears for her dear victim.

What else could she do? Discipline must be maintained in any school; and how much more vital is it in a school where your front yard ends forty miles away and a hundred longhorns may decide any minute to go to school instead of going to blizzards, or a growly wildcat may hop on to your roof from your back-yard racks and spit at you down the stovepipe! Discipline there meant more than a chance to teach in peace—it meant life and death to eighteen little trusting pupils confided by Providence to a teacher's conscience. At least, Miss Geraldine looked at it that way.

With this state of affairs—with civil war loose in the land, only wanting a leader for the other side—Toddy saw he must get rid of Miss Gilbert or die in the attempt. The whole state was now too small for both of them; and being a woman she had to go—not Toddy, of course; men aren't expected to move out in a case like this. He owned his homestead, besides, and homesteaders don't go for teachers.

Still he couldn't just carry her off and dump her out of sight on the plains, or in the big reservoir by McGill's—she was much too popular. A little act of bravery like that—and he'd be glad to do it too—might spell a quick lynch for him. However, where there's a will there's a way; and by the same token, where's there no schoolhouse there's no teacher. So Toddy carried off the schoolhouse for her and dumped it on the plains.

Geraldine brought the news to the ranch herself Saturday morning early. I was at work at my desk in the front room when the clatter of hoofs and her loud "Hello" stopped at the door. I ran out to answer.

"Oh, have you got a camera? Haven't you got a camera? You have—I know you have; and I must have it right away!" she panted, swinging off her horse and seizing both my hands.

It was much like telling a mother you've got to have the baby; but she gave me time to get my wind back by rattling on as fast as her tongue could gallop: how she'd gone over to put her Monday's work on the blackboard—she was coming down to us for over Sunday—and how she saw Toddy, with a four-horse wagon-gear; and how the roof was already off and loaded; and the rest was going as fast as Toddy could get it on the gear.

"And I must have a camera—I must!" she cried. "This is simply too grandly good to lose!"

I agreed with her it was—no more or less than the opportunity of a lifetime; and she rode away with my camera on her saddle-horn.

. . . . . .

We developed the films that night and I made quick prints with my electric torch. Oh, they were immense! Log by log—almost—they showed the hall of learning

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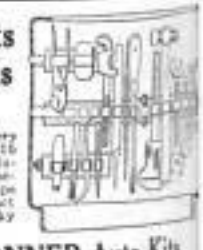
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tegrating, moving off on Toddy's strong lders and piling up inchoately behind droopy horses hooked to a wagon-gear. the foundations he carefully obliter- ; and then—the school was gone! It —and was not. The magician's deed, vise the magician in his glum self- faction, unconscious of the glass eye the two bright ones peeking at him under the high sagebrush a quarter of ile away, came out of the developer dy perfect beneath our rapt and amused

Gee! Gee!" cried little Gilbert. It her near-swear, made of her own ini- ; and, with that, she up and gave a kiss. She was a kissful little thing. ways suspected it was part of her ılarity with the children that she ıght kisses were made to give away and ındered them even on dirty little faces. Oh, gee-e-e-e!" Then she irrelevantly ed: "Oh, poor Jim!" Though what Jim had to do with it I didn't see l she told me how he loved her—and she doted on him and admired and ected him too; and that he'd miss the ol and her more than all the goody- dies put together. I knew she was t. Boys are funny things!

he rode off with poor Jim very much in heart and our prints and films very h in her pocket; and in this frame mind—sadly glad—she galloped into ldy's ranch.

'oddy was cleaning a gun in the bunk- se. She swung off her horse and they hanged a "Good morning!"—not as a l social amenity, but with the affable ing of the cat that has eaten the canary. urred little Geraldine, feeling the ary warming her insides:

I was out taking photographs on urday. I thought you might like to them."

aid he, still easy on the canary:

I suppose y' wuz fortygriffin' some ers?"

he disposed of this with a pussy smile, narking, as she drew the pictures from pocket:

I thought maybe you might like to buy original films." A snort from Toddy. ere are the sample prints."

Another snort from Toddy; but he took prints to show her he bore no further ill lings—since he'd eaten her canary.

She says he turned the color of sudden rder first; then the color of death on the h sens—whatever those hues are—and n the color of a wax tombstone. He ked at the prints from one to fifteen, and m fifteen to one; from eight to fifteen, d then backward again to one. She looked t over the plains, golden calm, with a little ene white splotched here and there from recent snow-flurry; she saw three ante- pes running with a bunch of cattle and ought she couldn't—she just simply uldn't—give up her school now—and Jim!

Toddy spoke first.

"When'll y' deliver the goods?"

It came to her in a flash:

"As soon as the schoolhouse is back ere it was." Then her little heart pped and missed a beat.

"It'll be back thar—lemme see—tomorrer ght. Will that do y'?"

Her heart started up again like a hammer. as Toddy giving in? Was he trying to ake terms with her?—satisfy her?

Now the truth is, Toddy had given up! e was scared half out of his wits at what e'd done and what she was likely to do xt. He knew by this time precisely how e community felt about changing P's to 's on steers' sides, and what happened hen you got caught with the steer on u, so to speak—you got the pen in yoming. He could only give writhing esses, however, at how the county would el about the carrying off of the public hool; there was a dangerous lack of prec- lent in dealing with school-rustling—the ime is so very rare and the rule is: "When doubt shoot!" Toddy had helped to tablish the rule.

Said little Geraldine doubtfully:

"Y-es, I suppose that will do—if you n't get it there tonight." And she added veetly, seeing him shake his head: "It ill have to do if you positively can't."

"I'm 'fraid it'll hafta do. I—er—auled them there logs off about ten mile," e admitted; "an' mebbe I can't git her uite done in time fer school Wednesday."

He looked at her appealingly and she id it would be all right. Her amena- ility gave him courage to ask the price of he films; but when she said twenty-five dollars—I'd told her to stick out for that, no matter what—she says he died the deaths all over again.

"Twenty-five dollars—fer a fillum—that didn't cost more'n fifty cents!" he gurgled. "Twenty-five dollars—as much as fer a horse!"

"Twenty-five dollars," she repeated dryly, holding out her hand for the prints; "but, of course, Mr. McQueed, you're under no obligation to buy them. I was merely offering them to you—first."

She packed the word so full of subtle suggestions that Toddy couldn't help thinking: "I wonder what she means—an' who she's goin' to next!" She didn't tell him what she meant; instead, she took a step toward him with her hand out and said:

"Oh—very well! Only you can't say afterward I didn't offer you the—evidence. No harm's done, though, if you don't feel like paying what such pictures are worth, and your time's too valuable to spend arguing about a thing you don't want; so ——" she broke off and tried to take the prints away from him.

"Who says I don't want 'em?" he grumbled. "The price is a little mite steep when you compare 'em with cattle on the hoof; but then ——" He put the prints in his pocket.

"I'll take the money now," said the undaunted one.

He caught his own "Now!" just as it was jumping through his lips—at least, she shouldn't think he hadn't any money; and he fished out some bills of doubtful chastity, demanding suspiciously, before he gave them to her:

"How do I know y'll bring me them fillums? What guarantee air y' givin' me?"

The hauteur with which she drew herself up made her feel as tall as he was, though she barely reached his shoulder; and she answered proudly:

"Because I spell potatoes with a p!"

He put the bills in her hand without a word. I have always thought that prompt, silent act was Toddy's acknowledgment that there was, after all, something to people who held by the customs of an effete East.

"And one thing more, Mr. McQueed," she rippled at her sweetest: "after this, I wish Jim to spell potatoes right—and he will if you tell him to." She accompanied the "you" with an ingratiating smile; adding, with enthusiasm: "He's a splendid boy—about the brightest boy I ever taught!"

Her appreciation of his son finished Toddy's undoing.

"I'll l'arn Jim tonight to spell 'taters like the book!" he said grimly, "an' I'll l'arn him at the same time that what his teacher says goes in this here district!"

His mouth looked poor-hurt-child at her, but his eyes looked great-big-man; and, seeing that face just as she was taking her horse, she ran back, holding out her hand, to where he loomed in the bunkhouse door, stooping his great height under it.

"Oh, Mr. McQueed," she flashed tremulously, "I do just want to be friends with you and have you friends with me! Will you? And I'll prove it ——" She whipped out the bills he'd given her and the films, too, and thrust them into his hand. "There! I know you'll put the schoolhouse back—and I don't want your money anyway. I just want you to be friends with me—if you can."

Toddy crumpled the films into his pocket, but pushed the money back into her hand.

"No—I won't take it!" he told her. "Little girl, you air a dead-game sport, an' I'm proud to be yer friend; but the money's yourn—y' won it off me fair an' square, an' y' couldn't make me take it back!" Then he, too, drew himself up proudly and said: "Old Toddy McQueed can pay what he owes!"

She says he "looked simply too perfectly fine!" when he uttered those words, and she was afraid not to take it—she was nearly ready to cry over him; but, like a woman, all she could think of to say in this starlit moment was:

"And you'll teach Jim—won't you?"

"You leave all that to me," Toddy waved loftily. "I'll l'arn Jim ter spell 'taters right ef it uses up muh hull blacksnake t' do it! Only fust lemme see ef I got her right myself." And he painstakingly spelled out: "P-a—t-a—t-e-r-s—paytaters. Is that right?"

The minx smiled approval in his face and said:

"Yes—that's right!" And never batted an eye.



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Take the trouble to investigate and you will find he can make a bigger margin of profit on several other speed indicators. The dealer's discount on the Warner is small by comparison.

But when he sells you a Warner he knows you will be pleased and satisfied, that you will not have a minute's trouble or bother with the instrument as long as you drive the car to which it is attached.

And because you are satisfied with the car and everything with it, you will naturally continue to be a *regular customer* of that dealer. For it is human nature to cling to those whose judgment is proved to be sound and whose recommendations are found to be sincere.

If you decide against the Warner you cannot justly blame the dealer if you are dissatisfied.

There are always those who confidingly look for real values on the bargain counter—who persist in believing that it is possible to secure more than they pay for—or deludedly imagine that a cheaply made and hurriedly-thrown-together speed indicator will prove "good enough."

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"You've got the car my people are looking for", our dealers said. These men, on the firing line, have their fingers constantly on the public pulse. They know what the people want.

We have built a luxurious, beautiful, strong car—rich in appearance and staunch in service—as comfortable as a morris chair and with power and speed for any emergency. To see the car is to want to get in it; to get in it is to want to ride in it, and to ride in it is to want to own it.

The name "Oakland" on an automobile has always been respected, for it has always stood for good motor cars, for serviceable cars—cars that can be depended upon at all times, designed with care, along safe and sane lines, and built by experienced men.

Price is no longer accepted in the automobile business as an absolute index of quality. In construction, workmanship, design and finish, the Oakland, with its enormous output, is the superior of other cars selling at a far greater price, chiefly because they are produced in smaller quantity.

Take the Oakland unit power plant, for instance; the motor, clutch and transmission are all in one housing, bolted rigidly to the frame, thereby preventing distortion, securing perfect alignment and delivering the maximum of power to the rear wheels.

The enclosed valves, guaranteeing cleanliness; the gradual but positive clutch engagement, the ideal spring suspension, are other features of mechanical construction, in which the Oakland is second to no car in the world.

A Luxurious, Beautiful, Strong Car—See It! Sit in It! Ride in It!

OUR 1912 LINE OF 30, 40, 45 H. P. MODELS—$1200 TO $3000

Model "45" Specifications

4-cylinder, 4½ x 5½-inch motor, unit power plant; 120-inch wheel base; Schebler carburetor; Bosch magneto; full floating rear axle; tires 36 x 4½-inch.

Model "40" Specifications

4-cylinder, 4½ x 4¾-inch motor, unit power plant; 112-inch wheel base; Schebler carburetor; Remy magneto, dual system; tires 34 x 4-inch.

Model "30" Specifications

4-cylinder, 4 x 4-inch motor; 106-inch wheel base; Schebler carburetor; Remy magneto; fin tube radiator; tires 34 x 3½-inch.

Oakland "Oriole" Runabout $1200. The smartest light car on the market; 30 H. P.; 4 x 4 motor; multiple disc clutch; 30 gallon gasoline tank.

Body Designs Model "45"

Limousine, model "45," 7-passenger	$3000
Touring Car, model "45," 7-passenger	$2100
Close Coupled Tourabout, model "45," 4-passenger	$2250

Body Designs Model "40"

Touring Car, Model "40," 5-passenger	$1450
Colonial Coupé, Model "40," electrically lighted, 3-passenger	$1900
Sociable Roadster, Model "40," 3 passengers on one seat	$1450

Body Design Model "30"

Touring Car, 5-passenger	$1250

Oaklands will be equipped with Self-Starters, complete, for $25 extra

Established dealers are invited to make early application for available territory

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 125 Oakland Avenue, Pontiac, Michigan

New York Factory Branch, 1600 Broadway

Write for catalogue



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Styleplus Clothes $17

The Same Price the World Over

WE have accomplished the production of Styleplus Clothes $17, by dealing straight from the shoulder with concrete facts and with nothing else.

In presenting Styleplus Clothes to the men of America we shall employ the same simple principle.

And so we have devoted none of this space to meaningless style pictures.

Styleplus Clothes $17 are the result of an intensely concentrated effort by the most highly specialized and the largest individual clothing factory in the world to produce a suit of clothes to retail at $20 that would surpass the best clothes being offered anywhere at that price—or perhaps at $25.

When we computed our costs, estimated probable sales, taking into account our tremendous buying power and manufacturing capacity, *we found that this suit of clothes could be retailed for $17.*

In analyzing our new product we found it to contain far better than the average fabrics found in $20 and even some $25 clothes—*plus* all the way through. Our designers, than whom there are none higher in their craft, had produced styles that, line on line, reflected the best thought of the season—*plus* all the way through. Our highly trained and efficient workmen had produced finish and fit that ranked with the $25 grades—*plus* all the way through again. Our experience, workmanship and fabrics guarantee better than the usual wear—service-*plus* all the way through.

And so this line came to be called Styleplus Clothes. It means

Style + Values
Style + Workmanship
Style + Fit
Style + Quality
Style + Materials
Style + Service

The production of Styleplus Clothes $17 is a new milestone in the progress of good clothes development in America. It is nothing short of a great victory. It is recognized as a wonderful accomplishment by all men who know anything about the making of clothes. It means more to the everyday man than anything that has ever before happened in the clothing world.

This accomplishment would not have been possible but for our 63 years of conscientious study and work. It would not have been possible but for the 50,000,000 suits and overcoats that we have made and sold. From every one of these 50,000,000 garments, we have learned something and this something is embodied in every suit of Styleplus Clothes.

This accomplishment would not have been possible but for our tremendous buying power, which gives us the first choice of the fabric market and often the whole output of a mill.

It would not have been possible but for our immense manufacturing facilities that insure superior tailoring, highly specialized skill and exact uniformity, the concentrated efforts of thousands of skilled workers and the entire organization of the largest individual clothing factory in the world.

It would not have been possible but for the fact that we employ and pay inviting salaries to the most proficient designers in the trade.

We guarantee Styleplus fabrics to be all wool or wool and silk, thoroughly shrunk, every Styleplus coat to be strictly hand-tailored, and guarantee the perfect wear of every Styleplus garment and a new suit where satisfactory wear is not realized.

Styleplus Clothes are so well made, of such superior materials that we can afford to make the following additional and unusual guarantee.

Style + Service *Whenever a purchaser of Styleplus Clothes finds a button gone, or loose, or a tear or in need of repairing, he can walk into the nearest Styleplus Store and this repairing (other than pressing) will be done for him free of charge.*

You should find a Styleplus agent near you. If you have any difficulty, write to Henry Sonneborn & Co., and we will send you a style folder, factory booklet and samples and see that your needs are supplied by the nearest Styleplus distributor. **Look for the label in the coat. Look for the guarantee in the pocket.**

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO., Baltimore, Md.

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5130

Yes! $15 will really buy a blue serge suit that will fit and wear and hold its shape and color. Read about the new idea in clothes-making.

THIS will tell you about the best $15 blue serge suit we have ever made.

Don't measure its quality by the price. We can show you how and why this suit should rightly be compared only with clothes at much higher prices.

Read the reason. It's a new idea in clothes-making.

Last fall we proved that centering *definite* advertising upon one particular suit will largely increase the demand for it. It is well known that manufacturing in increased quantities lowers making-costs without cutting quality. The new idea is simply to work the two facts together, *estimating the savings in advance*, and putting them into *better cloth than we could otherwise afford to use.*

It might be called cashing-in the power of advertising before the advertising is done.

But it's more than a new idea. It's a *success.* We tried it out last fall—and our faith was rewarded by three times the business we had ever had on any suit at the price.

Having proved the idea, we've prepared for this season with even greater confidence. We've produced a $15 ready-to-wear blue serge suit that any man can feel well-dressed in, and be absolutely sure of service and satisfaction.

CLOTHCRAFT
Blue Serge Special
No. 5130 GUARANTEED ALL-WOOL AND FAST COLOR $15

When you examine the cloth you'll be favorably impressed by its soft, even twill and the deep, rich indigo dye that's guaranteed to be lasting.

Then you'll note the style in every line of the coat. Try it on, and you'll observe that no matter what size is handed you, the collar fits close at the back, and the coat-front hangs smooth.

No. 5130 is made in the seven styles shown below, for thrifty men and young men. Whichever style you choose, you can be sure of fashion absolutely correct for the coming spring and summer.

Now this Blue Serge Special is only one item in the Clothcraft line. Clothcraft Clothes are the one guaranteed all-wool line at medium prices—$10 to $25.

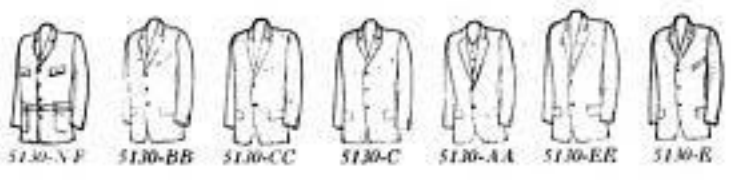
They're produced in clean, light shops, by Clothcraft Scientific Tailoring—the efficiency-methods by which we improve quality without increasing cost.

You can be sure of quality before you spend a cent. Clothcraft Clothes are *definitely* guaranteed in the following particulars—absolutely pure wool cloth; first-class trimmings and workmanship; permanent shape; satisfactory wear and service, with *you* as the final judge.

Go to The Clothcraft Store. See No. 5130 and other good Clothcraft Clothes. Examine them critically.

If your dealer doesn't sell Clothcraft, let us direct you to one who does. Write us today for the address of the nearest Clothcraft Store. With it we'll send you the Spring Style-Book and a sample of the 5130 serge.

THE JOSEPH & FEISS CO.
Founded 1850—Oldest American Manufacturers of Men's Clothes
620 ST. CLAIR AVENUE, N. W.
Cleveland



THE JOSEPH & FEISS CO.
Makers of the one guaranteed all-wool line at medium prices
620 ST. CLAIR AVENUE, N. W.
Cleveland

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Model 27—Five-Passenger Light Torpedo, $1,250. With Top and Windshield, $1,350.

The Elmore Valveless Motor Gives You More Continuous Power Than Other Engines

YOU'VE read a good deal about continuous power impulses in an automobile engine—what is known technically as continuous torque.

Of course it's easy to understand that the more the power impulses of the engine overlap, the smoother and more economically the car will run. And the less the power impulses overlap, the more jerky the car-movement will be, and the more fuel it will use.

Now, in the ordinary 4-cylinder engine, only every fourth stroke of the piston has power behind it. Out of sixteen piston-strokes making up one complete operation of the four cylinders, there are four power-strokes. That is far from continuous power-impulse and far from smooth-running.

Makers of six-cylinder cars have dwelt strongly on this fact, showing the greater overlap of power in a six-cylinder engine and the consequent greater smoothness of operation. And their argument is sound.

But in the six-cylinder engine it is still true that only every fourth impulse is a power-impulse—six in all to each complete operation of the engine.

In the Elmore valveless motor, every other impulse is a power impulse—eight power-impulses out of every complete operation of the engine.

In other words, a four-cylinder Elmore Valveless Motor will develop more continuous power than any six-cylinder poppet-valve engine, with consequent greater ease and efficiency.

What Valveless Construction Means To You

Valve troubles cause ninety per cent of motor-car inefficiency. There are from 20 to 40 small parts on each valve of the ordinary engine—or from 80 to 160 parts on 4 cylinders. Unless all these parts work in almost perfect co-ordination—within a small fraction of a second—the cylinder begins to miss fire and ultimately stops altogether. Valve adjustments and repairs make up a large portion of upkeep expense—every motorist knows it. But the Elmore owner never has such items to pay, nor such annoyances to meet.

The One Proven Successful Valveless Motor

The Elmore motor has been in successful operation over American roads for over a dozen years. There are thousands of Elmore owners, everywhere. And any one of them will tell you that for economy, efficiency and ease of operation the Elmore is in a class of its own. But it is well to remember that the Elmore alone can show such a long record and service; and the features which make the Elmore valveless construction valuable are patented and exclusive.

A Model for Every Motoring Need

Whatever your desire in the way of a car, there is an Elmore which will meet your utmost requirements. We use the best materials, the highest grade of workmanship obtainable. In fact, Elmore construction is a synonym for quality in the industry.

And the price range—$1050 to $1650—is most conservative.

Write for interesting free booklet and we'll tell you where to see the car.

THE ELMORE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Factory, Clyde, Ohio

Address all communications to

GENERAL SALES OFFICE 80 Congress Street East DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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The smooth, clean-cutting, slanting stroke of the old-fashioned, straight razor, plus the guarded blade features of all safety razors—that is what we offer you in the

Young Any-Angle Razor

Don't mistake this announcement, you men who have tried them all and found them all safe enough, but—

The Young isn't "just another safety." It's safe, it's simple, it's compact; its shape is the shape you are used to; its blades hold their fine, cutting edges beyond what you have been led to expect. But the dominating appeal of the Young is its *any angle* feature—the feature that gives you—any man, the old timer or the beginner—that slanting stroke which is absolutely essential for a perfect shave.

There is nothing to learn. The barber's skill is in the Young. A touch turns the blade at any desired angle and you shave as with any safety razor. The Young is finality in razors. You'll come to it sooner or later. Do not defer your shaving comfort and satisfaction!

Free 30 Day Trial

All dealers are authorized by us to take back the Young Any-Angle Razor and refund the purchase price, if after using it for thirty days you wish to return it. If your dealer cannot supply you, order from us, with same return privilege. The price of the Young Any-Angle Razor, including 12 keen blades, with genuine leather case is **$3.00**



Young Safety Razor Company, 1709 Germantown Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

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$20
Detail Adder


$40
Drawer Operated
Total Adder
Prints Sales-Strip


$100
Total Adder
Prints Sales-Strip


$75
Total Adder
Prints Sales-Strip


$100
Drawer Operated
Total Adder
Prints Sales-Strip


$50
Total Adder


$35
Total Adder


$75
Total Adder
Autographic Attachment
Drawer Operated


$125
Total Adder
Prints Sales-Strip

We Make Them for All Kinds of Business. Prices $20 to $765

All sorts of stores, factories, garages, dining cars, county and city offices, commissaries, public service offices, hotels, theatres and newspaper offices are included in the list. They are used in the largest stores and on the smallest corner stands

They are used in the store farthest North and the store farthest South.

Certain kinds are made especially for department stores, railroads and banks. They give quick service and protection and do things no other machine sold can do.

Our office registers certify and classify accounts and records. They give the most positive checks for bookkeepers, auditors and managers. No other machines sold give so much information and protection with as little work and in so short a time.

We have spent 30 years in studying the needs of all businesses where money is handled and records kept. We make cash registers to fit every need and that is why we make over 300 styles and sizes.

Our registers safeguard all transactions occurring between employes and customers. They save time, work and worry and insure to proprietors all their profits.

They cost so little and do so much.

Write or call and have the kind of register suitable for your business explained to you. Investigation will cost you nothing.

We have a representative in your vicinity.

The National Cash Register Co.
Dayton, Ohio


$100
Total Adder
Prints Sales-Strip


$140
Total Adder
Autographic Attachment


$200
Total Adder
Prints Sales-Strip
Prints Sales-Slip


$150
Department Store Register


$380
Shows Four Separate Totals
Prints Sales-Strip
Prints Receipts, etc.


$250
Total Adder
Prints Sales-Strip
Prints Receipt

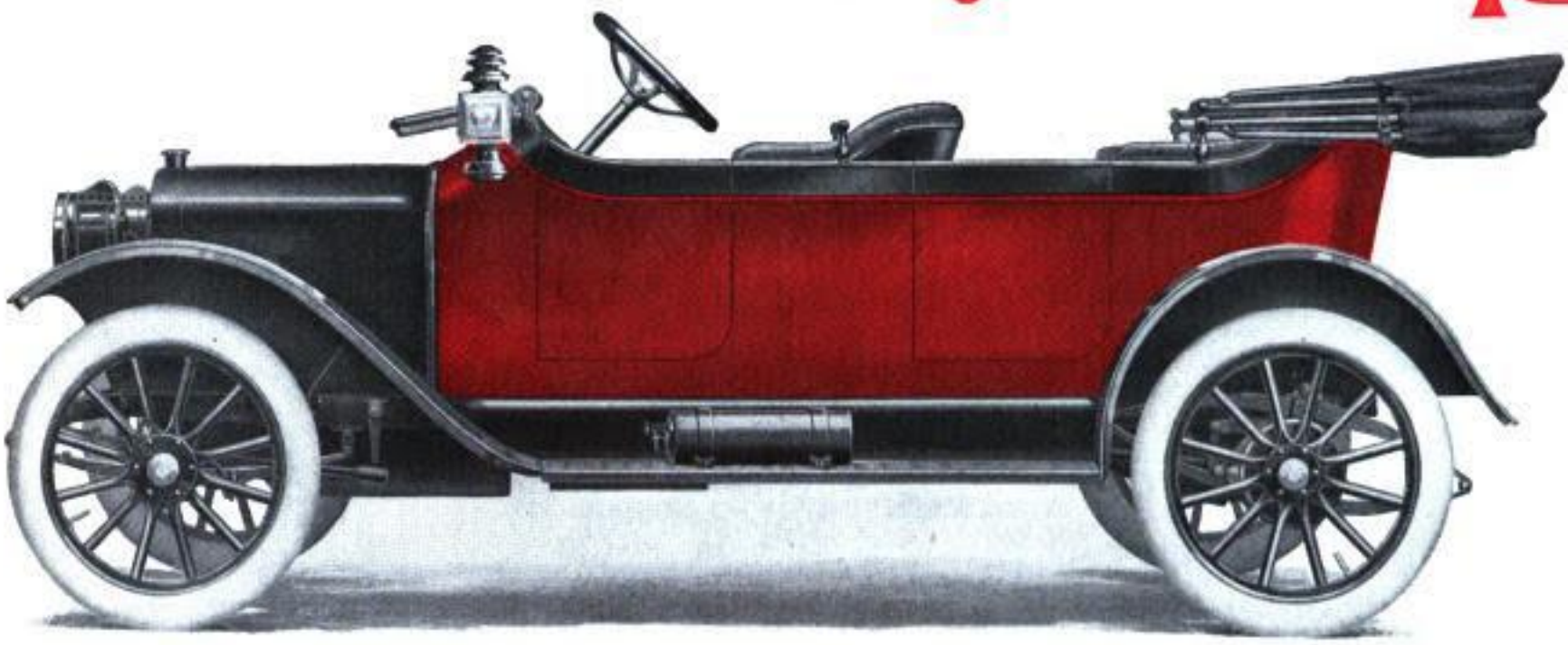

$765
Nine Complete Cash Registers in One.


$150
Total Adder
Prints Sales-Strip
Prints Receipt


$500
Four Complete Cash Registers in One

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R-C-H "Twenty-Five"



Model S S — 5-passenger touring car — 110-inch wheelbase

$950 F. O. B. Detroit

Equipped with Hanna self-starter, 32 x 3½ tires, dual ignition, demountable and quick-detachable rims, gas tank, extra rim, top, windshield, 5 lamps, horn, tools, and tire repair kit, long-stroke motor, 3 speeds, enclosed valves, magneto.

Over 12,000 Bona-Fide Orders in 5 Months

Other R-C-H Models

S S Cars

Self-starter and other equipment same as Model S S Touring Car quoted above.

English-Body Roadster
$800 F. O. B. Detroit

Touring Roadster
$900 F. O. B. Detroit

Colonial Coupé
$1150 F. O. B. Detroit

Wheelbase of roadsters and coupé 86 inches—other specifications same as touring car. Coupé has enclosed body, drop seat for third person; 100 ampere hour lighting battery; 2 electric lamps, combination electric and oil side and tail lamps.

Standard Models

Completely equipped with top, side-curtains, windshield, lamps, generator, horn, tools and kit, but do not have the self-starter or other special equipment mentioned of the S S models.

5-Passenger Touring Car	$850
Touring Roadster	800
Roadster	700
(Equipped for 4 passengers)	750
Colonial Coupé	1050

CANADIAN PRICES
F. O. B. Windsor, duty paid.

S S Models

Touring Car	$1175
Touring Roadster	1125
Roadster	975
Roadster—4-passenger	1050
Coupé	1425

Standard Models

Touring Car	$1050
Touring Roadster	1000
Roadster	850
Roadster—4-passenger	925
Coupé	1300

DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS

It's just a short time ago that we were impressing on the motor-car buyer the merits of the R-C-H. Today, so tremendous has been the country-wide appreciation of the wonderful R-C-H value, that we are forced to come to you with another message: "Speak quickly if you want one."

No other car in the history of the industry has ever approached the record made by the R-C-H. A few short months ago the R-C-H embodied a personality, a factory and a car-name. Today we have cash deposits on thousands more cars than were ever sold by any other organization during its first year. And every day dealers are writing, wiring, telephoning—imploring us to increase their allotments.

Frankly, we underestimated the wide-awakeness of the average buyer. Of course we realized that a car with R-C-H construction and equipment would be a big seller at the R-C-H price. But where we figured in thousands, we find a demand for tens of thousands.

Many of our friends—more's the pity—will be disappointed. And so we want to impress upon you again the necessity for prompt action. Get in touch with your nearest R-C-H branch or dealer at once. For if you can't get an R-C-H, and want a car as good, you'll pay a thousand dollars more.

A Car That is Cheap Only in Price

That's the one fact we want to impress upon you. And we ask nothing more than your own judgment after you've seen the R-C-H for yourself—after you've made your own comparisons with other cars at double the price.

It's hardly necessary now for us to go into construction and equipment details—the R-C-H has been the sensation of half a dozen shows and the country is ringing with its merit.

But there are a few facts that will bear emphasis, even now.

The First Real Long-Stroke Motor

Some American designers have tried to achieve the much-desired long-stroke effect of the best European engines by lengthening the stroke and widening the bore in proportion. That is about the same in principle as trying to make a thin man by doubling the height and width of a short, stout one.

The R-C-H has the first adaption in this country of the long-stroke idea so successful abroad. A study of the best European models and thorough engineering tests determined its dimensions (3¼ x 5). Of course, with the public demand for this type of motor, the selling arguments of some manufacturers will eventually resolve themselves into: "My motor is longer-stroke than any other." But it is well to remember that it is readily possible to overshoot the mark; and that the bore-stroke ratio of the R-C-H motor has been proven to produce the maximum of power efficiency per fuel unit.

Left-Side Drive With Center Control

Any other than a left-side drive is not natural under American road rules. It is a wonder that American motorists tolerated a right-side drive for so many years; a greater wonder that American manufacturers retained it.

The drive on the R-C-H is left side; the control is center lever—out of the way, yet convenient to the operator's right hand.

The body is the graceful, roomy English type, recently made a feature of a few of the highest-priced American cars.

Greater accessibility; greater interchangeability due to the extensive use of drop forgings; ideal spring arrangement; perfect braking system—there are dozens of R-C-H features that must be seen to be appreciated.

Let us show them to you.

General R-C-H Specifications

Motor—4 cylinders, cast en bloc—3¼-inch bore, 5-inch stroke. Two-bearing crank shaft. Timing gears and valves enclosed. Three-point suspension. **Drive**—Left side. Irreversible worm gear, 16-inch wheel. **Control**—Center lever operated through H plate, integral with universal joint housing just below. **Springs**—Front, semi-elliptic; rear, full-elliptic and mounted on swivel seats. **Frame**—Pressed steel channel. **Axles**—Front, I-Beam, drop-forged; rear, semi-floating type. **Body**—English type, extra wide front seats. **Wheelbase**—110 inches. Full equipment quoted above.

R-C-H CORPORATION, 111 Lycaste Street, Detroit, Michigan

Branches: BOSTON, 563 Boylston St.; BUFFALO, 1225 Main St.; CLEVELAND, 2122 Euclid Ave.; CHICAGO, 2021 Michigan Ave.; DENVER, 1520 Broadway; DETROIT, Woodward and Warren Aves.; KANSAS CITY, 3501 Main St.; LOS ANGELES, 1242 South Flower St.; MINNEAPOLIS, 1206 Hennepin Ave.; NEW YORK, 1989 Broadway; PHILADELPHIA, 330 North Broad St.; ATLANTA, 548 Peachtree St.

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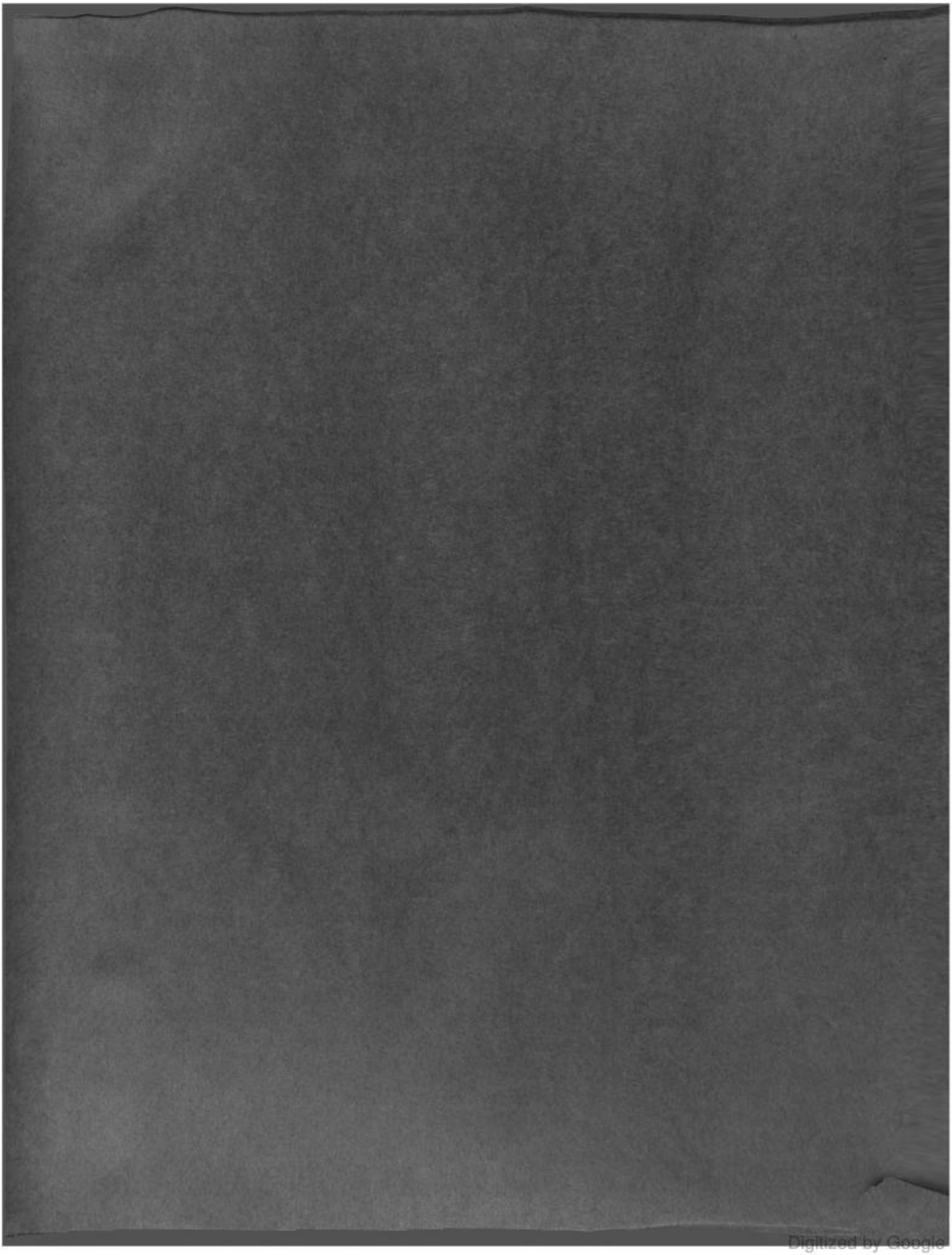


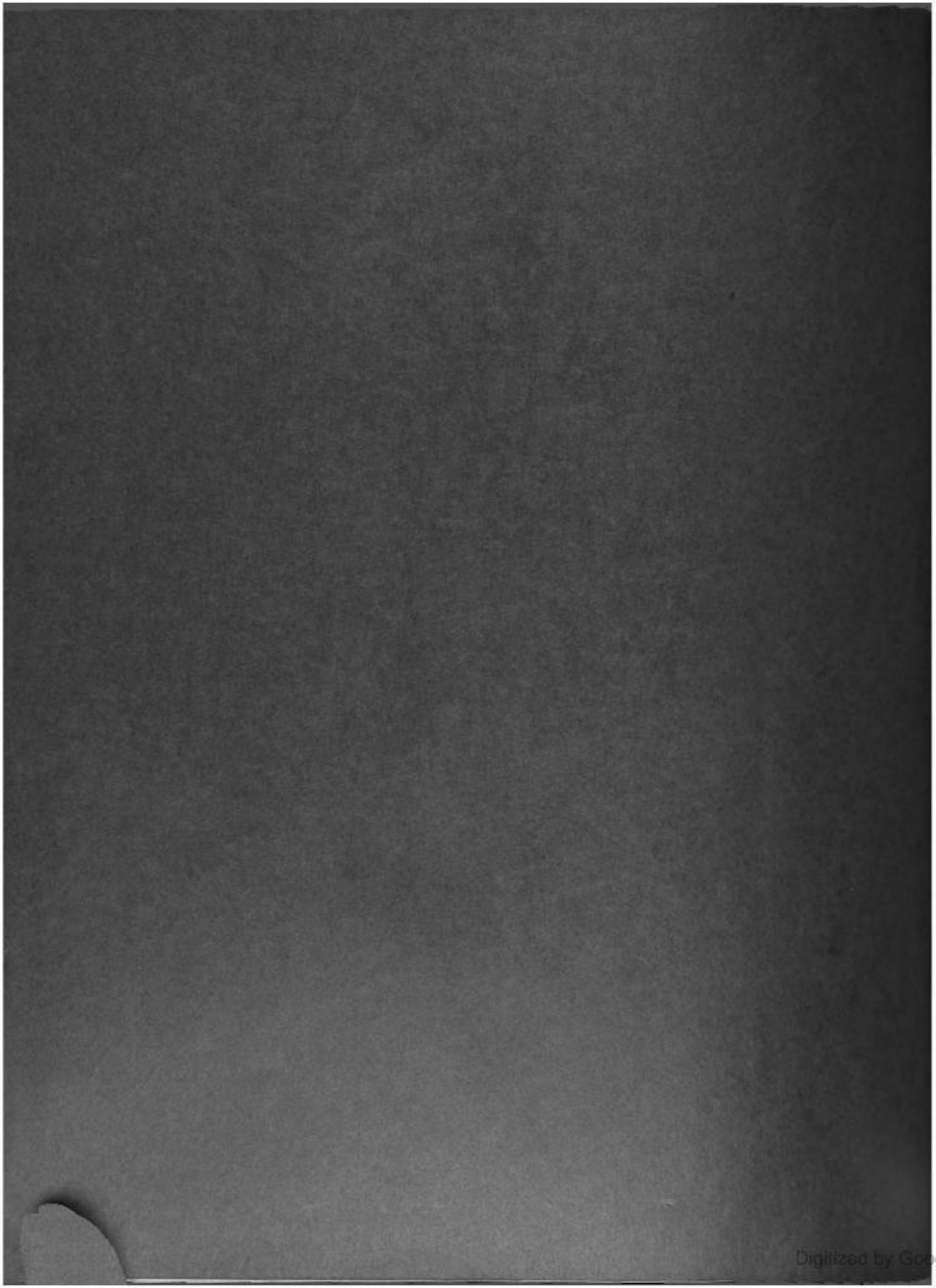
Washburn-Crosby Co., Largest Millers in the World, General Offices, Minneapolis, Minn.

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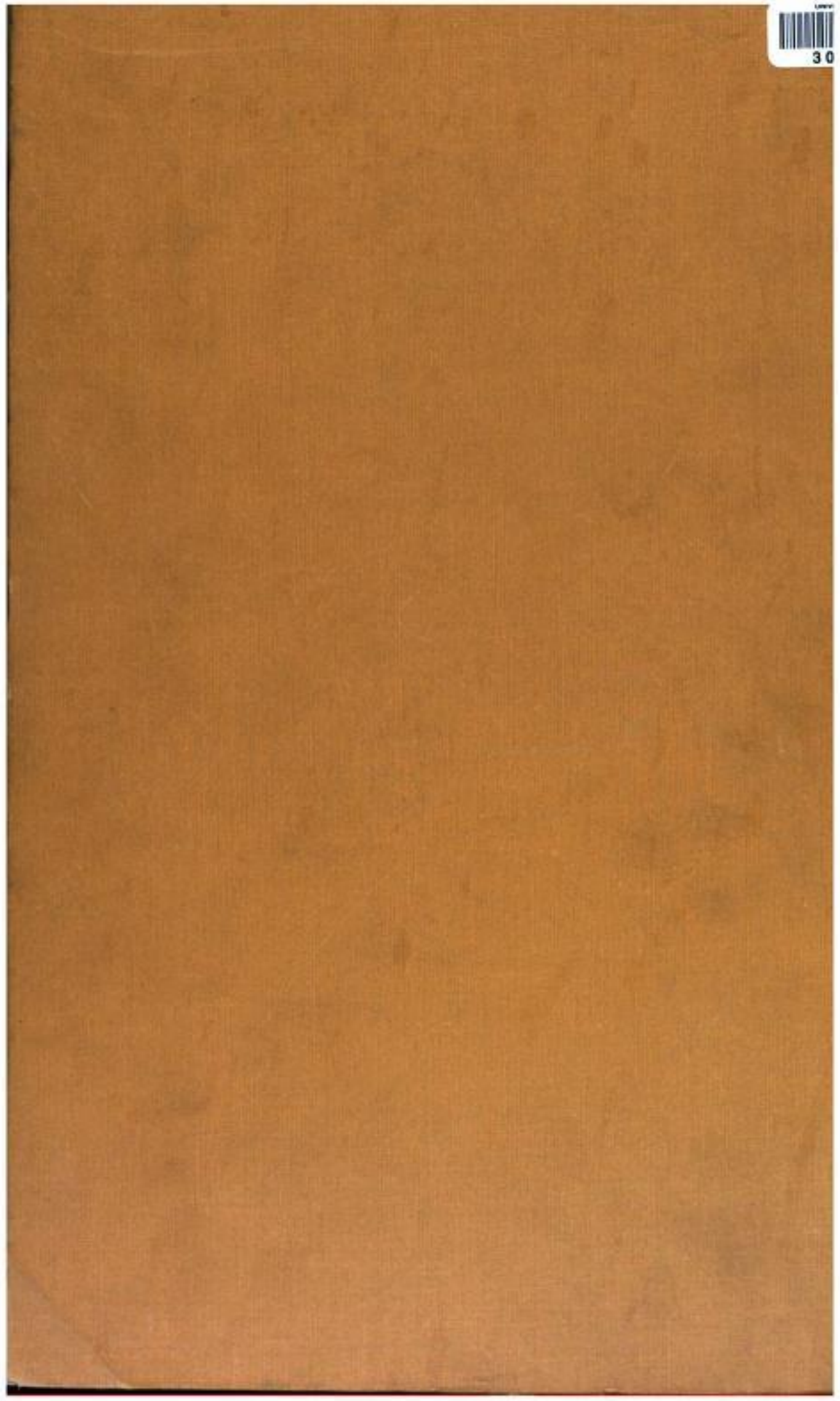
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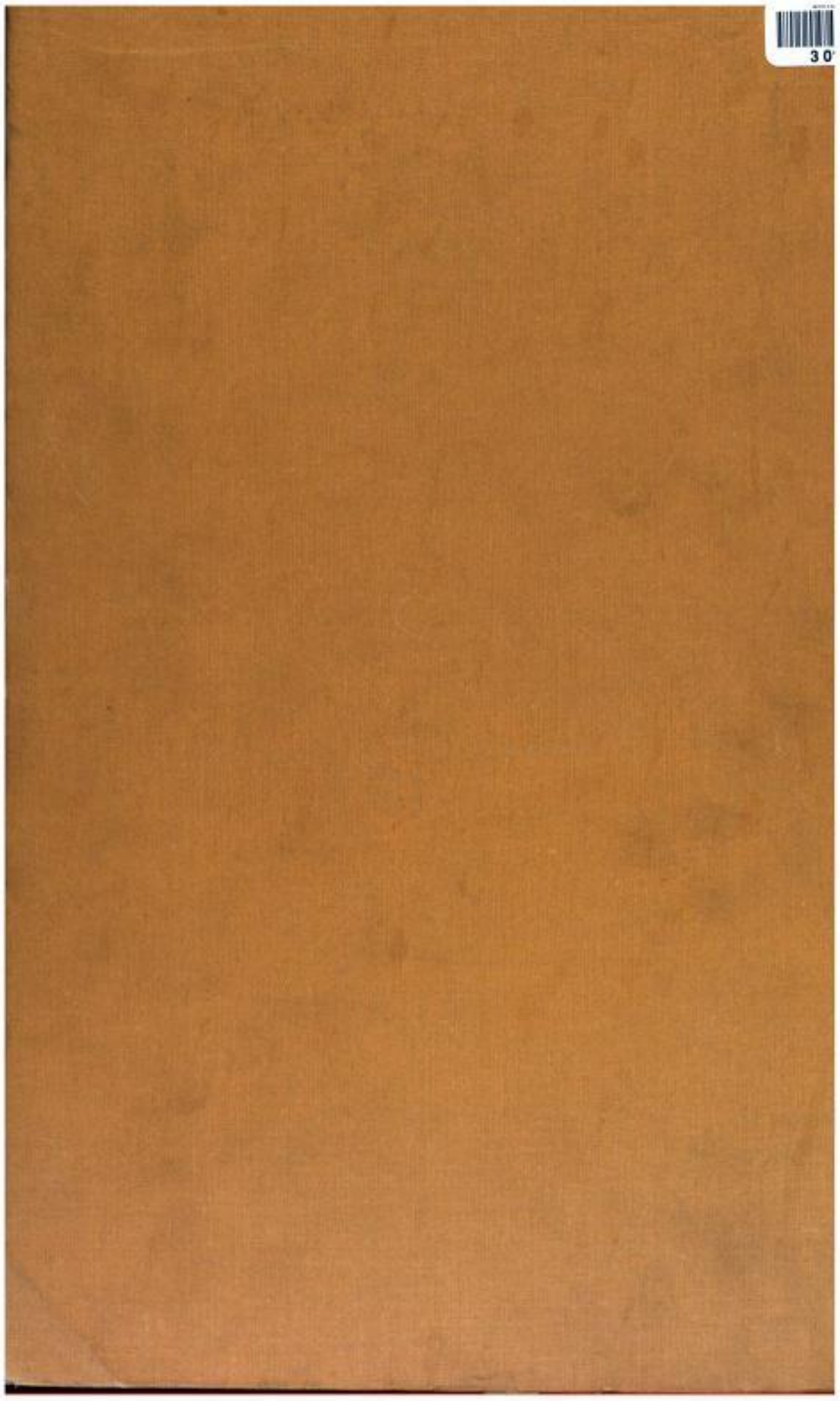
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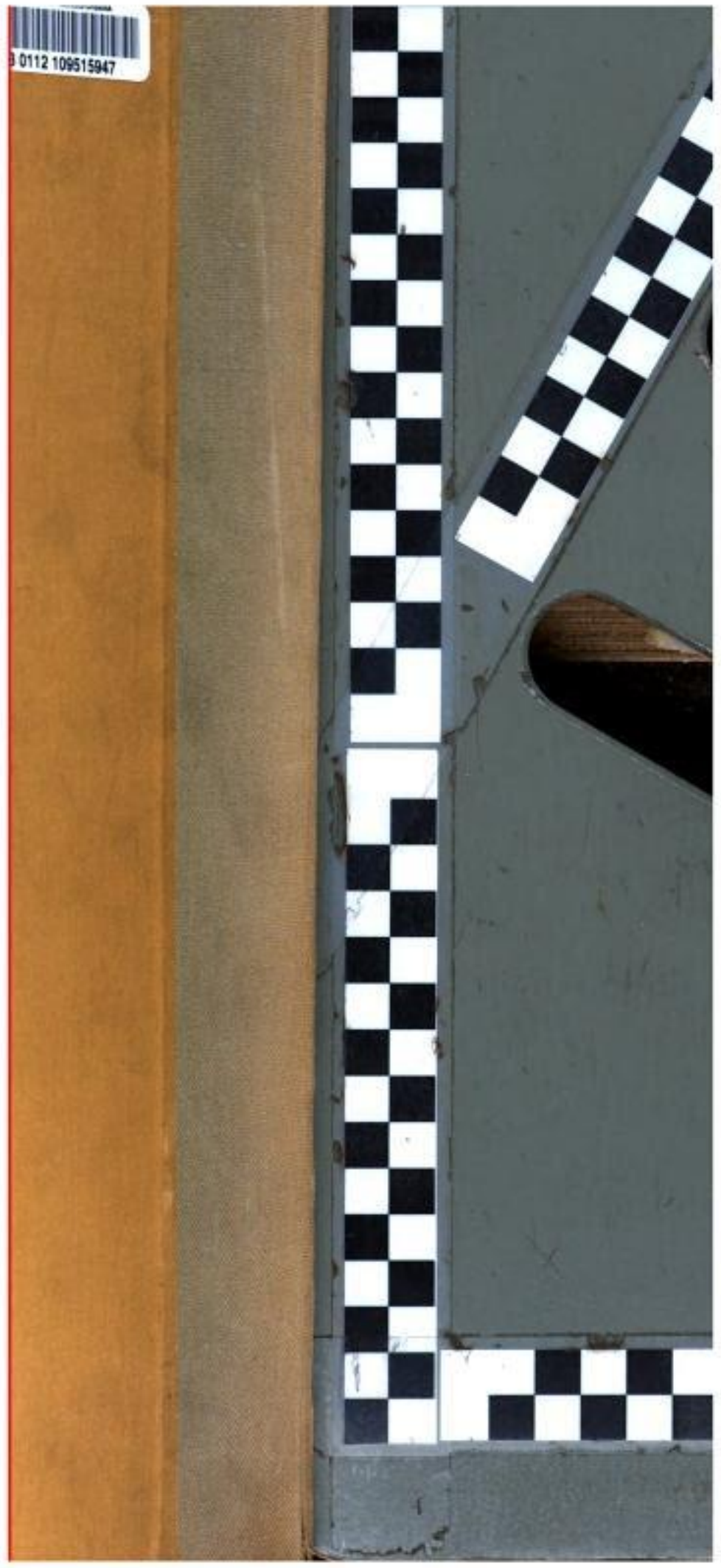
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